Google

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

P352.1

Bound
SEP 19 1905

Harvard College Library

FROM

Gifts Various

THE

# SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW:

DEVOTED TO

# EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE

AND

# THE FINE ARTS.

Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu'au gré des vents.
*Crebillon's Electra.*
As we will, and not as the winds will.

VOL. XIII.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.
MACFARLANE & FERGUSSON, PRINTERS, LAW-BUILDING.
1847.

v. 171, 10

Rec 1859 Jan 18 [illegible] E Everett

11, 12 [illegible] May 1850 [illegible]

1955, April 3

Lowell Fund

No. 2, 5

# INDEX.

## SOUTHERN AND WESTERN LITERARY MESSENGER & REVIEW.

## VOLUME XIII.

## ORIGINAL ARTICLES.


A.

PAGE.

A Dialogue between the Reviewer of Nine New Poets and a surviving brother Poet - - 473
A few Plain Words at Parting, by the late Editor 704
"A Happy New Year" - - - - - 57
A May Morn. By J. M. Legaré - - 547
A Morn in Paradise. By Elora - - - 344
Appeal of Ireland to Maternal England, in 1847 648
April Morning. Translated from the Italian - 689
Ashton Peyton, or the Reformation. By R. W. W. 237
A Voice from the Ruins. By Susan. - - 109

B.

Bertrand du Guesclin. A Historical Ballad. By M. E. Lee - - - - - - 636
Birth of the Rainbow. By C. - - 597

C.

Capt. Siborne and Anglo-Americanus - 752
Clarice - - - - - 306
Consolations of the Church. By Mrs. E. J. Eames 343
Cynosura. By C. C. L. - - - 280

D.

Death of Arnold Winkelreid, the. By P. P. Cooke 610
Decline of Agriculture in Ancient Italy, Thoughts on. By Philalethes - - - 474
Dew, The late Professor - - 512
Distrust - - - - - 745

E.

Echo. From the German - - 215
Editor to his Patrons, the - - 641
Editor's Table - - - - - 760
Ellen Traverse. A Tale - - - 25
Enigma - - - 745
Essays on the Early Language and Literature of England. By H. R. - - 307-373-479
Esther the Jewess, the Fortunes of. By Alfred Duke 345-409-486-537-601-673
Evening Star, to the. By the Rev. Richard L. Brown 638
Excellence, The Price of. By E. L. M. - 630
Eye and the Wing, the. By a Southron - 28-113

F.

PAGE.

Falls of South River, the. By Alban - 85
Far Blue Mountains, to the. By Mrs. Jane Taylor Worthington - - - - 41
Federal Administrations of Washington and the Elder Adams. A Review - - - 559
Fidelity. By Elizabeth H. Evans - 428
First and the Last Decisive Battles of Napoleon Bonaparte, the. By L. H. - - 110-153
Flowers in Ashes. By J. M. Legaré - 471
Fourth of July, thoughts on. By Rev. J. N. Danforth 502

G.

Geoffrey Tetenoire. A Froissart Ballad. By P. P. Cooke - - - 145
Gertru, or the Maid of Charleston. A Review - 52
Girdled Oak, the. By W. A. Stanton - - 356
Greek Odes. By M. - - - - 741
Greek Slave of Powers, the. By Σ. - 645

H.

Heraldry of Love. By J. M. Legaré - - 422
Historical Features of the Messenger, &c. - 57
Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, &c. - - - - 42
Homeric Question, the - - - 698
Household Sonnets. By Mrs. E. J. Eames - 24
Howison's History of Virginia. A Review - 1
How they Manage Matters in the Model Republic 360

I.

Imaginings. By Bracton - - 291
Impartiality of History, &c. - - 448
Importance of a Literary Class. By W. H. Macfarland - - - - - 507
Infanticide, the. From the German of Schiller 629
Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell 65-129 193-257-321-385-449-513-577-649-705

J.

J. E. B., to - - - - - 600
John Hunter, &c. By W. J. B. - - 312

## J.


PAGE.

John Pickering, L.L. D. - - - 496
Judge Tucker's Address at William & Mary - 568
Judgment of Solomon, the - - 236
Julia Gonzaga. By Mary E. Lee - - 281


## L.


Lays of Courage. By the Stranger - - 47
Legal Profession, the. By the Editor - 356-611
Letter to a Wife - - - 51
Lightning. By S. S. Bradford - - 359
Lines. By Æschylus - - 119
Lines. By K. - - - 230
Lines on the Death of a Lovely Young Girl. By a Lady of Virginia - - - 315
Lines on Small Feet. By Alberto - - 152
Lines to the Memory of Mrs. Jane Tayloe Worthington. By Matilda Freeman Dana - - 646
Living Novelists - - 367-529-745
Literary Intelligence - - - 764
Literary Miser, the - - - 757
Lonely Heart, to the. By Mary S. B. Dana. - 446
Lonely Islet, the - - - 249
Lost Church, the. From the German. By C. C. L. 209


## M.


Magic Mirror, the. By R. R. W. - 623
May-Morn, A. By J. M. Legaré - - 547
Memory of A. M. H., to the - - 536
Michael Ney, otherwise Michael Rudolph - 17
Morn in Paradise, A. By Elora - - 344
My Mother in Heaven, To. By Mrs. M. G. Buchanan 472
My Youth's Angelic Dream - - - 478


## N.


Nature and God. By N. C. - - - 501
Next Great-Western Convention - - 58
Ney and Rudolph - - - 214
New-Timon, the. A Review - - 81
Nine New Poets - - - - 292
Notice of a Review of "Curwin's Journal." By the Editor of Curwin - - 48-422
Notices of New Works 58-125-188-251-316-381-448-576 638-701-761
"Nydia Presenting Flowers to Ione." By A. - 216


## O.


On the Death of a Humming-Bird. By R. - 558
On Public Education in Virginia - - 685
Our Colleges in Virginia - - - 567


## P.


Patrick Henry. By Rev. E. L. Magoon - 505
Pen, the. By Carril - - - - 647
Pleasures derived from contemplating the Beauty and Loveliness of Nature, the. By W. J. T. - 160
Poems. By P. P. Cooke. A Review - - 437
Poems. By a Virginian. A Review - 441
Poetic Meditation. From the French - - 177
Poetry and Religion. By W. C. S. - 178-277-619
Popular Eloquence. By E. L. M. - - 735
Premature use of Books in the Education of Children. By W. F. B. - - - 315
Present Aspect of Abolition, the. By Publicola 429


## R.


PAGE.

Ravenel Hall, a Tale in Two Parts. By Jane Tayloe Worthington - - 30-89
Reminiscences of a Traveller - - 86-755
Reminiscences of the Last War. By an Actor in it 119
Richard and Kate, or Fair Day. A Suffolk Ballad 15
Rives, W. C. Address on History. Notice of 574
Roan Mountain and its Scenery, the. By J. M. McK. 96
Rosabel, A Song - - - - 186


## S.


Sabbath Morning in Summer - - 684
Shawnee Spring. By S. G. T. - - 436
Siborne's Waterloo Campaign. Review of - 547
Sleep. By Effie - - - - 344
Smiles. By B. T. R. - - - 99
Smoke. By Blanche - - - 619
Soldier's Remonstrance. By Je Reviendra - 159
Some Fact and Some Fiction. A Tale - 100-162
Some Scenes in the Life of a Fastidious Man 147-230
Song. By E. B. H. - - - - 37
Spoiling a Husband. By M. - - - 114
Spring in 1847. By C. - - - 566
Speedwell, the. A Flower from the volume called "Bouquet for the friends of Nature." By Miss Mary E. Lee - - - - 689-721
Stanzas. "Eyes,—Eyes, beautiful Eyes" - 380
Stanzas. By J. - - - - 343
Stanzas. By Lino - - - - 85
Sonnet - - - - 216
Student of Providence, the. By S. S. Bradford - 597
Suppressed History of John Adams' Administration, Wood's. A Review - - - 563


## T.


Three Scenes in the Life of a Countess - 37
Turtle Dove, to the. By J. A. T - 343
Treaty of Caernarvon, the. By Mary E. Lee - 23


## U.


University of Va.


## V.


"Views and Rev
ture and Fic
Virginia Histori
Votive Wreaths


## W.


We Have Ling
Where are The
Widow of Nair
Widow's Praye
Wilde, the Late
Winter and Spri
Wise Liberality
Woe and Weal, o
By a Lady
Worthington, the

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

**JANUARY, 1847.**

## THE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

THE HISTORY OF VIRGINIA, *from its Discovery and Settlement to the Present Time. By R. R. Howison. Vol.* 1. *Containing the History of the Colony to the Peace of Paris*, 1763. 8 *vo., pp.* 496. *Carey & Hart: Philadelphia*, 1846.

A new book on an interesting subject. The early History of Virginia is one of the richest, and one of the most uncultivated fields in this department of literature. Why it has not been cultivated, is a question easily answered;—because nobody would buy the books written on the subject. It is only in Virginia itself that any extensive sale of works on the History of Virginia could be expected; and strange to say, an unaccountable penuriousness, or a total want of interest in the subject among the people, has hitherto disgusted the "trade" with all such undertakings. O! hapless publisher of Smith's memorials!

"Thy tale would justify the truth."

Even that *bon bouche* for all lovers of romance and antiquity, lay like lead on the shelves.—What can be the cause of this apathy, is a more difficult question. The gentry of this State have surely never been remarkable for their inferiority to those of other parts of the country in wealth, liberality, intellectual spirit and intelligence; and certainly they have never been, nor are now behind those of any other part of the globe in the matters of admiration for themselves, and interest in all that concerns them and theirs. We have seen it plausibly accounted for by the fact, that the gentlemen and higher classes of Virginia are so much occupied with the duties of self-government and of governing others, that they have no time to spend over the records of past ages—that they who are acting history themselves, care not to read the histories of other men. Supposing this to be all very just and sensible, it may at least be suggested, that while so much time, pains, and trouble, are used in every school they enter to inform them on the politics of Greece and Rome, Medes and Persians, some small space might be allotted to acquaint them with the deeds of their forefathers, and the trials and triumphs of "that ancient dominion of Virginia." But we cannot think this indifference wholly attributable to the above named cause, for we find it prevailing more than a century ago. Stith concludes his famous history with the following sarcastical observations: "I intended, (as Bishop Burnet has done in a very useful and satisfactory manner,) to have added several other very curious Papers and original Pieces of Records. But I perceive, to my no small surprise and mortification, that some of my countrymen, (and those, too, Persons of high Fortune and Distinction,) seemed to be much alarmed, and to grudge that a complete History of their own Country should run to more than one Volume and cost them more than half a Pistole. I was therefore obliged to restrain my hand, and only to infer these few most necessary Instruments, for fear of enhancing the Price

to the immense charge and irreparable Damage of these very generous and public-spirited Gentlemen." As this was the state of things so long before the burthen was laid upon the shoulders of *our* countrymen, this very pleasing theory must be given up.

There is but one probable cause which we can discover for the want of interest in this subject, and the downright stupid ignorance of the facts of their history manifested by educated Virginians. This is the absence of any well-written narrative of any readable book, which might serve as an Introduction to the Chronicles of the Colony. The work of Messrs. Burk, Jones and Girardin never has been, and from its nature, never can be a popular book. Mr. Campbell's little volume is too meagre and brief to excite curiosity, or to guide the public to the sources. But in the book now before us, we have at last the thing. Whatever may be its defects, it is undeniably interesting and entertaining. The narrative is sufficiently unincumbered to be read with ease by the reader whose mind is a blank to the subject, and sufficiently detailed to leave in it a clear outline of the course of events on which it treats. And we hope that it may be greatly instrumental in exciting a taste for Colonial History, and in rendering the study of its facts more common than it is.

But whatever may have been the causes of this long apathy of the Virginian public to Virginian history, one thing is certain, that it could never have been produced by a want of interest and importance in the events of which it is composed. In earth's strange, eventful history, there is no richer chapter. It has none which tells of more precarious undertakings, of more unlooked for and wonderful vicissitudes, or of such a strange and splendid accomplishment. It has none which tells of more remarkable displays of human passions, or of such desperate and long-continued struggles with an unaccustomed and mysterious foe. It has none which tells of actions in which the stubborn energy and truth of the most remarkable race of the world are so signally brought into play. And although it is true, that during the most interesting portion of her career, Virginia was nominally a province of Great Britain, and directly under the rule of the crown, it is also true, that the chief agent was always the colonial assembly, and that the true government was always democratical. The elective legislature and the distance from the central power of the realm of which she formed a part, gave her a separate existence, and a civil theatre of her own, on which many a brave man has played his part, and on which many a bold deed has been done. A drama in which there is many a glorious, and many a dark and bloody scene has been enacted upon it. Selfish, vindictive passions and love of power have done their work here as fully as any where else; and here some of the noblest and the strongest spirits that ever dwelt in human forms, stung with the "sense of insufferable wrong," have made their most successful struggle. And here we may see the indomitable spirit of the Anglo-Saxon race, wrestling with the prejudices of a thousand years, and the resources of an old and powerful government, growing stronger with its falls, and at length fulfilling its destiny in the establishment of American democracy.

A history, whose themes are such as these, could not fail to engage the attention. But even were the incidents less stirring, and of less interest than they are, their importance to the history of the rise and progress of the United States, demand that they should be carefully studied. The Colony and the State of Virginia form the key-stone of that history. Its settlement was the first experiment of England on this continent; and on its success depended their future efforts. Had it failed, the establishment of European people would have been long delayed; it would have been effected in different times, and perhaps by a different nation; it would have advanced in different ages, and perhaps the consequences at this day would have been wholly different from what they now are. It was ever regarded as the most important and remarkable portion of the Christian dominions in America, and it was ever the front ground of the most important affairs transacted in them. The treatment Virginia received from the British throne, serves as an index to its character and to its treatment of the other provinces; and the stand of the assembly in opposition, or its submission to the measures of that throne, is always the thing of most importance in the behavior of them all. In the struggle which separated the politics of the old world from the new, Virginia was the chief actor; it began and ended here; and it was effected by her Generals and Statesmen. And last, and most important of all, it was the representative government of which Virginia has been possessed almost from the first, which moulded the form, stamped the character, and must guide the destinies of this country, so long as it holds a place among the nations. The facts which compose the history of this State, therefore, deserve to be carefully studied, not only for their interest, but because it has been the living heart of America, and has made the Union what it is. As Mr. Howison remarks, "the virtues and the faults, the glory and the shame of the 'Old Dominion' have never been without influence upon the whole Republic." She is always the leader, the head, the most prominent figure among the Colonies, and

> ——"above the rest,
> In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
> Stands like a tower."

The superior and commanding position which this State has always occupied, is owing to some-

thing more than to accident and position. It is the direct result of the character of the State itself; which, in its turn, was produced by the age and the men who gave it being, and the sort of emigration which built it up. Or rather the emigration which from time to time entered the Colony, prevented it from ever becoming stagnant water, and preserved the strong tone of the public mind. The Revolution of England infused into its veins the best blood of the land, and this is one cause of Virginian pre-eminence. But the auspices under which a nation begins its career, the age in which a people become one by themselves, in most cases give the impulse and influence the spirit which guide its course forever after. This would be peculiarly the case with a race so remarkable for consistency of character as that which settled Virginia. We think the age in which the germ of this State was planted, the age in which the people first branched off from the great current of the English family, has impressed characteristics upon its nature which have never left it. The birthday of Virginia was the age of Elizabeth.

This was a most notable period. All Europe, and England especially, was then in a situation resembling what the geologists call a *transition state*. The middle ages had departed; but their spirit still brooded over the new era. Their sun was setting; but it cast the long shadow of the old castle across the prospect. They had not entirely gone. The rugged, half civilized strength, the wild imagination, the taste for adventure and "deeds of derring-do," and the absorbing love of combat which characterized them, still remained. In the new order of things, this spirit was out of place at home. There were no great wars going on in which it might find a vent, and consequently, it turned men's eyes "over the broad ocean, to these going's down of the sun," whence came tales of unknown lands, brave kingdoms, and strange people in the new-found world.

But new elements had begun to predominate. The age of Iron had given place to that of Gold. War was no longer regarded as the most noble and fit occupation of men; "Commerce was King." The world had clearly sown its wild oats and begun to think. Money has always been known to be power: and so soon as mankind had so far advanced as to place it out of the reach of lawless, vagabond strength, high birth, powerful connexions, and physical courage ceased to be the most desirable things under the sun. Knowledge, thought and keen sense, steady industry and persevering ,toil became the levers which moved the world. Now, too, the People began to come forward as an actor on the stage. The time was passed when they were as much the goods and chattels of a great baron, as a flock of sheep; and when some stout fellow, cased in steel plates, could trample the Million under his horse's hoofs when he pleased. The influence of the masses began to be felt. What the merchant, the mechanic, and the clod-hopper would think about a proposed measure, began to be a question to be considered, as well as what the knight, the earl, my lord and his lady would have to say to it. In short, "old things have passed away; behold, all things are become new." The modern day was dawning on "a new heaven and a new earth," where we could before only trace a dim, strange landscape by the light of the starred firmament of the middle watch.

These changes were not made in an hour. This transition state endured for several ages. Many strange things were brought to light by the removal of old rubbish, and the unlooked-for sights thus displayed before the eyes of men, kindled the imagination and roused the public mind to unwonted effort. The most remarkable portion of this period in England is what we call by the general name of the age of Elizabeth. This was indeed a memorable time. In it, the heroic and martial spirit of the past was mingled with the patience, the art, and the toilsome thought of the new era, in the degree best fitted for the accomplishment of great actions, and the production of rare and wonderful men. In it, the genius of Britain seems to have arisen in her fullest strength, to take her stand among the greatest of the world. It produced the greatest men that have ever lived on the earth; men, whose names are ever on the world's broad tongue, and whom fame has "eternized in her long and lasting scroll;" a race of giants, of whom Shakspeare was only the tallest, the comeliest and the strongest. It was an age of life and movement; the heart and the intellect of the English people were thoroughly stirred up. And there were very many causes to give a mighty impulse to thought and mental activity.

It was the era of the Reformation. An immense system of frauds, and slavishness, and full grown, fully ripened abuses had been toppled down by the concussion. What Germany half commenced, England more perfectly finished. The popular mind had long heaved under the mass of hypocrisy, despotic bigotry, stupid ignorance, and time-worn prejudices, which had rested on it for centuries, and the earthquake came at last. The long insulted strength and sense of mankind, with the power of wind and waters pent up, overturned them all; and the public mind rose with a rebound when the pressure was removed. New things were coming up and new events occurring every day, which roused up all that was in men. The roads were broken up and the waters were out. Things which had been received with implicit faith and which had been laid up beyond the world's reach, were taken down, examined in the daylight and by all, and found to be falsehoods and corruptions. Men's brains were busy and their tongues were loosed. There was a war and a clashing of opinions. Re-

ligious controversy, which most of all things strengthens, elevates and sharpens the understanding, pervaded all ranks and classes.

Another thing which lent an impetus to this age, was the publication of the great writers of Greece and Rome, which now became general. Consider what would be the effect on this age, if its new literature, the "new books," consisted of the deathless works of the ancient authors and of mediœval Italy. This was just the state of England in the age of Elizabeth. The art of printing was now fully established; and the stores which had been accumulating since the days of Homer, were poured out through the press. The world was all at once flooded with the greatest books. The divine songs of the Greek and Latin and Italian Poets, of the "Blind Old Man of Scio's Rocky Isle," of Æschylus and Euripides, of Maro and Horace, of Pulci and of Dante; the orations of Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, Cicero; the musings of Plato; the high philosophy of Epictetus and his associates, then first fell upon the ear. Their works became suddenly accessible, and were read with all the charm of novelty. They became not only accessible to the learned, but to the common man. Chapman translated Homer and Hesiod; Fairfax, Tasso; Harrington, Ariosto; and Sir Thomas North translated Plutarch; besides which, there were translations of Virgil, Ovid, Tully, and nearly all the chief Italian authors. Besides this, the Bible was now translated, sought for with avidity, and diffused with wonderful rapidity among high and low. The English people were now newly made acquainted with those most strange and intense compositions. They could then, for the first time, read those calm and awful narrations of God's dealings with the world, in ages before antiquity appears to have begun, dwell with the grand old Hebrew Prophets, listen to the "Orphic Hymns of David," and follow the steps of the Master. Such a profusion of new and noble ideas could not be infused into the mind of the nation, without giving it a powerful impulse. It had arrived at its full size and strength; and the sudden diffusion of such literature brought to it the Promethean fire.

It was in this era, that Britain sustained and triumphed over what was apparently the greatest and most terrible attack ever made upon her. Spain was then the richest, the most famous, and perhaps the most powerful of the chief kingdoms of the earth; and the Armada was the most ambitious of warlike demonstrations since the time of Xerxes. The noise of it filled all Europe. It was a foe to overpower a weak and cowardly people with helpless disorganizing terror; but one to rouse a brave and strong-minded nation to its full strength. This was its effect upon England. To meet it she drew herself up to her utmost height, and the annihilation of the Armada gave the people an accession of confidence in themselves, and a stand among the greatest of the world.

And another cause which added to their vigor and force of character in this age, was the late discovery of America by this very power which they now stamped under their feet. The fame of a new found world of inconceivable wealth, where they dreamed of nothing but the wide waste of waters; of boundless continents in a state resembling what they imagined Eden to have been; of savage countries, with great cities and innumerable inexhaustible mines; of adventurers going forth with a lance and a sword, and returning with incalculable riches and a long train of slaves, vassals and captive kings, kindled their imaginations and inflamed their hearts with a desire to "go and do likewise." All the wild fanciful creations of all times seemed here to find their realization. After this, nothing seemed too bold to think or attempt. The Atlantis and the Happy Islands at last found their types in nature. "Fortunate fields, and groves, and vales, thrice happy isles, like those Hesperian gardens famed of old," rose up all at once from the sea. In the relations of the men who visited these coasts, there was every thing to excite to its utmost pitch the curiosity of all, the avarice of some, the religious zeal of others, and the most daring conceptions and speculations in the minds of the higher order. And thus this great event, acting upon the adventurous spirit of chivalry still remaining, greatly contributed to the mental power and activity of the age of Elizabeth.

These are some of the causes, working on the natural character of the English people, which rendered that period the brilliant era which it was: An era in which the human mind seems to have bounded instead of stept forward: An era most brilliant both for its great achievements and its great men—statesmen, poets, and philosophers. We are accustomed to regard one of these men as standing alone, without compeer, like a tall marble column among the common brick and mortar of a city. But, as has been well said, he overlooks posterity from the *table land* of the age in which he lived. He was but one of a family in which were Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Marlowe, Ben Jonson and Decker—but the "first of those fair clouds that on the bosom of bright honor sailed in long procession, beautiful and calm." Faust, who reasons of divine astrology, was cotemporary with Macbeth; and the Duchess of Malfy with Desdemona. In this age Spenser trimmed the bright sails of his "shallow ship" and floated away over the golden sands of his enchanted seas. It was the age of Bacon, the Lord and the God of modern science—

"The first of those who KNOW."

It was this age which produced the lofty reveries and reasonings of Sir Thomas Browne and the

deathless eloquence of Jeremy Taylor. It was the age of Sir Philip Sydney, the soul of honor, mirror of chivalry, who was

> "Like a gate of steel
> Fronting the sun, that renders back
> His figure and his heat;"

a man who could have been produced by no other time or clime than this. It was the age of numerous others of like qualities and some of larger size than Sydney; and at the head of this class stands Sir Walter Raleigh.

This man was the peculiar offspring and true representative of the age of Elizabeth. His character was the embodiment of its noblest traits. He had the daring courage and adventurous spirit of the past, and the perseverance and clear rational intellect of the coming age. And he had the sound head and stout heart necessary to fulfil the magnificent conceptions of his genius.

Spenser calls Raleigh the "Shepherd of the Ocean." He may also be styled the Father of Virginia. He clearly saw the advantages of a Colony here; and undaunted by the obstacles and failures which attended a first attempt in time when mechanical conveniences and experience necessary to such undertakings were so small as they then were, he persevered in this favorite project as long as his fortune and tempestuous life would permit. He spared neither labor, time, nor treasure. He put forth his utmost exertions; and though he did not succeed in establishing a final settlement, his efforts were not wholly abortive. Many rocks have to be thrown in the sea before the pile rises above the waters so that a tower may rest upon them, and so it was necessary to make many attempts before men could acquire the knowledge necessary for effectual colonization. Raleigh, in his unsuccessful essays, laid the foundation. But he did more, he roused up the spirit for the work. The men whom he had sent to Virginia, and who lived there, sent back word that "it is the goodliest soil under the cope of heaven; the most pleasing territory of the world; the continent is of a huge and unknown greatness, and very well peopled and towned, though savagely. If Virginia had but horses and kine, and were inhabited by English, no realm in christendom were comparable to it." *Hakluyt III.*, 311. And Raleigh's influence, example, and words drew attention to the affair. He stirred the sympathies and gathered round him men of like minds and souls, to whom he at last assigned his patent. These, in their turn, formed the nucleus of the famous London Company; and thus the spirit of this great man seems to watch over and guide the formation of the Colony, long after he had calmly walked out to die on the scaffold, to gratify the base malice of the miserable James I. and his wretched reptile court. The men who composed this company, were the cotemporaries and compatriots of Raleigh, and were worthy to be so. In their long struggle with the despicable tyrant who filled the throne, their conduct and spirit resembled that which was exhibited in after times by the assembly which they called into being.

Under these successors of Raleigh, Virginia was settled. They composed a numerous body of men, of all classes and characters: and when we consider how patiently and freely this body poured out their money to support a Colony which hung on their hands for years as a dead weight, it excites curiosity to know what prompted them thus to lavish immense sums on a project of which, to our eyes, "the labours seem great, the time long, and the expense certain." An examination of cotemporary memorials shows that for various men there were various motives; many of which were wholly different from any we would now imagine. The motives of such men as Raleigh, Hakluyt, &c., are easily understood. They spent their money on this thing to enlarge the bounds, the commodities, and the powers of their native country; to furnish an outlet for the cramped and perishing population at home; to increase the happiness of the human race, and to do something whereby their names might conquer death. The ideas of these great minds were great and unselfish like themselves. The motives, too, which actuated the more rational portion of the merchants and gentlemen engaged can be easily imagined. Every sensible man saw that if a Colony could be finally settled in Virginia, there were circumstances about the country, which would very probably make it a successful speculation to all concerned. They saw that from its rich waste meadows they could furnish the markets with beef, pork, tallow, and hides, at a lower price than any other party, and consequently, get a monopoly into their hands. They saw they could command any quantity of pot-ashes, soap-ashes, rape-seed, flax, clap-boards, &c., for which the nation was yearly sending ships to the Baltic. They saw that they could undersell the Hollander in fish. They saw that from the savages who peopled the continent, they could obtain at small price the rich furs which were then so costly, because of the few and distant sources from which they were to be obtained. They saw that from the mineral hills and broad forests of Virginia, they could supply the government at home with the iron, timber, spars, and all materials for shipping, for which it was then sending to Eastern countries. And they saw that a commodity was coming into daily use, by high and low, which could be raised nowhere in the British dominions save in Virginia.

This was tobacco. Raleigh rendered it fashionable; and to those who habituated themselves to the use of it, the weed became as necessary as air. Mr. Howison gives an account of it in the style of *pompous playfulness*, which he assumes

whenever he approaches a subject on which he thinks it necessary to be facetious:

"Revolting to an unviolated taste, abhorred by the brute creation, fatal even to the insects that men profess most to dislike, this weed has yet gained its way from the pouch of the beggar to the household stores of the monarch on the throne. It has affected commerce through her every vein, caused disputes between a King and his subjects, and excited royal genius to unwonted literary effort; and with equal truth we may say, that it has often enveloped the brave in smoke, and stimulated the drooping and despondent. Walter Raleigh first made it fashionable in England, and smoked it so vigorously, that his servant, in alarm, poured over his head and face the generous ale intended to aid its effect. Elizabeth paid her favorite a wager, which he fairly won, by weighing the smoke produced from a certain quantity of this weed; and her majesty is suspected of having regaled her own royal system with a pipe from time to time. James hated it with an unquenchable fury—drew upon it his pen, and shot forth a 'Counterblast against Tobacco,' to convince the world that it was the appropriate luxury of the Evil One, and that its smoke was as the vapor of the bottomless pit." p. 197.

But tobacco was evidently to become the staple of the country, and a source of inexhaustible wealth to the company. These were sufficient reasons for wealthy and sagacious men to persist in their endeavors to secure for themselves and their families the noble domain which their patent offered them.

But these were not the motives which induced the Million to risk their fortunes in the enterprise The profits were too far off, too ordinary and business-like, to dazzle the multitude. It was a far more glittering object which danced before their eyes, and led them on year after year in spite of disappointment. Stories of the wealth of Prester John, the rich kingdom of Cathay, and dreams of a west passage to Hindostan had for centuries agitated the mind of Europe. It was in searching for the Spice Islands of Asia that Columbus fell upon the West Indies; and Spain found in Mexico the long sought El Dorado. But the wealth which the new dominions poured into the lap of Europe, only whetted the appetite for the old project. What Spain received from Mexico was esteemed but an earnest of the still richer treasures which awaited the nation who could discover Cathay and the kingdom of Prester John; and it was this old fable which settled Virginia. Not only did the mass of the adventurers think to find in the Blue Ridge the gold and silver mines of Peru, but they indulged the more brilliant chimera of making the Colony a lodgment from whence they would command the South Sea and the regions of boundless wealth to which they were the highway. An extract from a cotemporary work will illustrate their views. It is from the book called "Virginia Richly and Truly Valued," by "E. W., *Gent*:"

"The Indians unanimously consent, that 22 miles beyond the Falls is a Rock of Chrystall, and this they evidence by their arrows, very many whereof are headed with it. And that 3 dayes iourney from thence is a Rock or Hill of Silver Oare. Beyond which, over a ledge of Hills, by a concurrent relation of all the Indians, is the Sea, which can be no other than the Sea which washes the shore of China," &c.

Then after detailing the means by which there might be a passage from Virginia to the South Sea, and thence to China, Cathay, and El Dorado, he indulges in this glowing vision:

"By this meanes what wealthe can there be in those richest Provinces of the World, in those Countries which Nature created for her cabinets of Excellency, which we shall not discouer? What discouer without a Power of appropriation? [*i. e. annexation.*] What oppulency doth China teem with which shall not be made our owne by the Midwifry, by the Iuno Lucina of this virtuall Passage? This by a happy transmigration, by an innocent magick will convert that Countrey, (which by a swelling denomination, yet without not some pretence of Reason its natives call by a Title signifying all under Heaven,) into our Maide of Admiration and enuie, Virginia. Her silke-worms shall spinne for Carolana, her cloth of Gold be weaved for Roanoak. The English name shall keep company with the sunne, and those nations that owe him a particular adoration, shall honour it as the next thing sacred. The Easterne nations oppressed with the slavery of those illustrious horse-leeches, their princes, will come under our shadow and by a thicke Repayre to our most glorious and happy Mayden, live with us in that Libertie, which Nature in their creation intended to the noblest of his creatures, mankind. And by this Recourse, all those curiosities of art, in which those Easterne nations transcend Europe, will bee conveyed to us with their persons," &c. p. 42.

Such were the motives which kept up the spirit of adventure, and sent over ship after ship laden with provisions and necessaries for the support of the Colony, to bring back nothing but a few clapboards and a little cedar. It was long before these bright dreams were merged in more sober notions, and for years they tormented the successive rulers of the settlement with orders "to send home a lumpe of gold, a certaintie of the South Sea," or find out one of Raleigh's men who could show them the way; and after many attempts to sail up the James River to the Pacific Ocean, Newport brought over a barge, which could be taken in pieces, to be carried over the mountains to the waters which they believed to wash their feet on the western side. But not only were such hopes doomed to disappointment, but it was longer than could have been reasonably expected before the more rational predictions were verified. In 1626, when Purchas published his last volume, the profits of the speculation were still in abeyance, which will be seen in the following passage. We extract it, although somewhat long, because it shows the spirit with

which the enterprise was regarded by the public, and because it is a curious specimen of the prose style of an age in which conceit was thought to be the acme of fine writing:

"Leauing New France, let vs draw neerer the sunne to New Britaine, whose virgin soil, vnpolluted by the Spaniards' lust, by our late Virgin Mother was iustly called Virginea. Whether shall I begin here with Elogies or Elegies? Whether shall I warble sweet carols in praise of they louely Face, thou Fairest of Virgins, which from our other Britaine world hath won thee wooers and sutors, not such as Leander, whose loues the Poets haue blazed for swimming ouer the Straits betwixt Sestos and Abydos, to his louely Hero; but which for thy sake haue forsaken their mother Earth, encountered the most tempestuous Forces of the Aire, that so often ploughed vp Neptune's Plaines, furrowing the angry Ocean, and that to make of thee a ruder Virgin, not a wanton minion, but an honest Christian Wife? Or shal I change my accent and plaine me of those Disadventures which thy louely louers have sustained in seeking thy love? What Enuie I know not, whether Nature, willing to reserue this Nymphe for the Treasurie of her owne Loue, testified by the many and continuall Presents of fruitfull Soil, fresh and faire Streames, sweet and wholesome Aire, (except neere the shore, as if her iealous policie had prohibited forreine sutors,) or of Sauage Inhabitants, vnworthy to embrace, with their rusticke armes, so sweete a bosome, and to appropriate with greatest disparagement, so faire a Virgin to Sauage loues; or whether it be the Virginian modesty, and after the use of Virgins, she would say Nay at first, holding that Loue surest in continuance which is hardest in Obtaining; whether any or all of these, or what has hindered; hindered we haue beene, and haue not yet obtained the full fruition of her Loue and possessions of her gainefull Dowrie; which now more than euer before she seemeth to promise, and will doubtless quickly perform, if niggardise at home doe not hinder. And should men be niggardly in this aduenture, where Nabal must needs verifie his name, where keeping losethe, aduenturing promiseth so faire a Purchase? Lift vp youre eyes and see the brightnesse of the Virgin's beautie; which the mountaines lift vp themselues always with wild smiles to behold, sending downe siluer streames to salute her, which poure themselues into her louely lap, and after many winding embracements, lothe to depart, are at laste swallowed vp of a more mighty carrinal, the Oceane. He also sends greate armies of fish to her, to win her Loue, euen of his best store and that in store and Abundance; the mountaines outbid the Oceane offering the storehouses of vndoubted mines. He againe offereth Pearles; and thus while they seek to outface each other with their bigge, puffed, swollene cheeks, Virginea is almost distracted between two such sauage Louers," &c., &c.

*Purchas his Pilgrims, vol. V., p.* 828.

Our author need not have been at such a loss for reasons for the want of success which for a long period attended the settlement. The London Company and the people of that age were inexperienced in colonization, and they attempted it in Virginia in a very imperfect manner. They knew not what obstacles to provide against, nor what sort of men fit were to send over: The ships continually bringing "gentlemen's younger sons, goldsmiths, refiners, and such like." For some years all things were in common; no man cultivated his own soil, and in consequence, the Colony languished for a long time. Fortunately, by the rare genius and courage of one man, its existence was preserved till the thing assumed a settled form, until greater knowledge was acquired, and in consequence, different measures adopted. This was "Captaine Iohn Smyth," an adventurer of extraordinary character and undying fame. He is the Roland of our early history, and the future Achilles of the Virginian Homer. The life of this man, from the time when we find him, yet a boy, "setting out on brave adventures," reads like some strange, fabulous legend from the old knight-errantry books. It is a story full

"Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery."

This John Smith was a perfect specimen of what we have already described as the peculiar characteristics of the age of Elizabeth. He combined the romantic adventurous spirit and courage of the days of chivalry, with the patience, perseverance and practical understanding of modern times. The men of that period lived on the confines of the two eras, and combined the remarkable qualities of both. They walked on the sea shore, with cultivated fields before their eyes, but with the roar and dashings of the great ocean of the middle ages resounding in their ear. This character fitted Smith for the undertaking of new adventures and for the effecting of difficult schemes. This character, after forcing him into all stirring scenes to be found at home, at last drove him to the new and wonderful land of the west. Here he has immortalized himself. His name, unmusical and unpoetic though it be, has conquered death. Although Virginia may be blotted from the map of the nations, and although the English race may become as totally extinct within its confines as the Indian has done, the legend of Smith and Pocahontas will be remembered so long as the human heart retains its nature. His career in Virginia deserves to be studied. It furnishes a most remarkable exemplification of a remark of Lord Bacon, to the effect, that although common men do for common times, in the marshallings of unaccustomed affairs, when the land-marks are removed, the roads broken up and the waters out, great wits, men of great resource and power will naturally rise to the head. Smith arrived in Virginia, not only without power, but deprived of liberty by the jealousy of his compeers. But in a short time, without any manœuvring on his part,

all rule is quietly placed in his hands. The history of his government deserves not only to be read for its romantic interest, but because in it we may see the application of a great mind to circumscribed, but difficult business. And he had not only to rule the Colony and preserve it from starvation, but to manage a man whose mind was as strong and as wily as his own—a sort of savage Napoleon, who had consolidated through his influence and skill, all the tribes around Chesapeake Bay. Smith's feat was a more difficult one than Czar Peter's civilization of the Russias.

He succeeded in preserving the settlement till Lord Delaware arrived with more effectual means of colonization. From that time the fate of Virginia was secure. After some years of tyranny and martial law, the first Assembly met in 1619; and that body becomes the good genius of the colony, and ultimately of the Anglo-American race. It would please us to review the condition and career of Virginia under the Assembly; but we have already overstepped our limits, and must devote our remaining space to pointing out the sources of her history, and the use made of them by Mr. Howison.

There is this peculiarity about this country: we know all about ourselves. The early history of other nations is shrouded in fable, legend and song. Their founders appear gigantic and distorted figures, because seen through the mists of time. But we have no *heroic age*. We know the beginning and end of ourselves. The records are so full and numerous that there is no principal fact, much less series of facts, in doubt. This same peculiarity which renders America the more appropriate province of the historian, unfits her annals for the purposes of art. Its events are too sharply defined, too equally known, too little mellowed by distance and time, to be woven into story and song. It is that "little glooming light, much like a shade"—

> "Such as a lamp whose light doth fade away;
> Or as the moon clothed with cloudy night
> Doth show to him that walks in fear and sad affright"—

which the romancer, dramatist, or epic poet needs, to do his work by. A light like that of the dim morning dawn, when each bush by the path looms out a giant, each stump seems a fierce, shapeless fiend. He wants just sufficient knowledge to set his imagination in action. It is true, there are some occurrences in our history, which, when they have passed into the obscurity of a distant age, when their details are generally forgotten, and when the books read concerning them come to be duodecimos instead of folios, will furnish very fine subjects for art. Bacon's Rebellion, for instance, would make the plot of the most perfect tragedy in the world. But these are now too near us, we are too completely acquainted with their course, for the necessary liberties to be taken with them. This is the case with our history from the first; for the man who was the chief builder up of the enterprise, has left behind a most voluminous account of all the "Voyages to Virginia."

This was Richard Hakluyt, Prebendary of Westminster, "a man of great learning and indefatigable industry, to whom America owes a heavy debt of gratitude." He was the chief of the men to whom Raleigh assigned his patent. He published in 1582 and 1587 two small volumes of Voyages to America. These were afterwards included in the enormous work known as "Hakluyt's Voyages." His own title is "*The Principall Nauigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoueries of the British Nation, made by Sea and ouer Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distante Quarters of the Earthe, within the compasse of these* 1500 *years.*" The third volume is nearly all devoted to America; and it is valuable to the historian of the settlement, not only for the narrative, but on account of the numerous letters and original papers, such as patents, instructions, &c., contained in it. In a piece said to have been written by Locke, prefixed to Churchill's Voyages, the collection is spoken of as "valuable for the good there to be picked out; but it might be wished that the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken on trust; so many trading voyages, which have nothing new in them; so many warlike exploits, which have nothing pertinent to his undertaking, &c." Hakluyt published another work on Florida, and another on the History of the West Indies. A new edition of his large work came out in 1809, in four quarto volumes, but it is still very rare and costly.

Who has not heard of "Purchas his Pilgrims?" It is perhaps the most curious book in the world. The author having got possession of Hakluyt's papers and collections, and published first a folio called "*Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the Worlde, and Religions Obserued in all Ages and Places, from the Creation to this Present.*" In 1625 he published a continuation in four volumes, entitled "Purchas his Pilgrims," and the whole was republished in 1626. Beginning with the Patriarchs, he tells the story of all journeyings over this dusty ball down to his own day. It is a quaint mass of fable, truth, and learning. It contains, along with many queer theological notions, many strange stories, and many noble ones, four hundred thousand puns, one million two hundred thousand conceits, two million alliterations, and innumerable fine thoughts marred in the telling. Such is "Purchas his Pilgrimage." It is a huge drag-net, cast into the sea of time, bringing up some good timber with the rubbish and sea-weed, some rich jewels with the loads of sand and common pebbles. It contains all about Virginian his-

tory up to his day, and brings the narrative several years farther than Hakluyt.

After these writers come the "*Generall Historie*" and the "*Trve Travels, Adventvres and Observations of Captaine Iohn Smith in Europe, Asia, Africke and America, Beginning about the yeere 1593 and continued to this Present, 1629.*" Although our redoubtable "Captaine" complaineth that his "rude militarie hand could not cut out Paper Ornaments," and although it was "able to wield a sword among the Barbarous, it might well tremble in handling a Pen among the Iudicious," that portion of these two books which is written by himself, is as interesting as it is valuable. His modest remark is more than borne out by them, that "the Stile of a Soldier is not eloquent, but honest and iustifiable." He tells the story of his own life in such direct, simple, energetic words, as to make it a master piece of autobiography. As for the other work—the "Generall Historie"—only a moderate portion of it is written by Smith. The rest is made up of papers and relations by other eye witnesses, retouched by his own hand; and as they are not very well arranged, it is rather heavy reading. This work must be regarded, however, as the most important authority on the subjects of which it treats.

The next writer is Oldmixon, of Dunciad memory. Among many other works, this writer wrote a book, giving an account of all the Colonies, under the title of the "British Empire in North America." The first edition of this book was full of the most glaring historical and topographical errors, which were very severely and effectually pointed out by Beverly in his preface. But although this renowned "Prince of Dunces" has certainly fallen into most gross mistakes, he shows a much more enlarged and liberal mind, and a much clearer judgment in his remarks on Berkley and the like governors than his antagonist. His book is useful to the compiler, to show the state of relations among the Colonies at the time he wrote.

R. Beverly is the first native Virginian writer. His "History of Virginia, by a Native and Inhabitant of the Place," consists of two parts, of very unequal execution. The first hundred pages are devoted to a narrative of the events of the Colony from the earliest settlement down to his own day, and is, without any exception, the most detestable trash, under the name of history, which we ever read. There is no such perfect specimen of what is vulgarly called "small potatoes." He is equally destitute of historical perspective and of historical accuracy; for he often falls into most notorious historical errors; that too, in the face of his tremendous flagellation of Oldmixon for the same fault. And although he appears to have but small reverence for the powers that were in his own day, and makes no scruple about severely scoring Nicholson, Colepepper, &c., in his account of the prior history of the Colony, he is the uniform apologist of bad governors. In some of his remarks on the affair of N. Bacon, he appears to be very narrow-minded and contemptible: and he wholly passes over the subsequent bloody scenes enacted by that vindictive, black-hearted old tyrant, William Berkley. But after the narrative, the remainder of Beverly's work, being an account of the productions, inhabitants, and Indians of Virginia, makes it one of the most interesting volumes we ever read. In this portion of the book, he shows taste, learning, and good observing powers, together with a marked regard for truth.

Sir Wm. Keith was an intriguing adventurer; supple, plausible; with no good quality save that of a shrewd mind. He was governor of Pennsylvania, 1717; and after tormenting the people of that province some years, he went back to England and wrote a History of Virginia. Part I. was published in a singularly beautiful and rare quarto, and this was all that ever appeared. The narrative is very well written; but it contains very few facts which were not gathered from Smith and Beverly. Throughout the book there is displayed a most odious spirit. It is plain that but one idea about the Colonies possessed the mind of Sir William Keith; viz, that they were hacks for the riding of royal governors, machines to fill the king's coffers. Consequently, he looks with great distaste on every measure calculated to create the sense and spirit in the people to hold their own; and he winds up his book with this delectable sentence:

"As to the college erected in Virginia, and other designs of a like nature, which have been proposed for the encouragement of Learning, it is only to be observed in general, that although great advantages may accrue to the Mother State, both from the Labor and Luxury of its Plantations, yet they will probably be mistaken who imagine, that the advancement of Learning and the Improvement of the Arts and Sciences in our American Colonies, can ever be of any service to the British State."

This writer never mentions Berkely, save as "*the good* Sir William Berkely," calleth Bacon a "*giddy-headed youth*," the Navigation Act, "*a very just and reasonable law*," and says Charles II. grants in the Northern Neck "*unfortunately happened* to include several Improved Plantations," which plantations were private property held by "right of unquestionable patents!"

After this author, comes the learned and accurate Stith, a celebrated President of William and Mary College. It is common to talk of this writer's prolixity and tiresomeness; but we cannot agree to this general opinion. The narrative of the larger portion of the work is admirable. When he gets to the struggle of the London Company, it is true that he becomes tedious; but not more so

than every political historian must be. His book contains a digest of Smith, and the Records of the London Company; and as he had access to the papers and collections of Sir John Randolph, Wm. Byrd, and to many ancient records, destroyed in the Revolution, Stith is to be regarded as in a great measure an original authority. His style is unpolished; but it is evident that he was a man acquainted with books and with the world. It is also evident, that he was a man of strong, clear understanding, manly spirit, and of genuine love for rational liberty. He never finished the work. Dispirited and chagrined with the want of interest in the subject manifested in Virginia, he threw down his pen at the downfall of the London Company, died,

"And left the world *no copy*"

for a second volume. It still remains the best written portion of the history of this State, and we greatly regret that it comes no farther than 1624. Besides these books, there are numerous minor works,—some invaluable histories of particular events and periods, and others illustrative of the people, the country and early condition—which have been lately republished by Mr. Force. There is also Chalmers' Revolt of the American Colonies, who must in some respects be considered as an original writer. The author was Chief Clerk of the Committee of Privy Council and had access to all the original papers and memorials relative to the subject, and his lately published work was compiled from these manuscripts. He is a high tory; but seems to be also an accurate, truth-telling man, and his book is very useful. There are also Jefferson's notes, Howe's Historical Collections, and the celebrated manuscript records of the London Company, which are now, we believe, in the possession of Mr. Conway Robinson.

But Hening's Statutes at Large is the master-key to Virginia history, the thread of its labyrinth, the "open sesame" of its closed doors, the flying bridge of its impassable gaps. This work is a record of all the acts of the Colonial Assembly, so far as they can be collected, with explanatory notes and connecting remarks; and forms an inexhaustible mine, from which the reader may dig up the richest ore of instruction and entertainment. As this is a guide which can neither err nor deceive, it is invaluable to the historian. It furnishes a clue to the other materials. And it is only from the laws of a nation that we can have a right idea of their civil relations or state of society. For as "every new law," remarks Preistly, "is made to remove some inconvenience the state was subject to before the making of it, and for which no other mode of redress was effectual, the law itself is a standing, and the most authentic evidence we can require of the state of things previous to it." The work is executed in true antiquarian style, and will remain an everlasting monument to the taste and learning of the author, and to the liberality and good sense of the Virginia Legislature.

These are the principal original writers on the history of Virginia; and if a man wishes to study it with interest and thoroughly, he must go to them—not to the compilers. It is a great mistake to suppose that we can acquire a knowledge of history more easily and quickly from compilers than from the original writers. It is inevitable, that he who relates what he saw, and gathered from the mouths of his cotemporaries, will narrate it with a larger number of attendant circumstances, with greater *specialty*, and consequently, with greater vividness than he who has to tell it second-hand; for when a man has to relate events which he never saw, and a knowledge of which he has gathered from various second sources, he first revolves them in his own mind, strips them of that circumstantial minuteness, and gives a general, lengthy outline. He who comes after him, and compiles from compilers, of course has still less specialty of fact. Thus history resembles a piece of figured tapestry, and compilers the moths. One moth eats up half the limbs of a man—another goes to work on what the first has left; and the next generation of moths leaves nothing but a nose and a body. Froissart tells the story of those times in a book which reads like a romance, and leaves an indelible impression on the mind, because of the circumstantial manner in which every thing is related. Hume delivers after him the same events in an inimitable style, but deprived of the individuality which renders the old chronicler's narrative so striking and so easily remembered. And then Goldsmith abridges from Hume. The one gets over all the space occupied by Froissart in half a volume, and the other in a few pages. But he who reads them receives no distinct impression of the age, and forgets what he learns from them in a few months. More knowledge would have been derived from fifty pages of Froissart, because they would have been read with more interest, and recollected longer. As it is with these books, so it is with the historians of Virginia. He that would study the subject with pleasure, must use the compilers of it only as an index of the original writers. Indeed, this is their cheif use on all historical subjects—to fix in the mind an outline, to be filled up with cotemporary works. There are some authors, it is true, who have made compilations of historical facts, who are valuable because of the great insight they have thus been able to give into human character; and the greatest of these is Shakspeare.

At the head of those who have compiled the history of Virginia stands John Burk—a writer, who, with all his imperfections, has displayed real genius on this subject. He was an Irishman, who practised law in Petersburg, and wrote three vol-

umes on the history of this State. He intended to have finished it in five volumes; but at this stage of proceedings he was shot in a duel by a Frenchman, and that put a stop to his work. He deserves great credit in some respects, and has not more errors than were inevitable in making a first attempt to weave the facts into a general narrative. Although he had access to some ancient records, which are now destroyed or lost, he wanted some very important sources of information with regard to the settlement of Virginia. Not only does he seem to have no knowledge of Hakluyt and Purchas, but he does not appear to have possessed Smith's books: however, he studied the materials which he had, with great ability. But although this writer has evidently considerable power, his narrative is not an interesting one, and portions of it are disfigured with the most monstrous fustian that an Irishman was ever guilty of. After writing some twenty pages in a very sensible manner, he astonishes the reader by suddenly turning into an absolute tom-fool. Without any notice he capers as high as the heavens—rises up like a sky-rocket. But this is a valuable book, and deserves the careful attention of every student of the subject.

It would please us to notice the works of those compilers of American History who have treated Virginian History in connection with that of the other Colonies, but must pass them by for the double reason of want of space, and because we are tired of the task. We would remark, however, that it seems to us Grahame's Colonies should hold a much higher place in public estimation than Mr. Bancroft's learned, but crude work on the same subject. The materials are better digested, and the style more perfectly wrought. To a large class of readers, however, they stand in the same relation to each other that the two actors did who played the King and Hamlet before Partridge in Tom Jones. They will undervalue Grahame for something of the same reason which caused Partridge to undervalue Garrick—because he seems to tell the story just as any other man would; and they will overrate Bancroft for the same reason which made him overrate the actor who played the King—"the King for my money; he speaks all *his words half as loud again as the other*. Any body may see he is an actor."—*Book XVI, ch. 5th.* Mr. Bancroft is, however, a man of very great learning, and his book is a great accession to our stock of historic lore.

From the time of Burk's mishap, no citizen of Virginia attempted a History of the State, except Mr. Campbell's little work, till, in this blessed year of our Lord, 1846, Mr. R. R. Howison did publish the volume now before us. This is, as we have already said, a very pleasing and interesting book, and we believe a singularly accurate one. It is therefore likely to be much read for a short time; but we cannot believe that its days will be many, or that it will bring any lasting reputation to its author. It is, at present, by far the best narrative of the whole history which we possess, and it will, therefore, be read until a more perfect work is executed. Then it will sink into obscurity; for we can find nothing about it which is calculated to give it lasting popularity, or a long life.

It brings no accession to the known facts of Virginian History. We would not be understood as objecting to Mr. Howison, that he tells the same story and adduces the same facts which his predecessors have done. Of course, if he treats of the same history, he must do this. But from the immense mass of unworked materials, he has brought to view nothing save what we have seen before. And although this does not interfere with the present utility of his book, it deprives him of all claim to praise as one who has filled the gaps and chasms in the known chain of events,—to the lasting reputation which belongs to Burk and Bancroft, of having thrown light on what was dark before. He is more accurate in the facts which he does detail than either of these authors. But he corrects Burk out of Bancroft, and Bancroft out of an able review of that writer in this periodical, and out of Howe's Outline History. To these remarks it may be replied, that all important portions of the subject have been already explored by these writers,—all the new lands discovered. If this be so, we do not charge it as any defect of the book that it contains nothing new; we merely assert that Mr. Howison can lay no claim to fame on this ground. But such is by no means our opinion. We do not think the facts have been as thoroughly examined as they might be. There is much about Virginian History which we should like to know and which we could know. And Mr. Howison shows sufficient ability in this work to make us believe that if he had studied the subject longer than he seems to have done, he had ample opportunity to have given us a much more valuable book than the one before us.

No historian has yet attempted an account of the domestic as well as the political progress of this country. If Mr. Howison had brought forward a History of the People as well as the Colony of Virginia, we would have hailed him as the first of Virginia historians. This is the most important portion of history—the flesh, blood, and muscles of the political skeleton; and it is that portion of it which every body is most interested in. Our author had a fair field on which to distinguish himself; but he has done nothing in it. He is merely a lively, florid chronicler of events and dates, and his work is as innocent of any attempt to illustrate the lives and manners of our early forefathers as the palm of a man's hand is of hair. This fault he shares with the great majority of historians who have written previous to the present age. They seem to have thought that telling the story of the times consisted in relating the lives of a few individuals who lived

in them. The people who compose the nation are kept entirely out of view, although they are professedly the subject matter of history. We neither know how they lived, what they did, nor what manner of people they were. But it is this history of social life in which every man feels most interested, for it is this part of history which most comes home to "our business and our bosoms." This defect in nearly all compilers has been clearly and ably pointed out by many writers of the present day; and several attempts have been made to supply it. The History of England, now in course of publication, by the Harpers, is an essay of this sort; and a very valuable one it is. But Mr. Howison is behind the age. He is a chronicler. He tells us who the new governor is, what he said to the Assembly, and what the Assembly said to him, and what was done in consequence; and that is all that either he or Burk tells us. They write of the Colonial Government, not of Virginia. Incidentally we hear of Accomac county, Northumberland county, of a town here, and another there, of twenty thousand, thirty thousand, sixty thousand people in the Colony, without knowing who they were, or what they were, their way of life, the arts among them, their character, their state of civilization, or anything else about them. It cannot be said that the materials for any such account of Virginian population are wanting; for, in truth, they are very abundant. Beverly has left us a volume of them; besides which, there are the "New Life in Virginia," Clayton's "Virginia," "Noua Brittania," the "Perfect Description of Virginea," R. G.'s "Virginea's Cure," "Leah and Rachael, or the two fruitfull sisters," &c., by John Hammond, Nathaniel Shrigley's "Trve Relation," and the "Trve Declaration of the estate of the Colonie," &c., together with the Bland Papers and various other treatises, besides scattered mentionings and anecdotes in all the original writers, furnish very ample sources of information on this subject. The "Lawes Diuine Morall and Martiall," and Hening's Statutes at Large furnish the clue to the whole. We sincerely wish Mr. Howison had made an addition of sixty or seventy pages to his volume of such matter. It is true, those sixty pages would have cost him more labor and time than all the rest of the book; for at present it is nothing more than what any educated man might have done in his leisure hours. He has merely followed a beaten road,—let Burk show him the way, and Mr. Bancroft refer him to authorities, and then written down the chief events in pretty words. If he had attempted a continuous view of the state of society in Virginia, he would have engaged in a much more difficult undertaking. It would have required a great deal of research, trouble, and ingenuity to collect the *disjecta membra*, and to weave the scattered facts into a clear and pleasing whole. But if he had done so, he would have gained a title to our gratitude and esteem, and would have laid the ground work on which future men might erect a complete edifice. But he has not only omitted this, but he has as yet given scarcely any account of the ecclesiastical History of Virginia. We suppose he will give a separate chapter in the next volume, and bring it down to the Act of Religious Freedom; for he surely cannot intend to leave it out altogether. Dr. Hawks has written a volume on this subject, which is executed in a manner which causes us to regret that the author did not write a complete History of Virginia instead of her religious sects alone.

This is not the only thing in which Mr. Howison is behind the age. He seems to have no acquaintance with English history, save from the pages of David Hume. We say this, because he quotes no other authority on this subject—except Miss Aiken—and because of the very peculiar and original views, for an educated man of the 19th century, which he holds forth now and then. After the discussion, which has been going on for the last thirty years about the affairs of the English Commonwealth, and the present state of opinion with regard to them, it is certainly surprising to hear a man calling the resistance of the English people to the lawless tyranny of Charles I. a "rash use of the sacred right of revolution," in a tone which would lead us to believe that he expects the public to agree with him. He says of this deceitful, bad man, who perpetrated tyranny and perfidy in every form, that he "fell a victim to the expansive power in the minds of the people, rather than to tyrannous dispositions in his own heart. He fell, not because he wished to oppress, but because he knew not how to yield." This of a monarch, who, after swearing to support the Constitution of England, trampled on almost every fundamental law of the country! This of a monarch, who, after assenting to and promising his people to uphold the Petition of Right, turned around and broke every principle laid down in it. If Mr. Howison had left us room to suppose that he held these views on any argument which had not been answered, any facts which had not been examined, we certainly should not treat his opinion with contempt. But he goes on to state his reasons, and they show his opinion to be derived from nothing but sheer ignorance of what are now the established facts of history. He brings up the old story, that Charles claimed rights not more tyrannical than those of his predecessors; as if he did not, by passing the Petition of Rights, surrender up and renounce all those claimed rights, (if they ever belonged to him,) and then, breaking his engagement, continue his course of despotism. He brings forward the old tale of his commonplace virtues and private decencies to justify a life of fraud, oppression and perjury; that he was kind to his wife and children, and neither drank nor whored like his son! He talks of this royal martyr in a

style of puling sentimentality which is sickening. He admits that he was "injudicious;" but adds—"the blood which flowed beneath the axe of his executioner has atoned for many faults; the premature grave to which he was consigned has entombed many of his most flagrant errors; and infatuated as was his conduct, we cannot look upon his fate without deep commiseration. The art of his apologist was not required to cause tears to fall upon the tomb of a husband so exemplary, a father so tender and devoted, *and a friend so willing to serve and reluctant to betray.*" This of the man who swore to protect Strafford, used him for all his purposes, and then betrayed and sent him to die on the scaffold!

Very little mental power is displayed in this book. There are some histories which will live even if their facts were exploded, or lost their interest, on account of the insight into the connection of events and knowledge of human character which they display. The Annals of Tacitus are such. Mr. Howison's present work has as few pretensions of this sort, as any other history with which we are acquainted. He has none whatever of what is generally known as the *philosophy* of history. He seldom reasons, and generally attempts nothing more than a narrative of facts.

And we must protest against the style in which Mr. Howison has thought proper to clothe this narrative. From end to end his book is a perpetual effort at fine writing. On some occasions and subjects, it is quite allowable for a historian to assume an elevated and rhetorical manner; but Mr. Howison never leaves it. He tries to throw a veil of fine words over his whole discourse, and the consequence is, that he is generally both weak and florid. We will give a specimen of his style, which is a favorable one, because sustained by the subject:

"If, in the present age, a child of science could discover and unfold to our view a world connected with that in which we live, yet heretofore invisible, teeming with the treasures of nature, unimpaired in original freshness and beauty, and peopled by beings to whom all art seemed unknown, we would hail this discovery as approaching the miraculous, and its author as destined to immortality on earth.

"Hence we may conceive something of the astonishment that pervaded the mind of Europe when it was announced that a navigator had crossed the mysterious expanse of water which had so long bounded her hopes and excited her fears, and had returned to tell of a world that she had never known before.

"He who really accomplished this great object, may be reckoned among the men to whom our race should rejoice to render all that gratitude could suggest, or generosity could give; and if Columbus in life was loaded with chains, and in death has been deprived of the privilege which the heart of a father seeks when he would give his name to his child, it is because man is neither perfect in judgment, nor untainted in virtue.

"It may be possible to attach too much importance to the discovery either of a great truth in science, or of an exhaustless source of physical wealth upon our earth, but it would be difficult to express a measure of merit greater than that which is due to the navigator of Genoa. He who would compute his worth, must not belong to any age which has succeeded him, nor to the age in which we live, nor to any era that may soon appear.

"He must live at the point at which we have reason to believe that this world will close its final scene; and as he looks back to the beginning of the sixteenth century, and sees what America has done in affecting the destinies of man, in developing the human mind, in pointing out the road to national happiness, and in leading the host which are at last to be united under one Divine Director, he may catch some faint view of the glories which should encircle the name of Columbus."

Though not very logical, this is a handsome and well written passage, and as the opening reflections of a work on American History, it is very becoming. But the fault of Mr. Howison is, that he never comes down. He seems to think it his duty to be forever

——— "in the cedar's top,
To dally with the wind," &c.

He keeps this flourishing strain all through, and relates every thing in a wonderful, grandiloquent tone, which, when not borne out by the importance of the subject, becomes very disagreeable. We will give some specimens taken at random from the work:

"The deed of perfidy was soon complete. A copper kettle, given by Englishmen and received by Indians, was the price paid for the betrayal of one of the noblest of human beings—of her who had offered her own life to save a stranger—who had encountered the anger of her father to shield his enemies, and who had finally fled from his sight to avoid the sight of butchered colonists. By false pretences she was enticed into the gun-room of Argal's ship, and then immediately weighing anchor, he carried the innocent and helpless girl a prisoner to Jamestown." p. 189.

Again:

"One noble woodman, of Shenandoah, has gained a right to immortality, by slaying five armed savages with the clubbed barrel of his rifle after the stock had been shivered on the head of the sixth. The Indians fled with horror from his house, believing him to be the Great Author of Death, and warning all their compeers to avoid him." p. 478.

The greater portion of the book is written in this style. Mr. Howison seems afraid that it would be thought vulgar to tell a story as one common man would relate it to another. He is perpetually endeavoring to be *fine*; and is, consequent-

ly, sometimes very tawdry. He never misses an opportunity of throwing in an epithet; and he uses so many that they destroy the strength of his sentences, and give them a tinselled glitter, most unsuitable to his subject; for no style could be more unfortunate for a narrative than this. A relation of events should always be clothed in the most simple, clear words which could be picked out. The interest, and the current of connected ideas are lost among a profusion of adjectives and expletives not immediately suggested by them.

Mr. Howison has evidently a considerable natural power of narration, but it is in a great measure destroyed by the inflated language in which he expresses himself. Whenever possible, he states a fact by way of circumlocution; and almost always clothes it in some metaphorical finery. A boat's crew gets drunk, and he says, "Bland and Carver were incautious, and both themselves and their crews *surrendered themselves to the seductions of the wine cup.*" James II. "was unworthy to be the King of a noble nation, and he abdicated her throne only to escape being *hurled from it by her indignant arm.*" On the monarchical propensities of our forefathers:

"In reflecting on their folly, we are forcibly reminded of the fable of antiquity; and it will not be a violation of the laws of good taste, to compare the Virginians to the *unhappy denizens of the marsh*, who despised the passive log which Jove first gave them as a King, only to be devoured at last by the monster that succeeded."

On page 150:

"The night approached—a storm of wind and rain arose and raged without intermission. *A dark plot of death was arranged* by the Indians, and in the relaxed vigilance of the hour the English might have all fallen. *But a guardian spirit was near.* Through the gloom of the forest and a heavy rain of the rigorous season, Pocahontas hastened to the cottage where the president was *reposing. Her feelings long restrained found relief in tears, and with all the sensibility of a woman*, she revealed to him the intended plot," &c.

These are sentences not selected for their peculiarity, but because they are really samples of the whole work. Surely this is not the style for a historical narrative.

It now remains to state the good qualities of Mr. Howison. Although he has brought nothing new to Virginian History, by clubbing together the labors of his predecessors, he has produced a far more accurate work than any of them. He follows Mr. Bancroft generally; but not into his memorable errors with regard to the State of Virginia in the times of the Commonwealth. And in this connexion we were glad to find that the ridiculous story about the origin of the name "Old Dominion," to which Howe's book has lately given new currency, is here finally dismissed to the "tomb of the Capulets." Besides this excellent quality—of general accuracy as to fact—Mr. Howison has, as we have already said, a considerable power of narrative, which his verbose propensity does not entirely destroy. He relates well, fluently and clearly; and the portions of his story are in good perspective, in good keeping with each other. Characters and events are not detailed with either the brevity or minuteness which renders them out of proportion with the rest of the book. His style, although generally weak and florid, is never stupid; and in spite of his perpetual buskin, Mr. Howison is sometimes very amusing. Whatever may be the faults of his book, it most certainly is not dull; and few who begin it will be apt to leave it until they get to the end. No one who has determined to read it need fear that he is undertaking a heavy task; for whatever the author may have intended to produce, his book is emphatically "*light reading.*" In short, there is no work now in existence to which for an introduction to our older historians we would sooner direct a man who is unacquainted with the subject than this; and surely no one can desire a more polite and agreeable usher to the school of Stith, &c., than Mr. Howison.

Thus have we endeavored to give an impartial estimate of this volume. It is not a work of large calibre, but of much interest. The mental qualities which the author exhibits in it are rather elegance and excitability than strength. How he will succeed in his second volume, is yet to be seen. The task which lies before him, is more difficult than that which he has executed. Greater men come on the stage; events more complicated are to be treated of than those of the history he has written. To describe the scenes on which he now enters as clearly as he has done those through which he has led us, requires greater reasoning power and more research, than has yet been demanded of him. Besides which, he will have to travel with a smaller company.

Although we are very far from regarding this as a perfect history of Virginia, we are glad that it has been published. It will give popularity to the study, and create interest in the subject. And when public interest is aroused, and when literature has become a more distinct profession among us than it is now, the hour and the man will come which will embalm the deeds of our forefathers in a narrative which will live for ever—a narrative which will "preserve from oblivion the great and wonderful deeds both of" English and Indians, as long as that of Herodotus has done those of Greeks and Barbarians.

MR. EDITOR:

I do not know that the following characteristic and most engaging tale has ever been published in America. A single copy, dated 1900, and elegantly printed on fine paper, but now in some parts defaced, has been in my possession for a number of years. I am not acquainted with any ballad in the English language which combines so much of that unaffected simplicity, that natural pathos and charming imagery which appropriately belong to this species of composition. With a rhythm much less labored than that of Goldsmith's "Hermit," it possesses sufficient smoothness, and has all the descriptiveness of the ancient English ballads without their rudeness and iteration. There is everywhere a skilful introduction of such particulars and allusions as present to the mind a vivid picture, nor is the mutual adaptation of the subject and the poetry less admirable than the congruity which is so happily preserved throughout every part. I am sure its publication in the "Messenger and Review," will confer a great favor upon its readers.

R. RICHARDSON.

*Bethpage, Va., near Bethany College.*

# RICHARD AND KATE;

OR,

# FAIR-DAY.

## A SUFFOLK BALLAD.

I.

"Come, Goody, stop your humdrum wheel,
Sweep up your orts, * and get your Hat;
Old joys reviv'd once more I feel,
'Tis Fair-day;—ay, *and more than that.*

II.

"Have you forgot, KATE, prithee say,
How many seasons here we've tarry'd?
'Tis *forty* years, this very day,
Since you and I, old Girl, were *married!*

III.

"Look out;—the sun shines warm and bright,
The stiles are low, the paths all dry;
I know you cut your corns last night;
Come, be as free from care as I.

IV.

"For I'm resolv'd once more to see
That place where we so often met;
Though few have had more cares than we,
We've none just now to make us fret."

V.

KATE scorn'd to damp the generous flame
That warm'd her aged Partner's breast:
Yet, ere determination came,
She thus some trifling doubts express'd:—

VI.

"Night will come on; when seated snug,
And you've perhaps begun some tale,
Can you then leave your dear stone mug;
Leave all the folks, and all the Ale?"

VII.

"Ah! KATE, these things are past, I trow,
Though time has been we both could run:
Such days are gone and over now:—
I only mean to see the fun."

VIII.

She straight slipp'd off the Wall and Band, *
And laid aside her Lucks and Twitches; *
And to the Hutch † she reach'd her hand,
And gave him out his Sunday Breeches.

IX.

His Mattock he behind the door
And Hedging-gloves again replac'd;
And look'd across the yellow Moor,
And urg'd his tott'ring Spouse to haste.

X.

The day was up, the air serene,
The Firmament without a cloud;
The Bee humm'd o'er the level green
Where knots of trembling Cowslips bow'd.

XI.

And RICHARD thus, with heart elate,
As past things rush'd across his mind,
Over his shoulder talk'd to KATE,
Who, snug tuckt up, walk'd slow behind.

XII.

"When once a giggling Mawther ‡ you,
And I a red-faced chubby Boy,
Sly tricks you play'd me not a few;
For mischief was your greatest joy.

XIII.

"Once, passing by this very tree,
A Gotch § of Milk I'd been to fill,
You shoulder'd me; then laugh'd to see
Me and my Gotch spin down the hill."

XIV.

"'Tis true," she said; "But here behold,
And marvel at the course of Time;
Though you and I are both grown old,
This Tree is only in its prime!"

* *Ort*, a fragment.

* Terms used in Spinning. † *Hutch*, a chest.
‡ *Mawther*, a foolish young girl. § A pitcher.

XV.

"Well, Goody, don't stand preaching now;
Folks don't preach Sermons at a FAIR:
We've rear'd Ten *Boys* and *Girls* you know;
And I'll be bound they'll all be there."

XVI.

Now friendly nods and smiles had they,
From many a kind *Fair-going* face;
And many a pinch KATE gave away,
While RICHARD kept his usual pace.

XVII.

At length arriv'd amidst the throng,
*Grand-children* bawling hemm'd them round;
And dragg'd them by the skirts along
Where gingerbread bestrew'd the ground.

XVIII.

And soon the aged couple spy'd
Their lusty *Sons* and *Daughters* dear:—
When RICHARD thus exulting cried,
"Didn't I tell you they'd be here?"

XIX.

The cordial greetings of the soul
Were visible in every face;
Affection, void of all control,
Govern'd with a resistless grace.

XX.

'Twas good to see the honest strife,
Which should contribute most to please;
And hear the long-recounted life,
Of infant tricks and happy days.

XXI.

But now, as at some nobler places,
Amongst the Leaders 'twas decreed
Time to begin the DICKY RACES;
More fam'd for laughter, than for speed.

XXII.

Richard look'd on with wond'rous glee,
And prais'd the Lad who chanc'd to win;
"Kate, wa'nt I such a one as he?
As like him, ay, as pin to pin?

XXIII.

"Full *fifty* years are pass'd away
Since I rode this same ground about:
Lord! I was lively as the day!
I won the High-Lows out and out!

XXIV.

"I'm surely growing young again;
I feel myself so kedge and plump:
From head to foot I've not one pain;
Nay, hang me, if I could'nt jump."

XXV.

Thus spake the ALE in RICHARD'S pate—
A very little made him mellow;
But still he lov'd his faithful KATE,
Who whisper'd thus, "My good old fellow,

XXVI.

"Remember what you promis'd me:
And see, the Sun is getting low:
The children want an hour ye see
To talk a bit before we go."

XXVII.

Like youthful Lover most complying
He turn'd, and chuckt her by the chin:
Then all across the green grass hieing,
Right merry faces, all akin.

XXVIII.

Their farewell quart, beneath a tree
That droop'd its branches from above,
Awak'd the pure felicity
That waits upon PARENTAL LOVE.

XXIX.

KATE view'd her blooming Daughters round,
And Sons who shook her wither'd hand:
Her features spoke what joy she found;
But utterance had made a stand.

XXX.

The Children toppled on the green,
And bowl'd their *fairings* down the hill;
RICHARD with pride beheld the scene,
Nor could he for his life sit still.

XXXI.

A Father's uncheck'd feelings gave
A tenderness to all he said;
"My Boys, how proud am I to have
My name thus round the Country spread!

XXXII.

"Through all my days I've labored hard,
And could of pains and crosses tell;
But this is Labor's great reward,
To meet ye thus, and see ye well.

XXXIII.

"My good old Partner, when at home
Sometimes with wishes mingles tears;
'Goody,' says I, 'let what wool come,
We've nothing for them but our pray'rs.'

XXXIV.

"May you be all as old as I,
And see your sons to manhood grow;
And many a time before you die,
Be just as pleas'd as I am now."

XXXV.

Then, (raising still his Mug and Voice)
"An old man's weakness don't despise!
I love you well, my Girls and Boys;
God bless you all;"—so said his eyes—

XXXVI.

For, as he spoke, a big round drop
Fell bounding on his ample sleeve;
A witness which he could not stop,
A witness which all hearts believe.

XXXVII.

Thou FILIAL, PIETY, wert there:
And round the ring benignly bright
Dwelt in the *luscious half-shed tear*,
And in the parting word—*Good-night*.

XXXVIII.

With thankful Hearts and strengthen'd Love,
The poor old PAIR, supremely blest,
Saw the Sun sink behind the grove,
And gain'd once more their lowly rest.

---

## MICHAEL NEY, OTHERWISE, MICHAEL RUDOLPH.

A somewhat premature remark of your own, Mr. Editor, in relation to a tradition in Georgia and Carolina, which identifies Michael Rudolph, of Lee's Legion, with the famous Marshal, Duke of Elchingen and Prince of Moscow, *le brave des braves* of Napoleon,—by provoking its denial from one of your correspondents, has forced us, something against our will at this moment, to array before your public the several circumstances upon which this belief is founded. It has been for some time the business of sundry individuals, of acuteness and intelligence, to address themselves to this inquiry; and it was considered a matter of precaution and propriety only, to forbear making public the suggestion, until the case could be sufficiently made out, or until it could be conclusively set at rest altogether. In the absence of any such satisfactory evidence, it is yet deemed only proper, under the premature disclosure of the tradition, in print, to reveal the particular traits of the history which has occasioned the conjecture. It will be found, we think, in spite of what your correspondent says, touching the authority of General St. Leger, that a plausible case can be made out for the theory; such a case as a clever *nisi prius* lawyer might be well satisfied to carry before a clever Jury. We are not so well assured that General St. Leger is good authority, any how, in this case; nor are we prepared to admit, as your correspondent seems to affirm, that the uncourtly French of Marshal Ney was much relied on by those who urged his identity with Rudolph. But if it were, it is very questionable whether St. Leger, who claims to have come from Ney's neighborhood, could have been well prepared, by his own courtliness of ear, and superiority of training and education, to have determined upon the merits of the *patois* spoken by Ney,—or to have admitted its vileness at the demand of others. We shall endeavor to show you that, while the *tongue* of the Marshal was not regarded as French, there were other circumstances in the case which were sufficient to make ours a plausible one;—this being wholly disregarded. Your correspondent will not complain that a tradition which is so romantic as to deserve to be true, is not altogether set at rest by the casual statements of St. Leger. In a case of so much interest to the legends of the country, we should require, before receiving the testimony of this General of Division, to put him formally upon *the stand*, and subject him to severe cross-examination. It is easy to understand that a genuine Frenchman, true to the passion which makes his own *la grande nation*, would be loth to identify, in one of his most valiant captains of modern times, nothing more than an American woodsman;—but the same pride which makes him reluctant to admit so much, is the source of the solicitude which makes the American resolve that such shall be the case. We are for believing the tradition, whether you will or no; and we should prefer going no farther into its merits, if, by this forbearance, we could transmit the story to the future romancer, unchallenged by any too literal analyst of our own times. But as this seems unreasonable now to hope, it is our policy to array the facts as strongly as possible, so that we may silence St. Leger if we can, and if possible, your too easily confiding correspondent. We begin by a reference to what is known of the career of Michael Rudolph. *

Michael Rudolph was born at Elkton, in the State of Maryland. His parents were either German, or of German extraction. They are represented as very worthy people, but in humble circumstances, and not able, in consequence, to confer upon their children many of the advantages of education or society. Michael grew up hardy and promising in person and spirit; eager, intelligent

* Not *Randolph* as erroneously printed in the Messenger—See page 700, vol. XII. [It was *written* Rudolph.] [*Ed. Mess.*

and bold—but illiterate. He joined the American Army at a very early period as a common soldier, and when he was little more than sixteen years of age. We have reason to believe that he was with a corps under Lt. Col. Lee, while that brave partisan was only a Captain, and sometime before the formation of the celebrated Legion. This select body of troops was formed under an order of Washington, and while the American army lay in Jersey. It is described as the finest corps of Americans that appeared during the Revolution, and consisted, at the time of its first organization, of three hundred men, infantry and horse in equal proportion. The corps was made for Lee; the men were picked from the army, and the officers carefully chosen with regard to their peculiar talents. To have been a Captain in such a body of men at its first formation, argues a reputation already well recognized, and the possession of qualities for service, which were well known to the Commander-in-chief. This was the commission held by Rudolph in the Legion, when our attention is first drawn to his achievements. We have proofs at an early period, that he had secured the confidence of his Colonel and his comrades. In 1779, he was chosen as the leader of the forlorn hope when the British post at Paulus Hook was to be attacked. This post was held by a strong body of British and Hessians, under the command of Major Southerland. It lay in full view of the British garrison at New York, and, under such circumstances, it argued no little audacity in the assailants to attempt it. But the attempt was successful. The fort was taken by surprise and storm, and the conduct of Rudolph, at the head of the assailing party, amply justified the confidence of his commander. For this affair, Lee received a gold medal and the thanks of Congress.

The Legion proved eminently useful in the Middle States, occupying the same place in the regards of the Americans, as the Legion of Colonel Simcoe did in those of the British. The defeat of Gates at Camden, and the reorganization of the army of the South, under Green, brought it to Carolina. In January, 1780, Lee reached Pedee with his troops in excellent condition; and was immediately despatched to form a junction with Marion, then preparing to make a descent upon Georgetown. The descent was made by the united forces of Marion and Lee,—Rudolph being entrusted with the command of one of the attacking parties. *He* was entirely successful, though the expedition was so only in part. The British Commandant of the place was taken in his bed, many of his troops were slain, but the lack of efficient co-operation baffled the full desires of the assailants. The part played on this occasion by Rudolph, was true to his well-known skill, courage and audacity.

To pursue the active and spirited career of Lee's legion would be only to trace that of Rudolph, conspicuous among, and over all, his officers. Garden, a Lieutenant, in the same command, writes "There was not an officer of the same grade in the Southern army whose activity and daring spirit produced such essential advantages to the service; yet, in the page of history he is scarcely named." This, fortunately, is not exactly true. Rudolph is perhaps quite as frequently mentioned in our domestic history as we ordinarily find persons of his rank, unless where they act independently of others. This he does not appear to have done;—at least not frequently. His extreme youth might readily account for this. But we must not forget that his rank was raised. His achievements were not without their reward, and it is time that we should recognize him as Major by brevet.

The events in the progress of the Legion were always stirring. They were continual. It would be impossible, in the space which we have allowed ourselves, to glance upon its numerous marches and countermarches, its sorties, and escapes, and frequent skirmishes. Rudolph was in them all, and bore an eminently conspicuous part in the capture of several of the armed places of the British—Forts Watson, Granby, Galphin and Cornwallis. To the conquest of the latter of these places we shall refer hereafter. At the battle of Guilford, under Greene, his bravery was the subject of special applause. At the siege of Fort Granby he was the first to occupy its principal bastion, and, passing from this point towards the post of "Ninety-Six," then under Col. Cruger, with equal rapidity and stealth, had nearly succeeded in surprising it. But Cruger was on his guard, his troops were all under shelter, and, rejoining the main body under Lee, our Major proceeded to reconnoitre the two British posts, Fort Galphin and those of Augusta, which lay some twelve or fourteen miles asunder. The former was a particularly desirable object, as it contained, among other stores, the annual royal present for the Indians, which had just been brought up from Charleston. Fort Galphin was a small stockade, built around the dwelling of George Galphin, a famous Indian trader of that day. The place forms at present a part of the extensive plantation of Ex-Governor Hammond of South Carolina. It was garrisoned by two companies of infantry. To Rudolph was assigned the assault, which he conducted with equal valor and dexterity. The place fell into his hands with all its stores. Forts Cornwallis and Grierson were the chief defences of Augusta. They were next beleaguered. Fort Grierson was the first to fall. A sanguinary fight followed the attempt of Col. Grierson to escape, by secretly evacuating his post; thirty of his men being slain in the conflict, and he himself assassinated through motives of private revenge, after he had been made a prisoner. Fort Cornwallis was held by a Col. Brown, a man who had made himself odious by his cruelties. He fought with a halter about his neck. He was a man of

conduct and spirit,—a loyalist, and one of the most troublesome of the class that his countrymen had to encounter. We shall not delay our statement in regard to the siege of Fort Cornwallis; but, in the several hand-to-hand conflicts which took place, night and day, Rudolph made his way at the head of the charging parties, and successfully plied the bayonet. The leaguer was a protracted one, and distinguished by several interesting occurrences, much intrigue and frequent and desperate fighting. The place was finally surrendered, and taken possession of by Rudolph.

The Legion now joined the forces under General Greene, engaged in the arduous siege of the British fortress of "Ninety-Six." It was determined to take the place by storm, as it was found impossible to reduce it by blockade before the arrival of Lord Rawdon, then rapidly approaching to its relief. Of the two storming parties chosen for this purpose, one was led by Rudolph. It was successful. Rudolph gained the enemy's ditch, opened his way into the fort, and drove the enemy, fighting to the last, out of the enclosure. The assault of the other party was less successful, and the achievement of Rudolph had no other fruits than were reaped by his own reputation. The place was finally relieved by Rawdon; but it was not long held by the British. Their outposts were called in, and their main army slowly descended the country, more or less closely followed by the Americans. The light troops of the Legion were particularly active in the business of harassing the progress of the retreating foe, and Rudolph was, as usual, conspicuous wherever there was danger to be confronted, or duty to be done. At Eutaw, the British army took post, and here they were assailed by Greene. The pitched battle that followed is one well known to our history. It added another feather to our national plume. Here Rudolph again distinguished himself, leading the Legion Infantry to the charge, which broke the British line, and capturing one of the two pieces of artillery that were taken by the Americans in the conflict.

A bold attempt against the British post on John's Island followed, in which, crossing an arm of the sea at midnight, Rudolph would have been quite successful, but that the division, appointed to cooperate with him, failed to do so. He had passed in secrecy and safety, breast deep, through the water, to and from his object and between a line of British galleys, the sentinels of which continued to cry "all's well" during his whole progress, and in the full hearing of his troops. A second attempt, which was more successful, was made upon one of these galleys, which had been stationed in Ashley river, and sufficiently remote from the Charleston garrison to encourage the plan of attempting her capture. Disguising himself in the garb and manners of a countryman, and coloring and clothing four of his best soldiers as negroes, he procured one of those common market boats with which the negroes were in the habit of passing the galley with provisions for the garrison. These, with a small stock of poultry and provisions, were placed conspicuously in his boat, in the bottom of which was concealed a small body of armed soldiers. Hailed by the galley, as he was about to pass, Rudolph drew nigh, and, showing his chickens, he and his disguised negroes grappled her, and leaping on board with his followers, killed the guard and all who offered any opposition; some of the British escaped to the river, but the galley, with her Captain and twenty-eight sailors, were captured. A few days after this event, fighting hand-to-hand, he dismounted and made a prisoner of one of the most daring of the *black dragoons* employed in the British service.

Here closes the narrative of Rudolph's career in the war of the American Revolution. South Carolina was relieved of her British enemies at the close of 1782. Between this period, and the reorganization of the army, under Wayne, for the defence of the Western territory against the Indians, in 1793, we are without any intelligence in respect to his employments, or abode. It is probable that, in this interval, he returned to Maryland, and became a married man. But we next find him in the army of Wayne on the Western frontier. That Wayne, who knew his value, particularly in such a warfare as he was about to wage with the Indians, should have sought his services, is not improbable. The success of this General, in retrieving the failure of St. Clair, and visiting the Indians with deserved punishments, is too well known to our readers to render familiar any details, particularly as we can afford them none of moment in relation to Rudolph. We know that he was in command of the Cavalry under Wayne, and that he served with distinguished reputation. In so many words, he was again considered the very first officer of his rank in the American army. Spirit and stratagem, great promptitude and readiness of resource, were his characteristics,—we are told in general terms,—as decidedly in the Indian, as in the British war. But we are also told that he quarrelled with Wayne and resigned his commission. These are all matters, which, should our hurried memoir prompt a more industrious historian, may probably be cleared up by numerous details which shall reward the search for them. How long he remained in civil life, after the peace with Great Britain, and before resuming his military career under Wayne—when and where he married—and whether before joining, or subsequent to his separation from, the Western army—these are questions which need answering, and may find ready solution upon inquiry. The next tidings of Rudolph describe him as returning home, after the absence of a year, and stopping for a night at the

residence of a brother. Here he listens to a domestic revelation, of the most cruel and humiliating character—of such a sort, indeed, as to determine him not again to return to his family. True to this resolve, with the dawn of the ensuing day, he disappears from the dwelling of his brother without leave taking; and the next we hear of him is as an adventurer, about to sail from the Chesapeake, with a small vessel laden with tobacco and destined to St. Domingo, or to a port in old France. It may be possible for an industrious antiquarian to find proofs of such a clearance from Philadelphia, about this period, from some of the newspapers of this place. For some time nothing more is heard of him. Clouds and darkness and storm come over not only his course, but that of France and her colonies. The wild billows of the reign of terror are beginning to roll across the clearer pathways of civilization. At this moment, another and the last gleam across the career of Rudolph is afforded us by the venerable Mr. Spalding of Georgia, whose uncle, Major Lacklin McIntosh, was a bosom friend of Rudolph, and in whose company young Spalding first beheld, and learned to know and to admire the youthful hero, who was even then pronounced the bravest of the brave among his American comrades. He tells us that Rudolph wrote to McIntosh a letter full of the French revolutionary fire—full of enthusiasm for the rights of man in Europe—the object of which was to persuade the latter to seek for fame in revolutionary France. McIntosh did not adopt the counsel, and here the correspondence of Rudolph ends. The clues are cut at this point. The connecting of this brave young American, equally with history and his country, ceases from this moment. Did his vessel go down at sea, or did he rise with and ride upon the billows of the revolution in France? Was he one of the master spirits or one of the victims of that era of equal storm and caprice? The echoes of history are silent.

But, with the moment of Michael Rudolph's disappearance, we have the rise of Michael Ney—a man distinguished for the very qualities in war which peculiarly marked the genius of Rudolph—a man without education, but with rare talents and force of character—bravest among the brave, and exquisitely skilled in stratagem. Michael is not a very ordinary name, and *Ney* is almost no name at all. A man, mortified in his pride and his affections, and going into voluntary exile, might well assume, for a name, a negation such as this. But here we are told of the Ney family. He is a peasant of Alsace, says the biography, as if this were in any ways a conclusive matter. As if a biography were at all difficult to be had by one, who, from nothing, had risen to be a Chief of Armies and a Prince of Moskwa. The American adventurer, above all others, might naturally seek, at the first opportunity, to justify himself for being thus successful, by securing for his name, as soon as possible, an European parentage.

The suspicion of Rudolph's identity with Ney, is by no means of recent origin. It was entertained at a very early period, and by some of the first persons in America. In all probability they had something more than mere conjecture to rely upon. Let us look a little at these suggestions. Somewhere about the year 1798, when General Pinckney and General William Washington, in our *quasi* war with France, during the administration of the elder Adams, were entrusted with the military charge of the Southern portion of the United States, they visited, during their military tour in Georgia, the residence of a gentleman who had known Rudolph in his youth. General Pinckney, who had not long before returned from France, where he had been minister, asked his host if such had not been the case. Being answered in the affirmative, Pinckney replied, that he too had known Rudolph; that he had become greatly attached to him, and was much interested in his fate; and that this interest had been heightened recently by a discovery which he had made in Europe. There, while a resident in France, he had learned that there was in the army of Italy an American officer who had greatly distinguished himself—that from every inquiry, not a doubt remained on his mind that this American officer was his old friend, Michael Rudolph, but that he soon found that he no longer bore the same name. General Pinckney gave as his reason for not pressing his inquiries and writing directly to the supposed American, that he feared, in his own critical situation, and the difficulties existing between the Directory and his Government, that such inquiries might only draw down upon the officer the jealousy of the French authorities. Michael Ney was unquestionably the officer thus pointed at. He was in Kleber's German Legion; and Rudolph, born of German parents, at the head of Elk, spoke the German language. The character of Ney was then closely analysed, as far as the materials could be obtained for such a study, by several Americans. His career was watched with interest. He was, as we have said already, distinguished for his eager spirit, his skill in strategies, his determined bravery, in all resembling the characteristics which were ascribed to the military reputation of Rudolph. Like Rudolph, Ney was an unlettered man. At the trial of the latter, when charged with having issued the proclamation on joining Napoleon at Toulouse, he referred the composition of the document to Napoleon himself, who had written it, and had even taunted him with his illiteracy by saying,—"Why, Marshal, I have made you witty"—a liberty which Napoleon would scarcely have taken with Bernadotte, or any of his more lettered marshals. The expressions which he employed, when voluntarily

accepting from Louis XVIII. the command of an army to intercept Napoleon on his return from Elba, and promising to serve the monarch faithfully, will, perhaps, quite as much as any thing else, betray the rude and untrained mind of the unlettered soldier. He told Louis that he "would bring Napoleon to him in an iron cage." Upon his trial, his own counsel called upon the court to remember, and to make all proper allowances for one who was a foreigner. His counsel certainly must have known what he was; and, though Ney rose and disclaimed the imputation, with warmth, yet there is every reason to suppose that many were present who concurred in the conviction which his counsel had expressed. Legally, indeed, Ney was no foreigner, though he might have been born in Great Britain; since, to have married in France, was, by the laws of that country, to have become a citizen. With a young wife and children in France, it was particularly important, if Ney were Rudolph, that he should silence any impression which might lead to the discovery that he had any such connections in this. In America he had also left wife and children, whom, if he did remember, it was not his policy to acknowledge. To those who watched the progress of Ney, it became a natural subject of inquiry why he did not fly with other of Napoleon's followers to America? When Grouchy and his comrades were finding refuge in the United States, why did Ney remain to encounter the fury of the Bourbons? History vainly intimates that he flattered himself that he should find immunity—that he could not be convicted, but that he was safe under the twelfth article of the Capitulation of Paris, by which a general amnesty was promised. But if such were his hopes and the opinions of his friends, why did he go into secrecy—why conceal himself? But he entertained no such confidence. He was even more guilty than any other of the French marshals, all of whom deemed their only safety to lie in foreign exile. The United States was their refuge, but this refuge had no temptations for Ney. He preferred all the hazards of detection and death, to the prospects which lay before him in America.

When the news of the trial and condemnation of Michael Ney reached this country, a well-known and highly respected citizen of the south, through the medium of a friend at Washington, addressed certain inquiries, with respect to Ney, to Marshal Grouchy, who had then only lately reached our shores. These questions were as follows:

"Was Marshal Ney about 5 feet 8 inches in height—a muscular man, though not fat; of high, flat forehead, gray eyes, straight eyebrows, prominent cheek-bones and fair complexion;—and did he speak English?"

The reply of Marshal Grouchy affirmed the correctness of this description. He said "it accorded with that of Ney—that he had served in the same division with Ney, before they were respectively promoted,—*that he did speak English*—this he knew, and he mentioned, on one occasion, when some English prisoners had been taken, Ney himself had examined them apart."

Subsequently, the same inquiries were addressed to William H. Crawford, of Georgia, who had seen much of Ney while in France. Crawford's testimony on the subject of Ney's personal appearance, also affirmed the description given above. He said that "Marshal Ney seemed to be much attached to himself and often visited him at his hotel—*but never spoke a word of English while in his presence, although he, Mr. Crawford, did not speak one word of French.* The conferences were conducted through Dr. Jackson, the Secretary of the Legation." When, on his return to this country, Crawford was told of Ney's familiarity with the English language, he was confounded,—as well he might be. He mentioned again, as very curious, that, while thus speaking through an interpreter, Ney should yet have more frequently sought him out, have appeared more attached to him, and been more with him than any officer of rank he met with. Crawford acknowledged the mystery. The difficulties of the interpreter, in the interviews between Ney and the former, were no difficulties to Ney. How he must have smiled in his sleeve, at the tedious process, of rendering into French, for his benefit, what he was already in possession of. Now, why should Ney seek a stranger with whose language he pretended to be totally unfamiliar,—seek him frequently, and conduct his dialogue through an interpreter, when, all the while, he knew the language of the person he spoke with, just as well as the latter did himself? Why the mystery? It may somewhat account for it to remember that the stranger was from the land of Rudolph's birth—that he came from a part of the country in which Rudolph not only served for a considerable time, but in which he resided for a time, where he had formed several intimacies, and where he had relations still.

But we have not yet done with our witnesses. The inquiries addressed to Marshal Grouchy reached the ears of citizen Genêt,—that presumptuous emissary of the new *regime* in France, who sought to raise a party against Washington in America. The vanity of that adventurer who claimed to be the representative of *la grande nation*, was touched at the imputation of Ney's Americanism. Genêt was then in New York, from whence he issued a denial of the identity. He claimed to know Marshal Ney,—"for he had married his niece." To this, common sense replies with a *non sequitur*. How could Genêt know Marshal Ney? Genêt came to America in the year 1792, a propagandist of the Jacobins. His course was so offensive and unwise, that even Robespierre failed to countenance him, and no government in

France ever permitted his return to that country. Now, in the year 1792, Marshal Ney was totally unknown in France. Whether he was Michael Rudolph, an American, or whether he came from Sarre Louis, "on the banks of the blue Moselle," was a matter equally beyond the care and the consideration of the French people. The probabilities are, that he could not have been known personally under any aspect, or in any character, to Genêt, who was a Parisian, and mingling with men, prior to his coming to America, only in the *melée* of the Parisian clubs, of which he was a violent member.

But we have some better French testimony to oppose that of Genêt. This is that of General Lallemand. This distinguished officer was residing, about the years 1818–1819, in the neighborhood of Philadelphia; and when the rumor was in circulation, which announced the identity of Ney with Rudolph, he is said to have concurred in the description of personal appearance, and to have declared his conviction that the persons were the same. The declaration was made by Lallemand to the relatives of Rudolph themselves, then living at Elkton, the place of his nativity, who have affirmed it to other persons. The matter became currently known in and about Philadelphia, at that period;—and the statement to this effect, and from which we borrow this portion of our facts, is from a highly respected citizen of that place. Other facts are to be taken in connection with this. Lallemand, among other particulars said, that when spoken of by his enemies, in the Army of Napoleon, Ney was commonly called "The Foreign tobacco merchant." That he understood and spoke the English language fluently, there is no sort of doubt.

Some years ago the citizens of Savannah, Georgia—all such, at least, as were familiar with the *theory* of Rudolph's identity with Ney—were surprised and excited by a visit to that city of the young Count Ney, in company with the Duc de Montebello. The visit might be one of curiosity only—such a visit as foreign travellers might easily be tempted to pay to a place, whose reputation for grace of manner, and hospitality of conduct, is so decided as that which the people of Savannah have won for their city. But when it was found that the Duc of Montebello departed the very next day, and that the young Count Ney, though remaining ten or twelve days longer, was yet exceedingly grave, reserved, shy, and always occupied during this time,—their conclusion was that his chief occupation was to institute inquiries after the first family of his father, through a secret agency, and without implicating himself. If such was the case, his agent has never betrayed his trust. It is not improbable that the American tradition had made its way to France, and had provoked a due degree of anxiety and curiosity in the proper quarters.

The portrait of Ney, as published by his family, presents us with a face which is any thing but French in style and expression. It belongs to the Saxon cast, and would be recognized as such all the world over. It was highly desirable to submit this portrait to such Americans as had known Rudolph; but the number remaining when this "Counterfeit presentiment" reached us, was very small. But we have the words of one, who, though a boy only when Rudolph was in America, had learned to watch his countenance with admiration. "Before my God!" is the language of the venerable Mr. Spalding,—"I think the upper part of the face, in the engraving you have sent me, might be such as Michael Rudolph's would have been, at the distance of time that has intervened between the periods. A nephew of Michael Rudolph commands the Revenue Cutter on the Georgia station. I think the upper part of his face bears some shade of resemblance to the portrait," &c. And such was the opinion of other gentlemen of character, who examined the engraved portrait of Marshal Ney.

We have now given a hasty glance at the general presumptions upon which the opinion is founded, in portions of the country, that Ney and Rudolph were one. It is not merely that Ney spoke *bad* French,—but that he spoke good English;—that he concealed his English when with Americans, though he was known among the French to be familiar with the language. That he was pronounced a foreigner among the French,—sneered at as a tobacco trader—believed by some of his most distinguished associates to be an American,—and possessed qualities of intellect, character and person corresponding with all that is known of Michael Rudolph, the American. We do not say that we are satisfied with the story; but we think it a case that deserves inquiry. We regret that our own more deliberate research should have been forestalled by a premature publication, but deem it proper, now, that the foundation for the story, and all the facts, should be laid before the public, that its grounds may be more thoroughly sifted by those who have the leisure and the inclination. The youthful biography of Ney is first to be overthrown. This, perhaps, can only be done by inquiries made upon the spot, at Sarrelouis, which is given as his birth-place—a fortified town in the department of Moselle. His father's history must be looked into, and that of the alleged teaching (so little creditable to them) which Ney received from the Monks of St. Augustine. Corresponding inquiries may be urged, at home, in relation to Rudolph, of whom we have no memoir—the Biographic *Americana* not even putting his name on record. We might even recommend the subject to some of the writers for Mr. Jared Sparks' collection, but hesitate to do so, as we remember that Rudolph has no paternal claims on New England. Had he only enjoyed the benefits of a Puritan *Cross*, his career of

partisan gallantry would never have been suffered to remain obscured by the accumulating rubbish of the chronicles. A biography of Michael Rudolph should properly come from Kennedy.* Is it too much to ask him to leave the Scottish weaver, Thom, to Scottish eulogium, and to rescue from oblivion the performances of as brave a man as Maryland ever gave to the nation? [*See Note.*]

* Hon. J. P. Kennedy, of Baltimore.

*Note.*—The author of the foregoing Paper commences by saying, that he has been called forth, at this time, by a "somewhat premature remark" of ours in relation to the tradition, that Marshal Ney was the brave Rudolph of Lee's Legion; and again, he "regrets that his own more deliberate research should have been forestalled by a premature publication." We respectfully suggest that we do not see the appropriateness of these observations; nor how our publication was the least premature, except to the immature purposes of the above writer, whose "more deliberate research" was unknown to us, and might have been still prosecuted in silence, despite of St. Leger, our "correspondent," and ourselves. He shows that the interesting tradition referred to has been long known, and yet regrets that it was not reserved for him to startle the Public with its announciation; for the mere fact of its existence is all we stated. It was first mentioned to us, together with some of the circumstances on which it rested, three years ago, by a gentleman of Savannah, who bound us to no secrecy; though we should have been restrained by our sense of propriety from publicly using, without his consent, the facts, or proofs, then stated by him.

The appearance of Headley's "Napoleon and his Marshals," reminded us of the tradition, and we published it; after having given three years, (perhaps he had a longer time,) for the "more deliberate research" of the above writer. But after all, the author's "premature publication" may be the best means of completing the research in which he was so laudably engaged. Headley, in his sketch of Ney, mentions a circumstance so singular as to appear a little suspicious to one disposed to credit the tradition alluded to; though the minuteness of his account would seem to leave no doubt of Ney's nativity.

"His father, who loved him tenderly as the son of his pride and the glory of his name, was never told of his ignominious death. He was at this time eighty-eight years of age, and lived to be a hundred years old. He saw by the mourning weeds on his family that some catastrophe had happened, and his father's heart told but too well where the bolt had struck; but he made no inquiries, and though he lived twelve years after, never mentioned his son's name, and was never told of his fate. He knew he was dead, but he asked not how nor where he died."

---

## THE TREATY OF CAERNARVON.

Three days after the birth of Edward, first prince of Wales, Caernarvon Castle became the rendezvous of all the chiefs of North Wales, who met to tender their final submission to Edward I. with this condition, that the Saxon monarch would grant them, as ruler, a prince of their own country. The termination of the meeting is related in the following ballad.

The spring-time held its pleasant rule o'er Cambria's green land,
Where lavish Nature free bestows her sweets and odors bland;
While, like a giant watchman set to guard that region fair,
Old Snowden stood with snow-capp'd head suspended high in air:

But ah! amid that mountain hold, so rich in legends old,
The bard's wild chant was heard no more upon his harp of gold,
But chiefs were arming in each hall and peasants in each glen,
While every ancient castle sent its force of valiant men.

It was a time of deadly strife, when rous'd by minstrel lays,
And words prophetic, that foretold the dawn of better days,
The brave Lewellyn led his host against the Saxon foe,
Who, like a mighty torrent, pour'd from England's plains below;
In vain they fought, his barons bold, for country and for life,
In martyr-streams their heart's blood flow'd in that unequal strife,
And silken banners trail'd in gore, torn plumes and broken shields
Were the sole harvest which they sow'd within their native fields.

Worn with defeat, their monarch slain, their castles overthrown,
Those freemen of the soil still held a proud and lofty tone,
When summon'd by the English king they pass'd their mountain-wall,
To tender up their dearest rights in Caernarvon's hall,
Where, heedless of stern Edward's wrath, they spurn'd the golden dower,
Which, with a chief of foreign birth, he proffer'd them that hour,
'Till rous'd to angry speech and deed, they drew their flashing swords,
And, with defiance in their miens, breath'd out these hostile words:

"The freedom of our hills is gone; our cliffs and sunny dells
Resound not as in former days, with stirring minstrel swells,
But dark oppression shadows o'er the country of our birth,
And aliens of the soil we stand upon our native earth;
Yet with a prince of our own line we will this yoke endure,
And by our true submission make our homestead hearths secure,
But ne'er to one of foreign blood allegiance will ye yield;—
Far better fall in noble strife upon the battle-field."

And soon their tones of passion reach'd the small, secluded tower,
Where, on a velvet couch as soft as e'er grac'd lady's bower,
The fair and gentle Eleanor, the monarch's lovely bride,
Repos'd 'neath silken tapestries, her young babe at her side,
While watchful of her slumber light attendants pressed around,
Trembling, for their dear mistress' sake, at each discordant sound,
'Till, waken'd by their whisper'd fears, she rais'd her languid head,
And question'd of the cause which fill'd their timid hearts with dread.

"Now bring me quick a robe," she cried, "and aid my feeble hand
To bind these tresses as become a lady of the land;
And let this diamond circlet round my pallid temples twine,
And haste ye, 'mid its flashing light, this flowing veil confine:"
And while her wondering handmaids strove to do her bidding high,
The sudden crimson lit her cheek, the fire flash'd from her eye,

'Till, all impatient of delay, with gesture strangely wild,
She sprang towards the couch, and clasp'd the yet unconscious child.

"Now fare ye well awhile," she said, "I must the hostess play,
And welcome to this castle's walls these native chiefs to-day;
For much I fear my kingly lord doth need his royal dame,
With woman's gentle blandishments their stubborn hearts to tame;
And smiling gently, as she mark'd each maiden's anxious air,
She mov'd with lightsome step along the turret's winding stair,
'Till suddenly, like fairy dream, so beautiful and bright,
She stood amid those armed men, whose ire was at its height.

"What lack ye yet, my chiefs?" she ask'd, as bowing her slight form,
She look'd amid the angry groups, as sunbeam 'mid the storm;
"What lack ye, valiant friends, to make your monarch's treaty sure,
And banish war and bloodshed from your bright land evermore?"
A low, clear whisper ran along that vaulted chamber deep;—
An under-tone, as though their ire a moment's space might sleep;
And then, at once, a hundred lips were heard aloud to cry,
"No other than a native prince, or we will fight and die!"

"Now God be prais'd!" exclaimed the Queen, in clear, exulting voice,
"That I can tender you, this day, a chief of your own choice;
One, born in happy hour, within your cloudless region bright,
Whose soul is stainless as the snow that rests on Snowden's height;
And as those barons pressed around in mute yet pleas'd surprise,
She sprang from her young consort's arm, with gladness in her eyes,
And throwing back the crimson scarf that wrapt her slender form,
Revealed the tender babe that slept upon her bosom warm.

"Look on him! he is yours," she cried, "a flower of your own clime,
Whose earliest accents shall be taught to lisp your native chime;
Would that his lips could speak, yet see!"—just then the infant stirr'd,
And e'en as though his tender ear had caught his mother's word,
He turn'd his dreamy glance towards the half-reluctant band,
And from the shielding mantle toss'd his soft and tiny hand,
While heedful of this trivial deed, the young Queen shriek'd with joy,
As high among those barons bold, she rais'd the princely boy.

Such stillness!—one might e'en have heard the fall of forest leaf,
As with a reverential air advanc'd each mountain chief,
And bending lowly, kiss'd that hand, whose simplest act of life
Had thrown soft oil upon those wild and stormy waves of strife;
Yet ere another moment's space they broke that hush profound,
As every sword with startling clang its fitting scabbard found,
While loud above the clash of steel arose, their deafening cry,
"A native prince is ours to-day; for him we'll fight and die!"

MARY E. LEE.

---

# HOUSEHOLD SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH J. EAMES.

## V.

## MY FATHER.

Oh! name rever'd from childhood's earliest time,
And worship'd more as deep'ning years roll on;
They tell me, father, that thy face is wan—
That thou hast lost the freshness of thy prime,
And that thy "sacred temples" now are clad
With silvery streaks wove by Time's frosty finger:—
They say thy voice is low, and sometimes sad—
That thy feet falter, and thou'rt fain to linger
Amid thy household band. Oh! father, dear,
A thousand miles thee and thy child divide,
And often sinks my anxious heart with fear,
Lest I may never more sit at thy side!
Father, beloved! my duteous hand would fain thy ills assuage,
And smooth with tenderest care the couch of thy declining age.

## VI.

## MY MOTHER.

Within a holy and a guarded spot
Is shrin'd thy gentle image, mother dear;—
The vanities of life profane it not—
No worldly presence ever enters there.
In my heart's inner temple is an altar,
Whereon an incense-fire burns pure and clear,
Thy sacred image lives, Oh! mother, here,
And often would my weary spirit falter,
Did it not feel thy holy presence near.
Oh! priz'd above all price the sainted tie
Which wears not when all other ties grow weak:
Mother! in my loneliness I vainly seek
A love which changeth not! I turn to thee
And claim the only place that *now* is left to me!

## VII.

## TO MARY.

We are no longer young! Dear sister, thou
And I have enter'd on our life's midsummer—
Our place is fill'd by many a gay-new-comer—
And what we were of old we are not now.
Mary, belov'd! full many a golden promise
From Hope's green bough Time's hand hath stolen from us.
For thee so lov'd, an early widowed lot
And its lone sorrows—yet *thou* art resigned.
For me whose dreams—Oh! Sister, I will not
Stir the grief-fountain in my bosom shrin'd!
There are some things known to our Maker only—
He brighteneth man's path—He maketh lonely.
Yet 'mid all chance and change no jot can perish
Of that dear love which we do for each other cherish.

## ELLEN TRAVERSE.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."

The carriage was at the door. The young wife, who had worn her marriage-ring but three days, now stood before her mirror, arraying her simple, yet tasteful dress. The glass reflected a delicate, girlish figure, attired in snowy muslin of gossamer lightness. A simple orange wreath encircled the rich braid of hair at the back of her head; while beneath its delicate blossoms fell the bridal veil, its light folds mingling with the magnificent auburn tresses that swept her snowy neck. One single jewel, a gift from her husband, nestled amid the folds of lace on her bosom, and completed her exquisitely simple toilet. The sweet young face was in perfect keeping with this pure style of dress, bearing on every feature traces of that gentleness and earnest thoughtfulness that won every heart who knew her. Ellen Fisher was a single-hearted, generous being, whose unselfish nature would make any sacrifice for others. Unobtrusive and quiet, yet like a ministering angel, did she seek out the poor and afflicted, and when she could do no more, would pour balm into the suffering heart, by her gentle sympathy and soothing words. And all rejoiced, yet thought it strange, when the haughty Edward Traverse wooed the lovely and modest Ellen Fisher. Those who knew him best, wondered least; for Traverse was a passionate worshipper of the beautiful—the physically, morally and mentally beautiful! His eye was *first* caught by the rare beauty of her face and form, then he delighted to trace, through the soft light of her loving eyes, the loveliness that dwelt in her pure spirit; and he well knew how to draw out the rich treasures of her cultivated mind, by the eloquent language of his own. He loved her—what marvel! All who knew her did the same. He loved as men love a rare jewel in a precious casket; while she, with the trusting faith of a woman's heart, gave her life and her happiness to his keeping, and worshipped the Supreme Source from whom the blessing came. And as she gave him her hand that he might lead her to his own home, where he had invited his friends to meet her, there went with it a full swelling of the heart towards Heaven, that she was permitted to possess that dear hand, so capable, as she thought, of leading her through the mazes of life. How often is the heart deceived in its fondest hopes! These two young beings looked down a vista, where all was light and sunshine and joy. Gay hopes flitted on angels' wings before them, and they saw not the cloud that gathered slowly over their bright perspective and darkened it with its gloomy shadow.

"And this is our home, Ellen," exclaimed the young bridegroom, while his fine dark eyes beamed with affection on the fair being by his side, as he led her up the marble steps of a handsome house. "This is our own home, Ellen; how happy we shall be; for to be with you is happiness in itself."

The gentle bride raised her eyes, suffused with tears, to the speaker's face, and while the pearly drops trembled over their delicate lids, she murmured softly, "With the blessing of *God*, we *will* be happy, dear Edward."

The young man seemed confused for a moment, then taking her hand in his, pressed it to his heart, replying, "You are so good, so full of holy thoughts, Ellen, that I sometimes wish you less good, that the contrast to myself might not be so striking."

Ellen had no time for reply, for at the moment a carriage rattled up to the door;—the steps were let down with a flourish, and a party of ladies and gentlemen sprang gaily out. Mr. Traverse turned to meet them with a light laugh, as if he wished to shake off the serious feeling of the moment before, and taking the hand of one of the ladies, exclaimed, "Well, Queen of Beauty, (whom ladies call Miss Emma Fountaine, and gentlemen, the 'Beautiful Emma,') we wait your august presence before we proceed to that formidable drawing-room, where Mrs. Ellen Traverse will be installed 'Mistress of Ceremonies,' and we want you to lend her the light of your countenance to go through the terrible ordeal."

"I do not think your newly-acquired dignity sets well on you, Ellen," returned the sprightly Miss Fountaine; "you look much more like Ellen Fisher this evening, with that languishing look out of those blue eyes, and that simple white dress, than Mrs. Edward Traverse, mistress of this stately mansion, ay! and of its stately lord, too, if he does not look out for his own rights," and taking the arm of her escort, she entered the drawing-room, followed by Edward Traverse and his timid, though beautiful wife.

The drawing-rooms were superb. Light flashed in brilliant circles from the chandeliers, and lent additional lustre to the bright eyes that sparkled beneath them. And young, clear voices trilled in song; and silvery laughter floated through the rooms, and the light jest and witty repartee played a brilliant battledore from lip to lip. And amid all this mingling of sounds and flitting of forms, the servants bore the heavy waiters, and the sparkling wine circulated freely, and many a rosy lip touched the rim of the glass and tempted the young admirer of its beauty to drain the dregs. Oh! Woman! in your hours of thoughtlessness and mirth, how little do you reck of the influence you exert on the other sex! Oh! could you but read the fearful record against you, you would find the verification of the proverb, "c' est le premier pas qui coute;" and you doubtless could remember many a young man of bright promise, who could date his

downward course from the first cup offered by the fair hand of the one he loved. Ellen's unsophisticated little heart sank within her as she saw her husband, whom she had thought so faultless, pass the wine freely and merrily, pressing his friends to join him, and challenging them by toasts. In her father's house wine was used only for the sick. She had been taught that there was danger in the draught, and now she felt as if suspended over the brink of an abyss with him she loved best on earth. And unconsciously her countenance assumed an expression of profound sadness; her usually beaming eyes were concealed by the lids that drooped heavily over them, and her lips quivered with the feelings that oppressed her. She was lonely amid this gay and joyous throng, for she had few friends among the devotees of fashion who crowded the rooms: and her thoughts went back to her childhood's home, where she had so often, at this hour, heard the sweet voices of her sisters singing their evening hymn, and then, in imagination, she knelt with them around their family altar, while her aged father solemnly implored the blessing of God in their behalf. But *here*, she felt that there would be no prayer, no remembrance of the God of her father; and for the first time since her betrothal, Ellen felt unhappy.

The hours passed away: the festive throng withdrew; the lights went out—the flowers withered; and the unclouded sun looked in next morning on a sickening scene of confusion and discomfort. Poor Ellen! her feelings were in perfect accordance with the state of the house. She had been awakened from a bright dream of perfect bliss, by the rude grasp of anxious care: and though she had seen nothing in her husband that one less purehearted than herself would have condemned, yet coming events, casting their shadows before, filled her with fearful presentiments. Let us see how they were realized. Spring came and found Edward Traverse the same devoted, affectionate husband, lavishing his wealth to contribute to the happiness of his beloved Ellen; yet rather fonder of gay company than young married men are wont to be. The long summer days dragged heavily after, and so oppressed him with heat and languor, that he was fain to support his sinking powers with good old Sherry or racy Port. Autumn followed, and he found it so pleasant to spend the evening with his young friends at their clubs: he was so fond of oysters, and though Ellen knew he loved her better than every thing else in the world, yet she could not expect him to mope at home with her every evening, and besides, she had always been accustomed to retiring early, and therefore he could be no company for her if he staid at home. So that by the time winter had covered earth's nakedness with her glittering mantle of snow, he hardly deemed it worth while to attempt an excuse for sleigh-riding and skating parties, invariably followed by wine and cards at night; and Ellen tried all her little womanly manœuvres to keep him at home. She could not find courage enough to breathe to him her fears, that he was fast travelling the road to ruin, yet she would seek, with a winning grace, peculiar to herself, to make his evenings so pleasant that he could not leave her, and sometimes she succeeded, for who could resist those pleading eyes and that sweet voice, so flute-like in its tones of persuasion.

Six years had passed since Ellen Fisher gave her trusting heart to Edward Traverse, and how had she been requited? Not by harshness or ill-treatment. Oh, no! for there was too much manliness in his soul, and too much of tender affection for the gentle being whom he had sworn to love and cherish, ever to forget for a single moment what was due to her. But he knew not the pang that rent her heart, as day by day she saw the light of intellect fade from his eye, and witnessed the ravages of intemperance on his handsome form. But more than all, she grieved to see the soul that God had created in his own holy image, gradually becoming enslaved to this most debasing appetite. She mourned that he had fallen from his high estate; she shed bitter tears of grief over her darling boy, and breathed her soul out in prayers for the reformation of this beloved being. But days passed on, and months, and years, and the strong man bowed beneath the yoke of the monster. His business no longer conducted by the clear head and calculating mind, became embarrassed: creditors pressed him closely; notes poured in for payment, and troubles thickened around him. He became gloomy and morose to all but his gentle wife,—to her he was ever kind, and his heart often smote him when he saw her beauty fading beneath the sorrow that oppressed her. He knew he was breaking her heart, yet no murmur or reproof ever came from her lips; he knew that she was sinking to her grave, and he felt like her murderer; and often when she laid her soft hand in his, and raised her beseeching eyes to him, while she earnestly plead with him to abandon his present course—often, often, had he sworn to reform, to dash the poisoned chalice from his lips, and be again what she had believed him to be when he first won the confidence of her young, loving heart. But he was too strongly bound thus easily to free himself. Let not him who lightly yields to temptation, flatter himself that he can retrace his steps. The downward road is an easy one, but he who seeks to return, step by step, to the high place he has lost, only falls back, Sisyphus-like, with increased velocity. One bold, one daring leap alone, will place him above danger and sure refuge is only in taking it. In vain had Ellen sought his confidence. She had not failed to mark that things were going wrong, and he little knew how gladly she would have relinquished all claim to this splen-

did mansion to bring him peace of mind. A man may fancy he has concealed his troubles from the world, but *he* little knows a woman's heart, who thinks to hide his own from her. Her all-absorbing love can easily read the tracings of care on the beloved brow, painful thought in the averted eye, and the gnawings of a troubled conscience in the compressed lips. For several days she remarked that at dinner her husband seemed abstracted and unusually thoughtful, and when he returned at night, this mood had given way to one of feverish impatience, and he was evidently much under the influence of liquor. One evening he returned in this excited state, and after sitting a few moments in the parlor with her sisters, who were visiting her, took up a lamp, and with an unsteady step, proceeded to his chamber. She softly followed him, anxious to share his troubles, yet half afraid to solicit his confidence, and when she reached the chamber-door, sat down irresolutely in the shadow of her infant's cradle, uncertain whether to throw herself on his bosom and give vent to her anxious feelings, or to retire and leave him to himself.

Meanwhile, Traverse seated himself at his writing-desk, and drawing forth a pocket-book, began to examine its contents; and it was painful to watch his changing countenance as he turned over leaf after leaf. At last he drew one paper out from the rest, and laying it on the desk before him, began, evidently, to copy some part of it on a blank sheet before him. His face was flushed as much from excitement of feeling, as from the liquor he had drank. Again he opened his pocket-book and took from it another paper, as it seemed, but partially written out. Ellen's fears could stand it no longer, for as his pen passed rapidly over its surface, the burning flush that had suffused his face gave place to a fearful paleness, and his hand shook like an aspen leaf. She rose tremblingly, and stood unobserved behind his chair. The paper was a check on an extensive house in the city for $1,000, filled out by her husband's hand. Oh! the horror, the fear, the madness of that moment to the poor, suffering Ellen. Terrible phantoms flitted before her eyes, yet, by a tremendous effort, she controlled herself, and as he affixed the forged signature to the paper, she laid her hand upon his arm. He started, dropped the pen, and, looking up, met the terror-stricken gaze of his wife. Like statues stood they thus for one miserable moment; one moment, that seemed to have the wretchedness of years concentrated in its short space; terror and anguish flashing back from eye to eye. And then the husband, the guilty, conscience-stricken man, buried his death-like face in his hands, and his form shook with the violence of his emotions. She knelt beside him, laid her head upon his knee and wept such bitter tears of sorrow as we only weep for others dearer than ourselves. Not a word was spoken for several moments; the deep silence, broken only by the gaspings of poor Ellen, who struggled for breath. And what were the thoughts wildly rushing through the brain of the guilty man. Conscience carried him back to the time of their marriage, when she had so gently reproved his presumptuous assertion that they would be happy by gently reminding him that there could be no true happiness without the blessing of God. He felt that there had been no blessing with him, that he had cast it recklessly from him, and had rushed headlong to the precipice over which he now hung. And she had saved him, saved him from himself, saved him from that act of moral suicide, in which, by one fell blow, he would have sunk himself and those that were dear to him forever—saved him from an awful sin in the sight of God. Oh! that he had told her before! Oh! that she had known his troubles, how would she have comforted, advised, and supported him! He now saw what he might have seen before had not his senses been stupified by the intoxicating draughts, that, day after day, maddened his brain, and, night after night, palsied his powers. He now saw that this gentle being, whom he had loved for her very weakness, (for that made her draw more closely and confidingly to him,) was one to grow strong as stern adversity met her. Like the sapling that bends its slender stem and droops its leaves as the fierce blast sweeps by, yet rises unbroken in its beauty as soon as the storm is hushed, so did Ellen Traverse, in the first burst of her grief, bow her head and weep bitterly,—yet she wept not long,—her anxious heart was full of busy plans. And now did the repentant husband that, which had he done months before, would, have saved him many a pang and her many a heart-ache. He opened his heart to her fully and freely; he told her of his difficulties and straits; he told her of reverses; told her how he had been pressed in business, and the strong temptation he had to the commission of this act. And while he confessed that intemperance was the cause of his downfall, acknowledged that he had not strength to break his chain. Then spoke his gentle wife in the pious language she had used when they first entered that house. "My dear husband, with the blessing of God, we will be happy yet, oh! how I thank Him!" she exclaimed, while her beautiful eyes, swimming in tears, were raised to Heaven, "that he has permitted me to be the humble means of saving you from this dreadful sin and the disgrace that would have followed. Thank God! Edward, that you are saved, and in His strength free yourself from the thraldom you are in."

The next morning Edward Traverse called a meeting of his creditors, laid open his books for their inspection, gave up all his property into their hands, and, before them all, swore that if God would give him health and strength, he would one day pay them all he owed. And in the sight of the world he was an honorable man, for none could

read the heart. Then, in the presence of his creditors and his now happy but weeping wife, for whom he had sent, he trembling from weakness and excitement, wrote a solemn pledge to abandon his besetting vice of intemperance. "Thank God," he exclaimed, after he had written it. "Thank God! I am again a man! and before Him I swear to keep this pledge!" And his bent form straightened, the sunken eye lighted up with a noble fire, and the hand that had but just traced his name on the page before him, grasped the pen with a firmer hold, and pointed upwards, as if to record the vow in Heaven.

It was a winter's night, six years after the events recorded. Edward Traverse had kept his vow,—his debts were all paid, with the accumulated interest, and the handsome house to which he had first brought his young and gentle bride, was again his own. And he sat in his drawing-room, before a bright, cheerful fire, whose warm light mingled with the softened rays of a globe lamp on the centre-table, and beside him sat his beloved Ellen, scarcely less beautiful than when in her girldhood, and at their feet, on the carpet, was the little Edward, his curly head resting on the back of a fine Newfoundland dog, who shared the rug with him, and whose shaggy neck was lovingly encircled by the arms of his little master. Traverse looked fondly on his boy, then, taking the hand of his wife, said softly and with much emotion, "Dear Ellen, it is twelve years to-night since you were first mine by the solemn vow which bound us to each other, and six years since you were doubly mine by that act of love which saved me from destruction. I do not think I have ever spoken of it since, for I could not bear to mention it or even think of it. But it has been present with me during every moment of this day. This morning, Albert Cottrell, whom you knew as one of my boon companions, committed suicide in consequence of being detected in a forgery." And he shuddered as the word passed his lips, while little Edward, who half asleep on his living pillow, had caught the latter part of the sentence, started up with a bright, earnest expression on his face. "Papa! what is suicide? Is it for a man to kill himself? I know what forgery is, for I heard one of the big boys say this morning, in school, that Walter Cottrell's father had killed himself because he had been caught getting another man's money to pay his debts with. Oh! how sorry I am for poor Walter," continued the little fellow, unconscious of the pain he was inflicting, "to have such a mean father. I am sure I would be an honest man, if I were ever so hard run. Would not you, papa?" And his little form expanded, and his dark eyes flashed with the independence of his spirit, and he laid his hand enquiringly upon his father's knee. His father clasped him to his breast with a passionate embrace, cast one look of speechless agony on his embarrassed wife and rushed from the room.

The father found his condemnation on the lips of his own son.

---

## THE EYE AND THE WING.

*A Collection of Poems mostly Imaginative.*

BY A SOUTHRON.

—

### IMMORTALITY.

I.

Beside me, in a dream of the deep night,
Unsummon'd, but in loveliness array'd,
Stood a warm, blue-eyed maid;
And the night fled before her, and the bloom
Of her eternal beauty, from my sight,
Dispell'd the midnight gloom.

II.

She stood beside me, and her white hand fell,
A touch of life and light upon my brow,—
That straightway felt the fresh'ning waters flow,
As from a heart whose tides had sudden might,
In the bright presence of some holy spell,—
Whose smile at once brought strength with new delight.

III.

And in her voice a winningness prevail'd,—
A music born of waters, that go free
Through forests gladdened in their greenery;—
And lapsing through their leaves, as in a play
Of song and bird, by flow'r and beam regaled,
Whose pastimes are not ended with the day.

IV.

Hers was a voice of wings;—the linnet's note,
The lark's clear morning song of upper skies,
The dove's sweet plaint of tenderness and sighs;—
And the unparallel'd life within her own,
Made these a happier music than they brought,
Unchorus'd, when they carol'd forth alone!

V.

Her eye was its own music,—its own flight,—
As if commercing ever with the spheres,
It strove for harmonies to mate with theirs,
And wings to pass from star to star at will;—
To shun the province, yielded up to night,
For realms of brightness, still!

VI.

The living speech upon her lips, in fire,
Rose, swelling, like a soul;—while in her eye,
The truth that bloseoms with divinity,
Rayed out with golden brightness, and awoke
Within my heart a pulse of new desire,
That burst each ancient yoke.

VII.

Then, in my rapture, I had lain my head
Upon the soft swell of that happy round,
That rose up, like a white, celestial mound,—
As saying,—"bring your gifts to this one shrine;"
But that her brow's clear will soon banishéd
The fond resolve from mine!

VIII.

I did not quail or tremble at her glance,
For still it seem'd as she were there to bring
New loves to crown my hope, a newer wing,—
And open better provinces of life;—
Within her smile I saw deliverance,
And broad, new realms for strife.

IX.

Yet broken was my speech, and forth I stood,
Despairing, though immers'd in certain bliss,
Lest I should lose, in my soul's feebleness,
The embrace that now seem'd needful to content;
And tears were all that the impetuous blood
Vouchsafed, of all it meant!

X.

Then sweeter grew the smile upon her face,
As, conscious of my suffering and my truth,
Her heart for mine was sudden smit with ruth;
And she made answer, not with human word;—
But in her smile, and the intelligent grace
Of motion was she heard.

XI.

"Thy wish is thy performance," said she then;—
"And thou wilt take me to thy arms anon,
When thou hast put thy loftier nature on,
And made me the sole passion in thy heart;
But not for thee, when we shall meet again,
To be what now thou art!

XII.

"And 'tis for thy soliciting to say,
Whether my form will show to thee as now;—
It may be thou wilt shrink to see the brow,
Which, though in loveliness it now appears,
May so affront thee, thou wilt turn away
In terror and in tears!

XIII.

"If that the passion thou hast felt for me,
Live in thy future memory, thou wilt raise
Thy altar, and thy anthem, in my praise;
And I will light thy fires, and wing thy strain;—
But if I lose thee from my love, for thee,
My presence must be pain.

XIV.

"'Tis written, we shall meet;—'tis written more,
Thou shalt be mine; I thine; and we must go,
Forever link'd, through ages that still flow
From founts of time eternal, to no end,
Save one of toil, which we may both deplore,
Or covet, as thy single wishes tend.

XV.

"Our future is performance! Worlds are placed
Around us, for possession; and, in these,
We make our separate mansions as we please,
And choose the separate tasks that each fulfil;
In these, or happy and blest; or, low debased,—
Must wait upon thy will.

XVI.

"And thus, in a brief vision of the night,
I show thee what I am, that thou may'st see,
How great the blessings that still wait on thee,
Even at thy pleasure:—Could I show thee more,
Then should thy wonder grow with thy delight
At what is in my store.

XVII.

"I come not with denial, though I now
Deny thee my embrace;—thy head shall lie
Upon this bosom—on thy doubtful eye,
This form shall rise at last, whate'er thou beest;
For thee to say, how fair shall be the brow,
How bright the eye, which, in that day, thou seest.

XVIII.

"Oh! 'tis to all my charms that I entreat
Thy coming;—thou shall have my crown and wings;
For thee, the bird that late and early sings,
When hope is at the entrance, shall appear;
And we will glide, with pinions at our feet,
To tasks by Love made dear!

XIX.

"Come to me then, beloved one, with thy heart
Made pure in my remembrance—with thy thought,
By hope of triumph in mine, forever taught
To seek the unnamed condition of delight;—
So shall I meet thee, fond as now thou art,
Thou me, as now I seem unto thy sight!"

XX.

Rapture, O! Rapture! wherefore wert thou born
So soon to perish! . . . . thou, a part of death,
Art lost to being with thy first sweet breath,
And lifelong, then, we mourn thee with an eye
Turned outwards, inwards, with the look forlorn,
Too happy, if it seeks for thee on high!

# RAVENEL HALL.

## A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.

A mournful silentness is thine,
O! sad and lonely place,
And tearfully my memory turns
Thy better days to trace.

For thou hast held some happy hearts
And faces fair to see,
And thou hast viewed some sorrows too,
That none beheld but thee.

Well may *I* pause thy name to hear
And grieve thy fate to see,
For thou didst bring the sweetest thoughts
That ever dawned for me.

I was spending, several years ago, a few summer weeks in the vicinity of a watering-place, equally resorted to by those seeking the restoration of health, and those wishing to escape from the malady of *ennui*. I had few acquaintances among the visitors, and cared little to increase their number, for I was suffering from the lassitude attending prolonged indisposition, and the perpetual gaiety of strangers was irksome. My amusements, therefore, were solitary, and consisted principally in light reading and lonely rambles. It was during one of my indolent afternoon saunterings near the seashore, that I was overtaken by a heavy-cloud, which threatened rain, and I looked around for some protecting shelter. One of the small white cottages, scattered by modern taste around the old town of Newport, stood not far before me, and thither I directed my steps, to solicit refuge from the approaching storm. It was a small building, scrupulously neat in the arrangement of its limited grounds, which extended to the edge of the cliff overlooking the sea. The house was almost embowered in shrubbery, the site being too much exposed to the sweep of the winds for trees of any size to flourish there. A low covered porch, the whole length of the cottage, fronted the ocean, and commanded a vast view of the waves, now fretting into foam, and darkened by the lowering skies. There was little to be seen from the point, save the sea-washed rocks and the troubled waters, yet the eye lingered with a peculiar feeling of interest on a view lacking all variety of objects, yet ever restless and varying in itself. Beside a small writing table in the little piazza, was seated an old man, engaged with his pen, which he courteously put aside to receive me as I entered. His greeting was kind and easy, with that simple grace which is seldom seen in old age, and is always the result of rare moral combinations. I apologized for my intrusion, and after naming its cause, begged my presence might not interrupt his literary labors.

"They are labors of love," he answered with a smile; "old age is naturally garrulous, repaying itself in the present for the briefness of its future, and as I live too much alone to have frequent opportunities of indulging my loquacity, I revenge myself on fate by turning author, and sketching on paper, what I would otherwise speak. Your coming, therefore, instead of being an intrusion, affords me the real pleasure for which I was seeking a substitute."

"You have so much around you to inspire imagination," I said, "that one might be forgiven even for rhapsodizing here;—are your sketches romance or reality?"

"They are truthful romances, blending both," he replied, "for there are few novels containing as much romance, as lingers about an old man's memories. The extremes of life have many traits in common, and time is apt at last to restore what it had taken from our active years, the illusions of our youth. This place, too, in its desolate quietness is peculiarly calculated to revive the past, and in my tranquil corner here, I sit daily watching the perpetual sea, and scanning from my nook the gay crowds, who, in strong contrast, are year after year treading these shores. Are you surprised that something of a moralizing mood should often come over me? One of the German writers—those far-seeing prophets of literature,—has aptly compared human life to one of these watering-places, where visitors are constantly arriving, tarrying and departing, leaving no trace of their presence, while the enduring world of nature moves on unchanged amid the varying throngs of guests."

"Such reveries may be pleasant enough when summer and sunshine are around you; but this location must be worse than gloomy in winter, when 'wrapt in whirlwind and begirt with storm.'"

"*You* would doubtless consider it so," he returned with a smile, "but my recreations are no longer those of youth and activity, and the privilege I enjoy here of doing wholly as I please, is too agreeable to be lightly relinquished."

"That is indeed a somewhat scarce pleasure, and of course you have many friends within reach, who would prevent your feeling the loneliness of your home."

"Again that is a young man's reasoning. At my age, one has few friends left, not because I have become philosophic and learned to doubt, for that is a wisdom I am thankful to have escaped; but at threescore Time has spared us little with which life commenced."

"But do you not fear the mental effects of occupations like yours? will not incessant reflection and regretful remembrance, finally render existence a burden?"

"Undoubtedly; but my reflections are not gloomy,

and recollection is not always regret. It is a great happiness to me to live the past over, to gather the scattered leaves of its roses, and I find in my daily scribblings a perpetual refuge from *ennui*. Since you seem surprised that contentment can exist with such monotony, I must prove my assertions, and if in your accustomed walks, you will kindly look in on my solitude, I can at least promise you a cordial welcome, and display to you my various resources for killing time."

I very gladly availed myself of the permission thus accorded to repeat my visit, and during the remainder of my sojourn in the neighborhood, few days elapsed without finding me a guest at the cottage. I was more and more charmed with the bland simplicity, the varied acquirements and cultivated tastes of my new acquaintance, and I have never seen any one on whom the mantle of experience had fallen in folds so graceful. It is a rare talent to grow old happily, and to retain the freshness of the heart unsullied, while the mind is stored with the world's dark wisdom. As we became more intimate, I solicited a glance at the MSS., whose recording formed so large a portion of his amusement, and he acceded to my desire with the unaffected courtesy of his character, evincing as he did so, neither the vanity of authorship, nor the pretended reluctance of self-love. His sketches were without literary pretension, merely traced to while away hours whose unemployed loneliness would have pressed too heavily, and if they could impart to another even a momentary entertainment, he was not one to withhold them. It was thus that the volume of tales fell into my hands, from which these sketches are selected; whether or not the contents were worthy the trouble of transcribing them, the gracious reader must decide.

Ravenel Hall was *the* building, *par excellence*, of the beautiful village in whose outskirts it was situated. It was an old establishment, as age is reckoned in our country, and the lordly trees that veiled its beauties from vulgar gaze were no upstart, *parvenue* guardians, but had been spared by the good taste of successive generations. They reared their protecting branches majestically above the gray stone walls, as if they felt themselves aristocrats, and intended to keep up their ancient dignity. But alas! change is the desecrating spirit of our land, and one after another the old dwellings are passing away from the families that founded them. Strangers are usurping the deserted rooms, and the same lavish extravagance and profusion which made the halls once ring with revelry, and filled them with all that was gay and graceful, the reckless prodigality of rural southern life, are writing their destiny now in loss and ruin, and bartering for gold the hallowed precincts of many happy homes. Such is the mournful legacy bequeathed by the past to the future, and never did a more rebellious heart acknowledge the bequest than Edward Ravenel's, when he looked through burning tears, his sad farewell to the place linked with all his dearest associations, which yet might be his no longer. He was a youth just at life's proudest and most sensitive era; an only child; the supposed heir of wealth, he had been reared in luxury, and surrounded by adulation and indulgence. Now, educated to no profession, fettered by the prejudices of his social position, he found himself an orphan, almost penniless, and his strong natural energies all untrained to useful application. No wonder that his trial-lot seemed hard, and that inexpressible bitterness lay in his parting look at the home which had passed into strangers' hands.

But his was no disposition to yield quietly to the sway of adverse circumstances; the unconquerable will that sooner or later works out its own success was already stirring within, and he resolved in his heart to regain the mastery of that place, even if possession must be won by exile and toil. He went his way, with the fulfilment of that mental vow his guiding impulse, and years fraught with many a thrilling memory to him, passed before he again crossed the threshold of his childhood's home. Never did he hear the name of its purchaser without a pang; the bitter spirit of disappointment could not be subdued, and he almost hated the fortunate one, whose wealth had obtained the privileges so inestimable in *his* eyes.

The buyer of Ravenel Hall, or "the Hall," as it was from this time termed, was a Mr. Manton, a man of middle age, who had been the maker of his own fortunes. Self-cultivated and practical, he was a person in every way respectable, and who fulfilled scrupulously the various responsibilities derived from his position.

Very different, however, was the management of domestic affairs at the Hall under his control, from the mirthful reign of the decayed dynasty: the music and dance of other days were absent now; the doors were no longer open to all guests, and only a stately, formal association was held with the society of the neighborhood. Mr. Manton knew too well the value of time, to waste it even in pleasure, and when after a while he became a successful candidate for public honors, and quitted the Hall for the Capitol, few regretted his departure, and his brief annual visit to his estate added little to the social gaiety around. He had been for several years a widower, and two little girls, his only children, resided permanently at the Hall, under the care of their mother's sister. They were about eight and ten years of age at the time of their removal to their new home, and when relieved from the wearisome formality attending their father's stated visits, the young ladies seemed highly to enjoy the liberties of their pleasant location. Their aunt was excessively indulgent, and after the daily routine of study was over, she entered eagerly into all their schemes of amusement, for

Miss Lear had lost with youth neither its charity nor its sympathy. She found her own happiness in promoting that of others, and if sometimes, in the solitude of her thoughts, she felt her lot was lone, if glimpses would return of a past whose ties were broken, and if the laughter of childhood jarred upon remembrances none of the happiest, there was no visible evidence of despondency; her brow was ever placid and serene, her smile soft and winning. We may talk as we will of "single blessedness," but it is a sad thing for a woman to pass beyond girlhood, with the yearning at her heart unfilled; to see the companions of her early enjoyments forming new connections, finding new homes, and then to realize that time is but severing *her* ties, that change is darkening—an inevitable cloud upon the horizon of her hopes, and that she has no arm to cling to, no one to love her better than all the world beside. It is the fashion to speak slightingly of old maidenhood, but I would name its votaries in loving reverence, for it numbers in its sisterhood many almost angelic, whose freedom from the engrossment of the closest links of kindred, seems to have opened their hearts to wider and holier charities.

Julia and Evelina Manton, or Lena, as the latter was called, soon became well acquainted in their neighborhood, and as time glided on, and they drew near the eve of womanhood, many an admiring eye followed the graceful form of the elder sister. Their expectations of wealth of course greatly enhanced the attractions of the young ladies, but as yet they were still in seclusion, their father's wishes forbidding their entrance into society. The sisters were wholly unlike; Julia was certainly a beauty: there was no common loveliness on her high proud forehead, her richly glowing cheek, and large shadowy eyes. The expression too was intellectual, with a slight dash of scorn; but her smile was enchanting, and its countless dimples were beautiful to see. Lena was less showy, and would not have been termed even pretty, had not the sweetest possible expression redeemed features in themselves ordinary. She was, however, far inferior to her sister in outward charms, and in truth was so indolent in her studies, that even the indulgent aunt was sometimes obliged to reprimand. Julia, on the contrary, was ambitious and industrious, and won admiration for her acquirements as well as for her beauty. Perhaps she was a little too confident in both, but assuredly she well deserved both personal and mental commendation, and unconsciousness in such cases is a mere fable. We may be ignorant of our faults, but we never are so of our gifts. The difference in the sisters aroused no bitter feeling between them; Julia petted and encouraged her companion, and loved her far better than any one else, while Lena considered her sister a specimen of perfection. The circle at the Hall was a placid and happy one, and Julia was the only member of it who wished for change. As she grew older, and felt the pleasant convictions of loveliness and intelligence, she yearned to test her powers, to excite admiration and receive the homage of flattery, so bewitching to the young and fair. She had reached her eighteenth year, and she began to be restless, and to grow weary of her life's seclusion and unvaried monotony.

It was a bright cool morning in early spring, the crocuses were peeping from the ground, and a few rash violets had raised their blue eyes timidly to the sun. Lena had been out on an exploring ramble, and was carefully placing a few flowers in a vase of water. One feels special tenderness for the little fragile sensitive blossoms that have the hardihood to brave the lingering winter, and come to us, the sweet messengers of verdure and promise. Miss Lear was busy with her netting, and Julia was seated beside the fire, her feet resting on the fender, and her fingers languidly playing with her ringlets. She had neither book nor work, she was a little *ennuyée*, and having nothing to do, she was doing it.

"How do you contrive to be always so busy and so happy, Lena?" she asked, "you are taking as much trouble with those frail flowers, as if they were rare and beautiful."

"And so they are rare, Julia," answered Lena with a light laugh, "remember I have not seen them for a whole year, and if you would exert yourself to look at them, you would acknowledge their beauty."

"I have seen them a thousand times—I do not prize common things as you do," and then, half ashamed of her petulant manner, the young lady arose and sauntered to the window. The reviving world of nature looked tempting, and she threw open the sash. The air was still cold, but the sun gushed in brilliantly; the "reckless birds" were singing loudly, and no young, care-free heart, could resist the contagious brightness around. Julia forgot her languor as she gazed, and her cheek was reddened by the clear fresh breeze. As she stood there a gentleman on horseback passed the window; his glance rested in surprise and admiration on the glowing face above him, and the next moment a visitor was announced. A morning call was a rare event in that quiet household, for I have said the young ladies had not yet made their *entreé* into society, and as Julia cast a half-provoked glance at her careless morning dress, she mentally resolved never to be thus entrapped again. She had, however, no cause for such thoughts, and the eye of the guest as he entered gazed with undisguised rapture on her exceeding beauty.

"I see you have all forgotten me," said the gentleman with a smile, "and I am punished for my vanity in supposing I would be recollected: have I passed from *your* memory also, Miss Lear?" and he held out his hand to the lady as he spoke.

"Cousin Arthur!" exclaimed Lena, and the next moment saw her clasped in his arms.

"You must forgive our formal reception," said Miss Lear; "you know it has been more than five years since we saw you last, and we have so long recalled you as a mere boy, we could not recognize you"—

"In the handsome young man, who has the honor of addressing you," interrupted the visitor with a gay laugh. "I accept the apology and compliment, and now beg to be reinstated, without further delay, in all my privileges of 'lang syne.' But why is it that my cousin Julia greets me so coldly? has she forgotten the gallantries of my boyhood, and my former unbounded admiration for her fair self? Alas! I am beginning to realize in my mournful experience, all the tales told of woman's oblivious powers!"

"Why really, Arthur, I am very glad to see you," said Julia; "but not expecting you, I was perhaps not very cordial."

"You certainly seem perfectly enchanted at my return, and there is just sufficient dignity in your manner to remind me that you are no longer the ladye-love of my childhood, but the very beautiful Miss Manton, nearly eighteen years of age, and wise enough at that discreet time of life, not to smile too bewitchingly upon a poor cousin, without a *sou* in the world, and who has been almost tempted in his desperation to turn author and disgrace the family."

"In pity spare us *that* sorrow," said Julia, laughingly, and blushing at his flattery as she spoke, "you know there are bounds to human endurance; and now tell us something of yourself since we parted."

"First, I must, according to promise, deliver these letters from your father, whom I saw yesterday, and I will engage to keep very quiet while you read them. I do not know that I should be so considerate, but I have accepted my uncle's invitation to spend a week or two with you, and therefore I can venture to waste a few moments in silence. I am certain you are all delighted that I have come and intend to stay, so I will dispense with all assurances of the fact, and you may read your letters now without delaying to say pretty things to me."

Five years before, Arthur Kayne had been one of the home circle of Mr. Manton, being his ward, and the orphan child of an old friend. His father's business affairs had been left much embarrassed, and it was only through the energetic and judicious management of his guardian, that Arthur possessed even the wreck of what had once been wealth. Sufficient, however, had been rescued to educate him liberally, and now, his studies completed, he had come to take a final and brief resting, before plunging permanently into the perplexities and cares of life. Although he was legally released from a guardian's thraldom, Mr. Manton was still his adviser, and on being consulted as to the youth's future direction of his abilities, had promised to deliberate on the matter, and invited Arthur to spend the interval of idleness in visiting his early friends at the Hall.

How promptly this proposal was acceded to has been seen, and the invitation was a welcome one, for many a time during the years of absence, had the student's fancies wandered back to the sweet faces that used to smile on him so kindly. His disposition was frank and joyous, and he was a gay, careless youth, loving life for life's sake, and with little of sentiment, yet much of feeling. He could not, if he would, have fulfilled his jesting threat of "turning author;" there were no mental depths in his being to fathom; he could not read his own nature, and write from it the deeper truths of human emotion; and the heart beating so gayly was overflowing with true and warm and generous impulse, but claimed nothing of thoughtful or poetic inspiration. His was a character with which the world deals lightly, and his hopes were the reckless and buoyant ones which seem to fulfil themselves.

The letters were soon read, for Mr. Manton's were always concise, and yet were regularly written to the several members of his family. He was a man who did those things by rule, and made exactness in little matters a morality. No one could say he ever voluntarily neglected a duty, and yet so cold and repelling was his manner of fulfilling his responsibilities, so studied his very affections, that his presence was like frost, and the bright blossoms of pleasure withered under his influence. All persons respected him, but they who saw him rarely, liked him best. There are few endowments more to be desired than the gift of good manners, for it is a precious thing, the power to conciliate. Most fortunate are they who possess the faculty of gaining approval, who bear the golden keys of graceful words and gentle deeds which unlock all hearts. Who has not seen and felt the witchery of this talent? But to the master of the Hall, this gift had been denied; and it was therefore with no increased anticipations of happiness, that the young ladies learned their father's intention of coming in ten days, to remain with them several weeks. However, the involuntary feeling of vague regret, caused by the announcement, was speedily forgotten; the young friends had so much to recall, so many circumstances to relate, that the days flitted by rapidly. It must be something more tangible than an undefined uneasiness, which can long dim and depress the brilliant illusions of youth and hope.

Julia was the gravest of the group, and, as a veracious chronicler, I am bound to reveal even the foibles of my heroine, and to confess that something of disappointment and a little pique blended to shadow the young lady's beautiful brow. She was prone to day-dreaming, and was reaping the growth of such folly. Long ago, in their child-

ish intercourse, Arthur had been her devoted follower, the obedient accomplisher of every girlish caprice. He had never become weary of her society, never preferred another's, and in all her remembrances, his ceaseless attention and constant praise had borne a pleasant and prominent part. We are apt to admire those who have the good taste to laud us, and Julia had consequently draperied his character and person with a thousand fancied attributes of grace and attraction. She had loved to contemplate the prospect of meeting her boy-admirer again, when his adulation should be as fervent as ever, but more earnest and reverential. Now the reality was before her, and like nearly all realities, was far from fulfilling the fancy sketches of memory. There was nothing in any respect remarkable in the light-hearted youth beside her; he was handsome, but not peculiarly so; agreeable, but in the wrong style, and altogether too mirthful and animated to suit Julia's fastidious and poetic tastes; she could have sympathized had he looked sad, but she could not forgive him for being happy. It was the first time she had tried romance *versus* reality; she had taken a glance at experience; and who ever yet found truth other than the shadow of dreaming? Arthur, however, in his glee at returning to his boyhood's friends, heeded little the reflective silence of the young beauty: his was not one of the minds which can translate silence into eloquence. He paused occasionally for a moment to admire her surpassing loveliness, but soon flitted back to mirth and jest again.

Pleasantly the days glided by until Mr. Manton's arrival; Lena thought such pleasant ones had never been before. Who has not thought the same, when first love, the angel of the earth, was lending its fascination to life? Sometimes Miss Lear's eye rested anxiously on the smiling face of her younger niece, as if she sadly traced the dawning of a brightness probably fated to be coldly dissipated by paternal authority. Was it from some recollection in her own lot that she already divined those young impulses so clearly? It may be:—no woman's heart is without its romance past or present; its rainbow-written drama of expectation and love and illusion. Ah! well may we cling to its memory, for time has no lovelier thing to give, than that radiant episode of sunny thoughts, the era of bird and song and flower, when life is all blended into one remembrance and one trust, and there is nothing to us in the wide world so beautiful as the starlight shining on us from the face beloved!

It was late in the evening—a cold chilly evening, which winter had thrown back to spring, when Mr. Manton reached the Hall, bringing with him a guest. A pleasant home picture was the apartment where the family were assembled. Arthur was reading aloud, Miss Lear and Lena were sewing, and Julia, the only unoccupied one, was half sitting, half reclining on a couch, her long ringlets scattered like golden tendrils over the cushions, and her position one whose dreamy grace an artist would have envied. Her eyes, half closed, shadowed her rich cheek with their lashes, and her whole appearance had that indescribable rose-tinted repose, which, in its lovely, fancy-peopled languor, is not rest. Hers was the imaginative, visionary interval between the girl and womanhood, when the heart is full of yearning consciousness, the mind overflowing with restless fantasies; when all things seem possible to the faith which idealizes truth, and the belief that has never been tested, and when the affections pine almost sorrowfully for some sympathizing response to their deep, and troubled, and passionate tenderness. Woe to her who feels thus, if the one be false at whose shrine she lays her beautiful offering of trust and devotion, for she lavishes a treasure nevermore to be replaced, when once its wealth has been wasted. And ye, who have won the freshness of girlish tenderness, deal gently with the hearts that have undoubtingly brought ye the fervor of their fond reliance. Reverence their sincerity, and bear kindly with the errors that may shadow them, for humanity must have its stain, but the earth has nothing holier than the self-forgetting, sacrificing intensity of maidenhood's profound and enduring love.

Unannounced, Mr. Manton and his guest entered the apartment, and so noiselessly, that their approach was unnoticed by the preoccupied group within. The eye of the visitor had time to glance at the party, and it was evident that Julia's uncommon beauty surprised him, and he rivetted his gaze on her with that merely mental admiration with which he would have scanned a statue. He was a man just on the verge of middle life, and his features had the richness of coloring, his figure the proud firmness of mould, which come only with perfected manhood. His face was one to arrest attention, for its proportions were fine, and his eyes, deep, searching, earnest and melancholy, were full of brilliant and unwritten eloquence. His expression was grave beyond his years; the world had evidently left its shadows on his heart, for his smile, which came but rarely, was tinged with mockery—the scoffing of a spirit disappointment had taught scorn. Ten years of struggle and aspiration, of toil followed alternately by success and defeat, of weariness battling with energy, and pride of will that brooked no permanent failure, and knew no despondency,—ten years of perpetual mental and moral warfare had passed since Edward Ravenel last stood within his early home. Unutterable sadness was on his face in his brief glance around that familiar room; in itself it was unaltered, but the loving ones were lost that had there made his childhood's sunshine. Ever in his long and monotonous exertions in a far off land, the mere work for wealth so soul profaning, one thought had been his

solace, one hope his encouragement, that thought and hope the re-possession of his lost inheritance. He stood alone in life, no ties of kindred blessed him, but all the past had ever given him of happiness was associated with his home. He was no sentimentalist; premature experience had destroyed any romantic tendency he might have originally felt; but his father's counsels, his mother's indulgent tenderness hallowed every thing there, to a heart that, in all its wanderings, had found little else to love.

He had known the purchaser of the Hall but slightly, for there was nothing about him to attract youth, and his very name sounded harshly to him in whose place he stood. Since his return to his native country, Ravenel had cultivated an acquaintance with Mr. Manton from motives apart from the agreeability of intercourse; it had been many a long day since he had acted from impulse in such matters. He had amassed in his toilsome years abroad far more than sufficient to repurchase his estate, and knowing how little time its owner spent there, he concluded no peculiar estimation was given to it. He was aware, too, that without being avaricious, Mr. Manton felt great reverence for wealth, and attached to it that importance usually imparted to it by those who have passed life in acquiring it, and owe to it all their consequence. Ravenel, on the contrary, cared little for acquisition,—his exertions had been directed to one solitary end. He had dwelt upon the idea of being again master of that place, until the scheme had grown into a passion with him, a purpose not lightly to be thwarted. He had much of that pride of family, at variance with our social and political professions, yet, nevertheless, within proper limits, a lofty and generous thing. It is no false pride, and no idle privilege, to look backward on a long line of kindred, ennobled, not by the artificial greatness of star and title, but those of the spotless honor, the unsullied name, men who redeemed their country with their blood and gloried in the martyrdom, women worthy to be of such the wives and mothers, all patient and holy-hearted, and faithful followers in the footsteps of the sorrowful one who trod the earth in trial and looks on it now in love. They are unwise who would scoff at such feelings, for every thrilling remembrance of the past is a powerful incentive to retain unprofaned the reputation bequeathed, and I, for one, reverence the pride that thus immortally spiritualizes virtue, and sacredly preserves the memory of the good.

Edward Ravenel's was a character naturally admirable but its resources had been misapplied, and the energies which, if rightly directed, would have made him great, had only been wasted to render him wretched. Long dwelling upon his losses, and perpetual contrasting of his lonely and laborious career with the fair promises of ease and luxury he considered his birthright, had tinged and embittered all his thoughts, and having no creed to teach humility, no faith to bring resignation, his reflections had darkened into scepticism, into a haughty defiance of the world which had used him so hardly, and a reckless, scornful doubting of all things. The freshness of his youth had been lavished, the vigor of his early manhood fettered, to win back what had been his own, and he had come now to the scenes of his childish pleasures, a wiser, but not a better man. Many an old hope now withered, many a tie now broken, rushed to his heart as he stood in that well-remembered room, a stranger-guest, and he felt in the sudden gushing of softer thoughts, as if he could have wept then the tears of his boyhood again. But Ravenel had much of the false pride of concealment, much of that Spartan endurance which hides every pang, and he would have died sooner than have permitted what he was experiencing to have been seen by that group. How we wrong ourselves and others by such deception! If we had but moral daring, and the mental trust which ought to link human hearts in brotherhood, we should be spared many doubts, and find many sources of comfort. There is more sympathy abroad on the earth than we, in our shrinking sensitiveness, are willing to believe, and we meet it not, because we bury, in the silence of our own souls, the emotions that do our nature honor, and which, if avowed, would win us love and reverence.

Could the members of that little party have read the pent up feelings warring in the stranger's bosom, their hearts would have gone forth to greet and solace him in cordial kindness for one solitary and sorrowful. But it was not thus to be, and the arrival of the unexpected guest, only marred their social quietude, and contributed little to the pleasantness of the circle.

He was, at first, engrossed and silent, for years were rolling back from his life, and the past was busy with his reveries, but, at length, conscious of the seeming ungraciousness of his preoccupation, he endeavored to reassume his usual manner of tranquil ease, and to exert those powers of interesting he possessed in a rare degree. He was a thorough man of the world, familiar with the conventionalities of society, and gifted with that unfaltering self-possession which is never thrown off its guard, and gives the mastery in conversation. But now, for the first time since his manhood, his faculty of self-control failed him, and words would not come at his bidding. He felt provoked with himself that it was so, but he should rather have been thankful that so much of purer character still lingered about a being long world-profaned. It is often thus; nature, in many a time-worn heart, lies crushed but not subdued, and evil influences fall around like dust and ashes, and the lava of burning thoughts hardens above, but still beneath are impulses that sanctify and motives that redeem.

The evening passed away somewhat wearily to

all, and Julia was not a little surprised the next morning, at the flow of brilliant conversation, and the hoard of entertaining trifles, with which the apparently reserved visitor delighted their social circle. He possessed the talent of remembering and bringing forward, at the right moment, the slight events in experience which impart to general discourse a particular and personal application, while a certain serene composure, the acquired repose of an intellect that had tested itself, lent dignity and character to his simplest words. He was, in all respects, a persuasive and fascinating companion, and it was difficult to resist the influence of the opinions he eloquently and convincingly supported. The young beauty beside him listened in silence, but she felt that a new world of mental wealth had opened before her, of which he held the magical interpretation. Herself, poetical, impassioned and enthusiastic, reared almost in solitude, and living amid her dreams, she was exactly the one to be attracted by gifts so different from any her experience had hitherto revealed. She heard his graphic descriptions of far-off lands, his brilliant sketches of character, his glowing delineations of the beauties he had seen. He spoke of pilgrimages to romance-hallowed shrines, and with all his vivid words blended a vague tone of sadness—the irrepressible shadow of an untold sorrow, well calculated to arrest attention and elicit sympathy. Was it strange that the suddenly awakened mind of his enchanted listener received an impression never to pass from it, and that her heart, until now slumbering in unconsciousness, was aroused by the touch of a master spirit, and yielded to a power, only too fatally enduring!

After an hour or two of pleasant conversation, Mr. Manton requested his guest to accompany him in a ride, and Ravenel gladly availed himself of the opportunity afforded by such a *téte-à-téte*, to bring forward his favorite project. With a good taste, scarcely to have been anticipated, Mr. Manton had altered nothing in his acquired property. All was the same that it had seemed in the bright days long ago, and Ravenel could scarcely believe that years had elapsed since he trod those paths before. The tiny wild flowers were like familiar friends, the green leaves were bursting forth in their infant beauty and trembling in the sunshine, and the breath of the violets came up like incense. Ah! it is only humanity that changeth, only the fresh loveliness of hope and impulse that waneth; Nature is ever the same kind friend, fulfilling her material promises, long after those of heart and mind are broken. Ravenel loved the very dust beneath him, it was holy ground to him. There are dispositions that cling with strange tenacity to local attachments, and it is a pure, although it may be an unrepaying infatuation. I can comprehend the devotion of those whose homes lie amid the grandeur and sublimity of the earth, for I too have experienced the yearning for the voice of the sea, and pined to behold once more the glory of the mountains, but in the tranquil loveliness of country scenery I feel little interest. My keenest sympathies are with the answering world of human action, with the perpetual strife between thought and emotion, and the admiration called forth by the material beauty, ever passing away, is but a momentary impulse; my visions are with the inner world of storm and cloud, whose influences are for immortality.

It was an unexpected pleasure to Ravenel to find his home unprofaned by the touch of change; and as they slowly rode along, he spoke of his fondly cherished wish to regain the place, of the years he had spent laboriously, solely with that view, of the painful circumstances under which it had been sold, and after a brief but graphic recounting of his sacrifices and wishes, he concluded by offering to repurchase the estate at a price some thousands beyond what Mr. Manton had given. But Ravenel, for once in his life, had mistaken the man with whom he dealt; he was not aware that Mr. Manton entertained a peculiar pride in the possession of the Hall; it was a sort of triumph to him, to stand, through the power of his self-acquired wealth, the master of a place whose improvement had been the care of successive generations. There was satisfaction to him in the thought; it was a pleasant proof of his favorite theory—the omnipotence of riches. He was essentially a selfish man, and he would not have relinquished his most petty gratification, to ensure the happiness of all another's life. There was nothing of the enthusiast about him, and he listened quietly to the fervor with which his companion spoke, somewhat surprised that a man so well informed, and so wealthy, should have retained so much ardor. Truly there are minds of the world, worldly, to whom all feeling seems folly! When Ravenel paused for a reply, it was given courteously but positively.

Mr. Manton said he was not willing for any pecuniary consideration to part with the Hall; there were circumstances just now which rendered it particularly desirable to him to have a permanent home for his daughters, and, indeed, with this view, he had put it beyond his power to sell the place, for he had already bestowed it upon his eldest daughter. He would be candid with his friend—and a sneer curled Ravenel's lip at the title,—he would be quite candid with him, and inform him, that owing to certain personal plans of his, which might possibly interfere with his children's prospects, he had considered it best to make a legal disposition of his property. It was always unpleasant, as his friend must be aware, to have family differences on that score, he had therefore allotted to each daughter her portion of his property, and the Hall had fallen to Julia's share.

Ravenel listened with ill-concealed impatience to this long and pompous tirade; it conveyed a disap-

pointment he had never anticipated, but he was far too haughty to allow the common-place man beside him for one instant to suspect the pang his words inflicted. He could but submit to a fiat from which there was no appeal, though the whole tone and manner of the refusal fretted him almost beyond endurance. But he repressed every evidence of his bitter regret, and Mr. Manton continued to talk of himself—a topic inexhaustible. But suddenly a new expedient dawned on Ravenel, there was still one means left of accomplishing his hope, and he mentally vowed its fulfilment. Why should he not win the hand that would make him master there again! He was not vain, but his past success in gaining woman's favor had left him little to fear in that respect from the future. He was not one to waver in his resolution, and after a rapid glance at other days, he had determined on his course. Did he remember that course must lead over shattered hopes, and broken vows, and work a life-long sorrow to one who loved him! Could the father have read the contending thoughts of that wayward and unbending spirit, he would gladly have granted its wish, without leaving it to be accomplished at the fearful price of his daughter's saddened life and broken heart!

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

*Cincinnati.*

---

## SONG.

BY E. B. H.

O ask me not to sing to-night,
  Bid not my soul be gay;
The joy that beams in Beauty's light,
  Becomes its magic sway:
But Memory in her golden book,
  In pictures kindly true,
Brings back to me the years that took
  Hope's fairest rainbow hue.

I hear again the silver tone
  Of childhood's happy hours;
Those lightsome days, that brightly shone
  On sunny scenes and flowers:
And all the dim remember'd things,
  Hid by the lapse of years,
Come flitting by on angel wings,
  And stir my heart to tears.

The hand, that oft has clasp'd my own;
  The eye, in beauty lit;
The voice, that like a spirit tone,
  So sweetly kindled it;
The smile, that lit the words before;
  The heart, in friendship true,
I seek in vain, they come no more,—
  Fond hopes—fond friends—adieu!

Then ask me not to sing to-night,
  Joy brightens beauty's brow;
Soul leaps to soul—and hearts are light—
  But ask, O ask not now!
For ah! I know the spirit-spell,
  That like a golden band,
Would draw me where my kindred dwell,
  Up to the better land!

---

## THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTESS.

### CHAPTER I.

One of those sultry, oppressive days, that are sometimes felt at Rome, even in the early part of October, a remnant of the unhealthy season that has past, was drawing to a close; the Sirocco, with its hot, enervating breath, had blown fiercely since the morning, but now a cool, delicious breeze from the North wafted refreshment to the unstrung frame, and brought out thronging crowds of life into the hitherto deserted streets. The lazy lazzaroni, stretched on the pavement, or the marble steps of some old palace, languidly raised themselves, and recalled to the wants of life, beset the passing traveller with eager importunities, or ate with apparent enjoyment their scanty portion of macaroni; while the white-haired beggar, stealing from his unknown haunt, took his accustomed place in some public way, and with outstretched hand and earnest pleading, besought charity in the name of the blessed Virgin. Proud, glorious Rome! how many associations cluster around thee! No eye can gaze with indifference on thy decaying greatness; the home of genius; the seat of a mighty power, that has held the world in its grasp; painting and sculpture have lavished on thee their choicest inspirations; music has lent its aid to stir the deepest fountains of the heart; thy temples and palaces raise themselves proudly towards heaven, types of the mighty minds that have called thee home; and the souls of the great and good still seem to hover over and to hallow thee! The sunset glow filled every street and square with a magic, golden light; the fresh breeze, loaded with fragrance, sent the blood through the veins with a joyous flow, brought strength to the tired limbs, and the flush of health even to the cheek of the poor invalid, who stole out, leaning on some friendly arm, to enjoy it. The Corso was thronged with the gay and happy. Hundreds, in holy-day cos-

tume, stood in picturesque groups beneath the trees, or wandered up and down enjoying the brilliant scene; and other hundreds, the beautiful and high-born, in their splendid equipages, drawn by spirited horses, that by their arching necks and flashing eyes seemed conscious of their burthens, added to the beauty of the charming scene. But our story has to do with the occupants of one only of those numerous carriages. A gentleman, with a pale thoughtful face, and subdued, melancholy, though benevolent expression, occupied one seat, and by his side sat a lady in the prime of life, beautiful, but not with the beauty that most frequently wins hearts. Her face was haughty, and her curling, slightly scornful lip spoke of pride of birth and station; sometimes she gazed with a listless look on the beauty around her, and then her eye fell on a youth, the sole other occupant of the carriage; in that glance the true woman was seen, all the full, deep tide of a mother's love beamed in her eyes at those moments, speaking of a warm, true heart beneath the cold exterior of forms and ceremonies. Some sixteen years had passed over the boy's head, and he was one of whom a mother might well be proud; all the lady's beauty was in his face, but the expression was, like his father's, mild and benevolent; the fair brow, the large, dark, thoughtful eyes, speaking of a spirit that despised all meanness, that rose above the trammels and shackles of the society around him. He was the first to break the silence that had for some time rested on the party.

"Mother," he said, "we leave Rome to-morrow, and I should like to hear the vesper service once more in St. Peter's before we go; let us hasten there, for the hour is already striking and we shall be late."

The lady smiled, and making a motion of assent, the carriage turned quickly from the brilliant drive and proceeded rapidly to the entrance of that vast, wonderful church. With what a solemn grandeur the gray twilight invested it! The party entered the beautiful square, and paused for a moment in the magnificent colonnade; an Egyptian obelisk rose before them, bringing to the mind thoughts of long past ages; the waters of the fountains fell with a musical sound, sweet and soothing, back to their marble basins; and it was with minds subdued and quieted by the hour and the scene that the party at length entered the church itself. Just within the portico their steps were arrested by the sweet, musical strains of a voice, now clear and full, now low and plaintive, they fell upon the ear like the echo of an angel chorus, but the sadness, the melancholy that at times wailed thrillingly through them, spoke only too plainly of earth and its shadows. The whole party paused and looked eagerly through the gathering twilight for the meaning of those sweet tones. At the base of one of the pillars, almost lost in shadow, reclined the figure of a little girl, unconscious apparently of the presence of any one, and pouring out her whole soul in melody, like some language learned in a brighter sphere, and faintly remembered amid the cloud and darkness of the present. The haughty Countess turned away, muttering, "It is only some beggar," and supposing that her son followed, passed into the church. But the boy stood spell bound; that song, striving to be joyous, but speaking only the more truly of suffering, touched a cord in his heart, that vibrated with the readiest sympathy. He approached the pillar, purse in hand, to offer relief; but the motion was arrested as he gazed upon the figure that rose suddenly to sight at the sound of his footsteps. A beautiful child stood before him, some ten years old, her clothing poor and meagre, speaking of poverty and want, yet clean, and worn with a natural grace, that took nothing from the beauty of the countenance; her bright, dark hair fell in wavy curls over the snowy shoulder, half revealed; the complexion was dark, but oh, how beautiful! the rose just blushing on the cheek; the mouth seemed made for the sweet voice within; but most remarkable of all were the eyes, large, dark, but with none of the dancing joyousness of childhood in them, their light seemed quenched and their expression told of sorrowful thought and painful reverie, that one so young rarely feels; grief had matured the soul more than many years, and through its peculiar feature it revealed itself, adding a new charm to those of childhood, that were perfected in every other. An instinctive delicacy told the sympathizing boy that gold alone would not remove the bitterness from that young heart, and taking her hand gently in his own, he said,

"You have many sorrows, let me share, that I may lighten them." It was not the words *merely* that touched the child's heart, but the manner, so full of kindness and love; she raised her eyes, swimming in tears, to his, and in a broken voice said,

"Oh, how I thank you, no one ever speaks to me so now but my mother; they took her from me long, long weeks ago, but when I sleep she comes, and whispers words of love to me, and when I would clasp her, she is gone." And then as if her heart was unlocked by the sympathy of one so near her own age, she told him all; how she, with her father and mother had come to Rome, how happily they had lived, how her life seemed like one long, bright, sunny day, 'till sickness came, severe and grievous sickness, borne on the soft balmy air, that, loaded with flower-breaths, wooed one to its enjoyment; how, day by day, she had watched them; how at length they had fallen quietly asleep, and then how strangers came and took them away from her, and she was all alone.

"They told me they were dead," said the child, "but when I lie down on my little pallet at night,

my mother lays her hand on my brow as she was wont, and sings me to sleep with a sweet lullaby."

The boy wept as he listened, and spoke kind, soothing words; years of close companionship could not have so endeared those two children to each other. Earnestly and long they talked together, forming plans for the future, forgetful alike of time and place. The boy was at length aroused by his mother's voice.

"My son," she said, "I hope you have enjoyed the vesper service you were so anxious to hear. Let us go now. You make strange friends."

The little girl turned her mournful eye upon him, for she felt this parting as another sorrow; and he, whispering her to meet him on the morrow in the same place, sprang into the carriage and was borne quickly away. The child gazed after him a moment, then sighing deeply, turned with rapid steps and was soon lost to sight amid the gathering shadows. As they drove through the darkness to their splendid home, the boy eagerly related his story, but the haughty Countess made no reply, and when he told of his appointment and earnestly besought that the beautiful child might go with them to England, a smile curled still more his mother's lip, and laying her hand on his arm she said,

"Impossible, my son! such things may do in romance, but in reality it is far different; there can be no sympathy between an English lord and an Italian beggar."

Though the boy thought differently he was silent, and locked his feelings only the more closely in his own bosom. At an early hour the next morning, a travelling carriage, containing the English family, departed from Rome, carefully avoiding the direction of St. Peter's; a cloud seemed to have fallen on the party, for they were silent, and a shade of displeasure rested on every face. Why on that day did a little girl, with a countenance that tempted many to turn back with an earnest gaze, wander through the church seemingly waiting for some one who came not? Her sweet voice was hushed, and often the tear-drops from her eyes glistened like diamonds on the marble pavement. At length as darkness crept over all things, driving before it the pale gray light, the child murmured to herself, "And has he left me too? Perhaps he will come to me, with my mother, in my dreams." And with slow steps, often looking back as though hope still lingered, she moved away and was seen no more.

---

## CHAPTER II.

Lord Grey was at Naples, "fidelissima Napoli," the bright, the beautiful, the city of the Syren, that piece of Heaven fallen to earth; well may its inhabitants exclaim: "See Naples and die!" Could not all this enchantment call a smile to the lip of Lord Grey? Ah, no! He was as melancholy as if he was living in a London November fog,—the courted and flattered, the admired and envied Lord Grey. Possessed of title and estates, handsome and gifted, with a mother who doated on him, and a thousand friends, still the young lord was not happy! In the company of the gay and joyous, he was grave and thoughtful; when beauty smiled upon him, a remembrance of something lost seemed to steal over him and the smile was not returned. Alone and almost unattended, he was now travelling through the Southern cities, seeking "something, he knew not what, he could not find!" Change of place seemed the one thing coveted, but change of place brought no relief; at Paris or Naples, it was all the same. "Thank heaven!" he exclaimed, as he sauntered through one of the most retired streets, "thank heaven, I am free at last from those troublesome friends, for one day at least I can be alone."

Scarce were the words spoken before some one grasped his arm, with the familiarity of an old friend, and, "My dear Grey, this is indeed a fortunate meeting," sounded in his ear. The young man turned, and recognizing an old school friend in the merry face before him, greeted him as cordially as his mood would allow; and then came all the news of the day.

"The new singer," exclaimed his friend, "have you heard of the new singer; the Syren is nothing to her, she makes her first appearance to-night, Julia Pisino, a Roman name, and there is a strange story of her having been taken from the streets there, by some one attracted by her voice, and educated for the stage; you must go and hear this wonder."

Lord Grey answered listlessly; he scarce heard what his companion said, and half in desperation, half in the hope of ridding himself of his friend, he promised to be there. The evening came and found the young lord on his way to the principal theatre, not that he expected to be amused, but because he might as well be in one place as another. He entered, the brilliant lights, the crowded boxes, the flashing eyes, were nothing to him; seating himself in a retired corner, he leaned his head on his hand and was soon lost in thought. He forgot the scene before him, he forgot the present hour. Scenes of his boyhood arose in his mind, scenes of which ten years had effaced not one line; he thought of Rome and the dark, mournful eyes he had met there; and then came speculations on the fate of the child who had so interested him. Suddenly the same tones, that for ten years had echoed in his soul, floated on his ear, but sweeter, richer; now they rose clear and high like a gush of wild, bird-like music, heard in some pleasant wood, now low and full they floated on the air, stealing into the very soul; it was a sad song too, and the same melancholy strains that had won him before, came now to his ear, and found his heart not less susceptible. He dared not raise his head, lest the de-

lusion should be dissipated, it seemed so like a bewitching dream. So there he still sat, his face buried in his hands, drinking in every note of that delicious melody. There was a pause—the theatre rang with acclamations, then all was hushed, and again the song went on. Excited and anxious with hope, and yet with fear, the young lord raised his head and gazed earnestly on the stage. How beautiful it was! A lovely girl, just blooming into womanhood, was before him, and yet it seemed the child he had met at Rome. The same exquisite features, something even of the sad expression lingered, though now it seemed to come from thought rather than from suffering. Her hair still fell gracefully around her face, and the simple white dress, relieved only by a small bouquet of valley lillies, fittingly draped a figure so full of purity and peace. Such a figure could be the object of no harsh word, no unholy desire; a feeling of respect and sympathy sprang up in every heart—even the applause was subdued, lest it should wound one so shrinking and so gentle. One look was enough for Lord Grey. Who that had seen him in the whirl of London fashion, or the still more brilliant scenes of Parisian gaiety, cold and haughty, indifferent and scornful, would have recognized him now? He stood up in his box, his fine face beaming with excitement, his dark eyes kindling with love and joy, while a feeling of reproach lent a shade to his expression. The young singer gazed timidly around the crowded house; at length her eyes rested on that standing figure. What rush of recollections overpowers her? Why does her cheek grow pale, the tones tremble and die away upon her lips? Can it be that a face but once seen, and that amid the gathering twilight, can so impress the heart? The countenance of one who speaks words of sympathy and love in our hour of distress, is never forgotten, though time and change write deep and lasting traces upon it. Who shall say what had shielded that young girl from all the temptations that surrounded her, keeping her spirit pure and childlike? Perhaps the remembrance of that twilight hour, the thought that one noble, generous heart would sympathize with and feel for her. And now they had met. It seemed but a moment from their recognition before the half fainting girl was borne from the stage by her early friend. An hour after, the beautiful Julia was seated with the young lord in her own graceful parlor, much was to be told by both, and long and earnest was their conversation; no reproaches clouded that happy hour, for the fair girl knew her companion's noble soul too well to doubt. She told him her sorrow at not meeting him again, and how soon after, a kind, mild old man, attracted by her singing, had given her a home and treated her like a daughter, and how she was now striving to repay the debt. And then she heard from him of his father's death, his own rank and wealth, but not one word of his haughty mother, for the young lord feared that his happiness might again be wrecked. With gentle, persuasive words, he won her; with tears and blessings her kind old teacher committed her to his care. They were married;—the Neapolitans were half wild with disappointment at their loss. From the foot-lights of a theatre, the beautiful Julia Pisino stepped to the rank of a Countess; and never on one fairer, or more worthy, from the possession of every womanly grace, was a coronet conferred.

---

## CHAPTER III.

In a London drawing-room, where every thing that wealth or taste could devise was collected, a lady, still beautiful, for years had left but few traces on her face, her cheek resting on her hand, sat lost in thought. The fire-light flashed fitfully over the rich furniture, now revealing some beautiful face smiling from the wall, now chasing the shadows from the corners, where they had collected, as it were, for comfort on that cold November night. The rain pattered against the windows, but as the eye glanced towards them, it rested on the rich curtains blushing faintly in the fire-light, and a feeling of comfort and repose stole into the heart. Gentle thoughts—thoughts of the loved and absent subdued the still haughty expression of the lady's face; the soft light of affection was in her eye as she gazed musingly into the fire, tracing, in its decaying brightness, scenes of beauty, faces that smiled familiarly upon her. The time for her son's return was approaching, and her mother's heart yearned to speak the words of greeting. A servant entered silently and presented a letter; the lady held it up in the faint light and a smile brightened her face as she recognized the beloved writing. Lights were brought, and with the impatience of eager affection, she tore it open. Why does the expression of her face change as she reads? The flush of indignation burns in her cheek, and in her eye the light of anger quenches, alas, the light of love. Her compressed lip curls with scorn. It was no longer the gentle, loving woman who stood there, but the woman proud of rank and the privileges of birth, and outraged at their invasion. With the letter grasped in her hand, she walked the room with a quick, uncertain step. "Married!" she muttered, "Married! and to an actress, a public singer—disgraceful! The boy is mad! He who might have chosen from the pride of England, to stoop so low, to be made the dupe of a low-born girl. But I will never acknowledge, never permit it. And in an hour he will be here to greet his mother—to present his wife—his wife! He shall see how a mother can meet a disobedient son—shall feel the scorn due to one who stains the honor of a noble line." She threw herself back on a sofa, and bitter thoughts sent shade after shade

across her brow. He, who had been her pride and joy, in whom, from infancy, every hope and expectation had centred, had now so cruelly disappointed her. But as she thought of his childhood, his loving heart, his goodness and beauty, gentler thoughts arose, till almost unconsciously her feelings of resentment were softened and faded gradually away; she could not lose him, her bright, her only one. She heeded not the passage of time; suddenly a loud knock aroused her; hastily starting to her feet, she drew herself to her full height and stood gazing at the door; a confused sound was heard in the hall below, quick, well-known steps on the stairs, and in a moment her son stood before her. His face was pale and anxious, and his dark eyes gazed at her with a tender, mournful look, that went to her very heart; a mother's love rose up fresh and strong again within her; hard was the struggle between offended pride and yearning affection, but affection conquered, as it ever should and will. She opened her arms and clasped him to her heart.

"Oh, mother!" he murmured, "forgive me, if in my own happiness I have for a moment forgotten you; let us all be happy together."

She knew not till that moment how much she loved him,—his heart beat against her own; his voice sounded like music to her ear; all resentment, all anger were swept away. What could she not forgive to him, who from infancy had been to her like life itself, when leaning on her bosom he told her all? The prejudices of years were in that moment forgotten;—pressing her lips to his forehead, she said in a voice broken by sobs, "Where, my son, where is the daughter you have brought to me?"

What happiness brightened Lord Grey's face at those words; he felt that in them was conveyed the fullest forgiveness and the dark clouds, that he feared would rest forever on his happiness, were swept away in an instant, and a long vista of calm, peaceful enjoyment spread out before him. Not until that moment had he ever realized all the strength and worth of a mother's love. He quickly left the room and soon returned with his young wife, the beautiful Julia, leaning on his arm. His mother turned her eyes upon her and started with surprise; could the modest, gentle, graceful being before her be the one she had determined to hate? She laid her hand tenderly on the head of the shrinking, tearful girl, and pressed her lips gently on her cheek: "Thus," she said, "let the love between us be forever sealed."

How happily the closing hours of that night glided on. At a late hour they separated, and every heart was full of peace and joy.

The news soon spread through London that Lord Grey had returned with a young and beautiful bride; many were the surmises—great the curiosity, to see the one who had conquered a heart considered hitherto invulnerable. When she appeared in society all were in admiration—every voice for once united in her praise. She moved amid those brilliant scenes as if born to rank and fortune; every motion was grace—every word won for her the hearts of those who listened. The splendor that surrounded her made no change in her character; the same meek, gentle spirit reigned within. Good as she was beautiful, loving and beloved, brilliant indeed was her destiny. The morning was indeed obscured by clouds, but the day was only the more bright and serene, and cloudless it glided on to

THE END.

---

## TO THE "FAR BLUE MOUNTAINS."

Your spell is on my fancy still,
O! Mountains, grand and stern,
Ye who have taught my dreaming heart
So many thoughts to learn,
And who are linked with memories held
Most precious to me now,
That brighten like a diadem
'Round every rugged brow.

Ye have indeed been "friends" to me,
Most faithful and most true,
I cannot tell the rapture-tints
My spirit owes to you.
Would I could look upon you now
And teach my restless woes,
The moral of your silentness,
The wisdom of repose.

I blend you with the sunny times
My young experience knew,
The brightest days my life has seen
Were all beheld by you:
And lovingly I strive to paint
Each bold, familiar form,
In all its wild variety
Of ruggedness and storm.

Ye looked upon the ties that lent
Such sweet illusion then,
And when I gazed upon your forms,
Ye brought them back again.
An early love, now passed away,
Yet pleasant to recall,
A friendship tried by time and change,
Yet triumphing through all—

And one, who with her glorious eyes
Looked fondly on your pride,
One who in all her loveliness
Amid your grandeur died.

Ye summon these! may I not well
For your enchantment yearn,
When ye can bid Life's early ties
And early dead return?

JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON.

*Cincinnati.*

---

## HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF THE

## UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

B. B. MINOR, ESQ.

*Dear Sir*,—The position occupied by the Messenger, as the Literary Organ of the South, suggests an offer to its pages of the enclosed paper bearing upon the Revolutionary History of North Carolina. If accepted, it will be the first time that it has been published. Although the paper be of peculiar interest to Carolinians, yet its perusal may give pleasure to all who claim an inheritance in that glory which marks the actions and declarations of the American Revolution. It throws some "influence of light" upon that political chaos about the commencement of our history, whose utter confusion it may well be feared, that the present generation does not entirely appreciate, and of whose very existence many intelligent persons are ignorant. It speaks plainly of the labor with which the founders of this Republic struggled through this wasteful deep; and the simile, supplied by the great English poet, is carried out still farther in the reflection, that the oracles which seemed to them—

"A universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark,"

since they have traversed the great abyss, give "certain sounds" of warning and encouragement; a broad and beaten way has been paved, upon which we may tread with security and ease.

The paper before us affords ample evidence that very much has been learned about government, particularly representative government, during the last seventy years;—that the political principles which we put into daily practice, and which we are fond of calling axiomatic and eternal, were delivered to the world within the memory of some old men among us, with a fearful hope, if not in their right, at least in their expedience. It is fit, therefore, that we should be reminded that the theories of which we speak so flippantly, are the worthy offspring of great intellectual power and application, and that, however this generation may have annihilated time and distance, and boldly trodden paths of investigation in the arts and sciences to regions of which its Fathers were trembling strangers,—no royal road has yet been discovered for thought, and, if the creatures of the mind are to be resolved into their elements, and the true springs of human happiness to be entirely revealed, an ability, learning and good intention, and an unwearied patience are to be employed not inferior to those which were necessary to the great originals who have gone before us.

Although it cannot be denied that there is much contemporary matter to engage our attention and repay our study, yet the truest and purest philosophy is ever to be drawn from the annals of past generations. However we may be astonished at the magnitude of events which are happening in our own day, a serious consideration will show that they are not of capital importance in the history of man. We are engaged rather in invention than discovery. We are carrying principles, heretofore evolved, into their practical details—details though, which are not unfrequently clear indexes of a glorious Divinity striving within us. To speak in metaphor, we either sow seed which yields an annual return, or are engaged in pruning the trees which nature and our fathers have planted; but we plant no slips to yield fruit and pleasant shade to our posterity. The civilized world is at present agitated by the occurrence of two important events, sufficiently illustrative of the genius and temper of our times. A European has succeeded in converting cotton into an explosive substance, which, in all probability, will supplant gunpowder in its various uses. This is an invention of great practical value; but in a scientific point of view, is only a splendid detail of chemistry, which in its turn may be traced to the formulas of Lord Bacon. A month or two since, a French mathematician might have been seen in the seclusion of his closet, closely engaged in combining certain disjointed letters and cabalistic signs according to the rules of his art. Having been silently occupied thus for some time, he at length announces, as the result of his curious and apparently senseless labors, that he has discovered, far off in space, another tributary, wheeling its immense proportions around the sun. Its distance from that Body he states to be so immense, that light, travelling for five hours, at the inconceivable rate of two hundred thousand miles in a second, would still be farther from the Planet than the Earth is from the Sun. For centuries Astronomers had been engaged in scrutinizing the heavens with their glasses without discovering this star, yet the certainty of his science and the tested accuracy of his operations, left no room for doubt upon the mind of the Frenchman. Another observation directed to the particular point which its discoverer assigned for its position on a given day

verifies his prediction, and renders it perhaps the most magnificent trophy of the intellectual power of man. Yet Le Verrier is only a skilful mathematician, using highly finished instruments furnished to his hand, and the discovery of his Planet adds another laurel to the brows of the inventors of Calculus and the Telescope. So true it is, in the fine language of Lord Jeffrey, "that our *Fathers* have not only visibly beset all the patent approaches to glory, but swarm in ambushed multitudes behind," ready, upon fit occasion, to make good their title to the lion's share of whatever we might otherwise consider the hard earnings of our own skill and labor. It is so also in the world of politics; although we are advancing very perceptibly, yet our only safe progress is along paths which have been marked out by others.

But enough has been said by way of preface, to suggest that this generation "should not think more highly of itself than it ought to think, but that it should think soberly." Let us turn to consider a venerable relic of what, following the example of Mr. Whewell, may be termed the latest "era of induction" in political philosophy.

The following correspondence is given in explanation of the subject of the paper and the occasion upon which it was written.

Yours, &c., S.

*University of North Carolina,*
Tuesday, May 12th, 1846.

Hon. J. Q. Adams, H. R.

*Sir*,—In the appendix (p. 275,) to the first volume of your father's printed letters, is to be found a notice of a political essay, composed by him during the spring of 1776, in reply to a resolution of the North Carolina Legislature. From the very short account there given, it appears that the General Assembly of this State, having their attention called to the construction of a form of Government, required their delegates in Congress to apply to Mr. John Adams for advice in their deliberations. Mr. Adams, referring to a similar request preferred by Mr. Wythe of Virginia, says that he is ignorant in what points the two communications agree or differ, as he kept no copy, and never afterwards saw or heard of that written to North Carolina.

From the Journals of the Legislature for the year 1776, it appears that Mr. Burke, afterwards Governor of our State, was chairman of the committee appointed to project a constitution. He died in 1783, and it is almost certain, that from that year up to 1845, his papers remained untouched. During the past year they were presented to the Historical Society of this University. They were found to be quite voluminous, and possessed great interest, no less from the number and dignity of his correspondence, than from the very energetic part which he was known to have acted in the great struggle with which he was contemporary. Among these papers was discovered one endorsed in Governor Burke's hand-writing—"John Adams' Thoughts on Government." The body of the essay is very evidently in Mr. Adams' autograph, and may, with great certainty, be said to be the identical "letter" to which reference is made in his correspondence. It consists of rather more than five closely written pages of small foolscap, and, in consideration of its age, is in an excellent state of preservation.

North Carolinians think that, without rendering themselves liable to any probable charge of vanity, they may claim for their State the merit of having the very best State Constitution that was formed. Such as it was, it remained unchanged for sixty years, and at the time of its amendment, (Jan. 1836,) was the only survivor of the original Constitutions adopted by the thirteen old members of the Confederacy. A very slight examination of Mr. Adams' "letter" is sufficient to impress any one familiar with the details of our State Constitution, with the fact that it owed much of its excellence to his able suggestions and criticisms. Nor will North Carolinians, however priding themselves on the wisdom of its provisions, make this admission with feelings at all akin to mortification. Their patriotism transcends the limits of their State, and teaches them pride in the achievements of all over whom a common Constitution and Free Government extend their protection. Among the very foremost in the justness of their claims upon the gratitude of North Carolina, are the Revolutionary Services of your illustrious Father; and it will be esteemed a fresh argument of the perfection of her original Constitution, that many of its most important details were the suggestions of the extraordinary ability, the large reading and great experience of the elder Adams.

The Historical Society, with great pleasure, tender you, Sir, a copy of this important paper; it will await your requisition.

Accompanying this letter is the First Report of this Society. At the time it was submitted, one box of Governor Burke's papers had not reached the archives, having been discovered subsequently. This statement will explain any apparent neglect in the mention there made of the collection of papers presented by Miss Burke.

The Historical Society of the University of North Carolina has been in existence only for two years; as yet its only members are resident at this place. If agreeable to you, Sir, it will afford the Society great pleasure to enrol your honored name upon its records, as its first Honorary Member.

I have the honor to be,
With the highest respect,
Your obedient servant,
Charles Phillips, Sec. Hist. Soc.

CHARLES PHILLIPS, ESQ., *Secretary of the Historical Society of the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill.*

WASHINGTON, 23rd May, 1846.

*Sir*,—I tender you my warmest, grateful acknowledgments for your favor of the 12th inst. with its enclosures—the first Report of the Society, 4th June, 1845, and the Circular Letter from the Executive Committee of 5th Sept., 1845.

I accept, with equally grateful sentiments, the offer of a copy of my father's manuscript, prepared at the request of the Delegates from North Carolina in the Continental Congress, by direction of their General Assembly. If transmitted by the mail, it will reach me at this place. The letter to Mr. Wythe was published, I believe, in a Philadelphia paper soon after it was written. The original paper, now in your possession, is, I have no doubt, the only copy extant of the communication to the Legislature of North Carolina.

To the natural feelings of filial reverence and affection, nothing could be more gratifying than your suggestion, that perhaps some of the peculiar features of the first republican constitution of North Carolina, under which the people of that State lived and prospered threescore years without a change, may be traced, in part, to certain principles contained in this communication. The early part taken by my father, from the time of the Stamp-Act, in the controversy between the Colonies and the Government beyond the sea, had led him, far in advance of most of his countrymen, to the conclusion, that the separation of the Colonies from the step-mother was not only inevitable but indispensable—that it could be effectually achieved only by their union; and that on casting off their allegiance to the British Crown, the first and most urgent want of the self-emancipated Colonies would be a confederation of separate States for political and commercial intercourse with the rest of mankind, and Constitutions of Government formed by the people of such separate States for themselves. On the 6th of May, 1776, he moved, in Committee of the whole Congress, a Resolution recommending to respective Assemblies and Conventions of the United Colonies, where no government sufficient to the exigencies of their affairs had before been established, to adopt such government as should, in the opinions of the representatives of the people, best conduce to the happiness and safety of their constituents, in particular, and America in general. This Resolution was on the 10th of May adopted by Congress; and a Committee of three was appointed to prepare a preamble to it. That Committee reported on the 13th, and on the 15th of May the Preamble and Resolutions were adopted by Congress, and ordered to be published. These transactions preceded by about one month the "Certain Resolutions respecting *independence*," moved on the 7th of June, 1776, by Richard Henry Lee, and seconded by my father, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence of the 4th of July.

That instrument has seldom been considered in any other light than as a manifesto in justification of the Colonies for their severance from the Government of their country, and their assumption of the rights, obligations and attributes of an independent nation. Such was its primary and avowed purpose. But the causes of the separation were the violation by the Sovereign, supported by the organized force of the nation, of the natural rights and constitutional liberties of another portion of the same people. The issue between the parties was one simple abstract principle of conflict between *right* and *power*. The Declaration, therefore, commences by a statement of elementary principles held by the representatives of the Colonies as *self-evident truths*. It enumerates the violations of those principles by George the Third, supported by the Parliament and People of Great Britain, and proclaims, with an appeal to God, the resulting duty and necessity of the separation forever of the Colonies from the British nation, and their own separate existence as a confederated independent nation.

The Declaration recognizes the *duty*, as well as the right, of a Nation's abrogating its established form of Government to institute another for the protection of the rights of person and property. But the Revolution of American Independence was not merely the breaking up of one nation into two, but a metamorphosis from a cluster of subordinate appendages to a monarchy, into a chaplet of independent confederated republics. The Resolutions and Preamble of the 15th of May, were the signal-bell for the re-edification of the social fabric, which by the Declaration of Independence was to crumble into ruin. The task of rebuilding was by common and unanimous consent assigned to the separate States, and there can be no more interesting study to the cultivated minds of the present, or it may better become me to say the future generation, than the progressive labors of our fathers in organizing upon the principles proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence, the complicated structure of our National and State Governments. To the promotion of this study, the institution of a Historical Society in every State of the Union cannot but usefully contribute, and I shall esteem it among the most precious honors of my life to be numbered among the honorary members of the Society of the University of North Carolina.

I am, with great respect, Sir, your very
humble and obed't serv't,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

## 'JOHN ADAMS' THOUGHTS ON GOVERNMENT.'

Dear Sir.

The Subject on which you were pleased to request my Sentiments, is of infinite Importance to Mankind. Politicks is the Science of human Happiness—and the Felicity of Societies depends entirely on the Constitutions of Government under which they live.

The famous Couplet of a very great Poet,

> "For Forms of Government let Fools contest
> That's best administered is best"

Shews him to have been less attentive to the political and civil Part of History, than the poetical. He must have read and studied for fanciful Images, not Social Institutions, because the Rectitude of Administration depends upon the Forms; Some Species of Government being always well administered, others never.

If you can determine what Form of Government will produce the greatest Quantity of human Happiness, you will at once decide which is the best, this being the only Criterion; if you determine what the Dignity of human Nature, and the Happiness of Mankind consists in. you will decide what it is that produces the greatest Quantity of Happiness. Divines, Moralists, Philosophers, and Men of Pleasure all agree that it consists in Virtue. If there is a Form of Government, therefore, whose Principle or Foundation is Virtue, will not all those Kinds of Men acknowledge it to be better calculated to promote the general Happiness, than another, the Principle of which is Fear, or even Honour.

I hold the Principle of Honour, Sacred—but am not ashamed to confess myself so much of a Grecian, or Roman if not of a Christian, as to think the Principle of Virtue of higher Rank in the Scale of moral Excellence than Honour; indeed Honour is but a Part, a very small Part of Virtue. As to Fear it is so base and brutal a Passion, that it dont deserve the name of a Principle, and I think that no Gentleman of this Age and Country will think it a Foundation of Government proper for Americans.

The Spirit of the People, among whom I had my Birth and Education, which you know very well was always republican, although they never enjoyed a Constitution of Government conformable to that Spirit, as the whole of the Executive with an enormous Prerogative, as well as two Branches of their Legislature, and the whole of their judicial Powers, were always in the Hands of the Crown. It was wholly owing to the Constitution of their Towns, which were small Districts incorporated by an early Law, and vested with Powers to assemble frequently, deliberate, debate and act upon many Affairs, together with the Establishment of Grammar Schools in every one of those Towns, that such a Spirit was preserved at all among the People.

In my early youth, the works of Sidney, Harrington, Locke, Milton, Nedham, Neville, Burnet, Hoadley, were put into my Hands; and the miserable situation of our Country for fifteen years past, has frequently reminded me of their Principles and Reasonings. They have convinced me that there is no good Government but what is Republican. The British Constitution itself is Republican, for I know of no better Definition of a Republic than this, that it is an Empire of Laws and not of men: and therefore, as I look upon Republics to be the best of Governments, so I think that particular Form of Government, or in other words, that particular Arrangement and Combination of the Powers of Society which is best calculated to secure an exact and impartial Execution of the Laws, is the best Republic.

Of Republics there is an infinite Variety, because the Arrangements of the Powers of Society are capable of innumerable Diversifications.

Now, Sir, as good Government, is an Empire of Laws, the first Question is, how shall your Laws be made?

In a Society, or Community consisting of any considerable Number of People, inhabiting any considerable Extent of Territory, it is impossible that the whole Body should assemble for the Purpose of making Laws. They would be too numerous. They could not afford the Expence. The first Step to be taken then is to depute Power from the many to a few of the most wise and virtuous. But by what Rules shall you choose your Representatives? Agree upon the Number of Persons who shall have the Benefit of choosing one, or agree upon a District of Ground the Inhabitants of which shall have that Privilege, or agree upon the Quantity of Property which shall be intituled to one. The principal Difficulty lies and the greatest Care should be taken in constituting this Representative Assembly. It should be, in Miniature, an exact Portrait of the People at large. It should think, feel, reason, and act like them.

That it may be the Interest of this Assembly to do equal Right, and Strict Justice upon all occasions, it must be an equal Representation of the People, or, in other words, equal Interests among the People should have equal Interests in the Representative Body. No Art should be spared to effect this, and to prevent unfair, partial, and corrupt Elections: but such Regulations are better made in Times of greater Tranquility than the present, and thus will grow of themselves naturally when all the Powers of Society and Government come to be in the Hands of the People's Friends. At present it will be wisest and safest to go in old established Methods to which the People are reconciled by Habit.

Having obtained a Representation of the People

in one Assembly, the Question arises, whether it is wisest to leave all the Powers of Legislation in this Single Body, or to make your Legislature more complex? I think that a People cannot be long happy or free, whose Laws are made only by one Assembly: my reasons for this Opinion are these.

1. A Single Assembly is liable to all the Frailties, Vices and Follies of an Individual.—Subject to fits of Humour, Caprice, Passion, Prejudice, hasty Results and absurd Judgments, which ought to be corrected by some controuling Power.

2. A Single Assembly is apt to be avaricious, and in time, would not scruple to exempt itself from Burthens which it would lay without Feeling upon its Constituents.

3. A single Assembly is apt to grow ambitious. and vote itself perpetual. Witness the Case of Holland, whose Assembly first voted that they should hold their seats seven Years, then, for Life, and after some time, they had the Modesty to determine, that when a Vacancy happened by Death or otherwise, they themselves would fill it up, without applying to the Constituents of the deceased Member.

4. An Assembly cannot exercise the executive Power, for want of the essential Properties—Secresy and Dispatch: now, if an executive Power is constituted distinct from the Legislative and the Legislative consists of only one Assembly, there will naturally grow a Coldness,—an Opposition—and at length a downright civil War between the Legislative and Executive.

5. Because a Representative Assembly is still less qualified to exercise the judicial Power, being too numerous, and generally too little skill'd in those voluminous Collections of Laws which are necessary to be thoroughly understood, and most carefully observed in order to obtain a uniform, steady and impartial Administration of Justice, therefore I lay it down as a maxim that the judicial Power should be distinct both from the Legislative and Executive. Now if you have your Legislative in one Assembly, and Executive in another, and the judicial Power leans to either, it will naturally join with that and overballance, overbear, and overturn the other.

The Legislature therefore should consist of more than one Assembly. Let the Representative Body then elect by Ballot from among themselves or their Constituents a distinct Assembly to consist of the most experienced accomplished and virtuous Men, which for the Sake of Perspicuity we will call a Council. It may consist of any Number you please—say Twenty or Thirty.

When these two Bodies are thus constituted an Inquiry will arise, is the Legislature compleat? I think not. There should be a third Branch, which for the sake of preserving old Style and Titles you may call a Governor, whom I would invest with a Negative upon the other Branches of the Legislature, and also with the whole Executive Power, after divesting it of most of those Badges of Domination call'd Prerogatives. I know that giving the Executive Power a Negative upon the Legislative, is liable to Objections, but it seems to be attended with more Advantages than Dangers, especially if you make this Officer elective annually, and more especially if you establish a Rotation by which no Man shall be Governor for more than three years, annually elective; he must be allowed a free and independent Exercise of his Judgment because he will have so much Regard for the People, the Representatives and Council that he would seldom exercise this Right, except in Cases the public Utility of which would be conspicuous, and some such Cases would happen. However, if you like it better, give him only a casting vote in Council.

In the present State of America, when by an Act of Parliament, We are put out of the Royal Protection, and it is become necessary to assume Governments for immediate Security, the Governor should be chosen by joint Ballot of both Houses. In the same Manner a Lieut. Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Commissary, and Attorney General may be chosen.

The Governor, by and with and not without the Advice and Consent of the Council, should nominate and appoint all Judges, Justices, and all other Offices civil and military, who should have Commissions signed by the Governor and under the Seal of the Colony.—if you choose to have a Government more popular still you may let all Officers be chosen by one House, concurred by the other and consented to by the Governor. Sheriffs should be chosen by the Freeholders of the Counties.

Indeed the whole of this Plan is calculated for present Emergency. The Legislature thus constituted will have power to make any alterations from Time to Time to supply Defects which Experience may point out. It may indeed give the Elections of the whole Government annually to the People at large as in Connecticutt.

The Stability of Government in all its Branches, the Morals of the People and every Blessing of Society depend so much upon a true Interpretation of the Laws, and an impartial Administration of Justice that the Judges should always be Men of Learning and Experience in the Laws, exemplary Morals, great Patience, Calmness, Coolness, and Attention. They should not have their Minds distracted with complicated jarring Interests or be subservient to any Man or Body of Men, or more complaisant to one than another. To this End they should hold Estates for Life in their Offices, and their Salaries should be fixed by Law. By holding Estates for Life, I mean their Commissions should be during good Behaviour.

Such a Constitution as this naturally and necessarily introduces universal Knowledge among the People, and inspires them with a conscious Dig-

nity, becoming Freemen; good Humour, good Manners and good Morals. Virtue, Honour, and Civility become fashionable. That Elevation of Sentiment which is mechanically introduced by such a Government, makes the common People bold, brave and enterprizing. That Ambition which is inspired by it into every Rank and Order of Men, makes them industrious, sober and frugal. In such a Government you will find some Elegance perhaps, but more Solidity—Some Politeness, but more Civility—Some Pleasure but more Business.

*If* you compare a Country where such a Government prevails with the Regions of Domination whether monarchical or Aristocratical, you will think yourself in Arcadia or Elisium.

But must not all Commissions run in the Name of the King? No. Let them run thus—"The Colony of North Carolina to A. B. Greeting," and be tested by the Governor.

Must not all Writs run in the Name of the King? No. Let them run thus "The Colony of North Carolina to the Sheriff of &c—you are hereby commanded &c" and let them be tested by the Chief Justice.

Must not all Indictments conclude "Contra Pacem Domini Regis"? No. Let them conclude "against the Peace of the Colony of North Carolina and the Dignity of the Same," or "Majisty of the Same" if you will.

We have heard much, my dear Sir, of a Continental Constitution—for my own Part I see no occasion for any but a Congress.—Let every Colony please itself without Controul in its own Constitution. Let a fair and equitable Representation of every Colony appear in Congress, and let the Authority of that great Council be sacredly confined to three cases, War, Trade, and Disputes between Colony and Colony.

If the thirteen Colonies were all possessed of such Forms of Government, and a Confederation for the above Purposes was agreed on in Congress and ratified by the Assemblies, they would be unconquerable by all Europe.

I must rely on your Friendship not to expose me to Ridicule or Censure, unnecessarily for these imperfect Hints.

NOTE.—The peculiar spelling and use of capital letters in Mr. Adams's manuscript has been observed as far as was possible.

☞ We have made some inquiries of gentlemen who were likely to be acquainted with such matters, and yet have been unable to learn what, if any, attention was ever paid in Virginia to the Paper prepared by the Elder Adams, at the request of Chancellor Wythe, and referred to above, on p.p. 43 and 44. George Mason and Mr. Jefferson were the authors of the first Constitution of Virginia;—Mr. Jefferson of the Preamble,—which is chiefly a repetition of the "Declaration of Independence,"—and George Mason of the enacting part. Mr. Adams' communication to Mr. Wythe was probably never laid before the Committee which framed, nor the Convention which adopted the Constitution of Virginia. Can any one furnish us with a copy of it?—[ED. MESS.

## LAYS OF COURAGE.

BY THE STRANGER.

—

NO. XIV.

### "YE MAY DO WHAT HATH BEEN DONE."

Faint not that thou art deceived
In the aims and loves of life:
All that's great hath been achieved
On the field of earnest strife.
Names there are that shine resplendent
In the chronicles of old,
Yet tho' honor'd as transcendent,
All their glory is untold.
They thro' want, and pain, and sorrow,
Ever dared the adverse flood,
Every heaven-commissioned morrow,
Bought with toil, the price of blood;—
They, as ye, were oft times weary
Of the strife, the toil and care,
But when most their path was dreary,
Triumphed over dark despair!
From fair, peaceful fields of azure,
Hail'd they an ascended star,
Herald of awarded treasure,
In the golden land afar;
And to one great end subduing
Passions, joys, and hopes and fears,
With each onward step renewing,
High resolves of earlier years,
Met they with a heart that quail'd not.
Every obstacle opposed,
And with manly strength that fail'd not,
'Till the strife in victory closed!
Then look into thy mind, reflecting
What 'twas given to pursue;
And no airy schemes projecting,
Keep thy destined goal in view.
What tho' many a life deriding,
Laugh to scorn thy high resolve,
Mountains from that goal dividing,
Time and toil shall all dissolve.
'Tis the Carthaginian's glory,
That he dared where cowards quail'd,
And 'tis told in ancient story,
How he struggled, how prevailed.
Where the footstep of no mortal,
Broke the ice-congealing rod,
Alp-thron'd nature's topmost portal
Open'd he as a kindred God.
Ye no less are God enlisted
Warriors of a nobler band,
By an unseen host assisted,
Succors from a better land.
And will ye, less faithful proving,

Traitors turn to every trust,
In life's busy battle moving
Souls that war not, souls that rust!—
Will ye slumber, little heeding
Effort worthy human life,
Like a craven quarter pleading,
Choosing slavery to strife!
Better far fall early stricken,
Struggling with the good and brave,
Than thro' weary years to sicken
In the shackles of a slave:—
Better, for reward and glory
Crown the good thro' every age,—
History's spirit marks their story
As a watch-light on her page.
And a band of angels seeming
Thro' the past, led on by time,
Point they radiant and beaming
To a life they made sublime:
Saying, to each way-worn palmer,
"Ye may do what hath been done;"
Oh be faithful, stronger, calmer,
And Life's victory is won!

*Baltimore, Md.*

---

## "CURWEN'S JOURNAL," &c.

*Notice of a Review of "Curwen's Journal," &c., comprised in several late numbers of the Messenger.*

BY THE EDITOR OF CURWEN.

In availing ourself of the permission so kindly granted, of replying through the same channel to the remarks published in this influential periodical, it is not our intention to notice the personalities against us so freely, and we think we may be permitted to say, so wantonly indulged in by the Reviewer. Indeed, to tell the truth, it requires no very great stretch of benevolence on our part to refrain from noticing these attacks, the only aim of which, after all, seems to be to place us in the same category with such men as Webster, Bancroft and Prescott of the present day, and with Hume and Robertson of the last century. And though, doubtless, the Reviewer's references to our supposed delinquencies are more frequent, yet it must be confessed, that his remarks as to "*the miserable and engrossing selfishness*" of the historical writings of the illustrious men of New England, and "*the utter worthlessness*" of those the still more celebrated Scotchmen are decidedly more pungent and venomous.

Under such circumstances and in such company, one can well afford to be magnanimous enough to pass over his personalities in silence, and we can almost take upon ourself to guarantee a similar immunity on the part of the others whom he has assailed. It is only, therefore, on account of the highly respectable character of the "Literary Messenger and Review," that we are desirous of proving to its readers that we have neither perverted the facts, nor, intentionally, at least, used such language, or such modes of expression as were calculated to misrepresent the characters of the actors mentioned in the biographies we have recorded; but that the Reviewer's statements to that effect have their origin in the unsoundness of the dogmas he has propounded and the falseness of the standards he has erected.

In establishing this proof, we shall occupy as small a space as possible, by selecting for comment such passages only of the Review as can be most easily shown to be erroneous, leaving the value of the rest to be guessed at on a principle similar to that of the old maxim, *ex uno disce omnes.*

In the May number of the Messenger, in which this Review commences, and about the middle of the second column of p. 259, we find the following statements:

"It is, we believe, notorious that, in some instances, the stubborn loyalist has presented himself and obtained his pension, along with the sturdy whig, against whom he arrayed himself for combat. In all probability the United States and State Governments have maintained as many of the former class as did Great Britain herself—such is the accessibleness of Congress in this matter," &c.

We presume the Reviewer here means that Congress, in their anxiety that every one who had performed services during the revolution, should be well rewarded for them, were so lax in their investigation of claims, that they granted many pensions and paid away much money to persons totally undeserving, rather than run any risk of allowing any one who really had a just claim, to appeal to them in vain. We sincerely believe that many members of every Congress, since our independence was established, have been impressed with such feelings; but whether it be that such members never happened to be of the Committee on Claims, or from some other cause, we know not; but the fact certainly is, that the difficulties attending the substantiation of any claim whatever before Congress are so great and always have been so notorious as to have become at least all but proverbial. This is so much the case, that had we met with the extract above quoted in the pages of some English traveller, such as Hall or Dickens, we could not but have deemed it a rude piece of irony sneeringly directed against the tardy justice of our government.

As the statement of an American Reviewer, even though he be an anonymous one, we can only wonder at the profundity of that audacity which could

induce any man to venture upon an assertion so contrary to the every day experience of us all. A remarkable instance of these difficulties will be found in the memoir immediately preceding that of "the Cunninghams" in the appendix to "Curwen's Journal, &c." Mr. Lowden a grand nephew of the subject of that memoir, (Admiral J. Paul Jones.) is pressing a claim against Government in behalf of the heirs for actual disbursements, pay, rations and prize money, which accrued to that distinguished hero of the Revolution: for the liquidation of which Congress still fails to make an appropriation; and although we understand that within the last few months a Committee of the House has reported very strongly in favor of it, we do not believe that this report has as yet been acted on. The fact of its having been made, however, shows very clearly the opinion of the committee as to the justice of a claim, which has been pending for more than half a century, and the tedious prosecution of which, a few years ago, brought another of the heirs to the tomb. If that is what the Reviewer calls "*the accessibleness of Congress in this matter*," we can only say, that it is a different kind of accessibleness from what will generally be understood by that somewhat unusual and by no means elegant expression.

A little further on, in the same page, the Reviewer says:

"It is a defect and a vice in our histories, that justice has been so seldom done to the Loyalists; that we have suffered the antipathies, engendered by the actual fury of the conflict, to influence our judgment now that it is over, and have continued those denunciations, which the recklessness of civil war deemed it only a proper policy to fulminate, for present objects, long after any necessity remained for the indulgence of such a policy. The time has come, we believe, for the correction of this fault."

Here is a full and frank admission, on the part of the Reviewer, that our histories have hitherto been, to a certain extent, defective and vicious in the respect of not having done justice to the loyalists, and he is also good enough to say, he believes the time has come for the correction of this fault. But in the June number, at page 322, we are told that "Mr. Ward and his correspondents must be taught that it is too late in the day, (or too soon,) to attempt to disturb the written and hitherto unquestioned verdict of history in regard to the persons in whose behalf they write." Here is the Review of June flatly contradicting the Review of May. The latter says, the time has come for the correction of this fau't of our history; the former says no! it is either too late or too soon. He is not particular as to how the matter stands, but only it is not as the other says it is. Verily this is neither the quip modest, nor the retort courteous, nor even the countercheck quarrelsome, but simply the lie direct. Of a truth, our June Reviewer is a rash man: living, as he does, in the region where, as he well knows, and as he says we "ought to know, as well as any body else," this is "an offence which was and still is provocation for a 'blow.'" We would not stand in his shoes for a trifle, unless, indeed, our May friend, and he should turn out to be *alter et idem*—the same, yet different.

At page 261, we find it stated that "the loyalists of 1775 were not banished for their opinions," that "the *mouvement* party called for nothing so absurd as implicit belief in themselves." "They called only for quiescence. 'Stand aloof, remain harmless, if you can not go with us,' was the spirit in which they addressed themselves to the loyalists. But these latter were quite too loyal for such a course. They formed themselves into secret committees,—they grew active in counter movements,—kept up a constant intercourse with the loyal officers, and in various ways gave sufficient proof that they would hold no terms with rebellion. They conveyed direct intelligence to the English officials, and abused the trust reposed in their promised or assumed quiescence, to obtain this intelligence."

In September, 1778, the Council and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts passed a bill of attainder against upwards of three hundred of the inhabitants of that State. Of these upwards of two-thirds had left the country in the spring of 1775, to avoid taking any part in the civil commotions which they saw were about to commence. This may have been wrong on their part, but surely they cannot be accused of having "*abused the trust reposed in their promised or assumed quiescence*," to carry on a treacherous correspondence with the English officials. And as to the "*quiescence*" which the Reviewer says was all the mouvement party called for, surely it was "*quiescence*" enough to expatriate themselves, and to leave the field entirely to those whose opinions differed from their own.

Pages 321, 322 and 323 are filled with personalities, to the tone of which we would refer, as showing that the Reviewer has not the slightest conception of the characteristic difference between a biography and a general history; between a private journal and an historical disquisition. His previous notice, at page 258, of Col. Simcoe's Journal is in itself a sufficient evidence of his ignorance in this respect; and when he is attempting to turn into ridicule Simcoe's destruction of the fleet of boats at Middlebrook, he is manifestly quite unable to imagine that such an exploit could be, by possibility, of the least importance. Generals Washington and La Fayette were of a very different opinion, and General Lee, in his "Memoirs of the War," says, "This enterprise was considered by both armies among the handsomest exploits of the war." In a military matter, we should prefer taking the opinion of these military men; but per-

haps the Reviewer is also a military man, in which case we must beg his pardon for not having called him a *General* Reviewer. Be that as it may, we contend, that the business of the biographer is merely to trace the events of an individual's life, and to account for his actions, not upon general principles, but as explained by his personal idiosyncrasies and the peculiar circumstances of family, fortune, &c., in which he may have been placed. The writers of Biographies, Journals, Traditional Narratives, &c., are merely the witnesses giving evidence on the subject of history. They all tell, and are entitled to tell, their own stories in their own way. That in their accounts of the same transactions they should be often at variance with one another is not only natural, but a proof of their honesty and sincerity and the absence of all collusion. It is the part of the historian, on the other hand, to examine and sift all this evidence, and, like a skilful judge summing up, to lay before the public, who are his jury, what may appear to him to be a true statement of facts, divested of the colorings which the peculiar prejudices and passions of the various witnesses may have given them. He has no right to assume this important office, until he has thoroughly examined all the evidence on both sides of every question that the utmost research has enabled him to procure. It might, therefore, for aught we know, be perfectly unjustifiable in an Historian not to be aware that there was only one Captain Butler in South Carolina, and that it was not necessary to designate him by the indefinite article, as we have done in our memoir of the Cunninghams, as a Capt. Butler. It might also be unpardonable in him not to know that the partisan, Major Caldwell, whom the Reviewer, in his Irish way, calls the ancestor of John C. Calhoun, was the uncle, by the mother's side, of that very distinguished gentleman. But surely it will not be contended, that the historian of a single life must search the records of a country to find out whether any person, whose name he may have occasion to mention, is actually a duly installed Captain, Colonel, or General; much less will it be expected that he is to ferret out all the connexions and the collateral branches of his family. It is sufficient that the designation should be clear enough not to mislead the reader as to the identity of the person intended.

In page 329 the Reviewer says, "our biographer jumbles several things together which have no necessary connection," and in proof of this allegation he instances the case of Col. Brown. He cannot conceive why this gentleman, because he was tarred and feathered by the patriots of Georgia, should feel any indignation against the same party in the neighboring State of South Carolina. To bear malice against any one, even for having been tarred and feathered and roasted before a slow fire, we do acknowledge to be contrary to the principles of the Christian religion, whereby we are taught that when a man smites us on one cheek, we ought to turn to him the other also. Such is the frailty of our fallen nature, however, that there are few, if any, who can act up to these principles. Suppose even our friend, the Reviewer, had offended some large party in these United States, and had undergone the process of tarring and feathering and roasting, in consequenee, at the hands of a portion of that party in South Carolina, we put it to himself, whether he would receive a deputation if another portion of that same party should come to him, even at so great a distance from the place of his brutal bodily punishment as Maine or Vermont, with any thing like equanimity or moderation? We would venture to say, he would burst on them with such a storm of indgnation and bitterness, as, judging from the excessive irritability exhibited in this Review, would make poor Brown's bitterness appear by comparison the extreme of gentleness and forbearance.

Pages 330 and 331 are occupied chiefly with attempts to prove that we have garbled Drayton and Tennent's accounts of the meetings with Fletchall, the Cunninghams and Brown. We regret that after having given the Reviewer's arguments our very best consideration, we are constrained to say that we are only corroborated in those very sentiments that have excited his displeasure. We continue to think that it was unclerical in the Reverend Mr. Tennent to surprise any man into an indiscreet promise, and much more so, to boast of it afterwards:—we still think that Brown's "bitterness and violence" ought not, under the circumstances, to have been characterized as intolerable, and we must say that Drayton's assertion, that he "*almost lost his caution*" when, as the climax of many other provocations, he was told by Brown that "he did not mean well to the king, and that his professions were but a cloak," seems still to us to be the ne plus ultra of impudence and hypocrisy. And we cannot see that the introduction by the Reviewer of those parts of Drayton's and Tennent's narratives, which we had omitted as not of the least importance to the full meaning of the passages quoted, in any degree affects the interpretation we had put on them. But this we leave to the judgment of our readers.

But this barefaced method of pretending to prove the truth of his fictitious imputations seems to be a favorite one with the Reviewer. At the end of page 335 he says, "The desire here shown to make Cunningham appear a hero, makes our Biographer forget his own argument, which insists that it was the dread and suffering of violence alone, that put and kept him in hostility to the patriots. Originally, as we have seen, he desired nothing better than neutrality."

Unless our readers have it in their power to examine for themselves the memoir of the Cunninghams referred to, we fear they will hardly believe

us when we assure them, that in the whole of that memoir we have never even once insinuated that it was the "dread" or "suffering of violence" that put or kept Cunningham in hostility to "the patriots." And much less is he ever said to have desired to remain neutral. On the contrary, we distinctly mentioned, on page 623 of our volume, that, "when the assembly in July, 1775, passed a vote in commendation of Massachusetts, and also a non importation act, Robert Cunningham was opposed to both, and afterwards, when the association act was passed, *he openly expressed his disapprobation of it in the strongest terms.*"

This shows a determination to be independent, but surely no desire to remain neutral; and it is consequently in firm resistance to what he conceived to be arbitrary and tyranical acts on the part of the assembly, that he is first found in direct hostility to "the patriots." Revolution is, after all, only successful rebellion, and we are thoroughly convinced, that Robert Cunningham conscientiously believed that he should best do his duty to his God and to his country by taking the side he did in a quarrel, with respect to which, it would have appeared, to a man of his temperament, criminal to have remained neutral.

The Reviewer has evidently either wantonly or ignorantly confounded neutrality with independence. With a similar perversity or confusion of ideas, he will have it in page 391 of the Review, that we compared the retreat of Patrick Cunningham and his small body of men in the face of ten times his number, with the retreat of Xenophon and the ten thousand. Now we never thought of making such a comparison ourselves, and we cannot imagine any thing but the hodge-podge character of his intellect that could have suggested it to the Reviewer.

In page 397, he quarrels with us for having called Simms, (the author of Yemassee, &c.) a WHIG HISTORIAN. Here we are willing to go further than the Reviewer, and to regret that we quoted him as an historian at all. Since we unfortunately did so, we have seen his "Views and Reviews"—where in pp. 23 and 24 we find him saying, "The truth is, the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art," and "Reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable. Dates and names which, with the mere chronologists are every thing, with us are nothing." And again, "Hence it is the artist only who is the true historian."

Really if this Mr. Simms, whom we so inadvertently introduced, be a favorable specimen of those historians of the South so much lauded in the Review; and if we are to conclude, therefore, that the opinions on the subject of history, which we have just quoted, are endorsed by the Reviewer, we cannot be surprised at the eccentricities we have been obliged to notice, and we can readily understand why we differ so entirely on the subject of the Cunninghams of South Carolina. With us "names and dates" are something in history, and they will continue to be so until the "Yemassee" and "Guy Rivers" become more authentic than the "Conquest of Mexico," and until the name of W. Gilmore Simms, as an historian, outshines that of William Prescott.

The Reviewer next comes to the Memoir of William Cunningham, and as it is but lately that these notices have become known to us, we have not had time sufficient to reëxamine our histories and to collect our proofs, which we expect to do, however, in season for the next number. That we shall be able to substantiate every material fact in question, we have not a shadow of doubt.

Our Reviewer is kind enough to say in page 514, that he will imitate our example and throw the Review of this case "into the form also of Biography," to which we have not the slightest objection, and when placed side by side, let the impartial reader choose for himself the one which seems most to bear the stamp of authenticity—that which adheres most strictly to "names and dates," even though it may entirely reject the fanciful and meretricious ornaments of the artist, who, in the language of the author of the History of South Carolina, is "*the only true historian.*"

*New York, Dec.* 15, 1846.

---

RICHMOND, NOV. 24th., 1846.

*My Dear Mr. Minor.*

In one of our recent conversations, (a conversation that was prolonged almost to the "small hours," without loosing its interest,) the sympathies of wedded life were adverted to, and the enclosed poem spoken of, in connection with the subject. In looking over some manuscripts of by-gone years, I have put my hand upon it, and send it to you with the hope that you will value it as I do. It has, I believe, been published, but I know not when or where.

It is most true, that there is a romance of early trust and love, which though bright and beautiful in its morning hour, withers under the "burden and heat of the day." When called to meet the cares, perplexities and sober realities of every day life, it frequently fades from the green soil of the heart, leaving only the seared growth of ordinary respect. Is it not *also true*, that there is a sentiment of *holy affection*, which, although springing from earth, is nourished by Heaven, which, from its union to the "Tree of Life," will live on and flourish in perennial verdure, even though watered by tears and cultivated only amidst earthly cares and sorrows.

Such, my dear friend, is the spirit of the following Lines.

Very truly yours,

M.

---

## LETTER TO A WIFE.

A recent sight, my dearest Anne,
Engaged mine eye and heart,

And I, the scene and moral too
Would now to thee impart:
A truth was never deemed the worse,
Express'd in figure or in verse.

'Twas in my lovely garden, where
I late and early rove,
In lonely walk, or happier still,
Indulged with her I love,
And where to thought or talk resigned,
A part of Eden yet I find.

'Twas there two plants of tender form
Upgrowing I surveyed;
Both conscious of their weakness seemed,
And seemed to ask for aid—
I marked with anxious watch their bent
And judged an union their intent.

And so it proved—for soon they clasp'd,
And curling round and round,
Looked fearful lest they each should lose
The helper each had found;
But, coupled soon, they firmness gained,
And reached a height not else attained.

But bending now as weightier grown
They feel their junction weak;
And something *both* may rest upon,
They now together seek;
A tree at hand, their wishes drew,
And on this prop they hung and grew.

But as I stood, and while I gazed,
A voice mine ear addressed;
"All nature is a book, and he
Who reads is wise and blessed:
No humble monitor disdain,
Nor let a trifle preach in vain.

"If 'twas not good for man to live
In *Paradise* alone;
Two in a *desert's* weary wilds
Are better far than one:
Mutual their wants and wishes too,
They help, conjoined, each other through.

"Thus thou and thy dear partner both
In pleasant bands entwined,
Not bound by others—but attached—
By sympathy inclined;
Aspiring upward to the skies,
Should aid each other as you rise.

"Nor think each other help enough,
Though you the gift esteem,
But mindful of the Tree of Life,
And still embracing Him,
On *Him*, your sure, Almighty Friend,
Your blended hopes and fears suspend."

Although, my Anne, a lot like ours
Has been indulged to few;
E'en we have had wherewith to try
And prove the counsel true—
But as to Him we turned and prayed,
Our griefs and fears have been allayed.

And should the scene in future change
And heavier cloudings lower,
The closer we'll embrace His aid,
And meet the trying hour;
And on His grace and strength rely,
Engaged to help us 'till we die.

---

## GERTRU, OR THE MAID OF CHARLESTON.

*A Poem in four Cantos. By a Citizen of Perry County, Alabama. Printed by C. Yancey, Wetumka, Alabama.* 1846.

Not many years ago, the good people of the North were astonished at the news of a literary periodical being published in the South. So long had they done all our printing, and supplied us with periodicals, that they thought we were totally unable to help ourselves. That we should think of publishing a literary magazine, seemed to them really a Quixotic attempt, and a complete failure must be the inevitable result. These calculations proved purgatory and untrue. They knew nothing of the *spirit* of the South, that spirit, which, once enlisted in a praise-worthy cause, knows naught save success. We proved ourselves possessed, not only of the talents and abilities necessary for such an undertaking, but also of that which was denied us—the care and diligence suited to the enterprise.

But we have not been content with one periodical, though this one stands almost unrivalled by any in the land. Not long since, the Southern Review, once so justly pre-eminent, was revived; and from the outset has maintained a standing almost unparalleled in our literary annals. To these fruits of Southern Literary enterprise, might be added others equally as honorable; but here is one which is an Abel-offering compared with them all. "Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Ascalon,"—that in the backwoods of civilization, where are haunts of wild beasts and wilder men, that a poem of four cantos, full grown, has been ushered into existence!! Who will credit the tale? Let no one say Munchausen has risen from the dead and resumed his wonted occupation! We speak strange things, but true. Here is a poem written by an Alabamian, and *printed* in Alabama:—hear, ye Harper & Brothers; hear, Carey and Hart! Yes, actually *printed* in Alabama!

Well may we boast the dawn of a new era, well be proud of our State and people. A few years ago, who would have believed that the wild-woods of Alabama would echo to the sound of Orpheus' harp, or prove a dallying spot for the Muses. Parnassus has lost one bright jewel, and Perry county will yet be remembered by posterity.

As two of our sons had recently obtained such high success in two different walks of literature, I had hoped that the next aspirant would be a Poet. But, heaven forbid, we should be content with such "mincing poetry," as the "Citizen of Perry" sends forth. His "Gertru" can neither rival nor even share the fame of "Capt. Simon Suggs," or "Onslow." But not to arrogate any extraordinary skill in discerning blemishes, or superior taste in discrimination, we will take a hasty sketch of the poem.

The first Canto is entitled "The Duel." Gertru is engaged to Hanson, a fair and comely youth,

> "Whose love the fair Gertru had won,
> And in return had pledged her hand
> To him in *matrimonial* band."

With regard to the fine poetical effect of the word "matrimonial," there should be, it seems to us, but one opinion. Hanson is the first character introduced, and he appears soliloquising, the result of which is, that he determines on a visit to his destined bride—

> "He came—he joined his lady fair,
> When lo! he met another there!"

He was not in the habit of finding any one with Gertru, and when he sees a fine, handsome fellow paying his attentions, he is "thunder-struck and amazed." Guy Manning is the stranger's name, who, if what the poet says is true, was a paragon of a man. It was only necessary for a lady to see him, and in spite of bars or vows, her heart was gone. Hanson seems to have been a jealous churl, and was unwilling his "lady fair" should receive attention from any one save his humble self. But, it also seems he had good grounds of jealousy. Guy Manning was no ordinary man. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, each and all found grace in woman's eyes. Nor did his gallant conquests stop with the fair girls, who strove to catch this rich prize, but alas! alas! for woman's inconstancy! Not only does our poet, a sour old bachelor, perhaps, place no reliance in the plighted vow, but even those ratified and sealed before the altar, lose their force. "Many a married lady said," were her husband dead,

> "She'd strive with all a widow's grace
> To make the stranger fill his place."

He gives the old maids a broadside, and, hear ye ladies of a "doubtful age!" even makes you say you have

> "Seen a handsome man at last."

It is perhaps as well to remark here, that our poet is a woman-hater; he has doubtless been slighted some way, and will believe no good can come out of Nazareth

Such is the man Hanson finds beside the lovely Gertru. Well might he fear lest

> ——"Such a man might prove,
> His rival in the maiden's love."

Jealousy, that demon which requires the sacrifice of the best feelings of the heart, had possession of his mind, and under its malign influence

> "The maid was changed; it seemed to him
> Her look was more reserved and *grim*."

The last epithet is singularly rich and expressive. Hanson could find but little pleasure or entertainment in such company, and he leaves them mad and perplexed. He retires to his room and tries in vain to sleep, "but sleep poured not her balmy dew" upon his eyes. Restless he rolls, mad with everybody, and the female sex in particular. Finding it impossible to sleep, no resort was left him, or the poet, but to play the lover;—off he goes and "gazes at the stars," and by a moonlight ramble strives

> "To dissipate in midnight air,
> His doubts and fears of lady fair."

Jealousy and suspicion having thus found a home in his breast, Hanson refrains from visiting Gertru, and watches the actions of Guy Manning, the favored suitor,

> "And all he sees, and all he hears,
> Serve to increase his dobbts and fears."

Becoming fearful he was giving his rival too good an opportunity to press his suit, he determines to visit Gertru and urge her to appoint the day for their marriage. So going one lovely moonlight night, he hears Gertru singing a song he well might construe as an ill omen. We give the song in full, as it will speak for itself, and as less inferior than most parts of the poem.

I.

> "In Nature's wide and varied realm,
> The leading law is change,
> Shall woman then the statute whelm?
> The harmony derange?

II.

> "The seasons come, the seasons go,
> The heat succeeds to cold;
> Thus time is varied here below,
> Thus waning years are rolled.

III.

> "The rivers wear their shores away,
> And shift their *sightless* bed!

Where danced once the briny spray,
A sand-bar rears its head.

IV.

"The birds that tune their lays of love
In spring's benignant reign,
Are sad and silent in the grove,
When winter sweeps the plain.

V.

"Then why expect frail woman-kind
A constancy to prove,
Since nature all her works designed,
In endless change to move."

Such a sentiment was fully calculated to brush every vestige of hope from young Hanson's mind,

"For plain he saw the fickle maid
Had proved inconstant and betrayed."

"Thus former pledges were undone,
Another course of love begun;
Thus violated were her vows,
And thus betrayed her plighted spouse."

Having thus found that all was lost, Hanson turns his attention to Guy Manning, the serpent that had entered this garden of his hopes, and destroyed, even as he was gathering, the fairest flower. Hanson swears "an horrid oath" that his rival's blood shall atone for the wrong inflicted. Guy Manning is challenged and a duel is the result.

"Ten yards asunder is the space,
Between the foemen face to face;
The word is spoken—the pistols sound,
And Hanson sinks upon the ground."

How graphic! how romantic, and, we are almost tempted to say, how antic! Had there been a poetical drop in the veins of the "Citizen of Perry," "here's the place and here's the spot" in which he should have let it out. Hanson is by this wound reduced very near to death, and the surgeons, of course, rush up to assist him, and the poet without a smile, but in sober earnest, tells us

"They picked the bullet from the wound—
The orifice securely bound."

Hanson's mother is frantic with grief. How easily are all our sympathies excited when a mother's love is mentioned: 'tis a cord by which every heart can be lead. The mother,—that being on whose sainted breast we have been taught precepts that indeed make the man—she, to whom all is due, and to whom should all be paid, our obligations would not be cancelled. This inspiring theme seems to have raised the poet to the following lofty strain:

"Feelings there are which life exalt
And veil full many a human fault;
And to the bright, angelic throng,
Well does a mother's love belong.
Worn by no care, and proof to toil,
No hardship can its vigor foil;
In health, in sickness ever fired
With zeal to render aid required;
To profit, acts without regard,
And is itself its own reward.
'Tis purer than the unsullied snow
Descending on the hills below;
Sweeter than spiced Arabia's wind,
Or twilight music on the mind;
Stronger than is the trumpet's breath,
And lasts till life is lost in death;
As steady in its course as time—
'Tis grand, 'tis beautiful, 'tis sublime."

Is not the poetry, like the mother's love, "grand, beautiful and sublime?"

"The Elopement," is the caption of the second canto. We will pass slightly through it. 'Tis useless to show how Manning risks all for "bonny bride." Gertru's father had refused his assent to the union, preferring Hanson for his son-in-law; and fearful his daughter might elope, had confined her to the house, and watched her every movement with a dragon's eye. But love has wings. Gertru evades her father's eye, escapes from her room, and goes on her way rejoicing to

"The place beneath a hawthorn tall,
That flourished near the garden wall."

This canto is even far inferior to any of the others, and it is astonishing a man should so far forget himself as to publish such a production. The few following lines, however, might pass. The old house dog had given the alarm, and she is fearful lest her father should discover her lover.

"Lightly she started from her bed
And to the chamber window sped.
As from the lair the wild deer bounds,
When first she hears pursuing hounds,
Impatient, restless, there she stood
With throbbing heart, in silent mood."

Though Gertru had avoided her father, she was not equally successful with the old house dog, "Boss," as he is *poetically* called. As the maid, having escaped from the house without awaking her father, was tripping lightly along to the place of rendezvous,

"The skulking dog full at her sprung."

Here was a dilemma for a bashful girl. A large mastiff with "jaws extended," rushing at her; a scream would alarm her father;—her presence of mind protects her. The following lines are unsurpassed by anything Byron or Scott ever wrote.

"Her *fingers snapped*—he knew her well,
And down his *strutting* bristles fell,
And down his *curling tail* he *hung*,
Nor growl, nor bark escaped his tongue;
And *wiggling* on *seemed to beseech*
His mistress to forgive the breach."

The italicising is our own. Such *poetry* as this

will cure the most inveterate case of the *blues!* The apprehensions the reader may have entertained for the maiden are, by such lines, immediately changed into merriment. The *maid* having soothed "*old Boss*,"

> ——"right for the destined spot,
> With fleetness of an arrow *shot*,"

where she of course found Manning impatiently waiting. He bears her to his home, having had the marriage ceremony celebrated at a house on the road. And thus is closed this canto.

> "Manning had wooed and won Gertru.
> And this was *all* he sought to do."

The third canto is headed, "The Discovery." Up to this point, the reader has seen only that of Manning which excites his admiration for the man. The poet seems to have blundered on, leaving himself and the reader in doubt as to what will follow, as if to insure more pleasure and satisfaction by surprises.

> "Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
> Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat."

In this canto, Guy Manning's character is revealed with the poet's *usual ability*. Manning being a pirate, has, of course, "heaps of wealth untold."

He rents a house and lives in magnificence and splendor, but the caresses of a fond and doating wife fail to reform the man, and at last the great secret is disclosed;—his deadly hatred to Gertru's father is the cause why he sought her hand, thus glutting, (we use the word purposely,) his revenge by triumphing over a father's fond hopes, robbing him of an idolized daughter. His revenge is satiated. Feigning an excuse for a temporary absence, he leaves Gertru to weep over her unfortunate condition; the reality of which she does not know, until the owner of the house comes and orders her to give way to a more profitable tenant. The denouement, however interesting it might be in prose, loses its interest when related in such verse. Gertru at last determines, like the prodigal son, "to arise and go unto her father."

> "Forgive, forgive, the daughter cries,
> And at her father's feet she lies."

Such a scene presents no uninviting picture; the favored daughter of a fond father, after having caused him to suffer as a father only can suffer, after having disobeyed commands given more for her benefit than his pleasure—to see her with hair dishevelled and with tears in her eyes, at her father's feet begging for mercy! Language is beggared when such a scene is to be described; the veil is silently drawn, whilst the beating heart and throbbing bosom speak louder than words! And then, see that father, hitherto unmoved, untouched by sympathy, never yielding when once his resolution is formed, with will resolute to the last, standing proud and erect as if nerved for the occasion, determined to close his ears to mercy,—see him as he casts his eyes upon the bended form of his dear child, her pallid cheek, her wasted form, the tears of sorrow and penitence streaming from her eyes—the hard heart melts, the resolute will is shaken, he can no more resist, with tears in his eyes and outstretched arms, he exclaims,

> "Arise, arise, my child."

But such poetry! Gertru, though thus restored to her father, is grieved at not receiving a message from her husband; she is not yet informed of his true character; this grief and anxiety, increased by the uncertainty of her husband's fate, prey upon her mind, and soon bring on a dreadful fever. "Disease had claimed her for his own," and as the last resort, a sea voyage and a residence in a southern clime could alone rescue her from an untimely grave. Her father, now anxious for his daughter's health, hurries every thing, and soon Gertru, with two female attendants, embarks. After many days sailing they are attacked by Pirates; with but a small crew and no means of defence they are compelled to surrender. The whole crew is cruelly butchered or cast overboard, to insure secrecy. The poet here brings in Bonnet, the Black-beard of the Carolinas. As the pirate chieftain and Bonnet go below to see what spoils are there, they are a little astonished to find a beautiful lady, with her attendants, and as the chief, with great gallantry, asks the ladies, "Am I not knight of might and grace," Gertru in him recognizes her long absent husband, and the truth, with lightning speed, rushes through her mind, that she is the spouse of a pirate. And the passionate outburst, "O God, cried she, and is it *thou!*" reveals her despair. In Guy Manning's breast "the good spirit and the bad" are at war; the better part of his nature, however, triumphs, and instead of casting Gertru into the deep, as food for "hungry sharks," he has her removed to his own vessel. The pirates having pillaged the captured vessel, set her on fire; and she is quickly enveloped in flames,

> "Then 'mid the pirates ye could hear
> Such phrase as this—'the last of her.'"

And there on the wide, wide deep Gertru hears, from her husband's own lips, his dark history. He had once loved, but his love proved false, and gave her hand and heart to another. This rival he had met on "honor's field" and made him pay the forfeit of his life. Banished, by this deed, from his country, in an evil hour he herds with pirates, carries on a war destructive to society and disgraceful to hu-

manity, and by contempt of danger and death he rises

> "From humble and subaltern post,
> To be the leader of the host."

Such was his history; Gertru had married him under far different impressions; would she now, with a full knowledge of his character, "her former love and pledges hold?"

> "No, never more, replied Gertru,
> Will I be wedded wife to you."

This indignant answer calls up all the fiendish passions in Manning's heart, and with indignation and scorn he turns away, with the remark, "A beggar must not have his way." Thus closes the canto, much to the reader's pleasure, who long ere this wonders "what's all this coming to." The canto fourth is headed "The Battle." The pirates continue to sail over the seas, seeking for vessels to capture, but since they had burnt the last vessel, they had been *haunted* by it. In the dusk of evening it would invariably appear, following them, with its sails all on fire, just as it looked the last time they saw the vessel. No matter whether sailing or at anchor, they were sure to find the "spectre vessel" beside them. We have a full description, dull and uninteresting, given of this vessel. The pirates are frightened, and make sail for land. They seek Bath, a little country town on Pamlico sound, which was their general rendezvous. Here lived the Governor of one of the Carolinas, whom they had induced to support and protect them. Here the pirates land, and over their cups strive to forget the dread phantom. Manning relates to the Governor the history of his love and marriage with Gertru, and vainly strives to induce him to assent to her murder; but he swears,

> "Such cannot be, myself will die
> Ere she shall share such destiny."

And in lieu of death, the *lenient* Governor proposes imprisonment. They placed the luckless Gertru in a damp dungeon, under ground, hoping to bend her resolute will, and induce her to become a willing and obedient wife. This being accomplished, they hasten to embark, fearful lest Johnson, (by no means a poetical name,) who was another Governor of the Carolinas, should be informed of their whereabouts. All things were put in order, so that by dawn of day they could take their departure. But much to their surprise and consternation, when morning came, they saw an armed vessel, commanded by the aforesaid Johnson and Hanson, lying at the mouth of the Sound To escape was utterly impossible, and the pirate chieftain thus, *comico ludicro*, announces the fact,

> —"all hope of flight
> Is lost *in certainty of fight.*"

Truly a sage conclusion, aptly expressed! The engagement quickly commences, the pirates display unflinching courage, worthy of a better cause, but success against such superiority is impossible, and the pirate vessel is soon riddled with balls. Johnson and Hanson, with their men, board and find but three men alive. Hanson and Guy Manning instantaneously recognize each other, and, with drawn swords, rush to the deadly conflict hand in hand. Long and desperate is the struggle, but Hanson is more than matched, and, at an unguarded moment, Guy Manning seizes him by the throat, and, shortening his sword, is about to pierce him through, when

> "A friend behind, a pistol *popped*
> And down the Pirate Chieftain dropped!"

O for those oaten pipes wherewith the Swains of the Lesbian Isle were wont to delight their lady loves, that I might, unworthy as I am, do justice to a man who has shown himself possessed of such transcendent, heavenly genious!! Alabama may well boast a son whose head deserves the "poetic wreath," whose fame will exist as long as—Gertru is remembered! What imagery, what thrilling details;—the *popping* of the pistol and the fall of Guy Manning, how vividly it all passes before the mind! But the poet sympathizing with the reader's interest strives to comfort him by relating how and where the ball went.

> "Right through the breast and *left lung*
> The *hissing* orb its *journey rung.*"

How kind and thoughtful in the poet to give us this piece of valuable information! But now the reader is moved at Manning's fate equally as touchingly portrayed! Here afar from his country and kindred, among his enemies, with no pitying hand to smooth his pillow, no mother's tears to comfort him in the last moments of his sad, dark destiny.

> "No pitying eye to weep thy fall,
> No friendly hand thy *deeds to scrawl!*"

What a source of consolation it would have been to the dying man had he known that a poet, worthy the great undertaking, would, in after times, *scrawl* his name in "Fame's proud temple!" But not content with having shot poor Guy Manning, his *cruel* enemies fasten a rope around his neck, and he is "swung off."

> "One *eel-like* struggle more was ta'en,
> And death relieved the wretch from pain!"

The *Royal* Governor, who had proved *traitor* to his king and kind meets, like the pirates, the doom he richly merited. Gertru is found in her dark cell pale and emaciated, so much so that Hanson, once her destined husband, fails to recognize her; but Gertru, with a woman's quick discern-

ment, immediately recognizes him, and, with a shriek, a cry, she

> "Sprung forward with her wasted charms
> Into her former lover's arms."

And here the scene closes, the curtain is dropped.

In closing this critique, we naturally ask the aim and design the author had in view? It could not have been fame, for he must have known reputation is not purchased by such flimsy stuff. We believe him when he says, in his preface, he "wrote because he had nothing else to do, and published because he had written." We fear he is a "cross-grained" old bachelor, who has been *jilted* time after time. The only good, we imagine, the poem can accomplish is that it may be an inducement to others, to strive to do away with the impression that such is the best poetry we can produce. And now we would bid the "citizen of Perry" an affectionate farewell, with some thanks for the amusement his crudities and oddities have sometimes afforded us. We sincerely hope the next time he appears before the public, it will be in a manner which will reflect more credit upon himself and upon his State.

---

## "A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

In making our debût for the year of our Lord, one thousand, eight hundred and forty-seven; and of the Southern Literary Messenger, the THIRTEENTH! we will content ourselves with an earnest and sincere greeting to our Patrons, one and all, present and prospective,—of not only "A Happy *New* Year;" but *A Happy Year!*

---

## THE HISTORICAL FEATURES OF THE MESSENGER:

### CAMPBELL'S HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

It has been a source of genuine gratification to us to receive so many tokens of the approbation of our readers, for the historical features which we have introduced into the Messenger. We can not, however, claim to have introduced them, for Historical Sketches have always been one of the staples of the Messenger. But we have enlarged, and, we trust, improved them. In this way, whilst we hope to impair neither the interest, nor present usefulness of the work, we confidently expect to ensure its title to the grateful appreciation of posterity, and to a perpetuity denied to the productions of a fugitive and fragmentary literature.

The pleasure of perusing the enlivening productions of graceful and brilliant pens, is too pure and high to be underrated by us; and we hope still to afford it in no ordinary degree. The beneficial influence upon mind, conduct and character, that may be exerted by the literary offerings of genius and talent, is inestimable; and we hope still to wield this influence for much good to numbers.

But these do not appear to us so desirable, so readily appreciable, or so surely to be realised, as what may be termed, the Results, or Fruits of *the Historical Spirit*. It is a spirit of patient research, whose energies may be turned into every field of useful knowledge: It is a spirit of Reverence for the Past, paying homage to its Great and Good, which it strives to emulate or surpass: It is a spirit of noble effort for the Present, resolved to discharge its duties, and to permit no pristine glory to become ignobly tarnished: It is a spirit of aspiring aims for the Future, bent upon "lofty deeds and daring high." To infuse ever so small a portion of this efficient spirit into the Public mind, would far exceed in value the less permanent benefits of the best Belles Lettres Journal,—whilst the themes which must be employed to produce it, would not be fraught with any inferior pleasure to the general reader; who at the same time should remember that only a small portion of the work is dedicated to this useful enterprise.

Nor do we propose to confine our efforts in the manner alluded to, to the limits of Virgina. Other States, especially the Carolinas, have already occupied a prominent place; and in the present number of the Messenger will be found historical matter interesting to Massachusetts, The Carolinas and Maryland, as well as to Virginia. What we do for Virginia, we are willing and anxious to aid in doing for any, and all of the States of the Union.

The attention which we have directed towards Virginia History, has not been without visible fruits; and certainly has received such flattering commendation, that it will be continued. It will be continued, too, by publishing a full History of the State, by Charles Campbell, of Petersburg, a gentleman who has long made it his chosen study. It can not fail to be an acceptable offering to every Virginian; whether he be still resident near his paternal home, or has sought his fortunes in another land, but with a heart still unweaned from her who gave him birth.

The first part of this History of Virginia would have appeared this month; but for the long space which is devoted to the Review of the late work of Mr. Howison. It will be commenced in the February number, and will thence be issued regularly. We bespeak for it the merited attention and favor of our readers.

## THE NEXT GREAT WESTERN CONVENTION.

We have already noticed the proposal to hold another great Western Convention, to take into consideration the same objects that were before the Memphis Convention, of November, 1845.

As previously stated, the enterprising people of St. Louis, through their Chamber of Commerce, have issued a circular in favor of holding the proposed Convention, and recommending their City as the most suitable place for its meeting. They wish their fellow countrymen to witness the extent and activity of the vast trade of the Missouri and Mississippi and other rivers, which crowds their levees in the month of May; believing that this most interesting exhibition would be one of the strongest practical arguments in favor of improving the Western Waters, and attending to Western Interests.

A distinguished correspondent in Alabama suggests, that the proposed Convention be held in New Orleans, in the month of February next. This selection of the Crescent City, he thinks, would secure a larger attendance, especially from the South and West; and as to trade, she can always present immediate and satisfactory representatives, not only of the trade of St. Louis; but of Pittsburg, Wheeling, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, and all the towns on the Mississippi and its tributaries. All these places, too, look upon New Orleans with different feelings, from those with which some of them regard one another. Our correspondent's suggestion is, therefore, entitled to most respectful consideration, which, we doubt not, it will receive.

---

## Notices of New Works.

One of the most delightful places of resort is a well filled bookstore, at this gay season. At this time, appear those rich and beautiful flowers of Literature and Art, which only bloom once a year; and from year to year they seem to put on fresh loveliness. The issues of the press, generally, seem to assume new beauties of ornament; and even the old standard authors, some of them venerable with age, come forth in holiday garments to share the greetings which are showered all around. European Genius and Art now send forth their representatives; and those of our own young land vie with them, and often most successfully.

Those who would enjoy, as we have done recently, the pleasure of viewing all these, must visit the handsome collections of Messrs. Nash & Woodhouse, J. W. Randolph & Co, and Drinker & Morris, and others which adorn our own City, or those in places accessible to them.

To criticise these various and numerous productions would require much space and even more patience. In some, beauty of Art and excellence of literary matter are well combined. In others, there is little of either; and in others, good taste is entirely sacrificed to fondness of gaudy ornament, and supposed splendor of illustration.

But taking them together, one is almost dazzled and confounded with the bright hues and radiance of "Rainbows," "Amaranths," "Diadems," and Books of "Gems." Besides the multitude of these gay Annuals and galleries of the Beautiful, the poets, old and new, living and dead, native and foreign, appear in forms to us still more attractive. Bryant, Longfellow, and others, richly and tastefully bound and illustrated, take their stand by similar editions, English and American, of Moore, Southey, Wordsworth and Byron; whilst some of the chef d'œuvres of these last are singled out for still more elaborate embellishment. All that is new about the works of these masters of the Lyre, with the exception of Southey's "Oliver Newman and other poems" recently first published, is addressed to the eye. They, therefore, must be seen to be enjoyed; and would not fail to call forth a tribute of praise to the liberality and enterprise of Messrs. *Carey & Hart*, *Appleton & Co.*, and other publishers, (among whom we may mention *Lindsay & Blakiston*,) and the Artists by whom the illustrations and embellishments have been designed and executed. We do not now mention other extensive publishers, because these are the principal ones here of the classes of works which are under contemplation.

*David Bogue*, of London, has put forth the *Bible Gallery*, containing portraits of distinguished women mentioned in scripture, engraved by the most eminent artists. The portraits are confined to the Old Testament; but comprise the most important females, from Hagar, the outcast, to some of the heroines in the apocrypha. In many of them, the words of scripture exhibiting their characters, seem reflected from their features. In part of the edition the engravings are colored; but we prefer the uncolored. When colors are introduced, so many more particulars,—of costume, complexion, and taste in the adaptation of the colors—are required to be fulfilled, and in criticising, or, perhaps, condemning some of these, the pleasure produced by the engravings is diminished. Jezebel and Deborah are hardly old enough; and Esther and Judith not as beautiful, to our eye, as they should be. In the Boudoir Annual of 1846, there is an engraving of "Judith and Holofernes," by Sartain, superior to this in the "Bible Gallery."

The portrait of Athaliah seems to us admirably expressive. The manner in which Racine's great tragedy of Athalie was first brought prominently to notice is somewhat singular. It was supposed to be rather dull and heavy; and to read a portion of it was imposed upon a French gentleman, one evening, as a penalty in some social game. What he thus commenced as a punishment was continued and repeated as a pleasure, and, struck with the power and excellence of the Play, he was instrumental in securing for it the estimation which it merited. Many works of genius have, perhaps, perished, unredeemed by any circumstance so singularly fortunate.

We are tempted also to remark upon the heroism of the Maccabean mother, surpassing that of the Roman Brutus who condemned his own sons; but we must pass on.

*Scenes in the Life of the Savior.* By the Poets and Painters. *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*, may be regarded as a companion to, or continuation of the Bible Gallery. Though not confined to the females of the New Testament, many of them are necessarily introduced in the illustrations, which are among Sartain's best. A large number of the interesting scenes and incidents in the life of our Savior are here beautifully and happily portrayed by some of the

most graphic pens, past and contemporary, native and foreign.

"Another very handsome volume is '*The Parables of our Lord*,' richly illuminated, with appropriate borders, printed in colors and in black and gold, with a design from one of the early German engravers. In illuminating the sacred Parables contained in this volume, it has been the aim of the designer to render the ornamental borderings of each page appropriate to the text, and to avoid all mere arbitrary or idle ornaments; and he has thought it more suitable that the garments of gold and many colors in which he has arrayed them, should at all events be *new*, rather than embroidery borrowed from old missals or other sources of conventional ornament, however quaint or beautiful: and therefore, however far the illuminator may have fallen short of his intention, the designs will be found to be strictly original, fresh, and full of the purpose alone to which they are devoted."

*Tilt & Bogue*, London, issue the *Gallery of Byron Beauties;* Portraits (both plain and colored) of the principal Female characters in Lord Byron's Poems. The pleasure and convenience of examining this handsome publication, (in gilt morocco,) would be enhanced by a different arrangement of the characters delineated.

*Tilt & Bogue*, in 1841, also issued the *Waverly Gallery:* The Principal Female characters of the Waverly Novels.

*Wiley & Putnam, New-York*, are now engaged in issuing in Nos. a very handsome *Gallery of the Heroines of Shakespeare*. Of course, so elegant a work must be costly; but its excellence will entitle it to extensive patronage. This is fully evinced by the several numbers which have already appeared.

*Heath's Book of Beauty*. For 1847. *By the Countess of Blessington*. In silk, embossed and gilt. We are rather disappointed in this work, with a few exceptions. Several of the engravings are of the same subjects as those in the Byron Gallery; but are not so beautiful in design, or execution.

*Heath's Keepsake*, for 1847. By the same Countess, has some eminent names among the contributors, and doubtless some highly finished pieces among the contents.

*Fisher's Drawing-Room Scrap Book*, for 1847, in rich cloth, embossed and gilt, contains thirty-six highly finished engravings, among which are Portraits of the Queen, Prince Albert, Mr. Cobden, and the Editress, Mrs. Norton, to whom Sir Lytton Bulwer's Muse pays a tribute; also sketches from nature, among which are Scenes in Italy and on the Rhine. Lady Dufferin is one of the chief and most entertaining contributors, and we extract a part of her humorous description of the Chinese ceremony of "Going out to meet the Spring."

"CHINESE GOING OUT TO MEET THE SPRING.

"Well, the assurance of some persons! Just conceive so bold a thing
As those horrid Chinese monsters, going out to meet the spring,
With their lanthorns, and their banners, and their tomtoms, and their drums;
Why, they'll frighten back the flowers long before the summer comes!
Are their roses like young ladies, that there need be such a rout—
Such confabs and monster meetings, at their time of 'coming out?'
Or, has the Chinese Empire some celestial Doctor Reid,
Without whose ventilation the warm weather can't proceed?
Do Imperial Edicts sanction that it shall be hot at noon?
Have the gas contractors orders to 'turn on' the sun and moon?
Do the mandarins imagine, without 'laughing in their sleeves,'
That the very tea trees can't bud, without their worships' *leaves?*
What should such folks know of Nature? What should nature know of them?
Are such pig-eyed creatures worthy even to kiss her garment's hem?
No! she sends them some mock Goddess—some tawdry painted thing,
And it's 'Hail, fellow, well met!'—with their own peculiar spring.

"I have never been to China; and I trust I never can
Be chosen as Ambassador to Pekin, or Chusan;
But I know the sort of place it is, as well as wiser pates,—
From different 'Works on China,'—illustrated with *plates*.
The color of the Country is a kind of dirty blue,
With chaotic sky and water, here and there appearing through;
Interspersed with little bridges, and paths that seem to guide
To—nothing in particular—upon the other side.
The scenery's monotonous, but singularly grand,
And 'tis called '*The willow pattern*,' at Mortlock's in the strand.

"Other notices, if needed, Fancy easily supplies:
Doves as big as bustards, cooing from pagodas in the skies,
Curious frightful flowers growing upside down and inside out;
Trees with fifty sorts of foliage,—some with roots and some without.
Every thing as it should *not* be! Fish with feathers—birds with fins;
Nature playing at cross questions, ending ere she well begins!"

Then after describing, in a similar vein, the Spring amusements, and "dreadful dainties" of the Chinese, the authoress becomes serious, patriotic, and devout,

"For that wealth of bud and blossom, that comes out to meet *our* Spring."

But still, she concludes,

"Oh! when thy life-blood quickens, in the year's delicious prime,
Say then,—'God bless the Spring-time, in every land and clime!'"

We should not omit to mention the London *Art-Union Prize Annual*, which contains 265 choice engravings, taken from Paintings of distinguished British artists.

These by no means complete the list, and those of American origin, are no less numerous, and often equally attractive. Some of them we have already noticed, on a former occasion. In addition, we can only call attention to *the Fountain*, the Temperance Annual, which is really beautiful; to *Headley's Sacred Mountains;* and to the *Illuminated Gems of Sacred Poetry*, in cloth, embossed and gilt,—*Lindsay & Blakiston, of Philadelphia*,—a companion worthy of the works of the same description, which have already been issued by them.

In looking over the catalogues and announcements of such Publishers as Harper & Brothers, Little & Brown, Wiley and Putnam, the Appletons, Lea & Blanchard and Carey and Hart, the Bibliographer is tempted constantly to go beyond the reasonable patience of his readers. We must, therefore, content ourselves with a brief summary of a part of their recent publications.

*Harper & Brothers* continue their numerous excellent se-

rial works, and are regularly advancing with their *Illustrated Shakespeare*; and *Pictorial History of England*, the first volume of which is completed and handsomely bound. Several valuable works, as *Bell's Life of Canning* and *Taylor's Modern British Plutarch*, have been lately added to their *New Miscellany*; whilst their Libraries of Novels have been largely increased. They are literally pouring forth knowledge of all classes; and the results exhibited by their handsome catalouge are almost astonishing, for one house, in this country. They will issue, in monthly volumes, a *New Edition of Sparks' Life and Writings of Washington*, in 12 vols., at *less than half the original cost*. Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Peru*, we suppose, will be issued by them. It has been announced as nearly ready for the press.

*Wiley & Putnam*, have issued several additions to their *Library of Choice Reading*, embracing *Göethe's Autobiography; Carlyle's Sartor Resartus*; and the *French Revolution*, by the same author. They also announce several works for simultaneous publication with the London editions.

Besides the miscellaneous, educational and theological works of *D. Appleton & Co.*, they are adding to their excellent series of the "*Literary Miscellany*," which already contains such works as those of *Guizot, on Civilization in Europe*, and the *English Revolution of* 1640. They are preparing for publication *Lord Mahon's History of England*, from the peace of Utrecht, 1713, to that of Paris, 1763, to be *edited by Prof. Henry Reed; Michelet's History of the Roman Republic;* Selections from the standard *French Dramatists;* Illustrated editions of *Milton, Byron* and *Burns;* and a new work by the author of *Amy Herbert*, &c.

They have lately issued,

*History of Napoleon; From the French of M. Laurent De L'Ardeche, Member of the Institute of France, etc. With Five Hundred Illustrations, after designs by Horace Vernet; and twenty original Portraits. 2 vols. in one.* A large and handsome volume, in beautifully large type, and bound in muslin, gilt. The Illustrations aid in forming accurate conceptions of many things in connection with the life of the Great Emperor, and serve greatly to engage the attention and fix events in the memory. We have not made sufficient examination to see how M. L'Ardeche compares with Thiers, Scott, Lockhart and Napoleon's numerous other biographers; but his work seems to be a fair offset to Scott's. It gives many interesting personal details not to be found in the general histories of those times.

The following opening paragraph will exhibit the spirit of the author: "Lastingly exalted is the name of Napoleon! Wherever arms shall flourish, or greatness be duly appreciated, there shall Napoleon Bonaparte be held up for high and honorable estimation. Generations yet unborn shall swell the Trumpet of his fame; and 'squint eyed prejudice' stand blinded in the effulgence of his glory!" And he proceeds still to glorify him as "the man of the people," though, as he says, "a little aristocracy wish to denounce him as an odious despot and an insatiable conqueror." An illustrated appendix contains a full account of the exhumation of the Emperor's remains, at St. Helena, and their re-interment in the Chapel Des Invalides, at Paris, in the close of the year 1840.

For other recent works, our readers are referred to the separate notices below.

## A BOOK CURIOSITY.

Our country is perhaps too young to expect that we should produce in our literature much that could be classed with the antique, and yet we have a romantic past, destined to be looked back upon *hereafter*, with a gusto which will make every contribution addressed to the *eye*, by the present book-makers, a most acceptable present to posterity. such a book is now in progress in Philadelphia, and we are much mistaken if our announcement of it does not awake a response from many readers, for it is no less than a scheme for embodying the fac similes of Revolutionary curiosities; to show *how* the things were done that we read of in history. Addressed to the eye, we have a lithographed fac simile of a letter from Washington, three days before the battle of Trenton—one from Martha Washington—Lafayette's enclosing one hundred guineas to the ladies' society for making up clothing for the army;—a curious letter from the Committee of Secrecy ordering cloth from Europe, anywhere but from England or Ireland; a picture of Fitch's Steamboat, and a letter from him; John Hancock's certificate to Paul Jones, and a letter from the Chevalier with his own hand; Baron Steuben's challenge to General Lee,—a copy of the celebrated Pitcher portrait of Washington, his visiting cards carefully copied, and his book plate; a letter of Franklin; a copy of Poor Richard's Almanac; a presentment of a Philadelphia Grand Jury ordering a Ducking Stool; the original subscription paper of the officers of the American Army encamped at Morristown, for a Dancing Assembly, subscribed by Washington and all his officers, each giving *four hundred dollars!*

Then there are letters from Whitfield, William Penn, Benjamin West, most awfully spelled, Count Donoph and Governor Franklin; Charles Thompson's resignation of his perpetual Secretaryship of Congress; the actual autobiography of Chief Justice Marshall, as he wrote it for the information of Mr. Delaplaine, when that gentleman proposed to write Judge Marshall's life; the same of John Adams, and the letter from Jefferson, in which he declines to give any particulars of his career.

Perhaps some will consider the gem of the book to be the profiles cut by Major Andre for a lady of Philadelphia, one of them being a likeness of himself, and the verses in his own writing addressed to the same individual. These are real curiosities, and so is the copy of the ticket to the tournament, called the Meschianza, given by the British officers on the occasion of General Howe's return to Europe. Major Andre was conspicuous on this occasion, and drew a picture to show the ladies how to dress their hair; strange to say, this was preserved and is now carefully copied. In addition, the work will contain facsimiles of the signatures of all our modern authors. Need we say more; we only add, that to our certain knowledge,—the book not being published for profit,—the edition is a very small one. Three dollars remitted to the publisher, "Plumbe, Philadelphia," will insure a copy by mail.

---

ENCYCLOPÆDIA AMERICANA. *Supplementary volume. By Henry Vethake, LL. D., of the University of Pennsylvania.* 1847. *pp.* 663.

The value of the "Encyclopædia Americana" has, no doubt, been amply tested by many of our readers, as well as ourselves. We have found it especially useful in our present position,—both for the correction and verification of facts, dates, &c., and for the acquisition of information generally, in an authentic form.

This extensive work is based upon the German "Conversations-Lexikon," which owed its origin to Mr. Brockhaus, an eminent bookseller of Leipsic, and who was its principal Editor. He was aided by many of the most eminent scholars of that very learned Land of Germany. At first, the Lexikon was designed for the use of persons, who would take a part in the conversation or society of well informed circles; but as it passed through the repeated editions which were called for, its plan was enlarged and its object elevated, though it is still as valuable for its original purpose. When it had thus enjoyed the enlargements

and improvements of seven editions, Prof. Lieber, assisted by Messrs. E. Wigglesworth and T. G. Bradford, made it the basis of the American work, adapting its name and contents, to the new field for which they designed it. Nearly fourteen years ago, it received its last improvements; during which period, time with all the unprecedented activity and speed of the nineteenth century, has been making new materials for its extension and amendment.

In all periods, the good and the great rise, flourish and die; and their deeds must be commemorated, and their memories perpetuated; and in various other departments, the ordinary flow of years bears down to us new data for the Encyclopædist. But now-a-days, Discovery and Invention make new conquests, with almost as much rapidity, as recently were made their mere applications. Of this rapid production of new matters in Art and Science, we have a striking illustration in the volume before us. With all the Editor's patient and praiseworthy research, and though his excellent preface is dated as late as the 20th of November last, yet, so far as we have been able to perceive, he has not heralded the discovery either of gun cotton or of the new planet, Le Verrier.

Prof. Vethake is best known to the public by his treatise on Political Economy; and we doubt not that he was well qualified for the important and arduous task he has just executed. Among other advantages he enjoyed, was that of having the eighth edition of the German Lexikon, the ninth of which, he informs us, is now in course of publication. He frankly acknowledges the many sources to which he was indebted; but has, to a large extent, reproduced the matter thus so abundantly supplied; whilst in regard to our own country, he has in many respects been almost a pioneer. The Biographical portions of the work relating to this country, are confined to the deceased; but not those relating to other countries. The volume is intended strictly as supplementary; and, therefore, it contains no repetitions, for the sake of completeness in this, of things to be found in the former volumes; but there are some new articles in it intended to supply omissions which occur in the former. From much experience of the utility of the work, we regard the addition before us as an offering for which the public are greatly indebted to the Editor and the Publishers, *Lea & Blanchard*, of Philadelphia; from whom we have received it through *Drinker & Morris*.

We have also received from the same steady and liberal publishers, *Lea & Blanchard*,

THE DOG. *By William Youatt. With Illustrations. Edited with additions. By E. J. Lewis, M. D.* 1847. *pp.* 403, 8 *vo.*

This work is a suitable companion to their late editon of "Hawker on Shooting." It contains the history and management of the dog, in all his varieties and species, with beautiful portraits almost "twice as natural" as life. The Editor has added much new and some local matter, for which he had been well qualified by having "paid much attention to the diseases, breeding, rearing and peculiarities of the canine race, with a view to the preparation of a volume on the subject." With a love of his Art of healing, he seems to have blended a commendable feeling of *humanity*, in wishing to extend the "love for this brave, devoted and sagacious animal," and to "improve his lot of faithful servitude." *Drinker & Morris* have the work.

---

*Astronomical Observations made under the Direction of M. F. Maury, Lieut. U. S. N., During the year* 1845. *At the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington. Vol. I. Published by authority of the Secretary of the Navy. Washington: J. & G. S. Gideon, Printers.* 1846.

A short time since, we had the pleasure of calling attention to a volume containing "Observations," &c., made under the superintendence of Lieut. Gilliss. It was about the first of our *national* offerings to science. Here we have another devoted to the same noble objects, which, though subsequent to that, is the "first volume of Astronomical Observations, that has ever been issued from an institution properly entitled to the name of Observatory, on this side of the Atlantic." The work is handsomely published, in a quarto of considerable size, with well executed diagrams and plates, and a handsome engraved title page, on which is a view of the Observatory.

First comes an "Introduction" of CLVI pages, containing descriptions of the Observatory instruments, and much scientific matter, which we must leave to those who can master it. Next come the voluminous "Observations," well arranged and tabulated, and which occupy 273 pages. Then follows an "Appendix" of 119 pages, to which we have directed most of our attention, and from which we are enabled to state some of the results of the arduous labors at the Observatory.

"In 1842, an act of Congress was passed making an appropriation of grounds and money, for the erection of a suitable building as a "Depot of Charts and Instruments" for the Navy. By authority thus conferred, the Observatory was built under the superintendence of Lieut. J. M. Gillis, U. S. N. This building, with a collection of magnetic and astronomical instruments, selected by the same officer, was reported ready for occupation in the fall of 1844, and on the first of October of that year, I [Lieut. M.] was directed to take charge of it, and to remove to it all the nautical books, charts, and instruments, with the officers who were at that time attached to the 'Depot of Charts and Instruments.'" This "Depot" had been established temporarily, in a house near Georgetown, where we have had the pleasure of witnessing the diligence and zeal of the superintendent. The labors at the Depot, or "Hydrographical Office," as it was also called, were engrossing and arduous, but were much increased by the requisitions of duty at the Observatory. The superintendent, devoted to the discharge of his professional duties and also to the cause of science, with his efficient aids, shrank from no fatigue, but toiled on with their observations by night and their calculations by day, notwithstanding the many inconveniences attending the organization of an institution so new, and the interruptions produced by too frequent changes in the corps of observers. No inconsiderable labor was required to get ready for their work, and nothing but unwonted ardor could, under such circumstances, and in so short a time, have attained such extensive and honorable results. What has been done, and especially the manner in which, all things considered, it has been done, appeals strongly to the fostering care and liberality of Congress, and we hope that early and efficient aid will be given.

The report of the superintendent shows that the establishment of the "Depot of Charts and Instruments" has been of vast economical advantage to the Government, and that all the additional expense of the Astronomical Observations has been only some $5.000!

The whole corps at the Observatory consists of seven Lieutenants in the Navy, five Passed Midshipmen, three Professors, and one other gentleman. Those from the Navy receive less than they would for ordinary service at sea, and the compensation of the superintendent, under all his unusual anxiety, effort and responsibility, is only that of the other Lieutenants, viz. the small sum of $1,500, a year. The Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute,* whose duties, for several years at least, can not be more arduous,

* Professor Henry, of Princeton College, has been elected to this high office, and will, we trust, add new laurels to the chaplet he has already won.

and should not be esteemed any more honorable, either in a National or Scientific point of view, will receive the comfortable sum of $3,500, and a handsome residence besides.

We do not mean that this is too large, we rather rejoice that there is one small exception to the prevalent parsimony in such cases; but by the side of it, the other produces mortification;—to think that the munificence of one Englishman should exceed that of the Government of a great country! That the *Smithsonian* Institute should overshadow the NATIONAL!! Observatory. The office of Superintendent of the National Observatory should be highly dignified and its salary greatly enlarged. We say this for the sake of the office and the Institution, not of the incumbent; though we do not believe one more worthy of it can be found; and he has shewn that he is actuated by higher motives than the mere hope of pecuniary reward.

Among the objects to which the attention of the Observatory Corps has been directed, is the finding the exact latitude of the Observatory, which being of great importance has not yet been completed. When the Magnetic Telegraph shall have been farther extended, Lieut. M. proposes to ascertain by its instantaneous revelations, the difference of longitude of different places, by the difference of their times. Due attention has been bestowed upon correcting the errors of those useful instruments, the thermometers; the procuring of materials for the preparation of an American Nautical Almanac, and the Cataloguing of Stars situated South of those hitherto catalogued in Europe. The position of our Observatory gives facilities for this work, which will at once make new accessions to Astronomy. We do not doubt, that we have omitted to mention some of the more beautiful and important scientific investigations that have been prosecuted. If so, we invite any friend of science to repair the omission. We should not omit to mention that Lieut. Whiting is engaged in preparing a "Chart on a large scale, of the Atlantic Ocean, upon which the tracks of many hundred vessels, with the time of the year, the prevailing winds and currents encountered by each, are laid down. This work, when finished, will be regarded as one of the most valuable contributions of the age to practical navigation." Part of this Chart is now, perhaps, in the Engraver's hands. Similar ones are in contemplation for the Indian and Pacific Oceans.

Among other commendable traits observable in the Report of the Superintendent, is his liberal spirit towards all his coadjutors,—frankly acknowledging their assistance, accrediting to each the part performed by him, and boldly assuming all the errors and imperfections of the published volume.

We earnestly hope, in conclusion, that Congress will multiply their facilities and suitably reward their services, that Science may here have one worthy Temple erected in her honor, and her votaries have no impediment in establishing her worship and extending her dominions.

---

We have received from *Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co.*, a new and very beautiful edition of *Rory O'Moore*, the best novel by the author of Handy Andy. None of the numerous Irish romancers and song writers, have enjoyed or continue to enjoy greater popularity than Mr. Lover. His exquisite ballads and melodies, instead of growing stale, seem to be continually increasing in reputation, and his novels are annually reproduced by the press.

Charles O'Malley was more read for a short time than any of his productions; but while Lever has been rapidly forgotten, the writings of our author have maintained the ground which they first acquired. This judgment of the public, we think, is perfectly just. Mr. Lever has neither the fancy, nor the imagination, nor the originality of the author of Handy Andy; and "Charles O'Malley" was only a lucky *hit*, which took the public fancy for a while, but was soon forgotten. There is far more genuine power about Samuel Lover. We do not think, however, that either of these authors truly possesses what they have been so much lauded for,—wit and humor. They have merely that bastard wit and humor, called *fun*.

"Rory O'Moore" has much less *fun* than Handy Andy, but it is a more interesting story, and on the whole it is a better novel. It contains some of the author's most beautiful songs, among which we would particularly specify the "Land of the West." The present edition, as we have already said, is elegantly printed, and sold at a very cheap price. It is illustrated by engravings from designs by the author himself, who is now in this country.

We have also received from *Messrs. Randolph & Co.*, a copy of a new Tale, called

*Jack Datchett, the Clerk. H. Colburn, Baltimore*, 1846.

The scene is laid in Baltimore. Jack Datchett is a character plainly borrowed from Mr. Dickens' Tom Pinch. He is the clerk of a large mercantile firm, and the story consists of the adventures of this clerk, as connected with the family which compose this firm. It is ruined by the worthlessness of two of the members, one of whom is a fool and the other a dissipated young *roué*. The story concludes with the bankruptcy of the establishment and the death of the faithful clerk in consequence. Such is this tale; which is tolerably well told. The matter which composes the book is much better than the style in which it is clothed. It is the most barefaced imitation of Mr. Dickens' manner which we have ever seen. And the writer seems to have been able to imitate successfully the worst sort of that author's style—his childish twaddle.

We have also received from *Messrs. J. W. Randolph & Co.*, a little book in red binding, gilt edges, called

"*The Chapel in the Forest, and Christmas Eve.*" They are Tales for young persons, translated from the German of *Canon Schmid*. The translator says in his preface, "they point out, in the most pleasing style, the advantages of a firm reliance upon the providences of God, and of fidelity to Him in the vicissitudes of life. Canon Schmid, the author, is unsurpassed, if equalled, for the beauty and solidity of his writings for the instruction and entertainment of youth, and the narratives which form this little volume are excellent specimens of his extraordinary talent."

---

### BULWER'S NEW NOVEL.

After a long interval of silence, this literary lion hath again opened his mouth. His present utterance is entitled, "*Lucretia, or the Children of the Night.*" A more intelligible name for it would be—*The Lives of Three Devils.*

So far from answering the expectation which his great work, "*The Last of the Barons*," had created, Lucretia, &c., is a failure. In some respects it is superior to his early works. It has not that morbid mawkish egotism, by which they were so eminently distinguished, and it is less opposed to good morals. For without affectation, we must say that we are acquainted with no works of fiction of worse tendency than the books by which Bulwer acquired his reputation. True, he brings his bad characters to bad ends; but he never fails to render vice agreeable when it can possibly be done, by connecting it with agreeable characters. He deifys a pick-pocket in Paul Clifford, gives us a very adorable assassin in Pelham, and in Ernest Maltravers makes a seducer such a delightful and noble personage, that no one can fail to fall in love with him. This fault is not to be found in Lucretia. The evil characters

are certainly odious enough; but it is deficient in the first quality of every novel—interest.

The story is sufficiently complicated and there is much intellectual ability displayed in it; but the characters are so thoroughly base and revolting, and the incidents so detestable, that no one can take any interest in them. Aristotle tells us that the end of such writing as this is, through pity and terror, to purify the mind.

But although this story is abundantly horrible, it produces neither ἔλεος nor φοβος; for there is no actor in it of sufficient nobility to produce these emotions. It produces the same feeling of disgust which we feel after reading the confessions of Rousseau. The talent displayed in it is that exhibited in Feurbach's Criminal Trials—of diving into the filthy depth of the most hateful and ignoble minds. All that is in a man revolts against the contemplation of the scenes of "Lucretia."

It opens during the Reign of Terror. A man named Dalibard, who is a scholar of great repute, is seated at a table drawing up a report, which is to condemn some hundreds to the guillotine. His son, a pretty boy, is employed in a recess putting a big and a little spider together in one cell and enjoying the fight. The father gets up and tells his son that he is now going to carry him to an execution, a treat which it seems the young blood-sucker has often cried for. He jumps down clapping his hands, and out they go to the *Place de Grallotine*. When the tumbril comes up, the boy recognizes his own mother, a beautiful English actress. And while the scene swims before his eyes, his father whispers in his ear—"such is the fate of those who betray me." His object in this little episode of education is, to make the clever boy his tool through life; but he fails.

The boy grows up as self relying and as inhuman as his father, though his inferior in intellect and scholarship; and they are bound together only for the success of their schemings.

We next find them domiciliated in the family of a rich English nobleman, whose niece is to be his heir. Dalibard designs to marry this niece. But she is as ambitious and fiendish as himself, and before he succeeds, she over-reaches herself and is disinherited by her uncle. But he marries her, and the scene shifts to Paris where Dalibard becomes the agent of Napoleon, and is on the high road to power. Finding his wife and son in his way, he wishes to take them off with his subtle poisons, which play a great part in the story. But they prove too much for him and cause his own destruction. The rest of the book is devoted to the adventures of the wife and son, Lucretia and Varney; their villainies and their schemings to get back the lost estates, which result in their own ruin and in that of all connected with them.

We venture to predict that "Lucretia, &c." will not be a popular book.

---

*Arnold's Classical Series. D. Appleton & Co., New-York.*

We have received from *Nash & Woodhouse*, two or three numbers of this series of Classical School Books. They are by Thomas K. Arnold, A. M., and are founded on "the principles of imitation and frequent repetition," which are said to work wonderful effects in advancing the learner. Ollendorff, we believe, is the inventor of this system, which he applied very successfully to the teaching of the French, German and Italian.

"Some ten years ago, it seems, Captain Basil Hall, of famous memory, first found out how to learn German. He had tried it again and again, but always found it impracticable until he stumbled on Herr Ollendorff, who was teaching German at the time in Paris, and who led him along, not by the nose, but by the mouth, most gently and delectably, into a sufficient knowledge of that noblest of modern tongues. As the captain has always been distinguished for his gratitude, he repaid the skilful teacher a hundred fold, by a puff in 'Schloss Hainfeld,' that made him at once a man of notoriety and fortune."

The handsome American Edition of Arnold's Classical Series is Edited by the Rev. J. A. Spencer, of New York, a ripe scholar and experienced instructor. We are somewhat of the opinion that the cause of sound scholarship has been injured, by the numerous short methods and labor-savers of recent invention; but would not by any means impede the introduction of a real improvement. We would, therefore, specially recommend this series to the careful examination of teachers. It has already received very decided approbation from many of their honorable corps.

---

We have received from *Lea & Blanchard*, through *Nash and Woodhouse*, a copy of the *Rural Register and Almanac for* 1847.

It is a pamphlet of 140 12mo pages, filled with wood-cuts and useful agricultural and horticultural information.

---

*G. B. Zieber & Co., of Philadelphia*, seem to be devoting much attention to the preparation and publication of Illustrated Juvenile Works. They have recently sent us, through *J. W. Randolph & Co.*, the following:

*Mother Goose*, a new version of the Golden Egg fable;

*Robin Hood*, and

*Aladin, or the Wonderful Lamp.*

These are in quarto primers, with illustrations highly colored and not inexpressive. *J. W. Randolph & Co.*, have them.

---

*Lea & Blanchard* have added other numbers to their popular series of *Small Books on great subjects;* viz, a second part of the account of the *Greek Philosophy;* and "*the Christian Sects of the XIX Century.*" They have also sent us, through *Nash & Woodhouse*, the following:

*Songs and Ballads. By Samuel Lover.* The voices of too many maidens have rung these in the ears of our readers, to require more than an announcement of their appearance in this form.

*Christmas Stories, together with Pictures from Italy. By Dickens.* Containing in one volume, The *Christmas Carol, The Chimes*, and the *Cricket on the Hearth.* Mr. Dickens, in addition to the 3rd No. of Dombey & Son, which Lea & Blanchard are also publishing with illustrations, has put forth another Christmas work, which may soon be expected to make its appearance from several of our presses. It is entitled "*The Battle of Life. A Love-Story.*"

---

*Proposal for a National Rail Road to the Pacific Ocean, for the purpose of obtaining a short route to Oregon and the Indies. By George Wilkes.* We are not prepared to commit ourselves to this stupendous scheme; but admit a considerable leaning in its favor. Within their constitutional powers, we would be delighted to see Congress enter upon some magnificent enterprise, worthy of the resources and boasted dignity of the nation. We would hail with pride the erection of some noble monuments either to the genius of Commerce and convenience, or of Art and Science.

---

*The Chess Palladium and Mathematical Sphynx. Taylor & Co., Astor House, New York.* 1846-7. This is a monthly illustrated Magazine, devoted to the curiosities of Chess, and the ingenuities of Arithmetic, with problems, puzzles, &c. The subscription price is $2, a year. Dr. Roget of

England has invented the *Economic Chess-board*, provided with a complete set of Chess men, adapted for playing games in carriages or out of doors, and for folding up and carrying in the pocket without disturbing the game.

---

*The Albion* is a work of a peculiar character which gives it, in our estimation, a peculiar value. It combines all classes of intelligence, from every country, furnishes much entertaining and instructive literary matter of a high order, and is neutral as to all kinds of parties. The agent, *Mr. Stanton*, recently presented us with a copy of its Annual Premium Engraving, which is really an elegant one; being a large and beautifully executed full length portrait of her Britannic Majesty. Mr. S. has also a portrait, in similar style, of our own Franklin, and subscribers take their choice. It was said by Franklin, "'Seest thou a man diligent in business, he shall stand before kings: he shall not stand before mean men.' This is true. I have stood in the presence of five kings and once had the honor of dining with one." Here we find him still keeping Royal company. Such premiums are no small inducement to take the Albion, which, however, need none but its merits.

*Mr. Stanton* is also authorised to procure and receipt for new subscriptions to the Messenger.

---

*Nash & Woodhouse* have *Graham's Magazine*, for January, 1847, which, among its good things, contains the following Tribute to our Country, by her Poet Wm. Cullen Bryant.

"OH MOTHER OF A MIGHTY RACE!"

Oh mother of a mighty race,
Yet lovely in thy youthful grace!
The elder dames, thy haughty peers,
Admire and hate thy blooming years.
With words of shame
And taunts of scorn they join thy name.

For on thy cheek the glow is spread
That tints thy morning hills with red;
Thy step—the wild deer's rustling feet
Within thy woods are not more fleet;
Thy hopeful eye
Is bright as thine own sunny sky.

Aye, let them rail—those haughty ones—
While safe thou dwellest with thy sons.
They do not know how loved thou art,
How many a fond and fearless heart
Would rise to throw
Its life between thee and the foe.

They know not, in their hate and pride,
What virtues with thy children bide;
How true, how good, thy graceful maids
Make bright, like flowers, the valley shades;
What generous men
Spring, like thine oaks, by hill and glen.

What cordial welcomes greet the guest
By thy lone rivers of the west;
How faith is kept and truth revered,
And man is loved and God is feared
In woodland homes,
And where the solemn ocean foams.

There's freedom at thy gates, and rest,
For earth's down-trodden and opprest,
A shelter for the hunted head,
For the starved laborer toil and bread—
Power, at thy bounds,
Stops, and calls back his baffled hounds.

Oh fair young mother! on thy brow
Shall sit a nobler grace than now.
Deep in the brightness of thy skies
The thronging years in glory rise,
And, as they fleet,
Drop strength and riches at thy feet.

Thine eye, with every coming hour
Shall brighten, and thy form shall tower,
And when thy sisters, elder born,
Would brand thy name with words of scorn,
Before thine eye
Upon their lips the taunt shall die.

---

*English Reviews: Republications.*

*Leonard Scott & Co., of New York*, continue to republish as promptly, neatly and cheaply as ever. Blackwood and the English Quarterlies; the last numbers of which we have had the pleasure of receiving from the agent, *Mr. Gill*. It has been announced that he has merged his book store in that of *Nash & Woodhouse*, from which these excellent Republications will henceforth be obtained.

---

We are indebted to J. T. Fields, Esq., of Boston, for a copy of *Urania, a Rhymed Lesson. By Oliver Wendell Holmes*, and to Mr. *Headley* for a copy of his address, "*The One Progressive Principle.*" Besides which, we have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of various Periodicals, to which we wish abundant success, and of several Addresses, &c., for which the donors will accept our thanks, as such presents are always acceptable.

---

ITEMS.

Lady Blessington's last work, *Lionel Durhurst*, is said to be a decided failure. Mr. Thackeray, (Michael Angelo Titmarsh, author of "A Journey from Cornhill to Cairo," republished in the "Library of Choice Reading,") has in press, in England, two new works; one in monthly parts, and entitled *Vanity Fair, Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society*; the other is *Mrs. Perkins' Ball*; containing portraits and characters of some of the principal personages there, to be illustrated by 23 gorgeous plates of beauty, rank and fashion, containing 70 or 80 select portraits of the friends of Mrs. Perkins." Some of the disclosures, says the prospectus, will be likely to create a tremendous sensation in certain circles. * * * The Swedish Poet Tegner, Bishop of Wexio, is dead. * * * There is to be another volume of "the Doctor," made up of the papers left by Southey. * * * Peter Parley is in Paris, and, of course, "at home."

"M. Alexandre Vattemare is again about to visit the United States, the French Government having appropriated six thousand francs to defray his expenses. He will bring many rare and valuable books for the U. S., and for several of the States, Cities, &c. Among them is Denon's great work on Egypt, one of the most splendid, if not the most splendid work ever issued from the press."

Lord Campbell is preparing a second Series of his *Lives of the Chancellors of England*. The first series are announced for publication by Lea and Blanchard, and no doubt the second will also be reissued from our press. *Sir Francis Head's* "*Emigrant*," a work of considerable note at present, has just been republished by the Harpers, who have also recently issued Schiller's History of the Thirty Years' War, in English. A recent anonymous publication, *A New Timon; A Romance of London*, is said to be worthy of the old masters of the British Lyre. *Mrs. Sigourney* has a new work before the public.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1847.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.

## PREFATORY REMARKS BY THE EDITOR.

When it was first announced that the Messenger for 1847 would contain a History of Virginia, we had it chiefly in contemplation to continue the "Contributions" which we had commenced in our last volume.

For several years the History of our native State, the first and foremost of the Colonies, and of "The Old Thirteen," had presented to our mind a most inviting field, and we had resolved to occupy it. But it was due to the State, the subject and the reputation of an author, to bestow every pains to avoid a crude and hasty production. For we had very much the idea of Cervantes, that "it requires great judgment and a ripe understanding to compose histories: History is a sacred subject, because the soul of it is truth, and where truth is, there the divinity will reside;" and we had little patience with those "who compose and cast off books, as if they were tossing up a dish of pancakes."

To "compose and cast off a book" from the materials at hand, especially on our *Colonial* History, would have been an easy task; but this would not have gratified ambition, nor have been worthy of the theme. The only recourse left was to wait, until with information enlarged by study, views formed and confirmed by careful examination, and a consistency of purpose derived from a survey of the whole ground, the work could be undertaken with the prospect of executing it at least less unworthily.

In the meantime, but still in view of this ulterior design, the series of "*Contributions** to the History of Virginia" were commenced, with the hope that they might hereafter be corrected, improved and reproduced in a form which might be stamped with the title of

* If Dr. Hawks, the best historian of Virginia who has yet written, deemed it proper to style his work only "Contributions," it seemed much more becoming in us.

"A History." Whether this hope will ever be realized, Time must determine.

But we found by experience that the constant and multifarious duties of an editor were likely to produce interruptions in these "Contributions;" and had *felt* that unless the mind were in full possession of the whole scope of the subject, the danger of inaccuracy and inconsistency was greatly increased by writing in separate portions. Impressed with this disadvantage, and having promised to our readers a History of Virginia, we thought it best to try and secure the publication in the Messenger of the work of a friend, Mr. Charles Campbell, of Petersburg, and we found him ready, with great liberality, to second our views.

Mr. Campbell seems to have had an hereditary interest † in Virginia History; and for years has been zealously, almost enthusiastically, engaged in researches into it, blending with the subject enough of its antiquities to add a zest and ensure accuracy. He has visited and identified many of the most interesting localities and recalled their old associations; he has gathered many rare relics and other materials, and procured works difficult of access. From these and the ordinary sources, he has, after several years devoted to the task, produced a History of our State down to the close of the American Revolution. This work he has had by him in its finished state nearly two years, and has continued to revise and improve it. So that there is reason to expect that it will be the most interesting, authentic and instructive work on our History that has yet been presented to the Public. The author's diffidence and exalted idea of the aims and requisites of a literary work, claiming public favor, have been obstacles in the way of its earlier appearance. As it has been prepared with so much care, and comes down to so late a period, we believe that we shall render the public a service by promoting its publication; for it can be only a benefit to them to have as wide a range of selection and as extensive means of information as possible. There are at least two other Histories of Virginia now in progress; and we hope that they, too, will be issued from the press, as soon as they are sufficiently perfected.

Mr. Campbell's History can not fail to be a most acceptable offering to a very large number of our people. Of course, it will be to the residents of Virginia; especially to that large and respectable class who justly pride themselves upon their honorable connection with the past,—illustrated as it is by the deeds of their immediate ancestry. And this is applicable not only to "Old Virginia," but to Western Virginia, whose achievements are also embraced in the narrative of the author: Point Pleasant stands proudly by the side of the battle-fields of the East. There is another class to whom it cannot fail to be equally as acceptable; and in part, for the same reasons. Every State in the Union numbers among her sons,—many among their most distinguished sons,—natives of the "Old Dominion," whose hearts never will, never can forget her. It has been our lot to meet many such in various States of the Union, and we have ever received conclusive proof of their unaltered devotion to their native State.

This work may also be welcomed by the citizens of every State in the confederacy, because Virginia was the first Colony planted by England in America; and however we may differ now as to her relative position among her sister and her daughter States, yet up to the close of the history before us, and for years afterwards, she enjoyed and was entitled to marked preeminence. For our own part, we believe that in most respects,—and those of the higher order in reference to national grandeur,—her position is as honorable as ever; though an undue estimate of physical or material progress may have led others to a conclusion so opposite. To these, especially, we recommend the study of our history, that the contemplation of what Virginia has been and what she has done, may at least soften,—if it do not silence,—the aspersions cast upon her. At the same time, every one of her sons should strive to make her present and future renown worthy of that which certainly crowns her in the past.

*Richmond, January* 23, 1847.

† His father also wrote a brief History of Virginia.

# HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

## CHAPTER I.

### 1492–1591.

Early voyages of Discovery; Madoc; The Northmen; Columbus; John Cabot; Sebastian Cabot; Sir Humphrey Gilbert; Walter Raleigh; Expedition of Amidas and Barlow; They land on Wococon Island; They return to England; The new country named Virginia; Grenville's Expedition; Colony of Roanoke; Lane Governor; The Colony abandoned; Tobacco; Grenville returns to Virginia; Leaves a small Colony at Roanoke; Sir Walter Raleigh sends out another Expedition; City of Raleigh Chartered; White Governor; Roanoke found deserted; Virginia Dare, first child born in the Colony; White returns for supplies; The Armada; Raleigh assigns the Colony to a Company; White returns to Virginia; Finds the Colony extinct; Death of Sir Richard Grenville.

The discoveries attributed to Madoc, the Welsh prince, have afforded a theme for the creations of poetry; those of the Northmen of Iceland, better authenticated, still engage the dim researches of antiquarian curiosity. The glory of having made the first certain discovery of the New World, belongs to Columbus. It was, however, the good fortune of the Cabots, to be the first who actually reached the main land. It was in 1492, that the Genoese navigator first landed on the shores of St. Salvador. [1497.] Giovanni Gaboto, in English, John Cabot, a Venetian merchant, resident at Bristol, with his son, Sebastian, a native of that city, having obtained a patent from Henry VII., sailed under his flag and discovered the main continent of America, amid the inhospitable rigors of the wintry North. It was more than a year subsequent, that Columbus, in his third voyage, set his foot on the main land of the South. [1498.] Sebastian Cabot again crossed the Atlantic and coasted from the 58th degree of North latitude, along the shores of the United States, perhaps as far as to the Southern boundary of Maryland.

Portuguese, French and Spanish navigators now visited North America, with what motives, adventures and success, it is not necessary to relate here. [1583.] Sir Humphrey Gilbert, commissioned by Queen Elizabeth and assisted by his half-brother, Walter Raleigh, fitted out a small fleet and made a voyage to Newfoundland, where he landed and took formal possession of the country. This intrepid navigator embarking to return in the Squirrel, a vessel of only ten tons, was lost in a storm. When last seen by the company of the Hind, Sir Humphrey, although surrounded by imminent perils, was seated calmly on deck, with a book in his hand, and was heard to exclaim, "Be of good cheer, my friends, it is as near to Heaven by sea as by land."

Not daunted by the fate of his heroic kinsman, Raleigh persisted in the design of effecting a settlement in America, and being now high in the Queen's favor, obtained letters patent for that purpose, dated March 25th, 1584. Aided by some gentlemen and merchants, particularly by his gallant kinsmen, Sir Richard Grenville, and Mr. William Sanderson who had married his niece, Raleigh succeeded in providing two small vessels. These were put under command of Captains Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow. Barlow had already served with distinction under Raleigh in Ireland. The two vessels left the Thames on the 27th of April, 1584. Pursuing the old circuitous route by the Canaries, they reached the West Indies. After a short stay there, they sailed North, and early in July, as they approached the coast of Florida, the mariners were regaled with the odors of a thousand flowers wafted from the fragrant shore. Amidas and Barlow, passing one hundred and twenty miles farther, landed on the island of Wococon, * in the stormy re-

* See in "Memorials of North Carolina," by J. Seawell Jones, a graphic description of this island, and of the circumstances of the landing there. This writer, who evinces

gion of Cape Hatteras, one of a long series of narrow, low, sandy islands, which seem like breast-works to defend the main land from the fury of the ocean. The English took possession of the country in the Queen's name. The valleys were wooded with tall cedars, overrun with vines hung in rich festoons, the grapes clustering in profusion on the ground and trailing in the sea. For two days no inhabitant was seen; on the third a canoe with three men approached. One of them was readily persuaded to come aboard, when some presents gained his confidence. Going away he began to fish, and having loaded his canoe returned, and dividing his cargo into two parts, signified that one was for the ship, the other for the pinnace. On the next day they received a visit from some canoes, in which were forty or fifty men, amongst whom was Granganameo, the King's brother. The King, Wingina, himself lay at his chief town, six miles distant, confined by severe wounds received in a recent battle. Here the English were hospitably entertained by the wife of Granganameo. She was small, pretty and bashful, clothed in a leathern mantle with the fur turned in; her long black hair was restrained by a band of white coral; strings of pearl hung from her ears and reached to her waist. The disposition of the natives seemed gentle, their manners easy; presents and traffic soon conciliated their good will. The country was called Wingandacoa; the soil was found rich; the air mild and salubrious; the forests abounded with a variety of "sweet-smelling trees" and oaks superior in size to those of England. Fruits, melons, nuts and esculent roots were observed; the woods were stocked with game and the waters with innumerable fish and wild fowl. After having examined as much of the interior as their time would permit, Amidas and Barlow sailed homeward, accompanied by two of the natives, Manteo and Wanchese. Queen Elizabeth, charmed with the glowing descriptions of the new country, which the enthusiastic adventurers gave her on their return, named it, in allusion to her own state of life, VIRGINIA.* Raleigh was shortly after returned to parliament from the county of Devon and about the same period knighted. The Queen granted him also a patent to license the vending of wines throughout the kingdom. Such a monopoly was part of the arbitrary system of that day. Nor was Sir Walter unconscious of its injustice, for when some years afterwards a spirit of resistance to it showed itself in the House of Commons, and a member was warmly inveighing against it, Sir Walter was observed to blush. Yet he voted for the abolition of such monopolies, and no one could have made a more munificent use of such emoluments, than he did in carrying out his grand schemes of the discovery and colonization of Virginia.

[1585.] He fitted out a fleet of seven vessels for that country, and entrusted the command of it to his relative, Sir Richard Grenville. This gallant officer had, like the celebrated Cervantes, shared in the famous battle of Lepanto, and after distinguishing himself by his conduct during the Irish rebellion, had become a conspicuous member of parliament. Grenville was accompanied by Thomas Candish, or Cavendish, afterwards renowned as a circumnavigator of the globe—Thomas Hariot, a friend of Raleigh and a profound mathematician, and John With, an artist, whose pencil supplied materials for the illustration of the works of De Bry and Beverley. On the 26th of June, the fleet anchored at Wococon, but the navigation there being found too perilous, they proceeded through Ocracock inlet to the island of Roanoke, (at the mouth of Albemarle Sound,) which they selected as the seat of the Colony. The colonists one hundred and eight in number were landed. Manteo, who had returned with them, had already been sent from Wococon, to announce their arrival to his king, Wingina. Grenville, accompanied by Lane, Hariot, Cavendish and others, explored the coast for eighty miles southward, to the town of Secotan, in the present county of Craven,

a fine genius, vindicates his native State, against what he conceived to be the unjust and arrogant claims of Virginia. His argument would have lost none of its force by the omission of the splenetic and invidious remarks in which he indulges. There is no real ground of jealousy between these two States. The recollections of Sir Walter Raleigh's Colony belong equally to both.

* Stith's History of Virginia, 11. Tytler's Life of Sir Walter Raleigh: Edit. in Greenbank's Periodical Lib. Bancroft's History of the United States, 1 cap. 1, 2, 3. Beverley's History of Virginia, B. 1, p. 2. Smith's History of Virginia, B. 1, p. 79-85. Early History of Rhode Island, 179-181.

Mazzei's account of the early settlement of Virginia in the commencement of his Recherches sur les Etats-Unis abounds in errors. Yet this work was written expressly for the purpose of correcting the errors of other writers.

North Carolina. During this excursion, the Indians at a village called Aquascogoc, stole a silver cup. A boat being despatched to reclaim it, the astonished inhabitants fled to the woods, and the English, regardless at once of the dictates of prudence and humanity, burnt the town and destroyed the standing corn. Grenville in a short time re-embarked for England with a valuable cargo of skins and furs, and on his voyage captured a rich Spanish prize.

Lane now extended his discoveries to the Northward, as far as the town of Chesapeakes, on Elizabeth river, near where Norfolk now stands, and about one hundred and thirty miles from the island of Roanoke. The Chowan river was also explored, and a voyage was made up the Roanoke, then known as the Moratoc. Lane, although a good soldier, seems to have wanted some of the qualities indispensable in the founder of a new plantation. The Indians grew more hostile, conspiracies were entered into for the destruction of the whites, and the rash and bloody measures employed to defeat their machinations, only aggravated the mischief. The colonists, filled with alarm, became impatient to escape from a scene of so many privations and so much danger. In this critical juncture, Sir Francis Drake arrived with a fleet of twenty-three sail. This celebrated navigator, returning from a long cruise, in part privateering, in part exploring, anchored near Roanoke, to enquire into the welfare of the plantation of his friend, Sir Walter Raleigh. Drake furnished Lane with vessels and supplies amply sufficient to complete the discovery of the country and to ensure a safe return home, should that alternative be found necessary. A violent storm raging for four days, dispersed and shattered Drake's fleet and destroyed the vessels that had been assigned to Lane. The tempest at length subsiding, Drake generously offered Lane another ship, with supplies. But the governor, acquiescing in the unanimous desire of the colonists, requested permission for them all to embark in the fleet and return to England. The request was granted, and thus ended the first actual settlement of the English in America.

During the year which the Colony had passed at Roanoke, With had made drawings from nature illustrative of the appearance and habits of the natives. Hariot had accurately observed the soil and productions of the country, an account of which he afterwards published.* He, Lane, and some other of the Colonists had learned from the Indians the use of a narcotic plant, called by them Uppowoc, by the Europeans, tobacco. The natives smoked it; sprinkled the dust of it on their fishing weirs, to make them fortunate; burnt it in sacrifices to appease the anger of the gods, and scattered it in the air and on the water, to allay the fury of the tempest. Lane carried back some tobacco to England, supposed to be the first ever introduced into that kingdom.† Sir Walter Raleigh by his example soon rendered the use of this seductive leaf fashionable at court. His tobacco-box and pipes were long preserved in England by the curiosity of antiquaries. It is related that he made a wager with the Queen, that he could calculate the weight of the smoke evaporated from a pipefull of tobacco. This he easily won, by first weighing the tobacco and then the ashes, when the queen agreed, that the difference must have gone off in smoke. Upon paying the guineas, Elizabeth gaily remarked, that "she had heard of many workers in the fire, that had turned their gold into smoke, but that Sir Walter was the first that had turned his smoke into gold." Another anecdote is, that a country servant of Raleigh's bringing him a tankard of ale and nutmeg into his study, as he was intently reading and smoking, was so alarmed at seeing clouds of smoke issuing from his master's mouth, that he ran down stairs, crying out that Sir Walter was on fire.

Sir Walter Raleigh never visited Virginia, although it has been so represented by several writers. Had he in person undertaken the plantation of the Colony, it would probably have been managed with more prudence and crowned with better success.

Drake's fleet had hardly lost sight of the coast before a vessel arrived at Roanoke with supplies for the Colony. Finding it abandoned she sailed for England.

Within a fortnight after, Sir Richard Grenville, with three relief vessels, fitted out prin-

* "A True Report of the New-foundland of Virginia." The name of the author is properly Heriot, but Hariot is more commonly used.

† See Mrs. Thompson's Life of Raleigh, in Appendix.

cipally by Raleigh, arrived off Virginia. Grenville unwilling that the English should lose possession of the country, left fifteen men on the island of Roanoke with provisions for two years.

No disappointment could abate the indomitable resolution of Raleigh. During the ensuing year, 1587, he sent out a new expedition of three vessels, to establish a Colony, which he chartered by the name of "The Governor and assistants of the city of Raleigh in Virginia." John White was sent out as Governor with twelve counsellors, and they were directed to establish themselves at the town of Chesapeakes, on Elizabeth River.* Arriving at Roanoke near the end of July, White found the Colony deserted, human bones scattered on the beach, the fort rased, and deer couching in the ruinous cabins, or feeding on the vegetation which had overgrown the floor and crept up the walls.

Raleigh's judicious order, instructing White to plant the Colony on the banks of Elizabeth river, was not carried into effect, owing to the refusal of Ferdinando, the naval officer, to assist in exploring the country for that purpose. An English sailor being slain by the savages, a party was despatched to avenge his death, and by mistake unfortunately killed several of a friendly tribe. Manteo, by Raleigh's direction, was christened and created Lord of Roanoke and Dassamonpeake. On the 18th of August, the governor's daughter, Eleanor, wife to Ananias Dare, one of the council, gave birth to a daughter, the first christian child born in the country, and hence named *Virginia.* Dissensions now arose among the settlers, and although they were not in want of stores, some demanded permission to go home; others violently opposed; at last, however, all joined in requesting the governor to sail for England and return with supplies. To this he reluctantly consented, and leaving Roanoke on the 27th of August, 1587, where he left eighty-nine men, seventeen women and eleven children, he arrived in England on the 5th of November. He found the kingdom wholly engrossed in taking measures of defence against the threatened invasion of the Spanish Armada. Raleigh, Grenville, and Lane, were assisting Elizabeth in her council of war. The conjuncture was most unpropitious to the interests of the infant Colony. Raleigh nevertheless found time even in this portentous crisis of public affairs to despatch White with supplies in two vessels. But the company, running after prizes, encountered privateers, and after a bloody engagement, White's vessels were so disabled and plundered as to be obliged to put back to England, whilst it was impossible to refit, owing to the urgency of more important matters.

But even after the destruction of the Armada, Sir Walter Raleigh found it impracticable to prosecute any further his favorite design of establishing a Colony in Virginia. [1589.] He formed a company of merchants and adventurers and assigned to it his proprietary rights.* In this company were Thomas Smith a wealthy London merchant, afterwards knighted, and Richard Hakluyt, Dean of Westminster, and the compiler of a celebrated collection of voyages. Raleigh, at the time of making this assignment, gave a hundred pounds for propagating Christianity among the natives of Virginia. After experiencing a long series of vexations, difficulties and disappointments, he had expended forty thousand pounds in efforts for planting a Colony in America. At length disengaged from this enterprise, he indulged his martial genius, and bent all his energies against the colossal ambition of Spain, who now aspired to overshadow the world.

More than another year was suffered to elapse, before White returned to search for the long neglected Colony. He had now been absent from it for three years, and felt the solicitude not only of a governor, but also of a parent. Upon his departure from Roanoke, it had been concerted between him and the settlers, that if they should abandon that island for another seat, they should carve the name of the place to which they should remove, on some conspicuous object, and if they went away in distress, a cross should be carved above the name. Upon his arrival at Roanoke, White found not one of the Colonists;—the houses had been dismantled and

* Stith, 23. Tytler's Raleigh, 23. Oldy's Raleigh, 74. Bancroft's Hist. U. S. 1., cap. 3.

* "Le Colonel Richard Bland dans sa dissertation pleine de sens et d'erudition, sur les droits des Colonies, imprimée en Virginie en 1766, dit que Raleigh renonça à ses droits et ne parle d'aucune exception." Recherches sur les Etats-Unis, (by Mazzei,) v. 1., p. 9.

a fort erected; goods had been buried in the earth and in part disinterred and scattered;—on a post within the fort the word CROATAN was carved without, however, a cross above it.

The weather proving stormy, seven of the company were lost by the capsizing of a boat, the stock of provisions grew short, and no further search was then made for the unfortunate Colonists. None of them ever was found, and whether they perished by famine or by the Indian tomahawk, was left a subject of mournful conjecture. The site of the Colony was unfortunate, being difficult of access and near the stormy Cape Hatteras, whose very name is synonymous with danger and shipwreck. Thus after many nobly planned but unhappily conducted expeditions, and enormous expense of life and treasure, the first plantation of Virginia became extinct.

[1591.] Sir Richard Grenville fell in a bloody action with a Spanish fleet near the Azores. Mortally wounded, he was removed on board one of the enemy's ships and in two days died. In the hour of his death, he said in the Spanish language to those around him:—"Here I, Richard Grenville, die with a joyous and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do, fighting for his country, queen, religion and honor, my soul willingly departing from this body, leaving behind the lasting fame of having behaved as every valiant soldier is in his duty bound to do."* This gallant knight was next to his kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh, the principal person concerned in the first settlement of Virginia.†

## CHAPTER II.

### 1591—1604.

Gosnold's Voyage to New England; Early Life and Adventures of Captain John Smith; Born at Willoughby; At thirteen years of age undertakes to go to sea; At fifteen apprentice to a merchant; Visits France; Studies the military art; Serves in the Low countries; Repairs to Scotland; Returns to Willoughby; Studies and exercises; adventures in France; Embarks for Italy; Thrown into the sea; His escape; Joins the Austrians in the war with the Turks; His gallantry; Combat with three Turks; Made prisoner at Rottenton; His sufferings and escape; Voyages and Travels; Returns to England.

[1602.] Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, deviating from the oblique route by the Canaries and the West Indies, made a direct voyage in a small bark across the Atlantic, and in seven weeks reached Massachusetts Bay. It was on this occasion, that Englishmen for the first time landed on the soil of New England. Gosnold returned to England in a short passage of five weeks. In these early voyages, the heroism of the navigators is the more admirable, when we advert to the extremely small burthen of their vessels and the imperfection of nautical science at that day.

[1606.] Measures were taken in England for planting another Colony, But preliminary to a relation of the settlement of Virginia proper, it is necessary to give some history of Captain John Smith, "the father of the Colony."

He was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire, England, in 1579, being descended, on his father's side, from an ancient family of Crudley, in Lancashire, on his mother's, from the Rickands at Great Heck, in Yorkshire.* He was educated at the free schools of Alford and Louth. At the age of thirteen, his mind being bent upon bold adventures, he sold his satchel, books and all he had, intending to go privately to sea. His father's death occurring just then, prevented the execution of that scheme. Having before lost his mother, he was now left an orphan with a competent estate, which, however, being too young to receive, he little regarded. At fifteen he was bound apprentice to Thomas Sendall of Linn, "the greatest merchant of all those parts." But in a little time, disgusted with the monotony of that life, he quit it and accompanied a son of Lord Willoughby to France. There he began to learn the military art, and afterwards served some years in the Low countries. Thence he embarked for Scotland, with letters recommending him to the notice

* Camden, quoted by Barrow in his Life of Sir Francis Drake, 169. The dying words of Grenville may recall to mind those of Campbell's Lochiel:

> "And leaving in death no blot on my name,
> Look proudly to heaven from a death-bed of fame."

† Stith's Hist. of Va., 29. Tytler's Raleigh, 18.

* Smith's Hist. of Va. I., 1-54. "The Trve Travells, Adventures and Observations of Captaine Iohn Smith." Hillard's Life of Smith in Sparks' American Biography.

of King James VI. After suffering illness and shipwreck, Smith reached Scotland; but finding himself without money or means necessary to make himself a courtier, he returned to his native place, Willoughby. There, indulging a romantic taste, he built for himself a lodge in a neighboring forest, where he studied military history and tactics, and amused his leisure with hunting and horsemanship. In this retreat he was visited by an Italian gentleman in the service of the Earl of Lincoln, who persuaded him to return into the world, and he now repaired once more to the Low countries. Having made himself master of horsemanship and the use of arms, Smith resolved to try his fortune against the Turks. Proceeding to St. Valery, in France, his trunks were plundered by some French gallants, and he was forced to sell his cloak to pay his passage. Wandering in France he experienced extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune. Walking one day in a forest, worn out with distress and fatigue, he fell prostrate on the ground by the side of a fountain, scarcely hoping ever to rise again. Found in this condition by a humane farmer, his necessities were relieved and he was enabled to pursue his journey. At another time he met in a grove one of the Frenchmen who had robbed him. Without a word on either side they drew their swords and fought. The Frenchman soon fell, but confessing his guilt, Smith, though hurt in the rencontre, spared his life.

Aided by the liberality of a former acquaintance, "the Earl of Ployer," he went to Marseilles and embarked in a vessel crowded with pilgrims bound for Rome. On the voyage, the weather proving stormy, the pilgrims, with bitter imprecations against Queen Elizabeth and Smith, cast him as a heretic into the sea, in order to propitiate Heaven. He saved himself by swimming to the islet of St. Mary, (opposite Nice, in Savoy,) which he found inhabited only by a few cattle and goats. On the next day he was taken up by a French ship, the Captain of which proving to be a friend of "the Earl of Ployer," entertained him kindly. With him Smith visited Alexandria in Egypt, Scanderoon, the Archipelago, and coast of Greece. During the cruise, a Venetian argosy was captured after a desperate action, in which Smith displayed signal courage. He landed in Piedmont with five hundred sequins and a box of jewels, his share of the prize. In Italy he met with Lord Willoughby and his brother, both recently wounded in a duel. At Rome he saw the Pope, and surveyed the wonders of the imperial city. Embarking at Venice, he crossed over to the wild regions of Albania and Dalmatia. Visiting next Gratz, in Styria, he met there the archduke Ferdinand, and joining a German regiment, engaged in the war with the Turks. At the siege of Olympack and of Stowle Wessenburg, in 1601, Smith distinguished himself as a volunteer in the artillery service. For his good conduct he was put in command of two hundred and fifty horse under Count Meldritch. In the Battle of Girke he had a horse killed under him, and was badly wounded. At the siege of Regal he encountered and slew in a tournament three several Turkish champions, Turbashaw, Grualgo, and Bonny Mulgro. For these exploits he was honored with a triumphal procession, in which the three Turks' heads were borne on lances. A horse richly caparisoned was presented to him with a cimeter and belt worth three hundred ducats, and he was promoted to the rank of Major. In the bloody battle of Rottenton he was wounded and made prisoner. With such of the prisoners as escaped massacre, he was sold into slavery at Axiopolis and fell into the hands of the Bashaw Bogall, who sent him by way of Adrianople to Constantinople, a present to his youthful mistress, Charatza Tragabigzanda. Captivated with her prisoner, she treated him tenderly, and to prevent his being sold again, sent him to remain for a time with her brother, the Tymour Bashaw of Nalbritz, in Tartary. He occupied a stone castle near the sea of Azof. Immediately on Smith's arrival his head was shaved, an iron collar rivetted on his neck, and he was clothed in hair-cloth. Here long he suffered cruel bondage. At length one day while threshing in a barn, the Bashaw having cruelly beaten and reviled him, he turned and slew him on the spot with the threshing bat, then put on his clothes, hid his body in the straw, filled a sack with corn, closed the doors, mounted the Bashaw's horse and rode off. After wandering for some days he fell in with a highway, and observing that the roads leading towards Russia were indicated by a cross, he followed that sign, and

in sixteen days reached Ecopolis, a Russian frontier post on the Don. The governor there took off his irons, and he was kindly treated by him and the lady Callamata. Passing through Russia and Poland, he returned to Transylvania, in December, 1603. Here he met many friends and enjoyed so much happiness, that nothing less than his desire to revisit his native country could have torn him away. Proceeding through Hungary, Moravia and Bohemia, he went to Leipsic, where he found Prince Sigismund, who gave him fifteen hundred golden ducats to repair his losses. Travelling through Germany, France and Spain, from Gibraltar he sailed for Tangier, in Africa, and to the city of Morocco. Taking passage in a French man-of-war, he was present in a terrible sea-fight with two Spanish ships, and after touching at Santa Cruz, Cape Goa and Mogadore, he finally returned to England about the year 1604.

## CHAPTER III.

### 1604—1607.

Gosnold, Smith and others set on foot another expedition; James I. issues Letters patent; Instructions for government of the Colony; Charter granted to London Company for First Colony of Virginia; Sir Thomas Smith Treasurer; Government of the Colony; Three vessels under Newport sail for Virginia; The voyage; Enter Chesapeake Bay; Ascend the James river; The English entertained by the Chief of the Quiyoughcohanocks; Landing at Jamestown; Wingfield President; Smith excluded from the council.

Bartholomew Gosnold was the prime mover, and Captain John Smith the chief actor in the settlement of Virginia. Gosnold,* who had already made a voyage to New England, in 1602, for many years fruitlessly labored to set on foot an expedition for that purpose. At length he was reinforced in his efforts by Captain Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, a merchant, Robert Hunt, a clergyman, and others, and by their united exertions, certain of the nobility, gentry and merchants became interested in the project, and King James the first, who, in 1603, had succeeded Elizabeth, was induced to lend it his countenance.†

April 10th, 1606, letters patent were issued authorizing the establishment of two Colonies in Virginia and other parts of America. All the country from 34 to 45 degrees of North latitude, then known as Virginia, was divided into two colonies, the first, or Southern, and the second, or Northern. The Southern colony was appropriated to London, and the plantation of it was entrusted to Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, knights, Richard Hackluyt clerk, prebendary of Westminster, Edward Maria Wingfield and some others. It was provided that the Colony should have a council of its own, subject to a superior council in England. The inferior council was authorized to search for and dig mines, coin money, carry over adventurers and repel intruders. Revenue duties were imposed, the colonists invested with the privileges of English subjects, and the lands granted to settlers in free and common soccage.* On the 20th of November, 1606, instructions were given by the Crown for the government of the two Colonies, directing that the council in England should be appointed by the Crown, the local council by the superior one in England, the local council to choose a President annually from its own body, the Christian religion to be preached, lands to descend as in England, the trial by jury secured in criminal causes, and the council empowered to determine all civil actions, all produce and goods imported to be stored in magazines, a clerk and treasurer, or Cape Merchant to be appointed for the colony. The stockholders, styled adventurers, were authorized to organize a company for the management of the business of the colony, and to superintend the proceedings of the local council. The Colonists were enjoined to treat the natives with kindness, and to endeavor by all means to convert them to Christianity.‡ March 9th, 1607, the general council was enlarged and further instructions given for its government. May 23rd, a charter was granted to the treasurer and company of adventurers for the city of London for the first Colony of Virginia. To this company was granted all the land in that part of America called Virginia, from Point Comfort along from the sea-coast to the Northward two hundred miles, and to

* Stith, 30.
† Smith, Vol. I, p. 149.

* Hening's Statutes at Large, Vol. I, p. 57.
‡ I Hen., 67. Stith 30, and Appendix 2.

the Southward two hundred miles up into the land from sea to sea West and Northwest. The council in England was authorized to establish forms of government for the Colony, and the governor was empowered, in case of rebellion, or mutiny, to enforce martial law, and the oath of supremacy was required to be taken by the Colonists. For the rest, the provisions of the letters patent granted to Sir Thomas Gates were generally re-enacted.* Sir Thomas Smith was appointed Treasurer of the company in England, and the chief management of their affairs was entrusted to him. He was an eminent London merchant, had been chief of Sir Walter Raleigh's assignees, was about this time governor of the East India Company, and had been ambassador to Russia.†

The frame of government provided for the new Colony was cumbrous and complicated. The legislative and administrative powers were so distributed between the local council, the Crown and the company, as to involve delay, uncertainty, conflict and irresponsibility. The Colonists, by the words of the charter, were invested with the rights of Englishmen; yet as far as political rights were concerned, there being no security provided by which they could be vindicated, they might often prove to be of no more real value than the parchment on which they were written. Yet the government of an infant colony must of necessity be for the most part arbitrary. The political rights of the colonists must for a time lie in abeyance. The civil rights of the Virginia colonists were protected by the trial by jury, and lands were held by a free tenure.

After long delay three vessels were equipped for the expedition, one of twenty tons, one of forty, the third of one hundred. They were commanded by Captain Christopher Newport, a navigator experienced in voyages to the New world. Orders were put on board, enclosed in a sealed box, not to be opened until their arrival in Virginia. They set sail on the 19th of December, 1606, from Blackwall. For six weeks head-winds detained them in the Downs, within view of the English coast. During this interval, disorder threatening a mutiny, prevailed among the adventurers. However it was suppressed by the interposition of the clergyman, Mr. Hunt. The winds at length proving favorable, the little fleet proceeded along the old route, by the Canaries, to the West Indies, and after passing three weeks there, sailed in quest of the island of Roanoke. Having exceeded their reckoning three days, without finding land, the crew grew impatient, and Ratcliffe, captain of the pinnace, proposed to steer back for England. At this conjuncture, a violent storm providentially drove them into the mouth of Chesapeake bay. The first land they came in sight of, April 26, 1607, they called Cape Henry, in honor of the prince of Wales, eldest son of king James.* A party of thirty landing, found "flowers of divers kinds and colors and goodly trees." While recreating themselves on the shore, they were assaulted by five of the savages, who came "creeping upon all fours from the hills, like bears," and wounded two, but retired at the discharge of muskets.†

That night the sealed box was opened, when it appeared that the members of council appointed, were Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward Maria Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliffe, John Martin and George Kendall. They were instructed to elect out of their own number a president for one year. He and the council together were invested with the government. Affairs of moment were to be examined by a jury, but determined by the council.

Seventeen days were spent in quest of a place for the settlement. A point, at the entrance of the Chesapeake bay, they named Point Comfort, because they found a good harbor there, which, after the late storm, "put them in good comfort." Landing there April 30th, they saw five Indians, who were at first alarmed, but seeing Captain Newport lay his hand upon his heart, they came boldly up and invited the strangers to Kecoughtan (Hampton) their town. There the English were entertained with corn-bread, tobacco and pipes and a dance. May 4th, they were kindly received by the Paspaheghs. The

* Stith, Appendix 8. I Hen., 76.

† Stith, 42.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 151. Cape Charles was called after the King's second son, then Duke of York, afterwards Charles I.

† Narrative (in 4 Purchas' Pilgrims, p. 1685.) by George Percy, brother of the Earl of Northumberland and one of the first expedition. See Hillard's Life of Smith, in Sparks' Amer. Biog. 211 and 214, in note. Hillard in the main follows Stith.

chief of a neighboring tribe * sent a guide to conduct them to his habitation, and stood on the bank of the river to meet them when they landed, "with all his train," (says Percy,) "as goodly men as any I have seen of savages or Christians, the Werowance † coming before them playing on a flute made of a reed, with a crown of deer's hair, colored red, in fashion of a rose, fastened about his knot of hair, and a great plate of copper on the other side of his head, with two long feathers, in fashion of a pair of horns, placed in the midst of his crown. His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue, besprinkled with silver ore, as we thought; his ears all behung with bracelets of pearl and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold. He entertained us in so modest a proud fashion, as though he had been a prince of civil government, holding his countenance without laughter or any such ill behavior. He caused his mat to be spread on the ground, where he sate down with a great majesty, taking a pipe of tobacco, the rest of his company standing about him. After he had rested awhile, he rose and made signs to us to come to his town. He went foremost and all the rest of his people and ourselves followed him up a steep hill, where his palace was settled. We passed through the woods in fine paths, having most pleasant springs, which issued from the mountains. We also went through the goodliest corn-fields that ever were seen in any country. When we came to Rappohanna town he entertained us in good humanity."

When this hospitable, unsophisticated chief was piping a welcome to the English, how little did he anticipate the scenes which were to ensue!

On the 8th of May, they went further up the river to the country of the Appomattocks, who came forth to meet them "with bows and arrows in a most warlike manner, with the swords at their backs, beset with sharp stones and pieces of iron able to cleave a man in sunder." The English making signs of peace, were suffered to land unmolested.*

At length they selected for the site of the Colony, a peninsula on the North side of the James river and about forty miles from its mouth. In honor of the reigning king, they named it Jamestown. It belonged to the country of the Paspaheghs. The situation eligible in some points, was, however, extremely unhealthy. They landed at Jamestown on the 13th day of May, 1607. This was the first permanent settlement effected by the English in North America, after the lapse of one hundred and ten years from the discovery of the Continent by the Cabots, and twenty-two years after the first attempt to colonize it, made under the auspices of Walter Raleigh.

Upon landing, the council took the oath of office; Edward Maria Wingfield, a London merchant, † was elected President,—the first executive officer in Virginia. Thomas Studley was made cape merchant or treasurer of the Colony. Smith was excluded from his seat in the council, upon some false pretences.

---

## CHAPTER IV.

### 1607—1608.

Newport and Smith with a party explore the James to the Falls; Powhatan; Jamestown assaulted by Indians; Smith's Voyages up the Chickahominy; Murmurs against him; Again explores the Chickahominy; Made prisoner; Carried captive through the country; Taken to Werowocomoco; Rescued by Pocahontas; Returns to Jamestown; Fire there; Rage for gold-hunting; Newport visits Powhatan; Newport's departure; Affairs at Jamestown.

All hands now fell to work; the council planning a fort, the rest clearing ground for pitching tents, preparing clapboard for freighting the vessels, laying off gardens, weaving fish-nets, &c.

The Indians frequently visited them in a friendly way. The President's overweening jealousy would allow no military exercise or fortification, save the boughs of trees, thrown together in a half-moon, by the energy of Cap-

* Called by Percy, in his Narrative, Rappahannas, but as no such tribe is mentioned by Smith as being found near the James river, they were probably the Quiyoughcohannocks, who dwelt on the North side of the river, about ten miles above Jamestown.—*Smith, vol.* 1, *p.* 140–1.

† Chief.

* Percy's Narrative.

† Hillard's Life of Smith. 2 Sparks' Amer. Biog. 209.

tain Kendall. April 22nd, Newport, Smith and twenty others were despatched to discover the head of the river on which they were seated,—called by the Indians Powhatan, by the English the James. The natives every where received them kindly, dancing and feasting them with bread, fish, strawberries, mulberries, &c., for which Newport requited them with bells, pins, needles, beads and looking-glasses, which so pleased them, that they followed the strangers from place to place. In six days they reached a town called Powhatan, one of the seats of the great chief of that name, whom they found there. It consisted of twelve wigwams, pleasantly seated on a bold range of hills overlooking the river, with three islets in front, and many corn fields around. This picturesque spot lies on the North bank of the river, about a mile below the falls, and still bears the name of Powhatan.* The party visited the falls and erected a cross there, to indicate the furtherest point of discovery.† Newport presented Powhatan with a gown and a hatchet. Upon their return, at Weyanoke, within twenty miles of Jamestown, the Indians first gave cause for distrust. Arriving at Jamestown the next day, they found seventeen men, including the greater part of the council, wounded and a boy slain by the savages. During the assault, a cross-bar shot from one of the vessels, struck down a bough of a tree amongst them and made them retire. But for that, all the settlers would probably have been massacred, as they were planting corn in security without arms. Wingfield now consented that the fort should be palisaded, cannon mounted, and the men armed and exercised. The attacks and ambuscades of the natives were frequent, and the English, by their careless straggling, were often wounded, while the fleet-footed savages easily escaped.

Thus the Colonists endured continual hardships, guarding the workmen by day and keeping watch by night. Six weeks being thus spent, Newport was now about to return to England. Now ever since their departure from the Canaries, Smith had been in a sort of duress upon the scandalous charges of some of the leading men in the expedition. Envying his superiority, they gave out that he was meditating to usurp the government, murder the council and make himself king; that his confederates were dispersed in the three vessels, and that divers of them who had revealed it, would now confirm it. Upon these accusations, Smith had been arrested, and had now lain for more than three months under these suspicions. Newport being about to embark for England, Smith's accusers affected through pity to refer him to the council in England, rather than overwhelm him on the spot, by an exposure of his criminal designs. Smith, however, defied their malice, defeated their machinations, and so bore himself in the whole affair, that all saw his innocency and the malignity of his enemies. Those suborned to accuse him, charged his enemies with subornation of perjury. Kendall, the chief of them, was adjudged to pay him two hundred pounds in damages, which, however, Smith at once contributed to the common stock of the colony. During these disputes, Hunt,* the chaplain, used his exertions to reconcile the parties, and at his instance, Smith was admitted into the council on the 14th day of June, and on the next day they all received the communion.† On the 16th, the Indians sued for peace, and on the 22nd Newport weighed anchor, leaving at Jamestown one hundred settlers with provision for more than three months.

Not long after Newport's departure, a fatal sickness began to prevail at Jamestown, engendered by the insalubrity of the place, and the scarcity and bad quality of their food. For some time the daily allowance for each man was a pint of damaged wheat, or barley. "Our drinke was water, and our lodgings Castles in the ayre." From May to September fifty persons, or one half of the Colony, died. The rest subsisted upon sturgeon, or crabs. Wingfield, the President, not content with engrossing the public store of provisions, now undertook to escape from the Colony and return to England in the pinnace. Baseness so extreme aroused the in-

* Stith 46 says, "This place I judge to be either Mrs. Mayo's or Warring's plantation."

† Newes from Virginia, by Captain John Smith, p. 5.

* This exemplary man never returned to England, but how long he survived in Virginia is not known. It is probable that the first marriage in the colony was solemnized by him.—*Hawks' Narrative*, 22.

† Smith, Vol. 1, p. 153.

dignation even of the emaciated Colonists. They deposed Wingfield, and put Captain John Ratcliffe in his place. Kendall, a confederate of Wingfield, was displaced from the council. Among the victims to disease was Bartholomew Gosnold, the projector of the expedition—a name worthy to be ranked with Smith and Raleigh. The sick during this calamitous season received the faithful attentions of Thomas Wotton, surgeon-general.

At length their stores were exhausted, the sturgeon gone, all effort abandoned, and an attack from the savages each moment expected, when a benignant Providence put it into the hearts of the Indians to supply the famished Colony with an abundance of fruits and provision.

Weak minds in trying scenes pay an involuntary homage to superior genius. Ratcliffe, the new President, and Martin, finding themselves unpopular and incompetent, entrusted the helm of affairs to Smith. He set the Colonists to work, some to mow, others to build houses and thatch them, himself always bearing the heaviest task. Thus in a short time habitations were provided for the greater part of them. A church was built at this time. *

Smith now embarked in a shallop in quest of supplies. Ignorance of the Indian language, want of sails for the boat, and apparel for the men, and their small force, were great impediments, but did not dishearten Smith. With a crew of six or seven, he went down the river to Kecoughtan, a town of eighteen cabins. † Here he replied to a scornful defiance by a volley of musketry, and capturing their okee, an idol stuffed with moss, painted and hung with copper chains, ‡ so terrified them, that they brought him a supply of venison, turkies, wild-fowl and bread. On his return he discovered the town and country of Warraskoyack, or Warrasqueake. After this, in several journeys, he discovered the people of Chickahominy river. During his absence, Wingfield and Kendall seized the pinnace in order to escape to England. But Smith returning unexpectedly, opened so hot a fire upon them, as compelled them to stay or sink. Kendall was tried by a jury, convicted and shot. * Not long after, Ratcliffe and Captain Gabriel Archer made a similar attempt—and it was foiled by Smith.

At the approach of winter the rivers of Virginia abounded with wild-fowl, and the English now were well supplied with bread, peas, pumpkins, persimmons, fish and game. But this plenty did not last long, for what Smith carefully provided, the Colonists carelessly wasted.

The council now began to mutter complaints against Smith for not discovering the source of the Chickahominy. It was supposed that the South Sea lay not far distant, and that a communication with it would be found by some river running from the North West. The Chickahominy flowed in this direction, and hence, ludicrous as the idea now appears, the anxiety to trace that river to its head.

Smith to allay the dissatisfaction of the council, made another voyage up that river and proceeded until it became necessary, in order to pass, to cut away trees which had fallen across the stream. When at last the barge could advance no farther, he moored her in a broad bay out of danger, and leaving orders to his men not to venture on shore until his return, with two of his party and two Indians he went higher up in a canoe. He had not been long absent before the men left in the barge went ashore, when one of them, George Cassen, was slain by the savages. Smith, in the meanwhile, not suspecting this disaster, reached the marshy ground towards the head of the river and went out with his gun to provide food for the party. During his excursion two of his men, Jehu Robinson and Thomas Emry, were slain, (as he supposed,) while sleeping by the canoe. Smith was himself attacked by a numerous body of Indians, two of whom he killed with a pistol. He protected himself from their arrows by binding his savage guide to his arm with one of his garters and using him as a buckler. Many arrows pierced his clothes, and some slightly wounded him. Endeavor-

* Stith, vol. I, p. 170.

† Newes from Virginia, p. 6.

‡ Smith, vol. I, p. 156.

* Newes from Virginia, p. 7. Hillard in his Life of Smith, p. 228, says—"In the action Captain Kendall was slain," being no doubt misled by the expression in Smith, "which *action* cost the life of Captaine Kendall." By the word "*action*" here Smith intended his conduct. Bancroft, vol. I, p. 129, has fallen into the same mistake with Hillard.

ing to reach his canoe, and walking backwards, with his eye still fixed on his pursuers, he sunk to his waist in an oozy creek, and his savage with him. Nevertheless the Indians were afraid to approach him, until, being now half-dead with cold, he threw away his arms. Then they drew him forth and led him to the fire, where his two companions were lying dead. Here they chafed his benumbed limbs, and restored the vital heat. Smith now enquiring for their chief, they pointed him to Opechancanough, King of Pamunkey. Smith presented him a mariner's compass; the vibrations of the needle astonished the untutored sons of the forest. In a short time they bound the prisoner to a tree and were about to shoot him, when Opechancanough holding up the compass, they all laid down their bows and arrows. Then marching in single file, they led Smith, guarded by fifteen men, about six miles to Orapakes, a hunting town in the upper part of Chickahominy Swamp, and about twelve miles north-east from the falls of James river. This town consisted of thirty or forty houses, built like arbors, and covered with mats. The women and children came forth to meet them, staring in amazement at Smith.* Opechancanough and his followers performed their military exercises and joined in the war-dance. The captive was confined in a "long house," under a guard of forty men. An enormous quantity of bread and venison was set before him, as if to fatten him for sacrifice, or because they supposed that a superior being required a proportionate supply of food. An Indian, named Maocassater, who had received some toys from Smith at Jamestown, now in return brought him a warm garment of fur,—a pleasing instance of gratitude, a sentiment often found even in the breast of a savage. Another Indian, whose son had been mortally wounded by Smith, made an attempt to kill him in revenge and was only prevented by the interposition of his guards.† Opechancanough now meditating an assault upon Jamestown, undertook to entice Smith to join him by offers of life, liberty, land and women. Being now allowed to send a message to Jamestown, he wrote a note on a leaf of a book, giving information of the intended assault and directing what means should be employed to strike terror into the messengers, and what presents should be sent. Three men were despatched with the note. They returned with an answer and the presents in three days, notwithstanding the rigor of the season, it being the midst of the winter of 1607, remarkable for its severity ‡ and the ground being covered with snow. Opechancanough and his people looked upon their captive as some supernatural being, and were filled with new wonder on seeing how the "paper could speake." Abandoning the scheme of attacking Jamestown, they conducted Smith through the country of the Youghtanunds, Mattapanients, Payanketanks, Nantaughtacunds and Onawmanients, on the banks of the Rappahannock and Potomac. Thence he was taken back to Pamaunkee, (now Westpoint,) at the junction of the Matapony and Pamunkey—the residence of Opechancanough. Here, for three days, they engaged in infernal orgies and incantations, with a view to divine their captive's secret designs, whether friendly or hostile. They also showed him a bag of gunpowder, which they were keeping 'till the next spring to plant, as it was an article they were desirous to propagate. Smith was kindly entertained by Opitchapan, (Opechancanough's brother,) who dwelt a little above on the Pamunkey. Finally Smith was taken to Werowocomoco, a favorite seat of Powhatan on the York river—then called the Pamaunkee or Pamunkey. They found this savage emperor in his rude palace, reclining before a fire, on a sort of throne resembling a bedstead covered with mats, and wearing a long robe of raccoon skins. At his head sate a young female and another at his feet. On each side of the house sate the men in rows, on mats, and behind them as many young women, their heads and shoulders painted red, some with their heads adorned with the snowy down of birds, and all wearing a necklace of white beads. On Smith's entrance they all raised a terrific yell. The Queen of Appomattock brought him water to wash and another a bunch of feathers for a towel. After feasting him, a long consultation was held. That ended, two large stones were brought and the one laid on the other before Powhatan; then as many as could lay hold, seizing, dragged him to the

* Newes from Va., p. 8.

† Newes from Va., p. 9

‡ Martin's Hist. N. Carolina, I., 61.

stones, and laying his head on them, snatched up their war-clubs, and brandishing them in the air, were about to slay him, when Pocahontas, (Powhatan's favorite daughter,) a girl of only twelve or thirteen years of age, * finding all her entreaties unavailing, flew and at the hazard of her life, clasped his head in her arms and laid her own upon his. The stern heart of Powhatan was touched—he relented and consented that the captive might live to make tomahaws for him and beads and bells for Pocahontas. † This scene occurred at Werowocomoco, on the North side of York river, in what is now Gloucester county, about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river, and "near a bay into which three creeks empty." ‡

The lapse of time will continually heighten the interest of Werowocomoco, and in ages of the distant future, the traveller will linger at the spot graced with the charms of nature and endeared by recollections of the heroic tenderness of Pocahontas.

Within two days after Smith's rescue, Powhatan suffered him to return to Jamestown, on condition of sending him two great guns and a grindstone, for which he promised to give him the country of Capahowosick in the neighborhood of Worowocomoco, and forever esteem him as his own son Nantaquoud. Smith was accompanied by twelve guides. § On the first night they quartered in some old hunting cabins of Paspahegh; they reached Jamestown the next morning about sun-rise. During the journey Smith had expected every moment to be put to death. After an absence of seven weeks, he was joyfully welcomed back by all except Archer and two or three of his confederates. Newport arrived that night from England with part of the first supply. Smith now treated the guides kindly, and shewing Rawhunt, a favorite servant of Powhatan, two pieces of cannon and a grindstone, gave him leave to carry them home to his master. A cannon was then loaded with stones and discharged among the boughs of a tree, hung with icicles, when the Indians fled in terror. Upon being persuaded to return, they received presents for Powhatan, his wives and children and departed.

The number of the Colonists was now reduced to forty. Within five or six days after Smith's return, Jamestown was destroyed by an accidental fire. The houses being thatched with reeds, the flames spread even to the palisades eight or ten yards distant. Arms, bedding, apparel and provisions were consumed. "Good Master *Hunt*, our Preacher, lost all his library and all he had but the clothes on his backe: yet none never heard him repine at his losse. This happened in the winter in that extreame frost 1607." Another attempt of some male-contents to escape in the pinnace was baffled by the prudent energy of Smith.

The disastrous fire reduced the Colonists to such want, and exposed them to such hardships in the rigors of that winter, as cut off one-half of their number. Pocahontas, however, with her tawny attendants, frequently visited Jamestown with presents of bread, venison and raccoons, sent by Powhatan for Smith and Newport. Without this timely succor, the Colony must have perished by famine.

Of the one hundred first settlers, the greater part were gentlemen, * some dissolute, some effeminate, and they now suddenly found themselves in a remote wilderness encompassed by want, exposure, fatigue and danger. Newport's arrival at first cheered

* Smith, v. 2, p. 30. In Newes from Va., Smith calls her "a child of tenne years old." This was a mistake.

† Smith, v. 1, p. 162.

‡ Stith, 53. This writer adds, that "Werowocomoco was nearly opposite the mouth of Queen's creek," which I can not help thinking is inaccurate. Smith in Newes from Va., p. 11. says, "*the bay where he, (Powhatan,) dwelleth hath in it three creeks.*" I have visited that part of Gloucester county and am satisfied that Timber-neck bay is the one referred to by Smith. On the East bank of this bay stands an old chimney, known as "Powhatan's chimney," and its site corresponds exactly with Werowocomoco, as laid down on Smith's map. According to Smith, in his Gen'l Hist., p. 117, Werowocomoco was situated "about 25 miles" below the head of York river. Now, according to Martin's Gazetteer, the York river is 39 miles in length, and York town 11 miles from the mouth. Yorktown is by consequence 28 miles below the head of the river, and Yorktown being about 4 miles below the "chimney," it is about 24 miles below the head of the river.

§ Smith, v. 1, p. 163. Newes from Va., p. 10, has it: "hee sent me home with four men that usually carried my gowne and knapsack after me, two other loaded with bread and one to accompanie me." There are several discrepancies between the General History and Newes from Va., which it is not easy to account for.

* See List of the first Planters, Smith, vol. I, p. 153. Of the whole number, 100, 78 are classified, of whom 54 were gentlemen, 4 carpenters, 12 laborers, a blacksmith, a sailor, a barber, a bricklayer, a mason, a tailor, a drummer, and a "chirurgeon."

the unhappy Colony, but its miseries were soon aggravated by the delusive rage for gold. "There was no talke, no hope, no worke, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, loade gold." Smith, not indulging in these empty dreams of imaginary wealth, laughed at their infatuation in loading "such a drunken ship with guilded dust."

Newport, not long after his arrival, accompanied by Smith and thirty or forty picked men, visited Powhatan. Upon their arrival at Werowocomoco, Smith landed with twenty men. Crossing several creeks on bridges of poles and bark, they were met and escorted to the town * by Opechancanough, Nontaquaus, Powhatan's son, and two hundred warriors. Powhatan was found seated at the farther end of the house on his throne-like bed of mats, his pillow of leather rudely embroidered with pearl and beads. More than forty trays of bread stood without, in rows, on each side of the door. Four or five hundred Indians were present. Some days were passed in feasting, dancing and trading, in which last Powhatan displayed a curious mixture of cunning and pride. Smith gave him a suit of red cloth, a white greyhound and a hat. Charmed with some blue beads, for one or two pounds of them he gave in exchange two or three hundred bushels of corn. Newport presented him a boy named Thomas Savage in return for an Indian named Namontack. Smith acted as interpreter. The English next visited Opechancanough at his seat, Pamunkey. The blue beads now came to be in great request, and none dared to wear them save the chiefs and their families. †

After Newport's return to Jamestown and when about to sail for England, he received a present of twenty turkies from Powhatan, to whom twenty swords were sent in return. This fowl, peculiar to America, had been many years before carried to England by some of the early discoverers. ‡ "Captain Newport being ready to sail for England, and we not having any use of parliaments, plaises, petitions, admiralls, recorders, interpreters, chronologers, courts of plea, nor justices of peace, sent master Wingfield and Captain Archer home with him, that had ingrossed all those titles, to seeke some better place of imployment." * Newport returned to England. Ratcliffe, the president, lived in luxurious ease, peculating on the public store. Upon the approach of spring, Smith and Scrivener, newly made one of the council, undertook to rebuild Jamestown, repair the palisades, fell trees, prepare the fields, plant corn and erect another church. Captain Nelson at length arrived with the Phœnix, which had been supposed to be lost at sea. She brought the remainder of the first supply, which altogether comprized one hundred and twenty settlers. Nelson having found provisions in the West Indies had husbanded his own, and now imparted them generously to the Colony, so that now there was a store sufficient for half a year. †

Smith found it necessary to inflict severe chastisement on some of the Indians and to imprison others, to deter them from stealing arms. Pocahontas "not only for feature, countenance and proportion, much exceedeth any of the rest of his people, but for wit and spirit the only Nonpareil of his country." Powhatan hearing that some of his people were kept prisoners at Jamestown, sent her with Rawhunt, (who was as remarkable "for deformitie of person, but of a subtill wit and crafty understanding,") with presents of a deer and bread to procure their ransom. They were released, and the youthful embassadress was dismissed with presents. ‡

The Phœnix sailed freighted with cedar. Martin returned in her. §

* Newes from Virginia, p. 11.

† Smith, vol. I, p. 168.

‡ Grahame's Col. Hist. U. S., Amer. Ed., v. 1, p. 28 in note.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 168-9. Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 20.

† Smith, v. I., p. 170. On p. 172 is a list of the settlers brought out by Newport and Nelson. Of the whole number, 120, there were thirty-three gentlemen, twenty-one laborers, (some of these really only footmen,) six tailors, two apothecaries, two jewellers, two gold refiners, two goldsmiths, a gunsmith, a perfumer, a "chirurgeon," a cooper, a tobacco-pipe-maker, and a blacksmith.

‡ Newes from Virginia, p. 17.

§ Smith, v. 1, p. 165.

## THE NEW TIMON:

*A Romance of London. Philadelphia, Carey and Hart, 1846. First American from the third London edition.*

How different is the position which poetry maintains in the literature of the present day from that which it held thirty years ago. Every week then brought forth more and better verse than we now see in the whole year. What a constellation of bright stars then gladdened the world's eye—Byron, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Moore, and fifty others,

"Worthy on Fame's eternal bead-rod to be filed."

All the chords of that glorious "*Lyra*" are now unstrung. A few years ago, when, amid the "inhuman dearth of noble natures," Festus, that splendid monument of mad genius, loomed upon our sight, we thought there was at least one great poet left upon the earth; but its author too, though not dead, must at present be regarded as the "lost Pleiad" of our literary heaven. Music "now not always meets the ear;" and therefore when at long and rare intervals the strain does come, we are proportionably anxious to listen.

This is the cause of the great curiosity manifested by the public about the volume now before us—a poem professedly finished and elaborated, and published anonymously. In the work itself we are given to understand that the author is now engaged in political life, and has been for years a resident in British India. It is a tale resembling in its scope some of Byron's. The writer seems to have formed his taste upon the study of this last mentioned poet and of Crabbe, and his poetry possesses some of the characteristics of both. But he is far inferior to both of these lords of the lyre in power and in originality; and setting aside all comparison with Byron, the New Timon can never stand beside Crabbe's tale of the "Parting Hour," or "Sir Eustace Grey"—that story of

"The proud lost mind and rash done deed!"

Still, the author writes with considerable force and the poem has merit. We will endeavor to give a bird's eye view of it, with some specimens of his style.

The character of Morvale, the hero, has a marvellous resemblance to Byron's Conrad, and evil-disposed persons will say it is borrowed. He is the son of an East Indian half-blood, whom "heaven cursed with an English wife." The half blood gets himself knocked on the head at last, and his wife, who has become heartily ashamed of the connection, marries a European, and returns to her own land. She is also ashamed of her dusky son, and therefore leaves him in India to shift for himself. He grows up leading a sort of half-civilized, half-outlaw life, by which his evil propensities are fostered, and his good qualities crusted over. For the author gives him some very good as well as some very abominable characteristics, much of heaven as well as much of hell,—something more than "one virtue linked with a thousand crimes," as may be seen in the following lines.

"In truth our Morvale, (such his name,) could boast
Those kingly virtues which subject us most;
The ear inclined to every voice of grief—
The hand that ope'd spontaneous to relief,
The heart, whose impulse stayed not for the mind
To freeze to doubt what charity enjoined,
But sprang to man's warm instinct for mankind:
The antique honor, with its nameless power,
Which is to Virtue, as to plants the flower;
And that rare valor which confronts with scorn
The monster shape, of Vice and Folly born,
Which some the 'World,' and some 'Opinion,' call,
Owned by no heart, and yet enslaving all;
The bastard charter of the social state,
Which crowns the base to ostracize the great;
The eternal quack upon the itinerant stage,
This the 'good Public,' that 'the enlightened age,'
Ready alike to worship and revile,
To build the altar, or to light the pile;
Now 'Down with Stuart and the Reign of Sin,'—
Now 'Long live Charles II. and Nell Gwynne,'
Now mad for patriots,—hot for revolution,
Now all for hanging and the constitution;
*Honor to him, who self-complete and brave*
*In scorn, can carve his pathway to the grave,*
*And heeding nought of what men think or say,*
*Make his own heart his world upon his way!*"

At length a rich nabob takes a fancy to him and leaves him his wealth; and at the same time his mother writes from her death-bed, beseeching him to take care of a daughter whom she has borne to her second husband. He then returns to civilized life to take charge of this half-sister; but finds her name the jest of the town. Her lover it seems had jilted her for some unknown cause on the eve of marriage. Burning for revenge, yet too fastidious to make the necessary inquiries to obtain the name of this lover, (so the book tells us,) he carries his sister to London, and places her in a splendid establishment, but in seclusion from all society. Meanwhile, by means of his great fortune, &c., he is enabled to mix with and entertain the best classes of society at his fine house.

"Yet o'er that house there hung a solemn gloom;
The step fell timid in each gorgeous room,
Vast, sumptuous, dreary as some Eastern pile,
Where mutes keep watch, a home without a smile.
Noiseless as silence reigned there, like a law,
And the cold luxury saddened into awe;
Save when the swell of sombre festival
Jarr'd into joy the melancholy hall,
As some chance wind in mournful autumn wrings
Discordant notes although from music strings.
Wild were the wealthy master's moods and strange,

As one whose humor finds its food in change;
Now for whole days content apart to dwell
With books and thought—his world the student's cell.
And now with guests around the glittering board,
The hermit-Timon shone the Athenian lord;
There, bloomed the bright Ephemerals of the hour,
Whom the fierce ferment forces into flower—
The gorgeous nurslings of the social life,
Sprung from our hot-beds—Vanity and Strife!
Lords of the senate, wrestlers for the state,
Gray-haired in youth, exhausted, worn,—and great;
Pale book-men—charming only in their style;
And Poets, jaundiced with eternal bile;—
All the poor Titans our Cocytus claims,
With tortured livers and immortal names:" &c.

Among these guests is my Lord Arden, who is described as a man of great wealth, great accomplishments, and a very killing fellow among the ladies. In most things he is the opposite of the hero of the tale; but

"Each had some points in common: mostly those
From which the plant of human friendship grows.
Each had known strong vicissitudes in life;
The present ease and the remembered strife.
Each, though from different causes, nursed a mind
At war with fate, and chafed against his kind.
Each with a searching eye had sought to scan
The solemn Future, soul predicts to man;
And each forgot how, cloud-like, passions mar,
In the vex'd wave, the mirror of the star;—
How all the unquiet thoughts which life supplies,
May swell the ocean but to veil the skies;
And dark to manhood grow the heaven that smiled
On the clear vision nature gave the child.
Each, too, in each, where varying most they seem,
Found that which fed half envy, half esteem.
If all which Europe's new Lucullus grac'd,
But made more rude the stoic of the waste,
Show'd clear the gulf, and clear the shadow gave
Of the dark exile mourning by the wave,
Still by the contrast more delightful seem
The bowers that lie beyond the barrier stream;—
Though Morvale's manhood in its native power,
If won the Armida had scorned the bower;
Yet, as some monk, whom holier cloisters shade,
Glimpses afar the glittering cavalcade,
And sighs, as sense against his will recalls
Fame's knightly lists and pleasure's festive halls," &c.

In short, they become sworn friends; and during one of their evening rides, Arden relates the story of his life and loves: How, when merely the penniless younger son of a noble family, dependent for his support and his prospects upon the favor of a powerful uncle, he had contracted a private marriage, (as he believed,) with a beautiful young girl in the middle walks of life, who had borne him a daughter; how the friend, through whose assistance the ceremony had been performed, had deceived him about it; how his wife had discovered while he was residing at a foreign court as an *attaché*, that the marriage was a sham; and how on this discovery she had withdrawn from all her friends and concealed herself from his search. After some years, supposing her dead, he pays his addresses to a lady of noble rank, and is on the eve of marriage with her. But just then, of course, he learns that Mary, his first love, is still alive. He instantly breaks off his second engagement and returns to England to marry her in earnest; but before he gets there, from some unaccountable cause, she hides herself again, and all his endeavors to find her are afterwards in vain. Meanwhile he becomes the heir of immense wealth, wealth equal to his rank; but it gives him no joy. He is eaten up by misanthropic melancholy. The memory of his young wife, whom he has lost by the selfishness of his secret marriage,—secret for the sake of his own advancement, haunts him everywhere—

"Soft voice, fair face, I hear, I see thee still!
Shades and dim echoes from the blissful hill
Behind me left, to cast but darkness o'er
The waste slow lengthening to the grave before!"

Such is the state of the parties at the beginning of our book. In the opening scene we find our marvellous mulatto, Morvale, returning home late at night alone. On turning a corner, he finds a young lady seated on the curb stone—no very strange thing at that hour in a large city. He stops, and observes her for sometime; but finding she takes no notice of him, he gives her what is vulgarly called a "blowing up," for not rising up to beg from him. He finds that she is the daughter of a poor seamstress, who is just dead; and having no money, has been turned out of doors by their landlady. Mr. Morvale instantly finds his heart filled with sympathy and holy feeling; and without more ado, he carries her home and instals her in his palace under the care of his sister. The girl turns out to be everything that is charming, refined, and lovely; and he at last determines to marry her. Lucy then relates to him more at large the story of her life, and shows him a miniature which her mother gave her when dying, as the portrait of her father. Of course this is recognized as the portrait of Arden; and the sister, looking over his shoulder, sees in it also the portrait of the lover who jilted her abroad. Then comes the grand tornado. Calantha, the sister, incontinently goes off into shriekings and hysterics, and dies in a few hours. Morvale then sends for Arden, intending to immolate him to his sister's manes. He leads him to the room where the corpse is laid out, takes him by the collar, and draws a monstrous bowie-knife. But just when he is about to give the fatal *coup de grace*, Lucy, in due accordance with all the rules of minor theatricals and clap-trap, rushes in, calling one "father," and the other "husband," and so deprives the reader of the anticipated bloodshed. Arden, having now found his daughter, wishes to make amends for Calantha's destruction by giving her as a wife to Morvale; and to this she is nothing loth. But the hero, though dying

with love for Lucy, will not have her from such hands; and this part of the story winds up with a grand *tableau* of heroical despair. Morvale then leaves town and goes wandering about the country on foot:

——"Sorrow, like the wind
O'er trees, stirs varying o'er each human mind;
Uprooting some, from some it doth but strew
Blossom and leaf which spring restores anew;
From some but shakes rich powers unknown in calm,
And wakes the trouble to extract the balm.
Let weaker natures suffer and despair,
Great souls snatch vigor from the stormy air;
Grief not the languor but the action brings;
And clouds the horizon but to nerve the wings."

The effect of sorrow on Morvale is to make a good Christian out of a very piratically disposed heathen. Finding all his hopes of happiness blighted, his thoughts turn back to his early life in the desert. But he soon reflects that such a life can never give him the pleasure which it did before he had enjoyed the luxuries of civilization, and he muses thus:

"'Come then, my soul, thy thoughts thy desert be!
Thy dreams, thy comrades!—I escape to thee!
Within the gates unbar, the airs expand,
No bound but heaven confines the spirit's land!
Such luxury yet as what of nature lives
In art's lone wreck, the lingering instinct gives;
Joy in the sun and mystery in the star,
Light of the unseen, commune with the far;
Man's law his fellow, ev'n in scorn, to save,
And hope in some just world beyond the grave!'"

In short, he becomes very pious and unintelligible. And while in this mood he suddenly comes upon a sort of field-preacher, and hears him detailing the end and character of Christ in a very beautiful, though rather heterodox manner. Morvale listens all day and then—

"Before the preacher bowed the pilgrim's head:
'Heaven to this bourne my rescued steps hath led,
Grieving, perplex'd, benighted, yet with dim
Hopes in God's justice—be my guide to Him:
In vain made man, I mourn and err!—restore
Childhood's pure soul and ready trust once more!'
The old man on the stranger gazed;—unto
The stranger's side the young man softly drew,
And gently clasp'd his hand;—and on the three
The western sun shone still and smilingly;
But, round, behind them, dark and lengthening lay
The massive shadow of the closing day.
'See,' said the preacher, 'Darkness hurries on,
But man, toil-wearied, grieves not for the sun;
He knows the light that leaves him shall return,
And hails the night because he trusts the morn!
Believe in God as in the sun,—and lo!
Along thy soul, morn's youth restored shall glow!
As rests the earth, so rest, O troubled heart;
Rest, till the burden of the cloud depart;
Rest, till the gradual veil from heaven withdrawn,
Renews thy freshness as it yields the dawn!'"

Morvale straightway becomes thoroughly regenerated under this "powerful preaching," looks forward to a union with his Lucy in heaven, and longs ardently for an opportunity to declare his forgiving spirit to Arden. Meanwhile Arden is a prey to the blues. Both his sweethearts are dead, and he finds his attempt to engage his daughter's affections all in vain. He is an accomplished and talented worldling, but has not the qualities which fascinate the heart of youth:

"Child, candid, simple, frank, to her allied,
Far more, the nature sever'd from her side,
With its fresh instincts, and wild verdure, fann'd
By fragrant winds from haunted Fable-land;
Then all the garden graces which betray
By the bough's riches the worn tree's decay.
What charms the ear of childhood?—not the page
Of that romance which wins the sober sage;
Not the dark truths, like warning ghosts, which pass
Along the pilgrim path of Rasselas;
Not wit's wrought crystal which, so coldly clear
Reflects, in Zadig, learning's icy sneer;
Unreasoning, wandering, stronger far the thrall
Of Aimée's cave, or young Aladdin's hall;
And so the childhood of the heart will find,
Charms in the poem of a child-like mind,
To which the vision of the world is blind!
Ev'n as the savage 'midst the desert's gloom,
Sees, hid from us, the golden fruitage bloom,
And, where the parchèd silence wraps us all,
Lists the soft lapse of the glad waterfall!"

Arden gives himself up to melancholy. His intellect becomes weakened; and "remorse haunting the ruins of mental desolation," causes him to withdraw from the world of society. He carries the dust of his wife back to the hamlet where their unhappy acquaintance commenced, and visits the tomb every midnight. In one of these nocturnal rambles, he falls into the river; and when almost drowned, he is pulled out by Morvale, of course, who came there the Lord only knows how. Having thus proved his newly acquired Christian spirit, and declared to him his forgiveness, the hero returns to India. Arden falls into ill health. Though his career had been selfish and worldly, the author declares his originally noble nature in these fine lines,

"His eye not blind to Virtue; to his ear
Still spoke the music of the banished sphere;
Still in his thought the Ideal, though obscured,
Sham'd the rank meteor which his sense allur'd.
Wreck if he was, the ruin yet betray'd
The shatter'd fane for gods departed made;
And still, through weeds neglected and o'erthrown,
The blurr'd inscription show'd the altar-stone!"

Dying, he bequeathes his fortune "*to his child*;" but being his natural child, such a will was insufficient in law, and she is reduced to earn her bread in the village where her mother lived. Morvale returns and finds her at the lady's grave, on a fine

summer evening. A tender scene then ensues, *selon reglè*, and the author conjures up another of his favorite tableaux, over which the curtain falls, leaving the parties in the proper attitude of "marriage and happiness."

Thus have we endeavored to give the thread of the story, and to string upon it those passages which struck us as most characteristical of the author. The narrative, though not devoid of interest, is very full of common-place and clap-trap, and is inferior to the poetry in which it is conveyed. This is seldom much better, never far inferior to the specimens which have been given. The author's Pegasus is a very well conditioned animal, perfectly broken, neither to "rise too high nor sink too low." His mind has some vigor, and considerable ideality; therefore the tone of his poetry is elevated, strong, and it is adorned with some handsome imagery. But his mind is not one of great strength, he is not a man of *genius*; and, therefore, while he seldom runs into absurdities, he never utters those burning words of power, of which a *great* poet only is capable.

The author evidently rejoices in the possession of a very sufficient quantity of ill temper, and sometimes indulges his satiric vein in the most inhuman sneerings. Sometimes he is seized with a fit of universal railing; rails against the church, against the State, against the laws, the organization of society, and indeed against the world in general, and he sometimes vents his bile on objects very unsuitable to such offices. A distinguished cotemporary poet, Alfred Tennyson, is the object of his peculiar spite.

> "'Not mine,' says he,
> 'The jingling medley of purloin'd conceits,
> Out-babying Wordsworth and out-glittering Keats,
> Where all the airs of patchwork-pastoral chime
> To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme!"
> * * * *
> "Let School-Miss Alfred vent her chaste delight
> On 'darling little rooms so warm and bright,'
> Chant 'I'm aweary' in infectious strain,
> And catch her 'blue fly singing i' the pane.'"

Before pouring out his scorn for Mr. Tennyson, he should have reflected on one thing; that while the author of the "New Timon" is only a man of *ability*, Mr. Tennyson is a man of *genius*. The author of Timon is a man of taste and sense, and he runs into no absurdities; as to the rest, no very uncommon faculties were required to produce his poem. Tennyson is also a man of taste and sense; but that same great power which has produced his finer pieces has run him into many of those ridiculous follies, into which every great poet has fallen. It is true, that he has written a great deal of stuff as monstrously nonsensical as ever issued from the brain of any other frenzied rhymster, be that one whom you may; but he has also produced the "Ulysses" and the "Morte d'Arthur"—poems as far above anything in the well-digested lines of the "New Timon," as the soaring grey peaks of the Andes are above a neat range of "Cheviot Hills."

If this author possessed more wit and humor than he does, he would excel in satire. His mind is eminently fitted for discerning the distinguishing characteristics of men, and for placing them in strong and evident lights. If he possessed more wit and greater power of versification, he might at least be styled the shade of Dryden. He has a good deal of the strength and volubility which marks that great master of tirade.

The following sketch of Ireland's hero-humbug will bear out our remark.

> "But who, scarce less by every gazer eyed,
> Walks yonder, swinging with a stalwart stride?
> With that vast bulk of chest and limb assign'd
> So oft to men who subjugate their kind;
> So sturdy Cromwell push'd broad shoulder'd on;
> So burly Luther breasted Babylon;
> So brawny Cleon bawl'd his Agora down;
> And large-lim'd Mahmoud clutch'd a Prophet's crown!
> Ay, mark him well! the schemer's subtle eye,
> The stage-mime's plastic lip your search defy—
> He, like Lysander, never deems it sin
> To eke the lion's with the fox's skin;
> Vain every mesh this Proteus to enthrall,
> He breaks no statute, and he creeps through all;
> First to the mass that valiant truth to tell,
> 'Rebellion's art is never to rebel,—
> Elude all danger but defy all laws,'—
> He stands himself the Safe Sublime he draws!
> In him behold all contrasts which belong
> To minds abased, but passions rous'd, by wrong;
> The blood all fervor, and the brain all guile,—
> The patriot's bluntness, and the bondsman's wile."

We had marked several other passages to extract; but we have already transgressed our limits. We have only room to remark that the verse in which this poem is clothed is most execrable. At the foot of many pages the author should have written—"these are hexameters;" there being scarcely any other way in which the reader can understand what his ten jerking syllables are intended to be. Even in his more finished passages, where he evidently strives to smooth his versification, it is never anything more than the monotonous machine which every one who has read Pope can manufacture. His ear is unsusceptible of harmony, and he knows not how to blow into his verse those fine organ notes of which the hexameter is susceptible in the hand of a master.

Messrs. Cary and Hart, who published this first American edition, have executed their task in a manner which deserves our thanks. It is beautifully printed in the most luxurious type, on clear, thick paper, and is enclosed in simple boards. This is to our taste. We greatly prefer these plain, grey covers to those caskets of muslin, morocco and gilding, which are the delight of the bookstores. When you take up the New Timon, you feel that you have in your hands a book and not a binding.

## STANZAS.

Mark those dew-drops on that leaf—
  Heaven's own glittering tears,
Wept to shine a moment brief,
  When the morn appears—
Glowing with the very ray
That must steal their light away!

Thus it is that Joy is born
  In Misfortune's night;
And in its own radiant morn,
  With excess of light,
Flies away, like dew from earth,
Up to Heaven that gave it birth.

LINO.

*Memphis, Tenn.*, 1846.

---

## THE FALLS OF SOUTH RIVER.

(IN THE BLUE-RIDGE.)

"Virginia! Yet I own
I love the still, although no son of thine!
  For I have climbed thy mountains, not alone,—
And made the wonders of thy valleys mine;
Finding from morning's dawn till day's decline,
  Some marvel yet unmarked,—some peak whose throne
Was loftier,—girt with mist and crowned with pine."

*Wilde.*

The soul of man becomes tired with perpetual communion with the works of Art, but with those of Nature, never. As we increase in years, every return of spring, with its leafy forests and scented flowers; every summer, with its birds and butterflies; every autumn, with its blasted verdure and naked woods; every winter, with its snows and howling storms, impart to our eyes additional beauties, and flush our bosoms with sublimer emotions. As the distance becomes shorter between us and our graves, the tinsel creations of fancy, and the fantastic productions of art become less and less attractive, till they weary and sicken the mind and heart. The Pyrenees will stand in grandeur and beauty, and chain the eye of admiration, when the dust of the crumbled Pyramids is blown upon the desert winds.

I bow down at the shrine of no goddess; I worship no god, but the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the maker and upholder of all things—the "God over all blessed forever," but I am and ever have been an enraptured admirer of Nature and her works, for in them I see the skill of that "mighty hand that ever busy wheels the silent spheres," and in them too I witness the presence of Him who is "at once the head, the heart, and tongue of all."

It was a pleasant and beautiful morning in the beginning of April, when I set out on horseback to visit the Falls of South River. These falls are in the Blue Ridge, eight miles north of Stannardsville, Greene county, Virginia. While travelling in this upper country, I had more than once heard mention of this cascade as a curiosity of no little interest and attraction, and as I happened to be spending a few days in its vicinity, I accepted an invitation to make one of a party to visit it. We began our excursion with cheerful features, and with hearts "rejoicing in nature's joy." Our way lay along the rough and rugged banks of South River, which pursued its wild and winding course over rocks and through ravines with noisy rapidity. We rode for about the distance of three miles, and the way became so rough, narrow and precipitous, that we were compelled to abandon our horses and prosecute the remaining distance of a half-mile on foot. We had to clamber with considerable difficulty and caution up the rocky pathway, supporting ourselves by trees and shrubs, which we grasped in order to accelerate our progress. After the expenditure of much labor and breath we arrived at the base of the cataract. It was certainly a sublime and beautiful sight. The volume of water that pours over the declivity is not considerable. It would require a trough of about three feet in width and two in depth. But the chief attraction of this cataract consists in the height and abruptness of the rocks over which the water is discharged. The silent gazer at the falls of Niagara as he contemplates it "careering in its might," is overwhelmed with silent dread and speechless amazement, but he who looks upon the falls of South River is absorbed with sentiments of serene sublimity and quiet magnificence; though the one compared to the other is no more than a little rill to a mighty river, or a pebble to a pyramid. The ascent round to the top of the falls is steep and awfully precipitous, and it was with much difficulty that we gained the summit. The height of the falls is 90 feet. The river is discharged 30 feet perpendicularly down into an unfathomable reservoir, or basin. We sounded it for seventy feet, but were unable to reach the bottom. From this basin it wells out again and tumbles in foaming fury down the side of a tremendous rock for the distance of 60 feet.

Nature is here seen in her wildest mood. The mighty chasm through which the river flows is flanked on each side, by lofty and inaccessible mountains. For near a mile, monstrous rocks like pyramids wall in the stream, among whose rugged, beetling summits the dark-feathered raven has chosen its solitary haunts. The ravine seems to have been ploughed out by some tremendous irruption of Nature. The mountains are thickly overgrown

with stunted and scrubby trees of various kinds. There is the "wide-spreading beech" near the current of the stream; and higher up grow the ivy and the laurel, whose intermingled branches to the bear, the wild cat, and the wolf, form shelters of security impenetrable to hunters. Still higher up, the mournful cypress lifts its sombre head above the tops of the chesnut oak and mountain ash which surround it. Altogether, the scenery, as far as the eye can reach around, is "majestic, awful, grand."

Here too the crested and venomous rattle-snake crawls from his lurking-place and basks in the sunbeams. From one of these monsters I had a fortunate escape. When I came in his vicinity, he gave me the instinctive warning that I was treading on dangerous and disputed ground; but the warning was indistinct and consequently unheeded. He sprang at me, but I thwarted his stroke with my cane. He retreated, but before he could make good his escape, I despatched the luckless wight, and rifled him of his rattles with as much irreverence as an Indian plunders his fallen adversary of his scalp.

The man of meditation who is accustomed "to look on nature with a poet's eye," can retire here and hold communion in quietness with his Maker. He is here undisturbed by "the clamorous race of busy human-kind," and

> "In these deep solitudes and awful cells
> Where heavenly, pensive contemplation dwells,"

is the silent sanctuary of the Eternal—the inner temple of the Most High, where his might and majesty awe his creature, man, into homage and humility. The uproar and bustle of the moving multitude, and the din of the rushing, driving, and crushing world, die away long before they reach the ear in these lonely retirements. Nature here enjoys her Sabbaths; these consecrated wilds were never desecrated by the blasphemer's oath, for the man of the world, the giddiest man of all our race, in such a place, is silenced into awe and reverence, for he feels himself surrounded by the power and presence of some sacred and superior being.

I left these solitary haunts with feelings of mingled regret and adoration—regret, that I could not remain longer among these scenes of tranquillity,

> "Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
> Communion with his Maker;"

and I felt a serene and assuasive adoration in the conviction that I had been with the Lord in the surrounding and overhanging solemnities of nature, where

> "No silks
> Rustle, nor jewels shine, nor envious eyes
> Encounter."

ALBAN.

## REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

### THE OLD CITY OF MAYENCE.

As we approached Mayence, or Mentz, for it is called by both these names, the one being German the other French, a pleasing landscape opened upon our view, and a crimson sky tinted every thing "couleur de rose." This is one of the strongest towns in Germany, and finely located on the slope of a hill at the confluence of the Mein and the Rhine; opposite is the fortified town of Cassel, with which it is connected by a bridge of boats—beyond these, we remarked a row of wind-mills on boats also.

At the custom-house passports and luggage were inspected, but not strictly, nor were we long kept waiting during the examination, yet how provoking are such detentions, however short; especially to Americans accustomed to range over their own vast continent *ad libitum*, as we say in music.

The weather continued clear and cold, and after an early breakfast next morning, we commenced our perigrinations as usual, beginning with the Cathedral, like all other Cathedrals in Europe, a sombre and ancient looking pile.

It was built in the 10th century, but not completed till the eleventh, when it was nearly destroyed by fire and again constructed.

Here we saw the tomb of Frauenlob, Chief of the Troubadours, (they told us,) a minstrel who devoted his strains to the graces and virtues of the female sex, and thereby became so great a favorite with the ladies of Mayence, (then the chief resort of the Troubadours,) that on his death, they insisted upon bearing his body to the grave, where they bewailed his loss with sighs and tears, and poured out such plentiful libations of wine in honor of him, that the spacious floor of the church was well nigh deluged. So much for tradition. The tomb consists of two bas-reliefs placed against the wall of the adjoining cloister; one represents the funeral procession of the minstrel and the other his bust. An escutcheon on the wall, *within* the Cathedral, denotes the resting-place of Fastrade, the wife of Chardemagne, and beneath it is engraved a Latin inscription concerning her. Over one of the altars is a huge picture of Saint Martin, the patron Saint of the Church; he is on horseback, and both man and charger are the full size of life.

After viewing two or three other churches, of which I will not speak, lest you be surfeited by such like descriptions, we walked to the library, but it was undergoing repairs and could not be entered—this was quite a disappointment, as it contains a fine collection of ancient medals and numerous specimens of the first essays in printing, with

*moveable* types, which we desired to see. The inventor of these, Jean Goensfleisch de Sorgenlock, usually styled Gutenberg, from the name of his habitation, (signifying good mountain,) was a native and resident of Mayence, and we visited the house in which he resided. He was of noble birth, and a sign, bearing his coat-of-arms and an inscription in gilt letters, informs those passers-by, who can read and comprehend German, that said house was once his dwelling-place. His coat-of-arms is also marked on a projecting beam of wood in the chamber he occupied.

He was assisted in his plans by a wealthy goldsmith of the town, John Fust, or Faust, who, in conjunction with Pierre Schoeffer, afterwards improved the types by forming them of *metal* instead of *wood*.

Strasbourg, Harlem and Mayence are very jealous of each other on the subject of printing—each claiming the credit of its invention; but this dispute, like that of the seven cities concerning their title to *Homer*, remains, I believe, yet undetermined.

A building designated as being the first printing establishment is still standing, and is termed "la cour zum Jungen."

The next things of note that attracted us were the Hall of Antiquities, the picture gallery, and the Ducal palace. In the last is shown the suite of apartments which Napoleon Bonaparte occupied during his sojourn in Mayence. Our cicerone on the occasion, a respectable German woman, who spoke English tolerably well, lavished high praises on the French Emperor; she said all loved him who attended on him, he was so kind and generous! that his soldiers lived like princes, and that those who supplied them were amply paid. "Ah," she exclaimed, "times are sadly changed since then; what I gave to the poor in those days, I would now be glad to get myself."

In fact, wherever we stopped, the very name of Napoleon, if mentioned, seemed to call forth, from the middling and lower classes enthusiasm and commendation.

In the Hall of Antiquities we saw many ancient votive altars and at least fifty large monumental stones, bearing sculptured figures of Roman Knights. They were discovered on an eminence in the vicinity of the town, (where was once a Roman cemetery,) by professor Lehne, a learned gentleman, said to be almost as devoted to antiquarian researches and lore as Sir Walter Scott's famous Mr. Oldbuck, alias Monkbarns, and the neighborhood of Mayence furnishes unlimited means of indulging his labors and taste; for the city is exceedingly old, being founded as early as the 70th year of the christian era, by Drusus Germanicus, during the wars between the ancient Germans and Romans. In that stormy age, he built a fortification called in Latin Mogontiacum, which was gradually surrounded by other edifices till the number increased to a town, eventually enlarged, and called Mentz, or Mayence. A second fort, erected by him on the opposite bank of the Rhine, was in like manner the origin of Cassel. Mayence was afterwards totally destroyed, but refounded by Charlemagne.

All this is a digression:—let us re-enter the Hall of Antiquities to notice the plan of a noble bridge, which Napoleon intended to have had constructed over the Rhine. It was to be of sufficient height to allow of vessels passing under it, and would have cost 36 millions of francs.

Among the pictures in the gallery of paintings there was a singular one, entitled the Menagerie of Reubens, in which his wife and child are represented surrounded by various sorts of birds and beasts. The human figures were executed by *himself*, the birds and quadrupeds by Francis Snyders, the Flemish artist, so renowned for his skill in that species of painting. He was a native of Antwerp and often worked in concert with Reubens. Much enjoyment have I had in viewing both their joint and separate productions, and those of other equally eminent limners.

Poetry and music 'tis true are delightful, but I regard painting as the most valuable art, because it not only brings before us scenes and places of beauty, grandeur and celebrity, which otherwise we would never behold, but enables us to retain the forms and features of our beloved friends when they are no longer with us. And what yields more soul thrilling, though melancholy pleasure, than gazing on the cherished lineaments of those we almost idolized when on earth, after they have been torn from us by the cold and relentless grasp of Death! For the same reason, statuary, or sculpture, ranks next to painting in my preference; but the dead whiteness of the cold marble plays not upon the heart and imagination with the force of the glowing canvass, nor like it for a moment charms us into the evanescent belief of beholding the dear originals themselves.

But again a truce with digressions! and "revenons à nos moutons."

There are several most agreeable and enticing public promenades at Mayence, the two principal we visited—these were the "Favorita" and the "Gartenfeld;" from both you have a bewitching prospect. The "Favorita" was once a fortification, and from its heights are seen the town, the sparkling river with its islets, the busy villages, whirling windmills and bridge of boats, and the mouth of the sluggish Mein, pouring its tributary waters into the green and rapid Rhine.

The "Gartenfeld," (Gardenfield,) borders the latter and is so arranged that it can be inundated in time of war. One morning, with a little boy to guide us, we proceeded to the tower of Drusus in the vicinity of Mayence. This is the remains of

a monument erected in honor of him. It is circular, and contains a spiral stair-case. The Germans term it the Eichelstein, (Eagle's stone,) because it was formerly surmounted with an eagle.

The weather being uncommonly fine, and the vintage going on, we were induced to extend our walk farther into the country, and a merry scene we witnessed—there was a numerous band of peasants singing loudly and cheerily as they pursued their labors; presently up came another set, in procession, headed by a rosy-faced little fellow, a *miniature Bacchus*, with a wreath on his head and a banner in his hands, made of divers gay-colored ribbons and pieces of cloth, which he waved about with quite a triumphant and martial air, accompanying every gesture with what *he* meant for music, but which sounded discordant and grating to *our* ears, and we were glad when the train dispersed. The vintagers were very generous in offering us grapes, of which we partook plentifully, nor would they accept of any remuneration.

Speaking of the vintage and these other German matters, reminds me of a little story, with which I will conclude this evening's pennings. It is probable enough to be true and is styled not "Alonzo,"—but

## RODOLPH, THE BRAVE.

A peasant girl of Erbach, a town of the Rhingau, where you know the best wines of Germany are made, was remarkable for her beauty, and from among the numerous swains it had subjugated, she selected as her favorite a young vintager, almost as handsome as herself, and promised him, that the hymeneal knot should be tied as soon as the grape gathering was finished. In the meanwhile, the happy pair daily plied together their pleasant tasks.

One morning, while thus employed, the Lord of the Castle, who after a long absence had just returned to his domains, came riding by on a tour of inspection. He had left the bright-eyed, cherry-cheeked Frederica, an unattractive child of 9 years old; she now stood before him a graceful, lovely girl, the pride of the village. He fell desperately in love! sent for her the next Sunday to his dwelling, and proffered the astonished maiden his hand and heart. She was no Jeannie Deans on the occasion, and dazzled by his promises of gifts and pleasures,—above all, by the splendors which adorned his stately halls, she listened to the tempter and abandoned her humble lover for the wealthy Count.

In due time, and with due festivities, the nuptials were celebrated; and the bride in her rich attire looked more beautiful than ever. But the paleness of her face and the tremor and icy coldness of her hand, betrayed too plainly the struggle, the agony of her bosom, where love lay bleeding beneath the selfish grasp of ambition.

Rodolph could not witness the unhallowed bands. In despair he quitted his birth-place and fled to a distant land.

Frederica grew more and more unhappy. She was soon surfeited with the luxuries for which she had sacrificed herself and her lover, and a victim to the tormenting jealousy and harshness of her lord, who, ungenerous and narrow-minded, incessantly reproached her with her attachment to Rodolph, (thereby exciting both her aversion and contempt,) she pined away; her beauty faded, her health and strength departed, and ere a second summer after that fatal union had re-clad the vines with leaves and fruit, the grass grew high and green around the tomb of poor Frederica!

She left an infant a few months old, and the babe was lovely as the mother it resembled, and thrived and prospered under the devoted care of its maternal grand-parents. Its reckless father, weary of his lonely hearth, had committed it to their charge and again gone forth to seek enjoyment on some foreign shore. Thence, in after years, the tidings came that he was dead, and behold the little Gertrude a rich and beauteous heiress! Hosts of lovers worship at her shrine, but "favors to *none*, though smiles to *all* she extends," until a warrior bold, with laurel-wreathed brow, casts his trophies at her feet. His valor and his manly beauty prove resistless, and she pledges him her troth.

And *who* is this "warrior bold?"—this victorious champion in war and love?

It is Rodolph, *once* termed the "Forsaken," but *now* the "Brave."

With valiant heart he subdued his ill-requited passion and wooed another bride, and *Glory* was *her* name. He sought and won her on the battle-field of Prague!

A gallant knight, guerdoned with well-earned honors, he returns to his country—hears of the Syren of Erbach, whose fascinations are enchaining every heart, and hastens to his own cherished home, to yield *his* homage too.

With amazement he recognizes in the enchantress the daughter, the *image* of his once adored and faithless Frederica!

"None but the Brave deserve the fair."

So thought Gertrude, and the suit of Rodolph was not rejected. Like Cæsar, "he came, he saw, he conquered." They were married, and long and flourishing was the line of their descendants, and happily lived to a good old age the Count and Countess of Erbach.

# RAVENEL HALL.

## A TALE IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.

Most beautiful the round moon looked,
And brightly shone each star,
And silently her spirit gazed
In reverence from afar;

For moonlight hath a sacredness
Like that the Sabbath brings,
And hers was then the haunted heart
That loved all holy things.

And many dreams their rapture told
In that enchanted gaze:—
Ah me! what pleasant thoughts there were
Around her in those days!

Days flitted by, and still Edward Ravenel lingered a favored guest at the Hall. All his powers of fascination were exerted; and from every member of the family, Arthur excepted, he won praise and approval. Miss Lear was perfectly captivated, and Mr. Manton quite surprised into friendship. Lena was somewhat less enthusiastic in her commendations than the rest—but of late, Arthur's opinions and hers had coincided on all subjects to a most remarkable extent. However, Ravenel carried the day triumphantly: how could his unseen, yet unwearied and graceful efforts to please, fail of success? They never yet had been vain; in his vocabulary there was no such word as failure. And Julia, the fair and visionary and fastidious Julia, what was *her* opinion of this universal favorite? Ah! could her heart have been read, a record of hope and love would have been seen—a record, whose love lasted long after its hope had finally passed away. And well *he* divined the emotions of the young beauty, who was the brilliant inspirer of them all; and exultingly day by day he saw her prepossessions gather strength, and become more profound as they grew more silent. At first, however, he seemed to pay her no particular attentions, indeed so negligent was he, that the young lady began to feel pique at an indifference extended to her alone. Then, as if gradually becoming aware of her attractions, he evinced greater preference for her society and sought it oftener, but he avoided trivial topics, and spoke to her as one whose intellect demanded better things. But his admiration was all implied, for he never flattered, and even occasionally ventured slightly to censure. He conversed on books, on his travels, on all remote and general subjects, and then, as if impelled by the strong necessity of sympathy, he began by degrees to speak of himself as of one who had suffered much, but proudly. He had formed his plan skilfully; there was none more likely to fulfil his wishes, than that he systematically pursued. He acquired a mental influence over Julia, which she scarcely attempted to resist, and she felt for him a mingled reverence and pity, which soon unconsciously blended with tenderer sentiments. And was it from selfish and unworthy motives, that he was thus unwearicdly seeking the reliance of a true and unsuspecting nature! Alas! it was, "for even then he loved another," if one so coldly resolute, so unscrupulously determined, could ever love at all.

Arthur from the first had never liked Ravenel; but as his opinion was scarcely more than prejudice, a sort of vague repulsion, founded on no sufficient reason, he contented himself with a merely negative dislike, which evinced itself only in abstaining from praise. His own frank and ingenuous character was utterly at variance with calculating policy, and only to Lena he occasionally insinuated his doubts of the sincerity of their fascinating guest. But she was fast being won over by the visitor's unceasing agreeabilities, and for once, would not admit the justice even of Arthur's suspicions. As it was the only subject on which they differed, they rarely dwelt on it, for Lena and Arthur had usually some theme to discuss more interesting to themselves than a stranger's merits, for to tell the truth, the young cousins were desperately in love. Miss Lear looked on anxiously, for Lena had a talent for winning tenderness, and had always been her special favorite. Much did her aunt fear for the ending of an episode which had dawned amid mirth and smiles, for Mr. Manton was ambitious, and it was not likely that he would ever sanction his daughter's union with one, whose light heart and warm affections were his only wealth. But her forebodings in this case were unfounded, and the good angel that looks with loving gaze upon the young and true, had given its blessing to that bright tie of flowers and sunshine.

The weeks allotted for Mr. Manton's visit had elapsed, and he seemed impatient to return to the city. He received frequent letters, which he answered somewhat lengthily, and it was evident that something of more than ordinary interest was engrossing his thoughts. It is a frequent and almost a depressing reflection, how little we know the hearts of those beside us. Each weaves in secrecy and silence its glittering tissue of hope, love, ambition, or determination, while every outward aspect is serene and correct—the treacherous calmness of the sleeping sea. Many a false impression, many a dark purpose, lie unsuspected within those hidden depths—and thankful are we that holier things, upward impulses, and spiritual aspirations mingle also where all externally is tranquil and passionless. I can scarcely define the feeling, but to me there is a saddening impression given, when I glance around me and see how imperiously society binds with its petty frivolities, its chilling forms; how impulse fet-

ters itself until action is nothing but ceremony, and all move mere players on a stage, where the mediocre and gifted meet on equal ground. Indeed it sometimes seems that they who reflect least, play their part best; and the proud thoughts that have higher aims than to curb humanity into an automaton, thoughts that often write themselves immortal, and yet dare not brave the criticism of the uncomprehending crowd, *they* pass unknown and unsuspected—gems on which the merest idler may ignorantly trample. Surely this is a false state of things: it cannot be wise thus coldly to shackle enthusiasm—but alas! like many others imbued with the delusive spirit of reform, I can but observe and lament the system, without the ability to suggest a remedy.

At length Mr. Manton returned to town accompanied by Ravenel. The attentions of the latter to Julia, during the few last days of his stay, were unceasing, but still he made no professions, uttered no assurances. He relied much upon the harassing power uncertainty exercises over the mind in such cases, the torture of hope and doubt, and he was successfully testing that cold-hearted policy which piques and soothes by turns. He readily promised to accept ere long the cordial invitations of Miss Lear and Lena to repeat his visit. Julia did not unite *her* wishes to theirs, but Ravenel looked into the beautiful eyes that pleaded their own hopes, and only smiled at the conscious silence which spoke to him more than many words could have revealed. Mr. Manton had been so much occupied by private business, that he had found no opportunity to arrange any definite plan for Arthur's future, and the latter very willingly acceded to the proposal to remain quietly in his present location for a few weeks longer, until some desirable prospect should open. Arthur was not ambitious, and while Time passed, "treading on flowers," he never troubled himself with the reflection that its steps were rapid and its opportunities irrecoverable. Then, too, he was very much in love;—need I plead a fairer apology for indolence? So of course he offered not the slightest objection to the counselled delay, but on the contrary, considered his guardian a most judicious adviser. Wholly absorbed in his personal anticipations, Mr. Manton never remembered the probable consequences of permitting a young and gay, and above all, an idle man, to be thus domesticated with his attractive daughters; and he never imagined that any tie stronger than friendship would be fostered by such association. Miss Lear hesitated to confide her views on the subject, for the master of the Hall was not one to elicit such confidence, and besides, she shrank from casting a shadow on that bright young heart, revelling in the purple light of its unspeakable happiness. In the meanwhile the youthful lovers laughed away the moments, doubting not that their flight would be ever through starlight and sunshine.

A different change had come over Julia. Always composed and tranquil except when some noble appeal to her feelings called forth their graphic and passionate expression, she became silent, abstracted and unsocial. What to her was the thoughtless merriment around her, compared to the restless world of her own fancies, with all its radiant, yet trembling and bewildering rapture! Spring had vanished, summer had touched the young leaves and called forth many a beautiful flower to rival existence of fragrance and loveliness, and Julia would frequently wander through the grounds surrounding the Hall, wrapped in her own illusions, and seeking only to be alone with them. It was an enchanting night, and the full moon tinted every tree and shrub with its silvery glory. I know not if moonlight is to all a bewitching and yet a mournful beauty, but to me it is a summoner of all early hopes and faded joys, of the ties that bring tears with them, and the names that have grown into sorrow. Not a disappointed trust, nor a vanished vision lived in the past, but comes back, stamped "in vain;" not a friend has changed from confidence to coldness, that glides not before me; not the indescribable radiance that youth lent to other days, and that never can shine upon after times, blends with that lustre—the "halo hovering round decay." And more than all, the faces my childhood loved, the voices that blessed me then, and the eyes once eloquent with human tenderness, that now are looking on our God—all these are mingled in mysterious, indefinable vividness with the touching moonlight, until I would fain shut out the brightness that brings to memory such awakened griefs.

Julia had no sorrows to recall, but there is in the delicious fantasies of an imaginative mind, a tinge of something that would be melancholy, if it were not rapture. The interval that had dragged its solitary hours along since Ravenel's departure had but served to render more profound the impression produced by his fascinations, and to impart to them an exaggerated and a poetic character. I could not, if I would, reveal the glowing reveries of that dangerously endowed intellect, whose very silentness lent them depth; can we depict the hues of sunset, or sketch the light of stars? No, would I, with a touch profane, lift aside the veil from woman's heart, and lay bare its delusions, for I reverence the concealment that enshrouds the and cannot mar its sanctity.

It was still early in the evening, but Julia had been sauntering alone under the trees for more than an hour, and Miss Lear, though not without sympathy with youth's romance, was obliged to restrict it within prudent limits, and therefore the young lady was constrained, though most reluctantly, to conclude her rambles. She had scarcely entered the house, when the sound of a horse's feet announced the coming of a guest, and a moment aft

wards Ravenel was announced. He was the bearer of a message from Mr. Manton, announcing his intention of being at the Hall the next day, though *only* for a few hours, and altogether on business. Ravenel said he had offered to play the herald, being only too happy to find an apology for soon returning to friends so valued. All his various powers of pleasing were exerted that evening to interest his companions, and Julia felt that as usual he fully succeeded. The next morning he intended returning to the city, but before his departure, sent a card to Julia. She opened the envelope hurriedly, for she *felt* from whom it came. It contained simply these words in pencil—"May I see you alone in the library for a few moments?" Must I reveal the whole truth, and confess that Julia's first impulse after reading the sentence was to glance at her mirror? It was even so, and in truth she had no reason to blame the reflection it offered. Very beautiful was the face she looked on, with its large, thought-speaking eyes, whose dark fringes lent sentiment to brilliancy; the cheeks now tinged with the hues of hope, the lips, half smiling at their own sweetness, and the forehead—"oh! call it fair, not pale!" around which the long brown ringlets gathered caressingly. It was a countenance whose usual expression was proud and serene, with a touch of that sadness which almost always accompanies the blending of intellect and womanhood, but now it was radiant with anticipation, and sparkling with happiness. There is no endowment on which girlhood places so high an estimate, as on personal attractions, and they are never so precious to her, as when a lover's gaze has lingered enchanted upon them, and the pleasure of gaining the admiration of the one beloved, has taught her to realize exultingly the "might and majesty of loveliness."

Ravenel was sitting beside a table in the library. It was a handsome apartment—the books were those his father had collected, those he had himself pored over in his studious days; every volume had a history of old times to him. But a few articles of fashionable furniture, and rich modern curtains, had imparted a different and brighter aspect to the room. All, however, was in good taste; even Ravenel could find no fault in the decorations around him. It had always been a favorite resort with him; he had whiled away many hours there during his late sojourn at the Hall, and now he was there to ask love from one by whom he felt certain it would not be denied—to solicit the bestowal of a hand, which should restore to him his home. But the thoughts within his mind were not the trembling ones of a devoted, yet an unanswered lover—his were not the reveries in which hope and doubt claim equal sway. Calm schemes of selfish purpose, coldly-devised and well-weighed plans for the future, and dark, intruding memories of a past that would not be repelled, were busy in his meditations. There was no tenderness in his heart for her, to whom he was about to proffer words of devotion and professions of passion; never but once had his spirit acknowledged, in truth, the witchery of such a rapture, never might it feel it again. Long ago the illusions of his life had departed; there was no palliating self-deception about him now, and even yet there was a name whose sound was thrilling to him, and he loved another well. The past was with him; its record lay before him of vows all broken, protestations all false; and eyes, whose blue depths of tenderness once had brought him ecstacy, seemed looking on him now in tender, yet touching reproach. His reflections grew oppressive, and it was a relief, an escape to him when light footsteps approached; the door noiselessly opened and closed, and Julia stood before him, brilliant with the happiness of suddenly awakened expectation, and radiant with that beauty which defies the pen, and can seldom be faithfully depicted by the pencil, the glowing, varying, rose-tinted loveliness of youth and hope and rapture. If it seem unnatural that Ravenel could have dwelt so coldly on such rare attractions, I can but avow the fact, and *they* will comprehend his indifference who have experienced the engrossment of one only attachment, and have felt how the loving sweetness of one face monopolizes all admiration. Other charms may appeal to the mind and win the criticising commendation of the judgment but they can never warm the heart that has already exhausted all its poetry in another's praise.

I need scarcely relate the words of that interview, on one side so fraught with enchantment, on the other so composed and calculating. Ravenel always spoke well; the faculty of graceful expression was one of his gifts, and his declarations now were fervent and impassioned. He told her he had obtained her father's sanction to his suit, that it was with his permission and approval he now addressed her. He spoke of his lonely life, his deprivation of all endearing ties, and his yearning to rest from his wanderings, and find a solace for years of weariness and care. Whatever was calculated to interest his companion, to elicit her sympathy and engage her kindness, he said most eloquently; and Julia listened—loved—and promised, and thus they parted.

The hour appointed for Mr. Manton's coming arrived and passed, but for once he was unpunctual, and in his stead was sent a letter. It was directed to both his daughters, and contained these words:

"I had anticipated, my dear children, having the pleasure of personally communicating to you the tidings I am obliged to entrust to this letter—tidings which are perhaps unexpected, but will not, I hope, be unwelcome. You are aware that I have long felt painfully the peculiar loneliness of my position, and your own need of congenial so-

ciety, I have, therefore, consulted at once your happiness and my own, in soliciting the hand of a lady in all respects worthy of the honor of being my wife and your companion. She is a stranger to you, and you will not be presented to her until after our marriage, which, in consequence of her mother's recent death, will be entirely private, and will take place next week. I do not request your attendance, believing that the introduction to strangers, even though soon to be such near connexions, would be too trying to Ethel in her present state of mind, and I feel convinced from your past dutiful conduct, that though absent in person, your affectionate wishes for my happiness will be with me on the occasion. Ethel is young and interesting, and you will doubtless find her a charming acquisition to your limited circle, when she has in some measure recovered her cheerfulness. She will never, however, be other than a guest at your present home, for you will find, my dear daughters, that every provision has been made by me to secure your rights and pleasures, and Julia is from this time mistress of the Hall—where I hope Miss Lear's good judgment will long preside and direct. I have much to say, which I must leave until our meeting next week, when I hope to have the satisfaction of introducing to you a lady deserving your most affectionate admiration. Present me very kindly to every member of the household, Arthur included."

The family were seated together when this letter arrived, and after a hasty glance at its contents, Julia read it aloud. It would be difficult to paint the mingled feelings with which it was heard—feelings in which surprise predominated, for not one of the party had ever contemplated even the possibility of Mr. Manton's forming a second marriage. They looked at each other for several moments in mute astonishment, and Arthur could scarcely repress a smile at the characteristic formality and decorum of Mr. Manton's epistle. He was the first to remark, that his uncle must certainly be very much in love, for he had even forgot to acquaint them with the lady's name.

Julia and Lena were not as much startled at the unexpected idea of having a step-mother—a being girlhood usually invests with horrors, and considers synonymous with despot,—as they would have been under ordinary circumstances. Each had her own hopes and plans for the future, which would prevent any disagreeable consequences to them from this unforseen connexion, and they retained no recollection of their mother to render the tie more painful. The apparent indifference with which their father sought for himself a different home from theirs, occasioned them but momentary concern, for they knew he was consulting his own happiness, and there had never subsisted between them that sympathising tenderness which blends separation with grief. Their permanent impression was one of satisfaction that they were to be allowed undisturbed possession of independence and tranquillity, and were not required to greet their new relation except with attentive kindness. Miss Lear alone was grieved, but she said not a word, time had long ago taught her to endure in silence. Only the irrepressible tears that filled her eyes told how vividly and mournfully this event recalled the sister who had been the wife of Mr. Manton's youth, and whose brief married life had been none of the happiest.

The next few days were spent at the Hall in preparing a suitable reception for Mr. Manton and his bride—but alas! for the vanity of human plans! for never more were his footsteps destined to cross that threshold. Arthur and Lena had determined to avail themselves of the bridegroom's unlooked for fit of sentiment to solicit his approbation of their union. They had always considered theirs rather a desperate case, but they argued that Mr. Manton could scarcely have the heart to refuse his daughter *his* sanction, when she had so readily and dutifully accorded him *hers!* Altogether, they agreed that the aspect of affairs was decidedly more encouraging, and Arthur consequently grew so happy as to be quite oppressive—at least to Julia, whose happiness was always tinged with thought and repose. She received within a day or two, a short note from her father, expressing his cordial approval of her engagement with Ravenel. It was worded with less care, and with far more tender solicitude than he had ever written to her before; perha[illegible] was not really as ceremonious and cold as he appeared, or it may be, the event appealed to his better feelings, and his heart smote him for the promptitude with which, while engrossed with his own hopes, he yielded his daughter's happiness into a stranger's hands. He said he had but a moment to write, but he earnestly united his own to the suitor's solicitations to hasten the period of her marriage. It was his intention, he continued, after having visited his family at the Hall, to go abroad with his lady, and it would be truly gratifying to his paternal feelings, to see his daughter's welfare and happiness secured before his departure. It was thus that affairs were hurried on, and a day not very distant was decided on for the marriage.

Not very long, however, was the stream of circumstances allowed by Fate to glide on so smoothly. For several days Mr. Manton had been indisposed, and soon after his marriage he became so ill, that his daughters were summoned to attend him. The physicians spoke with the discouraging mystery of science, and advised an immediate sea voyage; preparations were therefore made for prompt departure, and the contemplated visit to the Hall was abandoned. His bride's attentions to the invalid were unceasing, but they seemed rather the result of duty than of tenderness, and her reception of his daughters, though gentle and graceful, was evi-

dently encountered with painful embarrassment. It was an awkward position, and both parties felt it keenly, yet the young ladies could not but be interested in one scarcely in the bright summer of womanhood, and already touched by some abiding sorrow, and wearing "the settled shadow of an inward grief." She had no relatives in this country, for her friends were English, and her father had permanently quitted America soon after her marriage; she was thus left peculiarly lonely in her new and trying station. She was very lovely in her appearance, with the fair waving hair, deep blue eyes, and appealing softness of expression seldom seen in later life, and which the painter loves to sketch in his radiant ideal of childhood's beauty.

It was several weeks before Mr. Manton was sufficiently recovered to encounter the necessary fatigue of travel, and in the meantime, the period fixed on for Julia's marriage had arrived. The ceremony was almost a mournful one, only her immediate friends being present, and was attended by none of the joyous customs usual at such festivals. She was too happy to heed their absence; and he only felt in his bitterness what mockery they would have been. The young step-mother was not present; she was in deep mourning, and pleaded that her sad dress would be ominous. A few hours afterwards the family separated; the Mantons sailed for Europe, and the rest of the party returned to the Hall.

I have neglected to mention the fate of Arthur's and Lena's petition,—happiness is a thing so ethereal, and happy people offer so little to relate, that I may be pardoned for passing them by so lightly. Their appeal was successful, and Mr. Manton yielded his sanction to their engagement, decreeing only that a year should elapse before their union. The course of their love had run with such uninterrupted smoothness, that some obstacle seemed requisite, according to the acknowledged rules of romance, to prove its truth, and this delay served only to cast a slight sentimental sadness over their gay and hopeful natures. Mr. Manton had fulfilled his promise of providing business for Arthur, and had engaged occupation for him which compelled him to reside for awhile in a distant city. He was therefore most reluctantly obliged to bid adieu, for the present, to the complete indolence and happiness he had of late thoroughly engaged.

Six months passed away, and now as we again glance at the Hall, we perceive that many changes have taken place in its inmates. They are wearing the garb of mourning, for Mr. Manton had died suddenly two months after his departure. His young wife returned almost immediately to her native land, but to the Hall she never came—greatly to the marvel of the gossips in the neighborhood. Kind letters were interchanged between herself and her husband's children, but more than kindness on either side, was neither felt nor expressed. She lived a life of seclusion in her native city, and pleaded ill-health as an apology for her complete retirement from society. It was evident, however, that some mental inquietude was doing its work on the lady's peace, and not from mere physical debility arose that touching look of suffering which saddened her fair young face. Poor Ethel! her anticipations had been early shadowed, and gloomy indeed looked the years to be to eyes that gazed on them through tears!

And Julia, *her* hopes had seemingly been realized; time had apparently brought her dreams fulfilment—was *she* happy? In some respects she was, for Ravenel was courteous and attentive, and she loved him beyond all expression, with the poetical exaggeration of her imaginative disposition. And yet there were moments when even to her his words seemed constrained, his reflections preoccupied, but never once had her heart grown dark with suspicion, nor admitted the possibility, to one like her so unutterably terrible, that he had loved another better. He had vowed again and again that she was his only vision, her tenderness his greatest blessing, and he had smiled away her fears with that smile to her so full of witchery, because now it came so rarely. This life is not one of recompense, yet even here many a heart writes out its own history, and the evil thoughts we have not the courage boldly to repel, become our fearful foes at last. Ravenel tested and proved this truth, his favorite scheme was realized—he only knew at what a cost, and now with every earthly good in his possession, regret glided like a serpent across his path, memory taunted him with her thousand voices, not to be silenced, and he stood, master of all he sighed for, yet a wretched, almost a desperate man. He was well aware, too, that he did not suffer alone, but that one who had loved him sincerely, was also striving to blot out the past, and with manhood's vanity, he doubted not the effort was unsuccessful. Never but once since his marriage had he met his early love, and then accidentally, and only for a moment. Ever since had the troubled gaze of those appealing eyes followed him, and their silent reproach haunted him, until he yearned, with passionate earnestness, for one word of forgiveness and kindness. He was withheld from such dangerous reflections by no controlling force of principle; it was enough for him to curb his words, to guide his actions by politic rules; he was altogether unaccustomed to regulate his secret thoughts, and a stranger to that higher and holier philosophy which penetrates to the springs of evil, and purifies the source from which come the issues of life. The conviction that all his present weariness of spirit was the result of his own premeditated course of selfishness and deception, only tended to render him more restless; what consolation was it, that he had traced for himself the unsatisfying path he

trod! He felt too the depressing consequences of a life without aim and regular occupation; books ceased to interest him, among the many who envied him he had no friends, and he brooded in interrupted idleness over his gloomy meditations, until his very nature grew dark and sombre.

Sorrowfully Julia noted his constantly increasing abstraction, but he had once harshly repulsed her, when she ventured tenderly to ask the cause of his gloom, and she never dared a second time to question him on the subject. He was not as attentive to her as formerly, but seemed ill at ease in her presence, and she began to feel that something like fear blended with her love. She lost the impulsive tone of her character, and learned to guard every word and look, that might possibly offend his fastidious and criticising taste, for he often blamed and ridiculed now her natural and sparkling enthusiasm. The result of such a system is easy to foretell: gradually coldness took the place of confidence, and estrangement followed fast in the footsteps of tenderness. Julia became silent and reserved, her cheek lost its richness, and her eyes, always exceedingly beautiful, acquired a new and touching expression. Still she had no clue to the reason of her husband's neglect; no gleam of jealousy had ever intruded on her timid, yet fond reliance—how could she doubt assurances and protestations like his! But she saw that she had no share in his confidence, that he suffered, yet would not reveal why, and who does not know the pang that belief would bring to one who loved with an enthusiast's passionate and poetic affection! No open unkindness is needed to render married life the worst of bondage; many a soaring spirit has been bowed to the dust, many a woman's warm heart broken without the aid of this. The weapons are sharp enough that are sheathed in the careless glance and sarcastic tone, the bitter retort and chilling indifference, the cutting and yet courteous censure; these have a power not to be repelled, a grief beyond all utterance, and what must have been their sting to a disposition like Julia's, whose sensitiveness was almost morbid, and whose disappointment was more keenly intense, because contrasted with hopes so radiant, and an idol raised so high. She had no exciting society nor interesting pursuits to engross her mind and divert her attention; her thoughts were all monopolized by one depression, and her nature craved pleasant occupation to still its restlessness, and demanded happiness to develop its resources. Had her home been a bright one, she would have made a brilliant woman; but the shadow that lay there had darkened her heart, and from the heart come woman's noblest impulses.

She was now particularly solitary, for Lena had accompanied Miss Lear on a visit of several months to a distant friend, and Julia was alone, seemingly with all the attributes of enjoyment, in reality without one. She felt such seclusion was not expedient in her state of mental languor, and she pined for association with some person who could soothe her, and arrest the downward current of her reveries. Then rose up before her the pale, winning face of her father's wife, and its placid serenity shone upon her like some sweet, star-lit dream. She knew that too slight and ceremonious an intercourse had been sustained between them, that something more than mere formal politeness was due from a daughter to one who had faithfully solaced a father's days of suffering, and under the softening influence of these impressions, she resolved to write more cordially to Ethel, and urge her to make a lengthened visit to the Hall. But she never carried out her own promptings now without scrupulously consulting Ravenel, for it often happened that his wishes were opposed to hers, even in trifles.

He was in the library—his favorite room, and she entered with her usual noiseless footsteps. He was seated beside a table, on which his arm rested, and his head was bowed down,—he was asleep. There is something sacred in slumber, at least to those who have suffered, and the sorrowful shrink from disturbing the repose that brings forgetfulness. Julia stood, looking with eyes full of unspeakable tenderness on the proud, dark beauty of that haughty face. A smile was on his lips, as if pleasant thoughts were in his dreams; and the young wife sighed to think that smiles came only to his sleep. She was about to defer her petition, and leave him to his rest, when she saw that a finished, but unfolded letter lay before him. The writing was his, and the address surprised her, for it was directed to Mrs. Manton. She was not aware that Ravenel had any but the most casual acquaintance with Ethel, she had never heard him mention her name, and supposing the letter one on business, she glanced at it only with languid indifference. But that brief look rent the veil from the past; and the unsuspected truth lay before her in all its heart-reaching sorrow. He loved her not—what deeper grief had the earth for her! This was the letter:

"Ethel! this day a year ago we parted: you have not forgotten it, *I* have striven to forget it in vain. Never since, have I lost your reproachful look, nor ceased to recall your proud but tearful words. I know all you have suffered, all your sacrifices; I am well aware of the sense of filial duty which made you an old man's bride, and saved your father from ruin, but while I involuntary reverence the self-forgetfulness that prompted your course, I only more keenly feel the fatal blindness of my own folly, and realize the priceless worth of the treasure I have lost. It were idle now to tell you what *I* too have borne; the agony of regret experienced too late, the anguish of self-condemnation, and the perpetual thraldom of thoughts that dare

not be true. Yet, though I scorn to ask pity, even from you, I would stoop to implore forgiveness, to entreat you to think of me more leniently, to write me but a single word of kindness, and to pardon the infatuation that has ruined alike both our destinies. But there seems justice in Fate, and my lot is darker than yours: you are independent, with the privilege to be alone with memory if you will, while I must bear the perpetual presence of her, who stands unconsciously between my soul and its sunshine. You are too good to feel revenge, or it might be to you a bitter consolation to know that I endure most, that not an hour of my life is without its silent trial, its hopeless weariness. Ethel! in pity write to me! by the memory of our early love, by all that made life beautiful to us both, by expectations in common, and dreams that passed away together, give me but one line to tell me, that in your inmost heart you forgive and love me still!"

Paler and paler grew the young wife's cheek, as these cruel words wrote themselves in characters of fire on her heart, and when they were all traced, when not one syllable of agony had been omitted, she stood there, the very embodiment of youth and loveliness in their fearful conflict with despair. For a moment she pressed her hands on her forehead, as if to control her bewildered thoughts, and then tears, such as her life had never known before, burst forth in their passionate tide bringing something like relief—and all the while Ravenel slept tranquilly, with the smile upon his lips.

After that, for many weeks, the lady of Ravenel Hall lay dangerously ill, hovering between life and death. Strange tales were whispered of the husband's neglectful conduct during this interval of suspense, but they were probably exaggerated and it was only certainly known that as she slowly recovered, his old depression returned with increased depth. As soon as Julia was sufficiently restored to travel, she joined her aunt and sister, and Ravenel went abroad, it was said, on urgent business. Be that as it may, the vessel in which he sailed, never reached her destination, and his fate was involved in the most painful of all uncertainties. Not one word of tidings from the outward bound, ever reached the anxious ones at home, and among the inexhaustible mysteries of the deep sea, was numbered the destiny of that missing ship. After his departure the Hall was closed, and soon all was silent and deserted, where so much had been felt and suffered. Only the autumn leaves in falling broke the sudden stillness, and every thing about the place wore an air of desolate mournfulness, as if the traces of human passion had imprinted their seal on visible and material objects.

Five years passed thus, and never once did any member of the family return to their old home; then again the house was opened, the furniture rearranged, and when all things were prepared for the reception of inmates, the two sisters, with Arthur and Miss Lear, were once more established as permanent residents of the place. Lena had been married four years, and although time had somewhat subdued her light-heartedness, and given quieter grace to her manner, there was still a gay smile on her lips, and the fond looks which lingered alternately on her husband and her child, told of hopes fulfilled, and revealed that if she had lost pleasure, she had gained happiness. Miss Lear, ever kind and gentle, looked scarcely older than when she had quitted the hall: old age is defied by feelings, warm and loving like hers. Julia alone was sadly changed, and she brought back only the wreck of her rare and brilliant beauty. She was still dressed in the deepest mourning, and her bright hair simply parted on her forehead was concealed beneath her widow's cap. But although she had parted with the bloom and freshness of her appearance, she had acquired a peculiar loveliness of expression scarcely less fascinating—a look of tranquil, subdued serenity, as if the chastened soul was shining through. But the spirit that had so long "brokenly lived on," was nearly at the close of its pilgrimage; and but a few months elapsed, before the silver cord was finally loosed. Not a word relative to the original cause of her suffering had ever been spoken by her, but well *they* knew who watched her so tenderly, and loved her so truly, that grief, not disease, had gained her release, and that they bore to her early rest, one who was "sleeping for sorrow." When the wild flowers again bloomed in the old woods around the Hall, fresh garlands were daily laid beside her by little hands, and Lena taught her children to reverence the grave through which a broken heart had passed to heaven.

JANE TAYLOR WORTHINGTON.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

---

## HOUSEHOLD SONNETS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

VIII.

### TO A BROTHER.

True-hearted brother! thou who wert forever
Affectionate and faithful unto me—
In visions oft thy pleasant face I see
By my lone couch of languishment and fever.
In the clear darkness of those earnest eyes
A fount of tenderest love and pity lies.
O, brother dear! that rose whose root is death
Hath cast upon my cheek its blighting breath,—

Flattering—yet fatal! Would that thou wert near me
With thy soul-breathing tones of faith and trust;
In this sick hour of dying hope to cheer me
And aid my thoughts to soar above the dust.
Yet canst thou pray! then lift thy voice for me
That the world's chain may melt, and leave my spirit free.

IX.

TO MY YOUNGER BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Brothers and Sisters!—your thrice happy lot
Is yet to find around one kindred hearth,
Your purest joy, your truest love on earth:—
Oh! leave not lightly that most favor'd spot.
Ye the deep-loving, and belov'd of all
In your sweet home, on whom fond blessings fall—
Whom tenderest sympathies together bind,—
Long dwell ye thus!—may no strange coldness ever
Between ye come! Still be your lives entwin'd
In one bright bond. And may ye never, never
Bear in your hearts the deep and piercing pain,
Born of a love whose yearnings are in vain!
Brothers and sisters, on each youthful head
Blessings of Heaven and earth, a thousand fold be shed.

## THE ROAN MOUNTAIN AND ITS SCENERY.

"What lonely magnificence stretches around!
Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound!
All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams,
The mountain reposes 'mid the roar of streams,
Its glens of black umbrage by cataract riven,
But calm its blue top in the beauty of heav'n."

There is a luxury in rambling among the mountains when all nature is dressed up in her gaudiest plumage, and the balmy breezes of summer, redolent with the sweet incense of the wild flowers that cluster in beautiful confusion upon the banks of every streamlet, are sporting over the green-plumed hills and in the secluded dells—I say it is a luxury, at such a season, to be out in the mountains, snuffing the pure air that lingers on "the bright freshness of morning," listening to the delightful music of Nature's sweet choristers, or to the hum of the chrystal brooks, as they dash along o'er their pebbly beds, and gazing upon majestic hills, shady glens, picturesque forests, and craggy precipices. I have enjoyed this luxury—have rambled over mountains whose sublime beauties beggar all description—have sallied forth upon the mountain's top at early dawn, when the spider's fantastic web, gemmed with the pearly dew-drops of heaven, was dangling in sparkling beauty upon almost every shrub; when the mists were curling upward from the surrounding valleys, tall and unbroken, like Corinthian columns, upon which the sun, peering over the tops of the Eastern hills, poured a full blaze of resplendent glory—have gazed upon the wild flowers, the welcome children of spring, in their loveliest haunts, and listened to the sweet warblings of the wild-wood songsters, "living their life of music"—have drunk from the perennial mountain springs that were gushing forth as limpid, to refresh the weary wanderer, as when mortals first quaffed their liquid treasure, and have heard the same sweet music from the mountain streams, as they made when man first listened to their melody.

"Oh! there is a sweetness in the mountain air,
And life that bloated ease may ne'er hope to share."

There are many lovely spots in our beautiful mountainous country that are never embraced within those pilgrimages after the picturesque, which numbers periodically undertake, rather to see what is known to many, and should, therefore, they think, be to them, than to visit those places where the sublime and the beautiful are to be met at almost every step, and are known to any, or to few at least, save the rustic residents who are scattered among them. For my own part, I am well pleased the case stands thus. I love to ramble amid scenes unsullied by the footsteps of mere professional pleasure-hunters, and to behold scenery, the freshness of which has been impaired by no transfer to the portfolio of the tourist, either for the artist, the poet, or the descriptive prose-writer. I have travelled through portions of the country, untrod by the tourist, and unknown to the reading world, in which scenes have unexpectedly opened upon me in the hills, and cliffs, and valleys, and murmuring rivulets, that have far more power to stir the spirit of the admirer of the beautiful in natural scenery, than "the lauded and typographed, the versified and pictured magnificence" of places around which an enchanting spell has been thrown by these and other kindred influences.

Perhaps there are few places in America that can boast of a greater diversity of beautiful scenery, than the highlands of Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia, and yet little is known of the magnificent scenery of this region. Here we find towering mountains, elevated hills, beautiful valleys, deep ravines, torrents dashing down precipitous rocks, and forests composed of majestic oaks, lofty elms, the stately beech, the mountain ash, the glazed holly, the variegated thorn, and the graceful fir, cedar, and pine, interspersed with the most beautiful copses. Here the lofty peaks of the blue hills, rising higher and still higher, kindle with the early rays of the rising sun, and the overshadowing ridges envelope the valleys with a sombre shade

like a mass of clouds, while the gentle slopes and beautiful valleys are covered with dense forests, decorated with roving climbers, within whose sequestered limits the wild deer sports in the pride of his spirit, and whose silence gives echo to the morning hymn of the merry lark, or the wild scream of the night-hawk. Taken all together, it is certainly one of the most wild, romantic and picturesque regions in America.

During the summer of 1844, I availed myself of an opportunity to visit the Roan Mountain, situated on the line between Tennessee and North Carolina. On the evening of the 12th of July, in company with a friend, I reached "Bakersville," (the residence of a pretty numerous family rejoicing in the name of Baker—the father with his children settled around him—in Yancy county, N. C.,) where we tarried for the night, being then six or eight miles from the top of the Roan. Here we procured a guide, and early on the morrow were on our "winding way" to the top of the mountain. The ascent we climbed was rather steep and thickly wooded the greater part of the way, and was winding, rugged, and very much obstructed by fallen trees, together with brush, roots and rocks. So steep and rugged was it in places, it was only with considerable exertion, attended with no little fatigue to ourselves and horses, that we made the ascent, (three miles,) the greater portion of which we accomplished on foot. At length we reached the edge of the bald ground, about a mile from the top of the mountain. Here we could not help stealing a glance at the beautiful prospect just opening to our view. We were, however, too eager to behold the grand panorama displayed to view in every direction from the summit, to spend much time in the enjoyment of the partial views here presented.

About ten o'clock we reached the summit of the mountain. There had been a slight fall of rain in the early part of the morning, and a dense fog had settled upon the valleys and ravines below, above which rose the tops of the surrounding mountains and hills, presenting the appearance of an ocean filled with innumerable small islands of every shape. A heavy mass of clouds obscured the sun for awhile, but they gradually rolled away, and ere long, the "king of day" broke upon the scene with more than his wonted splendor, when the fog assumed the hue of molten silver and soon disappeared, leaving the view in every direction entirely unobstructed. 'Twas a beautiful scene, and one which a Claude would fail to delineate upon canvass with all that soul-stirring beauty which it presented to the admiring eye. Talk not of the beauties of the highlands of Scotland, the sublimity of the "towering Alps," or of the enchantment of the Pyrenees; give us our own mountains, with the same romantic spell around them, and they will rival in picturesque beauty and enchanting interest those that have become celebrated in prose and verse! It was a true remark of some writer, speaking of this region, that "the genius of Scott has made his country appear the appropriate place for romantic legend and traditionary feud, but it only wants a similar influence to make ours more than the rival of his in that respect." The field here is illimitable and almost untrodden.

"These scenes had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of Fairies, Satyrs, and the Nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape."

From the top of this elevated mountain, which is six thousand feet above the level of the ocean, ascertained by actual measurement, we had a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Far in the distance towered the Cumberland Mountains, the blue outlines of which we could but faintly trace, while in our immediate vicinity the Black and the Bald reared their rugged heads high in the blue clouds, and the Yellow and others raised their shaggy brows above the venerable hills, and seemed to rival in height the one on which we stood. On either side of the mountain were deep ravines and beautiful valleys covered with dense forests. As far as the eye could reach, beautifully cultivated farms rose to view, with here and there an isolated hill, from the base of which not unfrequently issued a small stream, winding its seaward course in gentle zigzags through some beautiful valley, studded with a dense forest of giant oaks, the growth of centuries, whose arching branches, crossing and intermingling, formed a vast canopy through which the sun's rays could scarcely penetrate.

At the western end of the mountain, (where we ascended,) and on the northern side, stands a very large rock, known as the "*Bluff Rock*," beneath which is an immense abyss of several hundred feet in depth, formed by a valley maintaining pretty much its level to the base of the mountain, from which rise vast piles of granite to the summit. There is always a strong current of wind blowing up the abyss and over the cliffs. This is owing, doubtless, to the form of the valley and the surrounding mountains. It is said that a hat cannot be thrown over this precipice, as the current of wind is so strong that it will blow it back. A great many experiments have been tried by different persons at different times, all of which resulted in a confirmation of the assertion. From this eminence we had a fine view of the great valley of East Tennessee. As far as the eye could reach, we could see a vast number of farms dotting this romantic and undulating valley, which gradually diminished in size until their last traces were lost, apparently, in the very clouds. Immediately before us clustered the lesser mountains and hills, rising higher and still higher, until they, too, were lost in

the blue distance. The scene from this point is indeed beautiful. There lies the extended valley, clothed in its rich robe of variegated colors, interspersed with cultivated fields, revealing green meadows and the promise of a rich harvest; yonder is the tall precipice overhanging the stream, or some yawning chasm, and apparently ready to fall, producing that shuddering, yet delightful sensation experienced amid the stern features of Nature's sublimest works; there is the conical hill, clothed to its summit with green foliage, with the deep, dark gap below, where the pebbly brook seems to struggle for egress, and here, under our feet, stands the towering mountain, like a giant warrior, dressed in its panoply of rude magnificence. Insensible, indeed, must be the soul that is not often lost in admiration, interrupted by frequent bursts of rapture, while gazing upon such a picture!

Toward the summit of the mountain the trees begin to get somewhat crooked and scrubby, which disposition continues to increase until you reach the borders of the bald ground, where they are not more than ten or fifteen feet in height. This dwarfish forest is composed chiefly of sweet birch, buckeye, and beech, which are, doubtless, the growth of centuries, as they bear all the marks of extreme age. On the prairie-like summit of the mountain are numerous groves of the fir tree, a species of pine, and a very beautiful evergreen, of small stature, from which is extracted the "balsam of fir" from blisters that grow on the bark. There are two other species of pine found associating with the fir, which are very beautiful. These groves of fir and pine, with a splendid carpet of light green moss, bespangled with wild flowers of the richest colors, covering the ground, form an exquisitely beautiful sylvan scene.

The plain, or rather the prairie, (for it resembles a prairie very much,) on the top of the mountain, is covered principally with a confused medley of grass, shrubbery, and plants of a variety of species. It is one of Nature's wildest, most beautiful gardens, robed with sunbeams, and studded with flowers of every hue, holding in their delicate cups the pearly dew-drops of heaven, and shedding their fragrance in unsparing profusion upon the zephyrs that linger amid these enchanting bowers. This prairie affords excellent pasturage for horses and cattle, large numbers of the latter of which we noticed on different portions of the mountain. Strawberries grow in great abundance on this prairie, which were ripe at the time we were there, (the 13th of July,) near two months after they ripen in the valleys below. Although they grow as large and *look* equally as delicious, yet they are not so sweet as those that grow upon the lowlands. This is owing, probably, to the cool temperature of the climate, which, doubtless, deprives them of much of their natural sweetness. Whortleberries also grow here in abundance, but they do not ripen until September, two months after the regular season on the hills below: indeed, every thing in this cool, elevated region, is at least two months later than in the valleys of the surrounding country. The blackberries which grow upon the Roan seldom ever get ripe, being killed by the frosts, which come much earlier than in the lowland country; but when they do get ripe, are said to be very sweet, much more so than those that grow on the lowlands.

Among the objects that attracted my attention, were immense numbers of snow-birds. They have their summer homes upon the lofty mountains of this region, which must be to them a paradise, as they are enveloped in cold mists for weeks together, more or less. They build their nests upon some little projection, hatch their young, and when the winter snows begin to fall, migrate to the lowlands in the vicinity, where they take up winter quarters with the farmer.

Of the temperature on the summit of this mountain, some idea may be formed from the fact that when we left the lowlands it was excessively warm, but when we reached the top we found it quite cool—indeed, it was so cool that we were obliged to dismount from our horses frequently, in order to keep comfortable by the exercise of walking.

The summit of the Roan is chiefly a prairie, (not very level, it is true, for it is pretty much broken,) which is estimated to be about seven miles in length, and averaging three-quarters in width, and extends northeast and southwest. The descent, on the southern side, is a gradual slope to the valley of Tar River; that on the northern side is rather precipitous, including the abyss, of which mention has been made, together with several others of nearly equal magnitude.

After rambling over the entire extent of the mountain, luxuriating upon strawberries and admiring the sublime and beautiful scenery, which lends enchantment to the mountain, in its wildest, rudest state, just as it came from the hands of the Creator, we struck off into a narrow defile, winding down the side of the mountain, and bordered thickly with brushwood, tinged with beautiful flowers. Having reached the lowland, we passed, on our return to Bakersville, over the roughest portion of country I believe I ever saw. A little before nightfall we reached the place where we had lodged the previous night, and in a short time our kind hostess had a plain, but palatable supper ready for us, to which the fatigues of the day had prepared us to do ample justice. After a night of sweet repose, which refreshed us very much, we rose early on the morning of the 14th, and were soon on our "winding way" homeward. This day was the Sabbath. No sound of "the church-going bell" was heard though stealing o'er the hill-tops and the green valleys, or dying away in melodious echoes amid the deep ravines of the venerable hills, but

all was still and silent as one loves it to be on the Sabbath.

On our way to and from the Roan we crossed several mountains of less note, the names of which I did not learn, all abounding with beautiful scenery. The gigantic and various growth of the trees and shrubbery of the mountains are, indeed, interesting to the lowland traveller; and the vast piles of rock, which often tower in magnificent pride to their very summits, are objects of curiosity and attention. These mountains are not only rich in beautiful, picturesque scenery, but abound in mineral wealth. There are many departments of natural history that might be enriched by valuable acquisitions from this romantic region. In places we would journey on for miles without seeing any mark of civilization, save the road on which we travelled. Towards the mountains population becomes very sparse, and the land more rough and sterile, though there are some very fertile valleys. To a person raised in the lowlands, it is a matter of wonder how the people can live among these mountains. In some places the land under cultivation is so steep that the farmers have to till it with their hoes alone, and others will barely admit the operations of the plough. Yet these people appear to be, and doubtless are, as well satisfied as if they lived in the most fertile valleys of America. It cannot, however, be deemed strange, that those who are cradled among the mountains should love them. The scenes of their early life create in them a passionate attachment for the place of their nativity, however rugged and sterile, which accumulating years cannot lessen, nor change nor distance destroy. An Italian or a Spaniard may be content in exile, but a Swiss peasant can be satisfied no where but among the wild mountains where his youthful days were spent.

> "Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
> And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
> And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
> Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
> So the loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
> But bind him to his native mountains more."

Generally speaking, there is too little neatness and taste displayed about the "log cabins" far up in the mountains, to give that picturesque cottage air so attractive to the traveller. But there are some elegant dwellings scattered over the country, which lend enchantment to the scenery by which they are surrounded, the sublime beauties of which will entice hither the footsteps of the gay at merry spring time, and detain the contemplative by the latest bloom of autumn—in short, must ever command the admiration of those who look upon mountains with the eye of an enthusiast.

> "Oh! show a place like the wildwood home,
> Where the air is fragrant and free,
> And the first pure breathings of morning come,
> In a gush of melody.
> * * * * *
> "There are glittering mansions with marble walls,
> Surrounded by mighty towers,
> Where fountains play in the perfumed halls,
> Amongst exotic flowers;
> They are fitting homes for the haughty mind,
> Yet a wildwood home for me,
> Where the pure bright waters, the mountain winds,
> And the bounding hearts are free."

*Knoxville, Tennessee.*

J. M. McK.

---

## SMILES.

Canst thou not smile! then thou hast never felt
The calm, unsullied sunshine of the soul,
Beneath whose warmth life's Alpine glaciers melt,
And all their snows in one bright current roll.

Oh! wouldst thou drive the gloom from thy sad brow,
And lift thy head unto the cheerful sky!—
In dark despair of bliss no longer bow,
And on a world of smiles turn thy dim eye.

Spring from thy couch on some bright summer-morn,
And see the sparkling smiles all nature wears,
When with the rosy hours, the dawn new-born
Shakes dew-drops from her brow like laughing tears.

Go! clamber up yon mountain's towering height,
While thunder-clouds are boiling at its base;
When the dark storm-spirit has taken flight,
Bright smiles still play on nature's tearful face.

Go! wander through yon deep, sequestered grove,
Where dreamy shadows sleep beneath the trees;
E'en there behold the smiles of sunny love
Glance through the vistas opened by the breeze!

What are the flowers all blooming round thy path,
But angel smiles upon the face of earth?
Sweet blushing monitors of holy faith,
They teach thee lessons of immortal worth.

When Spring-tide fills the fields and woods with bloom,
And clothes each hill-side with the running vine;
The earth has smiled away stern Winter's gloom,
And thanks her God with poetry divine.

When Summer robes herself in richest green,
And laughing streamlets leap within the vale;
In the gay sunbeams, and the moon's bright sheen,
On nature's brow the smile doth never fail.

When Autumn garners in her treasured stores,
And through the fields the joyful reapers roam,
For golden fruits the smiling earth adores,
And sweetly sings the song of harvest-home.

When the first hoar-frost blights the fading leaf,
And Autumn-blasts make all the forests groan,
The varied tints still smile in sweet relief,
Like flowered carpets o'er the mountains thrown.

Or wouldst thou see upon the human face
The same bright radiance and sunny glow!
Then through each scene of life thy footsteps trace,
And o'er each path behold the smiling bow.

Behold yon wearied tiller of the soil
With evening shades returning to his cot;
His wife and babes receive him from his toil,
And with their glowing smiles they cheer his lot.

See yon pale girl now bending o'er her loom,
A radiant smile doth light her features fair,
To think that she can cheer her parents' gloom,
And with the dear ones her scant wages share.

Behold the sailor on the bending mast,
His eye doth glance across the white sea foam;
Sweet memories in his breast are crowding fast,
And with a smile he dreams of early home.

Behold the student o'er his midnight lamp,
With ardent zeal he scans the classic page;
From his pale brow he wipes the gathering damp,
And with a smile toils for a future age.

Behold that infant in its gentle sleep,
Though on its cheek there rolls a silver tear,
Yet a soft smile doth arch its ruby lip,
As if the angels whispered in its ear.*

See yon poor widow with a weeping train
Of helpless babes, sore smitten by the rod;
With faith's bright smile she cries, nor cries in vain
Unto the Orphan's Friend and Widow's God!

There lies a christian on his dying bed,
The light of earth is fading in his eye;
He feels the Lord's strong arms beneath his head,
And with a smile beholds the opened sky!

O God! we thank Thee for each cheerful smile
That plays upon our sorrow-stricken earth;
Each one doth some poor broken-heart beguile,
And like a sun-beam calls bright flowers to birth.

The flame that burns within man's troubled breast
Is vestal fire, and kindled by Thy breath;
On the heart's altar, it will not be suppress,
It burns through life, and is not quenched in death.

Its inward fire gleams through the fleshly veil,
And with its glow lights up the human face;
On sorrow's brow, though furrowed o'er and pale,
It lingers with a bright and holy grace.

And e'en the clouds around our pathway rolled
All catch the lustre of this sacred glow,
Until their edges gleam like burnished gold,
While from their bosom springs the cov'nant bow!

And when the veil of flesh is drawn aside,
The happy soul will smile in endless day;
Where God's own smile doth bathe the prospect wide,
And every shade and cloud shall flee away.

B. T. R.

*Virginia, Nov.* 1, 1846.

* The Irish legend says that when a babe smiles in its sleep angels are whispering to it.

---

## SOME FACT AND SOME FICTION.

Some time during the present century, there resided, in one of the northern cities, an Irish gentleman, who, by enterprizing industry and steady application, had acquired great wealth. His family consisted of himself and a daughter, the youngest and only survivor of several children, who had died in childhood and infancy. Ere this child's tenth year was completed, Mr. Clermont lost his wife; at first he appeared inconsolable, and took no interest in any object that was left him. When time had in some measure reconciled him to this bereavement, his devoted attachment to the little girl revived, and at no distant period she became his friend and favorite companion. Beninah was tall and graceful; and though not a beauty, her face was rendered pleasing by the soft and placid expression of her countenance, and a dimple in her cheek, which might be seen on the slightest approach to a smile: what else she was, perhaps the following pages may disclose.

Beninah and her friend, Mrs. Dorsay, were sitting one morning in the parlor, when Jasper, the body-servant of Mr. Clermont, ushered into the room a tall man, so emaciated, that his garments scarcely appeared to touch his limbs;—his eyes and the upper part of his face were covered with a green silk shade, and when he took off his hat, he presented a head perfectly bald. After a pause, he enquired for Mr. Clermont. He was not at home. When would he return? Between one and two o'clock.

After a pause of longer duration than the first, the stranger rose from his seat, gave Beninah a

letter to her father, said he would call to-morrow, made as graceful a bow as could be expected from such a figure, and with slow and unsteady steps left the apartment.

As the door closed, Beninah said, "That must be some unfortunate lunatic, or, shade as he is, he would not be out in January with a head so exposed."

"That *is* rather singular, though I see no symptom of lunacy. I never met with a more melancholy object, or one whose appearance so strongly indicated recent suffering and present debility. I wish you had invited him to stay until eleven, when your father may come by on his way to the auction he spoke of."

"I hope, Orrah, you do not suppose I failed to do so from want of sympathy. I was so shocked and surprised, and felt so sad when I ventured to look at him, that I wanted the scene to end; but *now* I wish I had done differently."

"Our feelings and fancies should not interfere too much with the performance of our duties, though it may be unpleasant. Putting other considerations out of the question, I think it probable he had business of importance with Mr. Clermont—I do not believe he came on any frivolous errand. Did you remark how much like a gentleman he looked? His clothes were made of good materials, every article corresponded, and were sufficiently in the present taste to show the wearer paid a proper, but not undue attention to Fashion. I wonder you did not observe his rich gold watch-chain and beautiful cornelian seal; it is a fac simile of the chain your father wears."

"Is it?" said Beninah, who appeared to awaken from a painful revery. They were given my father by his friend Megilvery, of Jamaica."

"Do you remember Jamaica?"

"My recollections of it are like the faint remembrance of a pleasing dream. The only circumstance I can distinctly recall, is connected with a little girl with whom I used to play,—and her brother, who was much larger, gathered for us fruits and flowers, showed us pictures and read to us fairy tales, when we would listen."

The town-clock struck *twelve*. Beninah went to a remote part of the house to attend to several orphan children, who read to her a short time every other day, and Mrs. Dorsay resumed her reading. Mr. Clermont had been her guardian, and his house was her home whenever she was disposed to make it so. Mr. Clermont returned at two, and Beninah observed, as soon as he came in, he had missed seeing a very singular visiter.

"A lady or gentleman, my *dear*?"

"More like a spectre than either."

"Was the spectre young or old?"

"I cannot tell—his eyes and the upper part of the face were concealed by a green silk shade, and the head so bald, it would have done for a professor of Osteology to lecture from,—if there be such a professor."

"Did he, she, or *it*, leave no name or address?"

"Oh! I had quite forgotten a letter he left for you."

As soon as Mr. Clermont saw the superscription, he changed color, "My dear Beninah, what have you done,—the letter is from my benefactor and friend Megilvery, of Jamaica, and the bearer, his son John. I would not have had that man received with unkindness or indifference in my house for the wealth of Stephen Girard ten times told. I fear, my daughter, by the manner in which you speak, you felt for him little sympathy."

"Father, it was only to amuse you, as you say you like to hear me prattle. If I felt no sympathy, why have I felt so miserable since he went away?"

"To the fact of your looking very miserable, I can testify," said Mrs. Dorsay.

Mr. Clermont broke the seal, and after looking a few seconds at the letter, said, "Beninah, my child, read it for me. Something is the matter with my eyes, or specks."

"Let Orrah read it, as she takes a deep interest in all that concerns him. She almost scolded me, because I did not invite Mr. Megilvery to stay until you came home."

"My darling daughter, is it possible you did not invite him?"

"Father, you must forgive me—I had not the power: perhaps when you see him you will excuse me."

"Poor, poor fellow—is he indeed so sad a spectacle?"

Mr. Clermont threw himself on a couch and covered his face with a handkerchief. Mrs. Dorsay, who retained her composure, took up the letter and read as follows:

"*My very dear Friend:*

Although a considerable time has elapsed since I last wrote to you, do not attribute this apparent neglect to any abatement of *regard*. Since I have grown *old*, a sort of apathy has crept over me. Formerly, writing to my friends was one of my most pleasing occupations. It has become such an oppressive draft on my decaying faculties, that I seldom take up a pen unless under the influence of some powerful feeling. We have grown old together, and if your experience be similar to *mine*, in this respect, you will more readily excuse and forgive your old friend. You may remember the troubles in Ireland prevented John going to Dublin College. The severities exercised by the British government in my native land aroused feelings in my own heart, and in that of my son's, which forbade his resorting to Oxford or Cambridge: we therefore selected the college near Boston. When he left that place, I wrote to inform you he was

rambling in Canada—would make a tour through New England, stay awhile in New York, and be in P—— on his way to the Southern States. In a subsequent letter I mentioned he remained there several weeks. Unfortunately for him, you were absent at Saratoga. He completed his tour in less than a year, returned home by the way of New Orleans, and then made the tour of Europe, after remaining with me six months. He visited Sicily and Malta, passed nine months in Greece, and returned to me all that I could wish. Soon after his arrival, he was attacked by one of those malignant fevers incident to the climate;—this was a consequence which ought to have been foreseen by me; but that neglect was the most bitter ingredient in my cup of affliction: for many days and nights I watched by his sick, and I feared, dying bed, with feelings of anguish, which can be better imagined than described. The fever was characterized by a delirium, which still lingers about him in the form of absence of mind and forgetfulness. Contrary to my expectations, it pleased the Almighty Father of Mercies to spare him, and the doctors have advised a voyage to the United States. He will sail on the 2nd prox., never again, with my consent, to return to Jamaica. As soon as I can make arrangements, Heaven permitting, Geraldine and your old friend will be with you. I shall leave the selection of a home for us to my son, where I hope to pass the remnant of my days. It is my first wish they both should live to see their old father committed to the *tomb*. My most affectionate regards to Beninah. The lapse of fifteen years of life, in its commencement, or near its close, make so great a *change*, that it is probable I shall not recognize the rosy little girl of whom I have so vivid a recollection—who once was the playmate of my own children. I have often pleased myself with the prospect of again seeing the three together. It is a fairy picture, sketched by the pencil of hope. May we live to see it realized. I know I need not recommend my dear John to your kindness and attention—I feel that all will be done for him that can be suggested by benevolence and friendship. I am, my estimable Clermont,

Your sincere friend,

CAMDEN MEGILVERY.

*Tusculum, December 29th.*

"These are, I suppose, the boy and little girl you mentioned in the morning?" said Mrs. Dorsay, on finishing the letter.

"Yes," replied Beninah. "A person like Dr. Johnson would connect your agitation and alarm, on the advent of Mr. Megilvery, with past events. He used to say he liked to hear of *presentiments*, forebodings, intimations, &c. It consoled, by assuring him there was a world of spirits, and that we were bound to this world by some invisible link."

Mr. Clermont was attracted by this remark, and said he could tell a story, which would add *weight* to the Doctor's theory; this same John being once instrumental in saving the life of Beninah.

"How was that, father?"

"I can relate the circumstances in a few words. There was an extensive plain in front of Tusculum. One afternoon Geraldine and yourself had rambled a mile from the house. Alarmed by the roar of an approaching hurricane, you sought shelter in a lofty wood, the most insecure place of refuge that could have been selected. John saw you from a little distance, and aware of the danger, flew like a hero to the rescue; he snatched up Beninah, and bid Geraldine follow, who was four years older. We were spectators from the balcony. Heavy black clouds seemed almost to rest upon the earth. The wind and rain swept the darkened landscape, whilst John and his little sister, with the fleetness of a greyhound, appeared to fly before it: as they neared the house, Megilvery clapped his hands in an ecstasy, and cried, 'Well done, John! well done, my son. You have outstripped the hurricane.' As they reached the piazza the storm increased in violence, and raged with the most terrific fury. In the wood and at the spot from which John had taken Beninah and Geraldine, many large and lofty trees were prostrated."

"I think it strange I never heard of it before," observed Beninah.

"I think so too, my dear; but you were too young to remember, and before you were old enough to appreciate John's heroism, the transaction had faded from the recollection of others. It appears rather ungrateful in me, but I do not know that I have thought of it since I left Jamaica. It has slept in my mind, you may see, by the circumstantial manner in which I have related it. You were talking of Jamaica awhile since—what were you saying?"

"When Mr. Megilvery was here this morning, I observed that his watch-chain and seal were precisely like your own. I mentioned the circumstance to Beninah, and she told me yours was a present from Mr. Megilvery, of Jamaica; this led to a conversation about Jamaica."

"I can give you the history of that chain and seal. The year before I left Jamaica, Megilvery sent to London for three gold watches, chains and seals to be alike—one was for himself, one for John, and the other for myself. He neglected to choose any device or motto for the seals. The watch-maker being an Irishman, chose the shamrock for one, St. Patrick's head for another, and for the third, a bird creeping into an arched nest, with the motto, 'Home is sweet.' John was so much delighted with this fancy, that I made choice of the shamrock, and Megilvery took St. Patrick. After the affair was arranged, John requested his father to put by his watch till he was five feet ten, observing that boys did not wear watches."

"I expect he has worn it for some time," remarked Mrs. Dorsay, "he is at least six feet two, and very erect."

Mr. Clermont called to Jasper, who was in the next room, and enquired if he knew which way the gentleman came from who called whilst he was out?"

"No, sir," said Jasper, presenting himself at the door, "but I know what is better—where he may be found."

"That is indeed fortunate, and how, my good Jasper, did you obtain this valuable piece of intelligence?"

"When he came to the street door, I was going to the confectioner's; he looked so poorly and sorrowful, I helped him down our long flight of steps; when he reached the pavement, he said, quite like a gentleman, 'I thank you my good friend.' We happened to be going the same way, and I walked as slowly as he did, for you know, sir, I am a strong man, and if he had fallen I could have picked him up. Just as we turned the corner, we were met by a handsome young mulatto man, who said, 'Master, I have been very uneasy about you. I wish you would let me walk with you when you go out.' 'That would look too dependent,' Philip: where have you been?' 'To the washerwoman's.' 'I wish you had been in the house, when I set off. I am still so absent, I took off one cap and neglected to put on another. I did not perceive the blunder till I took off my hat at Mr. Clermont's—my bald head shocked and alarmed the ladies very much, or at least one of them, and I do not wonder at it, for I am shocked whenever I catch a glimpse of myself in a mirror.' 'I hope you have not taken cold, master.' 'No danger of that, Philip; I was so much disconcerted when I made the discovery, that all the blood in my veins rushed to my face; pale as I am, I must have blushed; the excitement will, however, prevent my taking cold.' They went into Guy's boarding-house."

"I am glad he is so near; only a few hundred yards distant. Perhaps you knew by instinct that he is the son of an Irishman, and that made your heart warm towards him."

"I hope, sir, I should feel for any human creature who looked as he does; no doubt if I had known there was a drop of Irish blood in his veins, it would have helped the cause, for I love old Ireland, though I am forever banished from her bosom."

"I think you bore arms there?"

"Yes, and they called me a rebel to my own country; I was willing to do my best for her; but as to what that best was, I might be mistaken."

"Well, Jasper, we will discuss that question some other time; go hurry dinner; I must see Megilvery this afternoon."

"He is your friend, sir, I suppose?"

"His father is my friend, and compared to other men, the only friend I ever had; but fortunate is the man who, in his journey through life, finds *one* such friend as Camden Megilvery!"

After dinner was over, Mr. Clermont went to Guy's boarding-house and enquired for Mr. Megilvery. When Philip made his appearance, Mr. Clermont knew him from Jasper's description.

"You are Mr. Megilvery's servant, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"I will thank you to let your master know Mr. Clermont wishes to see him."

Philip soon returned and said he had found his master in a sound sleep, and thought it wrong to wake him.

"Certainly, it would be very wrong. How long since you landed?"

"Eight days."

"Why is it I did not hear of it till this morning?"

"It was several days before my master recovered from the effects of the voyage; since then the weather has been wet, and to us very cold;—he promised to deliver the letter in person, and this morning is the first that has been fair enough for him to do so."

"Do you think your master would have any objection to my sitting in his room till he wakes?"

"No, I am sure he would not."

"How are his spirits?"

"Generally very low—after the fever came on, he was raving for many weeks—then quiet and melancholy, and used to repeat, in great distress, 'I must die and leave my friends, or my friends must die and leave me.' This idea still haunts him."

"Poor fellow," said Mr. Clermont; "when was he taken ill?"

"The second of September. We sailed the second of January—that day four months."

"How did you leave your old master?"

"Very well, thank you sir; we left him busily engaged making preparations to leave the Island."

"When do you think he will be here?"

"In May or June, he said, if he went back at Christmas to eat green peas."

Mr. Clermont was conducted up stairs by Philip; his steps were arrested before he entered the room by the sight of Megilvery's tall form extended at full length on a bed opposite the door, behind which the shutters were carefully closed. He had on a velvet cap and a white morning gown; he was very pale, and that paleness made more striking, by being contrasted with his long dark lashes and beautifully arched brows, his cheeks sunk and hollow, and his colorless and attenuated lips scarcely concealing his teeth: one thin arm was thrown over his head, the other lay on his breast. The old man's eyes filled with tears as he gazed on this sad *wreck*, and he could not realize this structure of bones to be the fine boy he had seen so often in

childhood and youth, sporting through the orange groves of Jamaica. He took a seat in a part of the room where the foot curtain might hide from his view this melancholy object. Such a death-like stillness reigned around, that he became uneasy, and approached the bed to assure himself that Megilvery lived; his breathing was easy and natural, and his sleep appeared as tranquil as the slumbers of an infant. A little observation convinced Mr. Clermont there was at least a temporary exemption from the oppressive feeling of debility, and consoled by this reflection, he reseated himself, and awaited patiently its termination, though it was protracted to an unusual length. A little after *four*, Megilvery told Philip to bring him a bowl of coffee and a toast; adding, I have not slept so soundly, or been so hungry for a long time.

"My dear master, do you not remember the doctor forbids the use of coffee? May I not bring you something else?"

"I want nothing else."

Mr. Clermont came to the bed-side.

"Master, here is the gentleman on whom you called this morning."

"I am glad to see him," said Megilvery, offering his hand, "but sorry he should have taken so much trouble."

Mr. Clermont observed, that although he was an old man, he thought nothing of such a walk, especially when a friend was in question, and such he must call the son of Camden Megilvery; adding, "I am glad to see you in P——, but concerned that I should owe that pleasure to your indisposition. I hope our bracing climate and pure air will soon restore you."

"I hope so too," replied Megilvery; "I am better than when I left the brig, although from my present appearance, it would hardly be supposed."

"Philip, you have forgotten your master is hungry."

"Yes, I want coffee."

Philip looked sorrowful.

"What doctor forbid it?" enquired Mr. Clermont.

"The doctors in Jamaica."

"I have lived in Jamaica, and know some things are injurious there which are not so *here*. A man who wanted prussic acid as much as your master appears to want coffee, perhaps might take it with impunity. I once knew a man, after his life was despaired of, cured by being indulged in an omelet. Go, my good lad, bring the toast and coffee, and I will be responsible"—

"And Philip bring some fruit and a bottle of wine out of the box of stores my father had put on board the brig."

When Philip left the room, Mr. Clermont observed to Megilvery, that as he had changed his place of residence, it might be prudent to make some alteration in his regimen;—he would see Dr. W—— that evening, and request him to call at Guy's. Megilvery made several objections, which were obviated. In conclusion, Mr. C. said, "You are an invalid, committed by your father to my *care*, and I must faithfully discharge the *trust*."

When Philip returned, Mr. Clermont regaled himself with fruit and West India sweetmeats, and drank a glass of wine to the health of his Jamaica *friends*, and was pleased to see what a comfortable repast poor Megilvery made of the toast and coffee, regardless of all the tropical delicacies his father had put on board the brig, with which Philip had filled a large waiter.

When Mr. Clermont was taking leave, he took up a large orange, and said, "With your permission, I will carry this to Beninah."

"And this," said Megilvery, "to the lady with the sweet voice—Miss Clermont called her Norah."

"No, Orrah."

"Ah! that is a name in the almost forgotten Spectator," putting his hand to his forehead, as if to make an effort to remember something. "Let Philip take a basket full of them to the ladies."

"It is not worth while, if he will bring my big coat from the settee below: it has pockets large enough for an electioneerer to carry cakes;—they are so much larger than those usually seen here, they will be quite a curiosity to persons who have never been in the West Indies."

On his way home, Mr. Clermont called to see Dr. W——, and by his representation, interested him so much in Megilvery, that he waited on him before seven. The result of this visit we shall hear before to-morrow.

When seated by his parlor fire, he said, "Well, my dear, Orrah has made a conquest of the spectre—he sent this fine orange, and requested me to give it to the lady with the sweet, soft voice, Miss Clermont called Norah."

"No doubt he thought the voice sweet, because it spoke in his behalf. Beninah's voice must be more pleasant than mine; she sings sweetly, and I cannot sound a note."

"If your idea is correct, it places in a stronger point of view the value of kindness and consideration."

"Oh! my dear father, I fear you have not forgiven me."

"Indeed, my daughter, since I have seen poor Megilvery, I see nothing to forgive; he is certainly one of the most melancholy objects I have ever beheld; his voice is scarcely human, and his eyes are wild and sad. Come, do not look so much like the tragic muse. Here are some fine oranges for you," arranging the beautiful fruit on the mantle with the shells and other ornaments.

"I think you were," said Mrs. Dorsay, "with the family of Mr. Megilvery, in Jamaica?"

"Yes, I was domesticated several years in his father's house: his mother was a lovely and ac-

compliehed woman, and as good as she was beautiful. I can see in her son's face her beautiful brow and long silken lashes. The frost of age may blanch those features, but they are often spared by disease."

"Is she still living?"

"No: she died some years ago. Beninah, my dear, do you remember the name of Orrah in the Spectator? I think it occurs in the Lapland love-song. It is your name, Orrah: do you recollect it?"

"I was called after an aunt who adopted me. I do not remember ever to have heard that there was either love or poetry in Lapland. You, Beninah, are so well acquainted with all those antiquated authors, that you certainly can throw some light on the subject. It was only yesterday you finished wading through Richardson's 'Clarissa,' and sometimes I catch you reading Bunyan's city of 'Man Soul,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress' is also a favorite."

"My fondness for those books is partly the effect of early prepossession—they are amongst the first I ever read with pleasure."

"It must be a universal taste," observed Mr. Clermont, "for the 'Pilgrim's Progress' had gone through fifty editions before the American Revolution, and I know of one since, for I have myself sold many copies of it."

"But, father, what was the object of your enquiries respecting the name of Orrah?"

"When I corrected Megilvery's mistake in saying 'Norah,' he said, in a confused manner, 'Oh! *that* is a name in the almost forgotten Spectator.' I wish to know if there was such a name mentioned by Addison, or if it proceeded from the unsettled state of his mind."

"I will go to the library and bring the book."

"No, it is of no importance—read something in Carr's Travels. There is not much in it; but it is *new*. I am rather fatigued, but if you will read, I can sit up until ten."

"I think, father," said Beninah, when she laid down the book, "I should like to employ a teacher and learn French, then you would not have the trouble of translating for me so often, as almost every modern work has more or less French in it."

"I have no objection, provided you never attempt to speak it, except in cases of necessity."

"What would you call a case of necessity?"

"Why, if you meet a Frenchman who does not speak English, give him the best French you can command;—at present, French is in such general use, that to speak it with tolerable correctness is a valuable accomplishment; and if I could have afforded to have gone to France, when I was a younger man, it is one my children should have enjoyed; but before I had the *means*, I lost them all but you, and with them, much of my spirit and energy. I have so often heard men by a misapplication of terms render themselves ridiculous, I do not wish to hear any one, in whom I take an interest, speak a foreign language, unless they had learned it perfectly. I remember once to have heard a kind-hearted Frenchman say, when taking leave of a friend, 'The Lord pickle you,' confounding the words pickle and preserve; and another who fancied he recited very well, repeat,

> 'Confirm the tidings as they roll,
> And spread the truth from *stick to stick*.'

Every one not versed in the tongue he speaks, I should suppose liable to such blunders; but these remarks do not apply to reading French."

Mr. Clermont read a chapter in *Job*, and concluded this eventful day with a prayer. The next morning a heavy snow and slight indisposition prevented Mr. Clermont from leaving the house. He was pondering about sending to enquire after Megilvery, when Phillip sent up from the servants' hall the following note:

"*My Dear Sir:*

"I am sorry this inclement morning denies me the pleasure of making my acknowledgments in person, for the prompt and friendly visit paid me last evening, by Dr. W——, at your kind request; he has taken off several interdicts, which have for some time subjected me to various inconvenient privations: a person in health cannot imagine what a relief the removal of those prohibitions has been to me. I hope I shall soon have it in my power to see you again; in the mean time, accept the sincere thanks of your grateful and much obliged

MEGILVERY."

"Beninah, my dear, my head and fingers are so much out of repair, I must beg the favor of you to answer this note; you can imitate my hand exactly, and will use my signature."

She opened a writing-desk, and wrote a note, which her father read to Mrs. Dorsay.

"*My dear John:*

"I am very much pleased to hear the interview with Dr. W—— afforded you so much comfort; especially as it answers my expectations. I am a little indisposed; you must therefore excuse brevity. The cold east winds and dark morning have had their usual unpleasant effect on the nervous system of your old friend,

CLERMONT."

"Will it do, Orrah?"

"Very well for a spectre."

"Pray do not say spectre to me again."

"I should not have said it then, but I wanted to see your dimple, for I feared it had strayed, or was stolen. I have not seen it since half-past ten yesterday morning."

"Never mind her, my dear, it will do very well for the travelled and accompliahed Megilvery. I

dare say he will think it was written by the hipped old man, whose signature it bears. Until this moment, I did not observe the beautiful impression of Megilvery's seal I described to you yesterday. It recalls 'auld lang syne.'"

When Phillip received this despatch, he made his exit with a modest, graceful bow. Mrs. Dorsay observed, she should know him to be the servant of a well-bred man.

"If you were to see the man and master together, perhaps you might make a more important discovery, or at least you might form an estimate of his domestic character and habits."

"Where slave and master are in question, I should think *that* rather a fallacious criterion."

"It is for that reason a good one. The hired servant and his master are a mutual check on each other. A man of tolerable temper and sense will do nothing to provoke a valuable servant to leave him; while the servant is anxious on his part to retain his place by a faithful discharge of duty. But the slave knows his destiny is fixed, and this often renders him provokingly careless and regardless of commands which a hired servant would discharge with alacrity. If a lady or gentleman under such circumstances conciliate the affections and respect of servants, I ask no other evidence of an amiable character."

"I should not," said Orrah, "expect that any very kind feelings could exist between slaves and their masters. In my mind they are always connected with Campbell's line,

'Nought but the pittance and the scourge.'"

"I am sorry to find your opinions, on any subject, based on poetic fictions. Our next door neighbor, the merchant tailor, is very cruel to his wife and children—often beats them when he is drunk, and is unkind to his apprentices; and for this reason, should I be justified in publishing to the world, in prose or poetry, that all the tradesmen in the city were guilty of the same offence. I have heard so many details since I left Jamaica, which I know to be false, that it has rendered me a sceptic on that subject: moreover, I have travelled from here to Charleston, South Carolina, and have been on many farms, and can assure you, that in most places, the slaves live more abundantly, and work less, than many of the European poor."

"But this ought not to be used as an argument in favor of slavery in this fine and favored land."

"At least it leads to this conclusion, that in every civilized community, there must be two classes of people—the rich and the poor. The latter are subject to hardships and privations, which I should suppose were not to be prevented or cured by freedom. However, this is a question I do not mean to discuss, but the prejudice regarding the pittance and the scourge I wished to remove. The next summer I shall pay a friend in the lower part of Virginia a visit. I shall go from there to the Natural Bridge, and round by Harper's Ferry; and I wish to take Beninah and yourself with me, and then you will see a great many negroes, and the penetration which enabled you to make some estimate of Megilvery's character from the appearance of his servant, will aid you in discovering whether or not those persons look as if they lived on scourging and starvation. There are bad men and consequently bad masters every where—but the exaggeration is far beyond what you have any idea of, and I expect when you return, you will have some sympathy to spare for that country where every tenth person is a pauper, and where a poor man works hard for ninepence a day, lives on potatoes without salt, or where hundreds have no home but the streets, and no shelter but the canopy of heaven. It is not long since I read a book of travels, which contained a lamentation over the poor slave who had to go into the woods to cut wood to make a fire for himself and family. If the gentleman had put on his considering cap, he might have remembered places where a poor white man would have considered this a privilege." Jasper brought in the morning paper, and Mr. Clermont took it and went into an adjoining room.

"When I mentioned the subject of slavery, I had forgotten your father ever lived in Jamaica."

"What you said did not affect him personally."

"I suppose he had slaves whilst he resided there. What did he do with them when he left the Island?"

"He owned only a few, they came with him and were liberated. After the experience of one winter, some of them disliked the cold climate and returned; there is one family living in the suburbs—and our cook, Phebe, and Collin, the coach man, occupy the same station in the household they did in Jamaica."

"I thought they were hired servants."

"My father gives them as much as they ask, and, in case of his death, they will have an annuity which will amply support them."

"Your father judges of other masters by himself—that accounts for his being an advocate for slavery."

"If slavery be an evil, he can see no remedy for it and thinks it best not to interfere with it—especially for those not to do so, who, from their situation, cannot take a correct view of the subject in all its bearings. When I went with my father to Charleston, I met with no person I commiserated more than the mistress of a large country establishment in Virginia. How would you like to superintend the manufacturing of two or three hundred yards of cloth, and then having it cut and made into garments for sixty or a hundred people of all ages?"

"Why, I thought the *drivers* attended to that!"

"Driver is a term I never heard used in Virginia—

the assistants on farms are called overseers, or managers; they may lend their aid sometimes, but the business of clothing is the duty of the mistress, and it is one many of them faithfully perform."

"And pray what sort of ladies are those domestic drudges!"

"Some of them are well acquainted with English literature; but I do not know that they have ever studied astronomy or conic sections, any more than I did, but they know how to be very hospitable, kind and polite."

"How did you make yourself acquainted with so many domestic affairs in so short a time?"

"I had no deep-rooted prejudice to conquer, and with such a monitor as my father, much may be learned in a year and a half."

As Beninah finished speaking, Mr. Clermont came into the room with the paper in his hand. "Here is news, Orrah, which will delight you; 'arrived Saturday, in New-York, Mr. Clayton and family, from the South of France. We are happy to learn the health of Mrs. Clayton is perfectly restored.'"

"There certainly is a letter for me at home," said Orrah, "I must go."

"The weather is too bad for you to brave it, I will send Jasper for it." He soon returned with the expected letter; it contained a pressing invitation from Mrs. Clayton to her two former schoolmates to visit her, as three years absence, in a distant land, rendered her anxious to see them. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton joined in wishing Mr. Clermont would be of the party. Mr. Clermont said, he was sorry neither Beninah nor himself could accept the invitation, as he expected Megilvery would be his guest for a few days, and he wished his daughter to aid him in discharging the duties of friendship to the son of an old and valued friend.

Beninah felt a slight disappointment—but it was transient, and soon dissipated, when her father observed, "he hoped to accept the invitation in a few weeks." The afternoon turned out so fine, that Mrs. Dorsay went home to make some necessary arrangements, and she set out the day after for New-York. That evening, after tea, Mr. Clermont remarked, that he feared Orrah was disappointed at his declining this invitation, "and perhaps you, my dear, may think it singular, that I am disposed to make such a sacrifice."

"Oh no," said Beninah, "it is neither a subject of surprise nor regret to me; and no doubt, on the approach of spring, the trip will afford our friends, as well as ourselves, more pleasure."

"I lament that I have not before confided to you the nature and extent of my obligations to poor Megilvery's father; but they are connected with circumstances of such deep and overpowering emotion, that I always shrank from verbal communication on the subject. Sometime after your mother's death, I wrote a few pages relative to my early days—here is the key, look in my desk, you will find a paper in a small gilt Bible, with your mother's name, Emily Anderson, bring it and read it to me." Beninah found the paper and read to her father the contents with considerable self-command.

"Although Megilvery was several years older than myself, we were classmates, entered college together, and completed our studies at the same time. A small patrimonial estate enabled him to marry the woman of his choice and settle in life. The loss of all I had, compelled me to defer the fulfilment of my matrimonial engagements. I made various efforts to obtain a situation that would afford a prospect of independence, to wealth I did not aspire:—all my exertions were unavailing. At last I decided on relinquishing, for a time, my love, my country, and my friends, to try my fortunes in the East. With this view I engaged a passage on board a ship, bound for Calcutta. Emily Anderson was employed as the assistant in a small school, ten miles distant from Dublin; I informed her of my intention, but, as saying farewell to her was the most painful duty which awaited me, I postponed a visit to her till the ship was almost ready to sail—but what was the anticipation compared with the reality. Any fears with regard to the long voyage, or my absence, would have consoled me. But there was a dead calm, and deep and silent sorrow in the manners and appearance of Emily, which was a dagger in my heart. After spending a few sad days at A——, I took leave, as if for a short time, intending to write the farewell I could not speak. I walked back to Dublin, in a state of extreme dejection, and loitered so much on the way, it was nearly evening before I reached the city; by this time I became so exhausted, that I found it necessary to stop at the first house of entertainment which presented itself, and call for some refreshment; after drinking a cup of coffee, I took up a paper, and, on the last page, found the following announcement:

'Died, the first of last month, at Tusculum, his place of residence, on the island of Jamaica, Theodorick Pembrook. He was a sincere friend, and a man without guile; may his numerous friends and acquaintances speak his elogium by an imitation of his virtues. We understand he died intestate—consequently his immense wealth will descend to his heir at law, Camden Megilvery, of this city, the only child of his sister, the late Mrs. Megilvery. We hope this may be true, we know of no man here or elsewhere, who will make a more judicious or liberal use of wealth, than our highly valued fellow citizen.'

"There was no reason to question the first part of this intelligence; but I doubted the latter. I had often heard that Mr. Pembrook lived with the strictest economy, and was supposed to be hoarding his treasures for some public charity in his native land. I reached my solitary garret and was

going to throw myself on an humble cot, hoping to find in sleep a temporary suspension of misery, when I observed a letter on the table, sealed with black, the superscription in Megilvery's well-known hand. Why write to me of his uncle's death? I could not conjecture; or why write at all, when only a few squares divided us? With trembling impatience I broke the seal, and ran over the contents.

'*Dy dear Clermont:*

It would be very difficult for me to make you sensible of the deep feeling of melancholy with which I have witnessed your preparations for visiting a country, where so many of our poor sons of the North have found an early grave. I was silent because I wanted the power to mitigate or avert the evil, and but for an unexpected event, you might have gone to India, without knowing how large a share you have always possessed of my friendship and sympathy. The paper of this morning will inform you of the death of my uncle, and its consequence, as it regards myself; notwithstanding his advanced age, he gave so much of his personal attention to business, that his death has created a vacuum which must be filled. The health of Mrs. Anselmo is so delicate, as to forbid our removal to Jamaica, which would be in accordance with the wishes of myself and wife. I am anxious to obtain the services of some gentleman to assist in conducting a business thus left without a principal. As I know of no one more eminently qualified for such a trust, I hope you will have no objection to going. Some years ago I spent a considerable time with my uncle; and I know to fill his place will be no sinecure; therefore, make your own terms. I have directed Hillyard, the Banker, to honor any bills you may draw; have no scruples on this subject. If you will go to Jamaica, I shall be your debtor beyond remuneration. I am going to Belfast, where I shall be detained some days; write and let me know how you are, and what are your plans for the future.

Yours, truly,

CAMDEN MEGILVERY.'

"Emily, my dear Emily! my drooping lilly! she will be rescued from unprotected loneliness, blighting toil and hopeless poverty. I had mourned my blasted hopes, met with disappointment after disappointment without a tear; but over Megilvery's letter, and the dawn of brighter prospects, I wept like an infant. How long this state of feeling would have continued is uncertain, had it not occurred to me that the mail closed early that morning, and the letter required a prompt reply. By a strong effort, I attained sufficient composure to write one.

'*My Dear Friend:*

It is utterly impossible to find words to express my thankfulness for your kind offer, which I accept without hesitation, and though the offer is noble and generous, I am not more confident than I have ever been, that it was the power and not the *will*, that was wanting to procure my happiness. As the money which would have been appropriated to the Calcutta voyage will be more than sufficient to take us to Jamaica, I shall not find it necessary to call on Hillyard, although I am not the less obliged for this kind and considerate offer. I shall be ready to sail on a few days' notice—excuse brevity—my mind is like the troubled ocean: though the storm is passed, the waves still roll. It will take some time to tranquillize the long agitated heart of yours sincerely,

EDWARD CLERMONT.'

"I wrote to Emily and enclosed Megilvery's letter. I then went to a distant part of the city, and engaged a lad to take it to A—— early in the morning, I came back by the post-office and left Megilvery's letter—by this time it was twelve o'clock. From excessive weariness and fatigue, I slept the rest of the night, in spite of the excited state of my mind. The three following days I was actively employed—on the fourth I went to A——.

"Neither the looks nor manners of Emily spoke of past suffering. The cheerful smile with which she met me dispersed, as by magic, the gloom which, till then, I had in vain attempted to banish. I had so long been sorrowful, I hardly knew how to be glad. Next week we plighted our vows at the altar. In a few days we went to Dublin, where Megilvery and his lady received us with the most affectionate hospitality. Although educated in Dublin, she was a Spaniard by birth and parentage. She was a lovely woman; but not a beauty after the Irish pattern. The business between Megilvery and myself was soon settled:—one article of agreement was, that we should live at Tusculum and keep up the establishment of Mr. Pembrook. Megilvery intended coming to Jamaica as soon as Mrs. Anselmo's health would admit; but as this was very uncertain, we deemed our arrangements sufficient for the present. In ten days after we reached Dublin the vessel sailed. It was the singular lot of Emily and myself to have no parents, brothers or sisters to leave; yet we could not bid adieu to the land of our fathers without a natural sigh of regret. When the ship left the port it was the depth of winter; the trees were leafless, and the earth buried in snow. On the 29th day of our voyage we anchored at Jamaica. Here was a lovely land indeed—at least by contrast,—all verdure, fruits and flowers. We went the same evening to Tusculum. Mr. Hume, the steward, was a well informed old Englishman. He had introduced at this large establishment neatness, order, and regularity. As he had been well acquainted with Megilvery when he had visited Jamaica some years since, he seemed

much gratified by my introductory letter from him. Next morning, he conducted us over the beautiful grounds. The house was spacious and convenient. The library occupied a very large apartment in one wing of it. There was an extensive assortment of well-selected books, both ancient and modern,—the walls were hung with maps and charts. On a table, near a window shaded by a fine orange tree, stood a beautiful pair of globes, a small telescope and several microscopes, of different powers. On another table, there was a number of interesting prints—all Hogarth's, bound in a large volume; others, containing a series of pictures from Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and the Devil on Two Sticks. A large press, filled with files of newspapers for more than half a century back. One file particularly attracted my attention. It was covered with a cloth, and endorsed, presented to me by my friend, Mr. Lee, of Virginia. This paper, edited by Purdy and Dixon, of Williamsburg, was, I believe, one of the first ever printed in Virginia. Mr. Pembrook visited the United States in 1783 with a view to some mercantile speculation,—he made his fortune by bold adventures. With so many refined and intellectual pleasures at hand, we considered ourselves among the most fortunate people in the world—our gratitude was boundless. Megilvery said my place would be no sinecure; and I should have found it very toilsome, had it not been for the efficient aid afforded me by Emily. Her father, a clergyman, belonging to the Church of England, was under the necessity of teaching a small school; at the same time he gave his daughter a good English education—she also read French. She was a well-trained and accomplished clerk. Before this period I had never seriously considered the importance of female education. And now I will give you Mr. Anderson's plan, as detailed to me: At six years Emily was taught to read by her mother—between this and the age of ten she learned to write;—after she read with tolerable fluency, she read every day a few pages of history, voyages, or travels, as a duty not to be dispensed with, and then any story-book or fairy tale she might like. Mr. Anderson used to say, if I tease my little girl with grammar and what she cannot understand, it may make her dislike her book; and without a fondness for reading, no education can be perfected;—I would as soon expect corn to come up without being planted, or to build a brick house without lime or mortar, as to educate a person who has no love of books. Mr. Anderson could not afford a musical teacher for his daughter, but her voice was so sweet and her ear so nice, that he could not resist the temptation of purchasing for her a Spanish guitar. She learned to play very agreeably, and to it warbled her 'wood notes wild.'"

[*To be continued.*]

## A VOICE FROM THE RUINS.

Hark! from the ruins grey,
  Where the sleeping shadows fall,
And the chequered moonbeams softly play
  O'er broken arch and wall,—
On the night-wind's dreary moan,
  As it sadly murmurs by,
Oh! heard ye not a wailing tone,
  Like a spirit's low reply!

It was but the rustling sound
  By the ivy branches made,
Or the murmuring tone that breathes around
  In the solemn beechen shade;
'Twas the streamlet's rippling flow,
  'Twas the moaning of the breeze;—
But no—'twas a murmur sad and low,
  And sterner far than these!

"Woe for the pride of man,"—
  Thus the whisper seemed to say,—
"Who wasteth thus life's little span
  On things that pass away;
And woe for the princely halls,
  His bosom's proudest trust,
Like the hand which reared their marble walls
  Now crumbling to the dust!

"Where hath the brightness fled,
  And the lyre's thrilling tone?
Where now the light of the stars is shed,
  And the hollow breezes moan.
Where is the gilded dome,
  And the richly fretted wall;
The jewelled vase, and the rich perfume,
  And the princely splendor, all?

"I have seen the young and gay
  In their joyous beauty meet;
And these walls have rung to the thrilling lay,
  And the sound of flying feet;—
I saw them yet again
  With a darkly shadowed brow,
Which told too well of the grief and pain
  That the human heart must know.

"I have seen a fair young maid
  At the marriage-altar bowed;—
A little while, and I saw her laid
  In a coffin and a shroud!
And childhood's merry chimes
  Have thrilled upon the air,
But I heard that voice in after times
  In the wailings of despair.

"I saw a valiant knight
  For the battle-field depart,

With his sword and helmet glancing bright
And a dauntless hand and heart:—
Then there came a funeral train
With sable pall and plume,
And the warrior's lifeless form was laid
In the lonely chancel-tomb.

"The revel hath been high
In these princely halls and bowers,
But the gloom of many a tear and sigh
Hath dimmed the after-hours;
But the sunshine and the gloom,
And the smiling and the tears,
Have passed away to the voiceless tomb
Of long departed years!"

Oh! sad is the mournful tale,
Yet holy in its truth;
And the spirit well may pause awhile
And ponder o'er its worth;
For thus doth the pride of earth
And its beauty pass away,
And all the light of its joy and mirth
Sink slowly to decay!

SUSAN.

*Richmond.*

---

## THE FIRST, AND THE LAST DECISIVE BATTLE

OF

## NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

When the soldier citizen
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—
Save in deeds that led them on
Where glory smiled on freedom's son—
Who of all the despots banded,
With that youthful chief competed?
Who could boast o'er France defeated,
'Till lone tyranny commanded?
'Till, goaded by ambition's sting,
The hero sunk into the king?
Then he fell;—so perish all,
Who would men by man enthral!

*Byron.*

### I.

### THE BATTLE OF ARCOLA.

Young Napoléon Buonaparte, having been made a General, by the support of Barras, the year previous, was appointed, in the spring of the year 1796, Commander-in-Chief of the revolutionary army in Italy. Born the 15th of August, 1769, he was at that time not yet 27 years of age, and although a young man of great military talents, energy and bravery, he was extremely modest, and even bashful in his external appearance. He seemed to have no other passion but the ardent desire of distinguishing himself in the service of his country, for which he called forth his whole genius and feared no trouble or danger.

Having arrived in Italy, he found on its frontiers an army of about 40,000 men, destitute of every necessary, only well supplied with courage and enthusiasm, true sons of the revolution. He broke up the cantonments and entered Italy between the Alps and Apennines, where he met with an Austrian army of about 36,000 men, under the command of General Beaulieu, an invalid of nearly 80 years of age. A contingent of Piedmont, of about 20,000 men, commanded by General Colli, defended the Col de Tenda, and the Duke of Aosta commanded 15,000 men on the frontiers of Sävoy.

Buonaparte attacked the hostile armies, commanded by feeble Generals, singly, with astonishing rapidity, genius and energy; he fought and defeated them at Montenotte, Millesimo, Montelesimo, Lodi, Castiglione, Roveredo; and dispersed and annihilated the whole army in a few (16) days. Like Julius Cæsar, he could exclaim: "*Veni, vidi, vici!*" Thus the inability of an old General favored the young eagle and gave him that trust and confidence so necessary for great actions: But another old General put a stop to his bold flight. Beaulieu and Blucher are memorable names in the history of Buonaparte.

Austria replaced the lost army in great haste. In the month of October, 1796, a new army, of about 46,000 men, under the chief command of General Alvinzi, entered Italy in two columns. The first, of 22,000 men, commanded by General Davidowich, advanced from Tyrol along the river Thees (Adige) and after several successful combats, arrived, in the middle of November, between Compara and Castel Nuovo, and remained there inactively, having no other enemy in front but the weakened division of Vaubois.

The second column—24,000 men under General Quasdonowich—with the General-in-Chief, came from Friuli, and advancing over Cardenove, Cämpana, Bassano, Vicenza and Villa Nuova, arrived the 11th of November near Verona, where they met with the French divisions of Augerau and Massena. The latter attacked the Austrians the 12th of November, near Caldiero, but were defeated and driven back with considerable loss. Nothing indeed seemed lost for Austria but the first army, and Alvinzi was about to prepare for the passage of the Thees, in order to relieve Mantua, blockaded by the French, when all at once young General Buonaparte appeared with a part of the blockading army of Mantua and frustrated his intention.

The French army, about 40,000 men, consisted at that time of four divisions, under Vaubois, Massena, Augerau and Serrurier. The latter block-

aded Mantua. The divisions of Augerau and Massena, and the troops with which General Buonaparte came from Mantua, were not much superior in number to the Austrian army, but more experienced in warfare. Buonaparte, not thinking his army strong enough to defeat both divisions of the Austrians at once, gave up Vaubois for some time, and with the other combined forces turned against Alvinzi.

The combat of the 12th of November having sufficiently shown the difficulty of conquering the enemy by an attack in front, the French General-in-Chief ingeniously concluded to march in the rear of the Austrians to Villa Nuova, in order to seize there upon their artillery and magazines, and to force them into a battle, which, if successful for him, would have pressed Alvinzi towards the Thees, and being cut off from his other column, compelled him to a capitulation.

For this purpose the French General-in-Chief left the encampment near Mantua; he marched on the 14th of November along the right shore of the Thees to Ronco, 15 miles from Verona, and passed that river during the night of the 15th by means of several pontoons. The left shore of that river offers there no favorable place for deploying troops. The right shore of the Alpon, (a little river running in a rectangle from Villa Nuova, about 8 miles from Ronco to the Thees,) borders a large swamp, through which only a causeway leads in a north-western course to Porcil, two miles and a half distant, and in a northern direction to Arcole, about 4 miles distant, and from there to St. Bonifacio. Near the two last places, upon the left shore of the river, it is crossed by bridges.

Alvinzi, having discovered the stratagem of Buonaparte, detached some regiments of infantry to Arcole and Porcil, which, during the 15th of November, were reinforced in such a manner, that there were near Arcole 14 battalions of infantry and two escadrons of cavalry, commanded by General Mitrowski; near Porcil 6 battalions and two escadrons, under General Provera. General Massena, having advanced the 15th of November towards Porcil, met the enemy at Bionde, a mile and a half from Ronco, and after a brisk combat, was defeated and had to retreat. The Austrian outposts stood the evening near Zerpa, only a mile from Ronco.

On the morning of the 16th of November, at day break, the Austrian General Provera attacked the enemy near Zerpa, but was driven back to Caldiero and pursued by Massena, who, not finding a road on the right hand to the Alpon, returned towards evening to Ronco. On the other side Mitrowski attacked the French at the same time upon the causeway leading from Arcole through the swamp, but he was also driven back to Arcole after a murderous contest. Augereau made then an attempt to pass the Alpon, about two miles below Arcole, not being able to construct a bridge because of the swamp immediately on the shore of the river, but this was likewise in vain.

Buonaparte, tired of the delay, marched himself the division of Augerau towards Arcole, intending to force a passage to the right shore of the Alpon, in order to advance to Villa Nuova, but he was not more successful. All the often repeated attempts to take the little wooden bridge of Arcole were that day frustrated. In vain first the valiant Augereau, and after him Buonaparte himself, seized a flag and headed the assailing column: a murderous fire in front and in flank dashed the assailants to the ground, and after a considerable loss, the French had to retreat in the evening to Ronco. General Guieux had meanwhile passed the Thees with 2,000 men near Albaredo, two miles below Ronco, on the other side of the mouth of the Alpon, and taken Arcole, but the retreated division received the news of this advantage too late to profit by it, and Guieux, not being supported, had to leave Arcole again, after the arrival of an Austrian reinforcement.

During the night of the 17th of November Buonaparte succeeded in constructing a bridge of fascines, about three miles below Arcole, and a part of the division of Augereau passed the Alpon and deployed upon the left shore. At day break, the battle re-commenced at all points; a French corps, advancing upon the causeway towards Arcole, was again driven back, and pursued by the Austrians, fled in disorder towards Ronco. Buonaparte, having perceived it, placed a demi-brigade of the division of Massena in an ambush, in a copse to the right of the causeway, which assailed the pursuing enemy so vigorously in the flank, that they were forced to retreat to Arcole with a great loss.

The French troops, upon the left bank of the Alpon, near Arcole, were vigorously resisted, until about 25 guides, with several trumpeters, sent there by a stratagem, appeared in the rear of the Austrians; this shook their firmness in such a manner, that, at a repeated attack, the village of Arcole was taken. Alvinzi rallied his troops again at St. Bonifacio, and would have settled there and resisted the enemy but for a French detachment of about 900 men, with four pieces of artillery, which, being sent from Legnano, appeared again in his rear and increased the fear of the Austrians of being cut off, wherefore they retired without farther resistance to Villa Nuova.

The battle was won for the youthful French General, not so much by the superiority of his army, as by his genius. The French concealed their loss, but it must have been very heavy, for near the bridge of Arcole alone several of their Generals were wounded; they estimated the loss of the Austrian army at 4,000 dead and wounded, and pretended to have taken 5,000 prisoners and 18 pieces of artillery, which is exaggerated, as was always the case

with Buonaparte's reports concerning the loss of his enemies. It is certain the French had more dead and wounded than the Austrians. However the victory was decisive; the French occupied, in consequence of it, the cities Brescia, Sălo, Peschiera, Castel Nuovo, Duolce, Corona and the banks of the Thees, (Adige,) from Verona to Porto Legnano. Not long afterwards Mantua capitulated; then the armistice of Leuben was concluded, and was followed soon by the peace of Campo Formio, in consequence of which Austria lost nearly all her possessions in Italy.

This first campaign of Buonaparte in Italy shows not only his genius, energy and ability as a warrior and General, but it evinces that a principal object of his tactics was to have always the majority upon the battle-field, and to make every effort of his genius and skill in order to accomplish that purpose. We find this remark confirmed in nearly all the principal battles won by Buonaparte;—at Austerlitz, Jena, Auerstœdt, Friedland, Borodino, Moskow, Dresden, Lutzen, etc. Whenever Buonaparte saw the majority in number was on the side of the enemy he delayed the battle; he knew how to separate the army of the enemy by quick and skilful manœuvres and evolutions, and attacked and defeated the separated divisions one after the other. The awkwardness of the opposing Generals facilitated those evolutions in a great measure. In fact, in all his campaigns, until the year 1813, Napoléon Buonaparte was never opposed by a skilful General experienced in modern tactics. The most skilful of them was the Arch-duke Charles of Austria, the first general to defeat the French emperor in a great battle at Aspern and Esslingen in Bavaria, in 1809, but who immediately afterwards committed the great fault of allowing him to escape from the island of Lobau, in the Danube, where he had to retreat; but he was by no means equal in talents, skill and practice to Buonaparte, and his army, consisting almost entirely of young troops, was far inferior to the French, with respect to discipline and experience.

Without detracting from Buonaparte's merits and high military talents, every body versed in the history of his time and campaigns must acknowledge, that for his success he was just as much indebted to good luck and favorable circumstances, as to his genius and skill. His apprenticeship in warfare fell just in a time when ingenious French Generals, as a Dumouriez, Pichegru, Hoche, Moreau, etc., had introduced an entirely new system of warfare, and he was the pupil of them. Having been made General at a young and vigorous age, when mind and body are upon the summit of perfection, not as much by his own merits as by extremely fortunate circumstances, he found an army commanded by skilful Generals, and not only accustomed to warfare and practised in modern tactics, but animated by enthusiasm and ready to sacrifice their lives for liberty and equality and the welfare of their country; an army who, at the sound of

> "Allons enfans de la patrie,
> Le jour de gloire est arrivé
> Contre nous, de la tyrannie
> L' étandard sanglant est levé!"

forgot even the name of fear, and ran against a hail-storm of balls and bullets however thick they might fall; who had conquered the horrors of death, the destroying angel having appeared to them in a thousand shapes;—in the revolutionary weddings of Nantes, (where two and two, generally a man and a woman, were tied together and drowned in the Loire;) the "fusiliades," (shooting with grape-shot,) of Lyons; the butchering at Aix, Tarascon, Marseilles, etc.; the horrible massacre of Santerre of the 4th of September, 1793; the unrelenting executions by the Guillotine, under a Marat, Robespierre, St. Just, Anacharsis Cloots and others, and the murdering of the battles.

The case was entirely different with the enemies of France. Since the treaty of peace of Hubertsburg, terminating the war of seven years, in 1763; during thirty years Germany had been in a profound peace. After the turbulent times under Frederic the Great, a complete reaction had taken place. Prussia having been formidable to her neighbors, imagined herself to be in perfect safety. Frederic's old Generals and pupils in warfare, Ziethen, Seidlitz, Schwerin and others were dead; and his tactics, however practical and effectual they had been in his time, not only obsolete but forgotten. The Prussian and Austrian armies were entirely neglected, unaccustomed to war and effeminated and spoiled in peace. After the war had been declared against France, they marched with reluctance, and were partly unwilling to extinguish the beam of liberty, which, having crossed the Atlantic Ocean, began to brighten Old Europe. They fought because they had to obey tyrannical orders, not compelled by enthusiasm and love of their country, for in fact not their country was threatened but their tyrants, and they had to fight for the preservation of their own bondage. They were commanded by officers not commissioned on account of their ability, but because they were noblemen; for, at that time, no body but a nobleman could be an officer, however skilful he might be, however much he might distinguish himself. Moreover, those armies were led by Generals not elevated to their rank by experience and skill in warfare, but because of their venerable age, or their high birth.

Was there a proportion between such armies and the French! Was it astonishing that even a young General, under such circumstances, defeated them wherever he met them? Certainly not! the contrary would have been miraculous. Nevertheless, Buonaparte would not have had such a brilliant success and have conquered Italy, the smaller Ger-

man States, Prussia, Austria and Russia, but that the same unpardonable faults which the Generals committed upon the fields of battle, the weak monarchs committed in their cabinets. There was no harmony among them. Instead of combining their forces and crushing Buonaparte by an overwhelming majority, they fought singly with him; or, if some of them united, jealousy and envy prevented the efficiency of such an alliance, until misfortune made them wiser and dire necessity forced them to put aside all petty formality and ridiculous ceremony.

Such were the circumstances which favored the young Corsican General and allowed him to elevate himself to that giddy summit of fortune, where we find him after a short period of ten years. It is not our object to follow him through all the mazes of his eventful and nearly miraculous career; we will let him fight the battles of the Pyramids of Egypt, of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Auersædt, Eylau, Friedland, Aspern and Esslingen, Olmutz, Borodino, Smolensk, Masoisk, Dresden, Lutzen, Bautzen, Gross-Beeren, Dennewitz, Culm, Leipsic, Hanau, Laon, Paris, etc., and meet him again in the plains of Waterloo, then no more that young, modest and bashful General Bonaparte, but Napoléon I., late French Emperor and King of Italy; the refugee from Elba, who, spoiled by fortune and flattery, was actuated by pernicious passions, caring for nothing in the world but to satisfy his egotism and ambition; who had drenched the soil of the whole continent of old Europe with the blood and gore of his fellow-creatures, and marched upon dead and mangled bodies—for what? Perhaps for the welfare of his country? Indeed not! For what benefit could France derive from the facts, that Italy was a kingdom governed by Napoléon, that Joseph Buonaparte was king of Spain, Louis Buonaparte king of Holland, Jerome Buonaparte king of Westphalia, that Joachim Murat, Napoléon's brother-in-law, governed Naples, and that England's exports were excluded from Russia? None whatever! We find, therefore, no other reason for the sacrifice of millions of innocent victims, for all the unutterable misery that those wars brought upon the whole of Europe, for the dissoluteness and vices produced and fostered by them, but condemnable and contemptible passions.

However evident this is now for us, who, glancing over the pages of the history of those by-gone days, behold at once cause and effect, and see unveiled what then was hidden in futurity, it was not so at that time—the French nation was dazzled by the spell of glory. Napoléon, conquered in many battles, driven out of Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy and Spain, was pursued by the army of his allied enemies, France invaded, its capital taken, and the haughty Emperor banished to the Island of Elba, on the 20th of April, 1814. He re-appeared in the month of February, (26th,) 1815, upon the soil of that country, upon which he had brought endless misery, but nevertheless, he was received with joy, and scarcely a few months after his arrival, his army, of more than 150,000 men, was ready to defend the frontiers of France, and marched to the plains of Quatres-Bras, Ligny, and Waterloo, to offer there a bloody sacrifice to the god Terminus.

L. H.

*Savannah, Georgia.*

["The Last Battle," in the next No.]

---

## THE EYE AND THE WING.

*A Collection of Poems mostly Imaginative.*

BY A SOUTHRON.

### EGERIA.

I.

The worshipper of nature and the heart,
May in the lonely forest-depths survey
The Spirit which has made thee what thou art,
And crown'd with living loveliness thy lay.
There hast thou caught the breathings from a shrine
Too high for low devotion, and hast felt
How much may sorrow's oracle divine,
When its faint echoes thus o'ercome and melt.
Beauty thou breathest o'er the inanimate vale,
And in the night of silence, dost receive,
From voices long forgotten, such a tale,
As grief may love to hear, and grieving love believe.

II.

Ah! voices that have spoke to thee in power,
Yet with an accent so subdued and sweet,
They might have found their being in the flower,
Such as implores thee, smiling at thy feet;—
These have confirmed thee in the happier faith,
That brought thee to indulgence, and did make
Thy heart forgetful of its scorn and scaith,
And blessing all of earth for nature's sake.
The storms that shake the blue and fretted vault,
Came not within thy mission; but for thee,
Life's office is to soothe and to exalt,
To mould and not overthrow, to bind and not to free.

III.

Blessings upon thy fetters! which have given
The freedom which the wingéd nature craves,
Subjection first, and ere the seal is riven,
Such chastening as becomes the worst of slaves;
The blindness which is born of profligate will,

To couch,—and the insanity which has its birth
In base self-worship and delusion still,
To trample down, deep down, in native earth.
Nor hard to thee these offices, whose power,
So child-like in its exercise, declares
The freshness and the pureness of a dower,
That never lost its innocence in tears.

IV.

These make the harmony that works in thee,
And thus boon nature to thy strength has given,
The rugged fetters of the heart to free,
As with the utterance of a word in Heaven.
Thus do thy attributes of voice and eye,
Grow to an essence exquisite and strong,—
As sounds that glow to stars when lifted high,
As stars that, as they kindle, sink to song.
The waters, 'neath a will thus married, break
The seal that shut the fountain, and the soul
Assumes that noble aspect it must take,
If thou would'st love, and God endow the whole.

V.

Go forth, in mercy, minister of gladness,
Whose pulses sway the musical cords which bind
The links of the selected, and from sadness
Draw the best elements for heart and mind.
Set free thy doves of nurture,—let thy song,
Sweet song of meekness, bosom-toned and deep,
Touch, and revive, the wounded hearts that long
Have only lived to want thee and to weep;—
Oh! be thy spirit on the wild again,
And let the waters from their blue abode,
Bear gently forth the melancholy strain,
Sweet strain, sad strain, dear music sent from God.

---

## SPOILING A HUSBAND.

Ne dedaignez point mes conseils, le bonheur vous attend.

*Mr. Editor*,—The inclosed is a translation from the French of Bouilly. It is a very simple story, but the moral struck me as being so good, that I could not forbear offering my imperfect translation to the public through your admirable paper. My experience shows me but too well, that "excès de prévenance" is too often the origin of matrimonial discord. Young women should learn that to love wisely is as conducive to happiness as to love well.

If coldness and vanity are destructive of the happiness of a married pair, excessive attention and a blind complacency often produce like effects and insensibly disturb the best assorted union. True affection is weakened as soon as the object which inspires it is degraded. We wish to be proud of what we love; we weary of an attachment which cloys the heart, and we end by treating as a slave the most interesting being, who models all her tastes on ours, flatters even our caprices, and sacrifices to us that dignity of character which equality of rights alone maintains. It is generally on the side of the husband that this domestic tyranny is most easily established; and against which it is important to forewarn young women, who, more loving, weaker, and more timid, allow their share of respect to be usurped without perceiving it; and who for a tender look, or flattering word, or a pressure of the hand, abandon that authority which nature grants them, and which preserves the equilibrium between the sexes by submitting the strength of one to the charms of the other.

Helen de Merval was the daughter of a Counsellor of state, who died in England on an embassy, which restored peace to France. Her mother, whose worth equalled her tenderness, had married her to the Baron Dapremont, a young diplomatist, already known by many important missions. This marriage, which at first seemed one of convenience alone, soon became the work of love. Helen inspired the Baron with the deepest devotion. She joined to every quality of the heart a rare cultivation and an observing mind, which one is far from suspecting in so young a person. She wrote also with an ease and purity, which showed at once the most profound study and a perfect taste. Helen, directed by her mother, had preferred useful occupations to those lighter accomplishments which are too often abandoned when the graver cares of housekeeping engage the time of young women. She saw most of her young companions, throwing aside their lyres and pencils, become perfect cyphers in their own houses. She wished to have in her own mind resources and enjoyments which would put every attack of ennui at defiance, and save her from the dangers of idleness. But at the same time Helen took care never to make a display of what she had treasured up. Nothing frightened her so much as the reputation of a blue. It was under the simplest exterior and the sweetest modesty, that she concealed her real worth; even to such a degree, that her husband was a long time unaware of it.

Dapremont, on his side, combined all that could render Mademoiselle de Merval happy and proud of her choice; a tall person, a noble and expressive countenance, the tone and manners of a diplomatist received in all the courts of Europe. He had that penetrating look of a man accustomed to read the hearts of men, and that easy and persuasive elocution, which announces talents of a peculiar order. However, with all these advantages, it was remarked that the Baron had a quickness which he sometimes carried even to rudeness; an obstinacy of opinion, an over-bearing manner, which, though he concealed it with address, had made him enemies among his colleagues in the corps diplomatique. Madame Merval, a clear and close observer,

had perceived this defect in the character of the Baron, notwithstanding the precautions he took to restrain himself in her presence. She thought it her duty to warn her daughter against it, as her happiness was the end of all her labors. and the most ardent of all her desires. "If it is happiness," said she, "for a young girl to be united to a well-informed man, whose merit conciliates general esteem for him, it is at the same time dangerous to allow him to feel his superiority too often; to yield too blindly to his opinions, or to obey *all* his wishes. Recollect, dear Helen, that the rights we yield to an exacting husband can never be recovered. If we do not resist him sometimes, we must soon become his slave."

"Dapremont will sooner become mine," replied the young wife, "if I do not stop him in his cares, in his kind attentions, that he carries almost to entire submission."

"Do not trust to those, my child; the lion licks the hand which caresses it, but the least opposition enrages him, and he soon finds again his strength and power."

Helen replied by a smile to this terrible comparison. "How," said she, "can I see a roaring lion in one who surrounds me constantly with every mark of tenderness and homage, who seems to divine from my looks all that can please me, and whose tastes and desires are identified with my own?"

"All that, my daughter, is too often only the effect of the first moments of passion, and is only the homage which they grant us as the indispensable price for what we ourselves give. I repeat it, my dear Helen, 'who owns a master, owns himself a slave.'"

The first months of this union seemed to convince Helen that she had but little to fear from that slavery, from which Madame de Merval wished to preserve her. Each day the baron invented something to charm his beloved bride, and prove to her his love. She alone regulated the household, and ordered the amusements of the day. All that she did was well done; all that she said was charming; all that she wished was executed instantly. Madame de Merval herself could not forbear congratulating her daughter on the perfect happiness she enjoyed, and began to believe she had judged her son-in-law too harshly. The Baron was soon after charged by the minister of foreign affairs with a secret and delicate commission at the court of Berlin. He was delighted to carry with him his young wife, who, on her part, was charmed to accompany her husband, so that the happiness they had mutually found in their union, would not be interrupted. She left Madame de Merval not without much grief, and received at parting a last advice on the danger of spoiling a husband, and of lowering herself in his eyes. Before reaching the first post, Helen had forgot this counsel of her tender and far-sighted mother. After the most pleasant journey, she was enraptured to find herself at Berlin, presented in the circles of the ambassadors, admitted to those of the court, where her noble and winning demeanor, and her modest dignity won for her every heart. Her love for the Baron increased each day. No longer restrained by her mother, she lavished on him every care and tenderness. Removed from Paris, he had need of those kindnesses and attentions so grateful to an official man, whose time is so precious, and whose mind is engaged without relaxation in the most important labors. Dapremont, naturally exacting, was flattered to see himself anticipated in every wish, and allowed himself to be spoiled by his wife as much as she liked. She always adjusted his cravat, perfumed his handkerchief, and aided him in putting on his coat. She went so far as to kneel before him to tie the strings of his shoes. She had, in a word, assumed the offices of a valet, except when recalling the advice of Madame de Merval, she refrained from this constant attendance, which she had thoughtlessly imposed on herself. Dapremont was far from warning her of this kind of forgetfulness of herself, and appeared pleased and gratified. He considered himself acquitted of all obligation by an approving smile, a kind word, or a timely caress. Helen, who imagined herself becoming, by such entire devotion, still more dear to him she loved so tenderly, redoubled her zeal, and ended by causing that to be regarded as a duty which was only the outpourings of her love. Dapremont soon required what delicacy ought to have made him refuse. He constrained Helen to preside every day at his toilet, and ordered her more than once in a tone which he ought to have used only to servants. This despotism, which he now constantly exercised in private, led him insensibly to despise the real merit of his wife, no longer allowing her to make the least objection or remonstrance. Deceived by the angelic sweetness of Helen, and by her never-failing modesty, he began to consider himself vastly her superior, and measured with arrogance the immense distance which he imagined existed between them. Hardly would he answer the necessary questions she put to him; always rude, or contemptuous, exacting everything, and dissatisfied with all, he reached to that degree of tyranny and irritability which wearies and destroys affection, renders marriage miserable, and too often changes all its harmony to the bitterest discord. Helen, far from her family and country, had only her love for a support, and her tears for a consolation. It was in vain the advice of Madame de Merval recurred to her, and made her forebode the long sufferings which must result from her own weakness. She had not the strength to overcome it. As a reed beaten down by a storm cannot rise again from the wave into which the wind incessantly plunges it, Helen could

not brave the imperious tone, the stern look of Dapremont, and saw herself exposed to the worst of slavery. Heaven at last took pity on her affliction.

Dapremont, whose haughtiness had prejudiced certain high personages against him, on whom the success of his mission depended, was recalled to Paris. He was also on bad terms with the French ambassador, whose rank and authority he wished to rival. The mortification he felt was deep. Helen was eager to offer him every consolation in her power; but the pain she felt for him was softened by the idea of again seeing her mother, her family and her country. The journey was very disagreeable. She had to endure more than ever. The Baron was embittered by adversity. Helen in vain redoubled every attention and kindness: she was answered in a dry, cutting tone, sometimes even by insulting rudeness, which the poor girl always bore with resignation.

She resolved to affect, in her mother's presence, a happy calmness, and to bring back to her countenance that composure which for six months had been banished from it. But however well she disguised what she had suffered, nothing escaped the scrutinizing eye of Madame de Merval. How her daughter was changed! Her eyes, whose expression was usually so soft and frank, seemed dimmed by tears. Her voice trembled with constantly suppressed sighs; each word her lip essayed to utter bore marks of a broken spirit. It was chiefly in her husband's presence that all these indications of secret suffering escaped her. She could not overcome, even before her mother, the kind of terror with which he inspired her.

"You are not happy," said Madame de Merval to her one day. "My dear Helen, you wear fetters which weigh you down."

"I, mama! Think then my chain is dear to me, that I find under it many advantages"—

"Of an elevated rank—of gratified ambition; but there is something wanting, my child, at your heart. I can read that better than all others, and in that you cannot deceive me."

Helen was moved by her solicitude, and could not resist so touching an appeal. She threw herself into her mother's arms and burst into tears.

"Come, my poor child, repose on this bosom, which will be as ever your support and comfort. Helen I have foretold it; the excess of your love has disenchanted your husband,—the excess of your kindness has made a despot of him."

"It is true, but believe me I have still power over his heart. If my enthusiasm for his merit has dazzled his vanity, at least I have preserved his esteem,—I will even say his respect for my irreproachable conduct and my devotion."

"I am far from thinking, my daughter, that the evil has no remedy. Second me, Helen, and I promise to recall Dapremont to the deference due you, and perhaps restore to you all his love."

"Oh! mama, do not have that hope; my husband has too much pride."

"You must have as much as he."

"He is so firm in his resolutions."

"Be in your turn as immovable in yours."

"He would be so enraged."

"Then he would be conquered."

"He might wish to separate."

"You would become dearer than ever."

"He would leave me."

"Only to return again to your feet."

Madame de Merval, whose intelligence equalled her firmness, was well aware a man would not leave a young wife, gentle, beautiful, and irreproachable, and whose only fault was loving him to excess. She feigned then never to perceive the unreasonableness and rudeness of her son-in-law, who always restrained himself in some degree before her. Helen, on her part, began by preserving an imperturbable gravity whenever her husband asked her for such or such things. She always waited on him without delay, but without eagerness. If he was irritated even to forgetfulness of all courtesy, Helen, with coolness and attention, but without officiousness, gradually appeased his ill humor. Our despot was soon weary of his useless scolding, and ended by asking with moderation what he had ordered with vehemence. This first success emboldened poor Helen, who preserved only with fear and effort, that composure necessary for the execution of her plans. What rendered Dapremont each day more irritable was, that he was still received with coldness and reserve by the minister. The bad success of the mission, with which he had been charged, had thrown him into complete disgrace. He wished to exculpate himself, and prove that it was the French ambassador at the court of Prussia, who had fettered his movements. He was furnished with justifying memorials; but as power always sacrifices the weaker to the stronger, and as the enemy of the Baron was the depository of facts which would compromise the minister himself, he did not hesitate to censure the conduct of Dapremont, who retired indignant, promising never again to appear as a diplomatist until he was cleared of the charges brought against him, and acknowledged worthy the confidence once reposed in him. This check might change his fortune and stop him in his brilliant career. Though apparently he seemed to brave it with courage, his repose was disturbed; his ambition suffered, though in silence, and his ill-temper only became more and more insupportable. In vain Helen then redoubling her kindness and patience, recalled to him many circumstances which furnished him with a number of proofs that might confound his enemies and restore him to the esteem and confidence of the government. He would hardly reply to what she said, listened with contemptuous abstraction, and could not conceive how she could so far forget herself as

to offer him her advice, or point out to him a plan of conduct. Helen then was silent. Always guided and strengthened by her mother, she never anticipated her husband in the least thing, and followed perseveringly the path she had marked out for her. One event appeared to throw an obstacle in the way of it. Col. St. Charles, uncle of Dapremont, and proprietor of a fine residence near the village of St. Prix, died. Dapremont, finding himself in disgrace, eagerly seized this occasion for quitting Paris.

"Now is the moment," said Madame de Merval to her daughter, "for putting the last stroke, and effecting for ever the conversion so necessary to your happiness. Your husband, already surprised at no longer receiving from you the attentions to which you have accustomed him, attributes to me the change, and anticipates bringing you back to your old habits as soon as your are separated from me. Hence he has not proposed to me to accompany you. You must profit by it to bring him by degrees to feel the extent of your condescension, of your sacrifices, no longer to despise in you what ought to be the charm of his existence, or to underrate your talents, which you hide sometimes with too much modesty. Remember you have in your own power the happiness or unhappiness of your whole life, and consequently of mine. If you are an instant softened, my daughter, armed by your weakness, your husband will become too overbearing; if you resist, if you preserve that strength which belongs to you, he will give up, and he will then become the more dear to you as you have had pain in softening him."

Helen promised her mother to execute punctually what she had pointed out to her, whatever it might cost her loving and timid heart. She then set off for St. Prix with Dapremont, who was delighted to carry away his submissive wife alone, and take her from under the watchful eye and counsels of Madame de Merval. He soon resumed his rudeness and unreasonableness. Helen was in some degree obliged to perform some of the offices of *valet de chambre* for him. But she no longer anticipated his wishes or caprices. She did only what he asked, only what he ordered; but that was a great deal. However, this slight resistance did not suffice. She must have the courage to refuse him whenever he required any thing too unreasonable, or too humiliating to her whose title he ought to respect, and whose goodness he ought to admire. Helen was tempted a hundred times to execute this bold plan. She only waited for an occasion in which, without wounding her husband too deeply, she could make him feel his ridiculous despotism. Accident favored her wishes. Dapremont was passionately fond of hunting. The neighboring forest of Montmorency enabled him to gratify tastes which contribute so much to health. So as soon as the great hunt began, he went out in the morning and did not return until night, when he was tired, harassed and too often in a detestable humor. One day he went through the forests as far as Chauvry, in the rain, without meeting with any game; he came back fatigued, mudded up to his knees and chilled to the bone. Helen instantly made him change his clothes and lavished on him all those cares which a health so dear to her would demand. After a little while Dapremont threw himself on a sofa, extended his leg, all covered with mud, and said roughly to his wife, "Take off my gaiters." She pretended at first not to hear him, but gathering all her strength and reanimating her courage, she determined, though not without heart-failing, at last to give her incorrigible husband the lesson which he deserved. "Well," resumed he more rudely still, "do you not hear me? take off my gaiters."

Helen looked at him from head to foot, rang the bell and said to the servant who entered, "Take off your master's gaiters." Dapremont colored and appeared utterly astonished. This was the first time his wife had ever dared resist him; and though she was alone, separated from her mother, her tone, her attitude, her accent, all announced a firm and decided resolution. Whilst the servant was unbuttoning his gaiters, he fixed on Helen a severe look, which she was not able to endure, and afraid of destroying the effect of her courageous effort, she went out and descended to the drawing-ing room. Dapremont did not appear there during the whole evening. He sent to inform her that overcome with fatigue, he had retired. Helen sent several times to inquire what he wanted; but under pretext of not disturbing him, she denied herself the pleasure of going into his apartment. He spent nearly all the night reflecting on the strange change which had come over his wife. She on her part did not cease thinking of what she had done. She dreaded irritating her husband, wounding his pride, or braving his authority. She sent directly the next morning to ask after him. He replied he had passed a most restless night, and complained of a bad sore throat. Helen went instantly to him and gave him every care the most attentive wife could give. The sweet attentions which she lavished on him at this moment, as much from habit as from affection, charmed the Baron and made him believe the poor slave had resumed her chains. She felt again that overbearing scorn, that rudeness which he had made her endure so often, which she had increased by that kind of self-denial which had made him believe that there existed between his wife and himself a distance which she had neither the right nor the power to pass. After having worn out the patience of Helen, he rose, made his toilette and presented, as usual, one of his feet to his wife for her to tie his shoe. He would have been glad to see her kneel again at his feet to expiate in some manner her audacity of the day be-

fore. But what was his surprise to see her cast a most dignified look on him, and ringing for the servant, to whom she said as she went out, "Fasten your master's shoes, and hereafter always do it." So marked a repetition of her offence no longer allowed Dapremont to doubt that his wife had serious intentions of freeing herself from the servitude in which he had so long retained her. Then comparing this dignified refusal with the tender care which she had eagerly paid in the morning to soothe his sufferings, he could but acknowledge that however ready to fulfil the duties of an amiable and devoted wife, she wished at the same time to preserve her own dignity. These thoughts threw him into a profound reverie. He shunned Helen during the whole day, dined in the neighborhood, returned at night silent and thoughtful, and retired to his apartment, where the whole night was a constant combat between pride and love, censure and approbation. This night was not less agitating for Helen. Her resistance appeared to her rash, she feared to have wounded his impetuous character, his unconquerable vanity too deeply. She almost repented having obeyed her mother so exactly, and it was not without a terror that she saw Dapremont enter her chamber the next morning. A dark and preoccupied air marked his whole figure; his step was that of a man who wishes to conceal the trouble of his mind. At last, fixing his eyes on Helen, who instantly lowered hers, he said to her in an altered voice, "Madame, we must go to Paris directly, follow me." He went out after these words, accompanied by his young wife, pale, downcast, and convinced she had lost forever a heart, which she now regretted not having treated with more caution. What confirmed her in this suspicion was, that during the whole route from St. Prix to Paris, Dapremont never spoke to her once, or showed her the least attention. He was the whole time thoughtful, and as if occupied by some great design, he ordered the driver to urge on his horses, arrived at Madame Merval's door, where he deposited Helen, and gaining the corner of the street, disappeared from her sight. Helen ascended trembling to Madame de Merval's apartment, and related to her with detail all that had happened. "Oh! my mother, what have we done!"

"What our sex's dignity, my daughter, and your lawful rights imposed on us."

"I have lost the heart of my husband forever."

"Because he was always unworthy thine."

"He will be divorced."

"He will break your chains."

"How can I support such a misfortune!"

"In saying I have not deserved it; in submitting to it with resignation."

"But how can I bear it!"

"By thinking there remains to you the esteem of good men and the tenderness of your mother."

While Madame de Merval and her daughter opened their hearts to each other and express all their fears, Dapremont had gone to the house of the minister of foreign relations, from whom he had received a note in the morning, which had caused his abrupt departure.

"I have expected you with impatience," said the minister, in extending his hand towards him. "I have committed an act of injustice, which I am eager to repair. Some men in power, jealous of your merit, had meditated your destruction; but the proofs as strong as evident inclosed in your memorial—"

"What memorial, my lord? I must confess, that despairing of ever unmasking my enemies, I have never submitted any thing to the examination of your Excellency."

"Then some one has done it for you without your knowledge—read for yourself." He placed in his hands quite a long writing. At the first glance the Baron recognized the writing as that of his wife. "The person who drew it up," continued the minister, "must have been one who followed you in your embassy, and knew all the particulars of it. It is impossible to have defended you with more strength or clearness. It could not be better proved that your conduct has been irreproachable. Receive then your reward in the title of Envoy to the Court of Saxony. And that nothing may henceforth fetter your movements in the important mission about to be entrusted to you, you will communicate directly with me. Dapremont almost believed himself in a dream. No longer doubting that Helen had drawn up this memorial, which gave him back at once fortune and honor, he hastened to rejoin her. He reached Madame de Merval's house, sought her every where, asked every body for her. He at last penetrated into the apartment of Madame de Merval, where he found her much terrified at the noise he had made in entering. She perceived the expression of joy in his face. She saw his eyes fixed on her with an inexpressible charm of love and gratitude. She felt him press her hands to his heart, carry them to his lips; he at last pronounced these words, "Helen, dear Helen, how have I mistaken thee." The precipitation with which he had ascended the stairs, the emotion he felt, did not allow him to explain himself. Helen passing suddenly from terror to the sweetest emotions of joy, questioned Dapremont, and wished to know the cause of this unhoped-for change.

"I come from the house of the minister," said he, "and this memoir, written by your hand"—

"Heavens!" cried Helen, "have I then succeeded!" She confessed, that seeing her husband a victim to calumny, which he had vainly attempted to destroy, and which would make the whole of his life unhappy, she had dared for the first time to allow her pen to obey the impulse of her heart. She added, that after she had collected some impor-

tant documents, which the Baron had left *pêle mêle* on his desk, she had employed the moments in which she was alone, to draw up this justification of her husband; that she had confided this memoir to one who had promised to give it himself to the minister.

"And thus," said Dapremont, "whilst I made you submit to humiliation, for which I blush; whilst I confounded you with those weak minds whose lot it is to crouch and to obey, you elevated yourself above women of your age, you overcame my enemies, you saved my honor. My good angel, receive here the new oath I make you to love you, to honor you as the model of your sex. Helen, in resuming your dignity, you have restored me mine; and you, my mother," said he, to Madame de Merval, who shared the joy of her daughter, "you it is to whom we owe the happiness which binds now together forever! enjoy your work." With these words he embraced both mother and daughter, and they mingled their tears of joy. Helen felt such deep emotions of surprise and pleasure that she could not speak. She looked with tenderness alternately on her mother and husband.

"I was very sure," said Madame de Merval, "that the course I recommended would succeed. Beauty, youth, and true merit have too much empire over the heart of man. You cannot cherish too much, my child, the husband your courage has restored you; your gentleness has conquered, your writing has revenged: but take care *not to spoil* him again, and never forget what I now repeat to you for the last time, '*Who owns a master, owns himself a slave.*'"

M****

---

## LINES.

BY ÆSCHYLUS.

Like the rosebud at morn; decked with jewels of dew
As a bright crown encircling its beautiful hue;
Like sunset's rich tint, and unrivalled dye;
E'en thus is sweet Love in its purity.

Like the sighings of zephyr o'er beautiful flowers;
Like the music which pleased us in Life's gladdest hours;
Like the visions of bliss which in sleep the breast fill;
To the hearts of the youthful is Love's pleasing thrill.

Like the murmur of streams when day saddens to night;
Like the voice of the spheres heard i' the stars beamy light;
Like Philomel's notes within the hushed grove;—
'Tis thus that the soul hears the music of Love.

Like the wail of the waves ere a storm cometh on;
Like through the cold trees the wind's wintry moan;
Like the whippoorwill's song at midnight's sad hour;
To the heart unbeloved is Love's killing power.

Like the blight to the bud with a worm in its breast;
Like the clouds when the hues of the sun leave the west;
Like the oak which a flash of the lightning has reft,
Is the heart which vain fickle Love cheerless has left.

It hath lost the gay tints of its once lovely bloom;
It hath bidden farewell to its fragrant perfume;
It hath lost its bright jewels, and poor, and depressed,
It shrinks to the innermost caves of the breast.

*Richmond, Dec.* 9, 1846.

---

## REMINISCENCES OF THE LAST WAR.

BY AN ACTOR IN IT.

We feel much indebted to the gentleman who has secured for the Messenger, the following graphic sketches. They are from the pen of a distinguished Kentuckian, and if any thing be wanting to give them their full interest, it is only the animated eloquence with which their author has been heard to relate them. We doubt not that our readers will unite with us in soliciting him to continue them.—[*Ed. Mess.*

NO. I.

### THE LAST BATTLE AND DEATH OF LOGAN.

———, Ky., *Sept.* 21, 1846.

*My Dear Sir*:—I proceed to comply with my promise made to you some months since, to give you the particulars of the last battle and death of Logan, the distinguished *Shawnee Chief*—nephew of Tecumseh.

Although more than a third of a century has since rolled over my head, it is yet without a grey hair, and my recollection of the thrilling event I am about to describe is as fresh as if it had occurred but yesterday. Indeed there are many scenes that I can never forget in the severe campaigns of 1812 and 1813,—the first, terminating the 22nd of January, 1813, on the bloody battle-field of the Raisin; and the second on the following 5th of May, by Dudley's defeat, opposite Fort Meigs.

On the 22nd November, 1812, the left wing of the North-Western Army, under command of General Winchester, had been lying for some weeks at Camp No. 3, on the Maumee River, six miles below Fort Defiance, at the mouth of the Auglage, and about 45 miles above the Rapids. The Kentucky volunteers, whose term of service had more than half expired, were becoming impatient of longer inaction and starvation, and very anxious to "go ahead" in quest of food and fighting. On the 21st it was said in camp, that General Payne had intimated to Logan a doubt of his truth and fidelity to the American cause, while his uncle was commanding the British Indians. This suspicion, rather roughly expressed, fired the noble Indian to a high degree of excitement, and he avowed his fixed resolution to give an evidence of his honor and

courage that could not be mistaken. It was understood that a large force of the enemy had located itself at the Rapids, and Logan determined to *go there and take a prisoner or lose his scalp in the effort.*

I was then a beardless Cadet, but 18 years old, attached, by order of General Payne, to Colonel Scott's Regiment of Kentucky volunteers, and, as it happened, was that day detailed for duty on guard, as a subaltern officer in command of 24 men. My guard-fire was near the river below the Camp and my line of sentinels extended out at right-angles some two or three hundred yards, so as to protect that flank of the Army. Although cold, the day was bright and beautiful—the air elastic. At early dawn, as the last echo of the Reveille had fallen on the still drowsy ear, Logan was conducted by the officer of the day through the outer lines of the army, and left us on his perilous enterprise, accompanied only by two Shawnee warriors from the same village (Wapogheonata) with himself. The first, Capt. John, a tall, swarthy, raw-boned, villainous looking fellow, bearing a very bad character with the troops, because it was believed he had fought against General Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe; the other, a noble looking young Indian, of some 22 years of age, known by the English name of *Bright Horn*, and who subsequently distinguished himself, while under my immediate command, in Dudley's defeat. The boldness, as well as extreme hazard of this voluntary undertaking, excited our highest admiration, at the same time that many expressed their serious apprehensions of the result to the daring chief and his intrepid companions.

It is known to military men, that the officer in command of a camp-guard, never allows himself to sleep while on duty. It was in accordance with this custom, that midnight found me awake, lying on my back with my head to the light, reading one of Miss Porter's novels; while my men off duty, were scattered around the fire, wrapped in their blankets, snatching a little necessary repose. The night, though clear, was dark, and all was silent and still in camp, when I was suddenly surprised by the loud and quickly repeated challenge of one of the sentinels nearest the river bank, to some one approaching from without. As I sprang to my feet to arouse the guard, I heard the voice of *Logan*, which I recognized. Answering the hail, and first announcing himself, he remarked, "My friends, we have had a bloody battle and I am badly wounded." You cannot conceive how greatly I was shocked by this reply. I had all day long been talking or thinking of him, and when, instead of his usually loud, musical, and manly voice, I heard his feeble and tremulous answer, I did not wait for any military formula, but ordered the sentinel to let him pass, and hastened in person to meet him and conduct him to the guard-fire. He was accompanied by *Bright Horn* only, and both of them were well mounted, whereas I knew they had left camp that morning on foot. Indeed there was but a single horse in that wing of the army. All the rest had perished, or been sent into the interior to recruit.

He immediately proceeded, at my request, to give me a particular account of the events of the day. It appeared that he had left the beaten track down the river bank, and taken the low swamp route some mile or two off, in order to avoid observation, or discovery. They had scarcely made ten miles of their journey, however, when they saw at a short distance in front of them six persons on horseback, who were travelling the same supposed safe and secret way, but coming from the opposite direction. The whole of that now populous region was then a howling wilderness; indeed there was not a farm or civilized human habitation beyond Piqua in Ohio.

It required no interpreter to inform Logan and his companions that they were within rifle shot of twice their number of deadly enemies. It was too late to think of flight with any hope of escape in an open wood, in daylight; and it would be madness, without some advantage, to fight *one to two.* The ready, self-poised chief did not hesitate in the adoption of his plan, and his promptness of action most probably saved him from immediate death. His companions, with that keenness, yet seeming carelessness, so remarkably exhibited in the character and outward demeanor of the American Indian, watched his countenance and all his movements with anxious concern, and held themselves ready to second, or sanction, whatever he might do or say. Unflinching in his original purpose, and true to his sworn faith to our cause, he resolved to attempt by stratagem, what he despaired of effecting by immediate combat. He therefore made no halt in his onward march, manifested no surprise, or alarm, but with a bland smile hastened to meet and salute the horsemen. Indeed, he expressed his high gratification at his unexpected good fortune in finding them so near at hand, instead of being compelled to go all the way to the Rapids to see them and communicate the important intelligence which he possessed, of the contemplated early movement of the army of Gen. Winchester: most skilfully blending fact and falsehood so nicely together, as to give to all he said the semblance of truth.

If any thing could have shaken the firm nerves of Logan, or caused a moment's hesitation in his manner and purpose on this trying occasion, it would have been the fact, which he discovered only on coming in close contact with the stranger band, that their leader was his deadly personal foe—one celebrated equally for his cunning, courage and cruelty—in short, no less a personage than *Winnemac*, the great Potowatamie Chief. The others, too,

were of no mean note—they were Capt. Elliott, a half breed, (son of Col. Elliott of the British army, so well known afterwards to the unfortunate Kentucky captives, at the river Raisin and at Dudley's defeat, for his cold-blooded treachery,) a tall young Ottawa Chief, and three grim-looking painted warriors.

Immediately on the breaking out of the war, the British Government had taken measures, not only to enlist in their service all the Indian tribes of Canada under the immediate control of Col. Elliott, as Agent, but also those on the Northern and Western frontiers of the United States, under Dickson and Tecumseh;—the latter, as is known, being the prime mover and the soul of the hostile operations of our Indians against us. A large body of these had been moved forward after the surrender of Hull, to attack Fort Wayne, from which they were driven by General Harrison, and were now principally encamped at the Rapids of the Maumee river, nearly opposite to the point where Fort Meigs was afterwards built. General Proctor was naturally desirous to know whether General Harrison had taken up his winter quarters at the points then occupied by the several wings of the North Western Army, or intended to make a winter campaign into Canada. He had, therefore, despatched the chosen and carefully selected band just named, to spy out Winchester's camp, and ascertain, as far as possible, from preparations and appearances, (if they could not secure a prisoner,) what were the intentions of the American General. The capture of Logan, then, was a Godsend far beyond their most sanguine hopes and expectations. One who had been for months employed by General Harrison as a confidential spy and guide, would necessarily know more than almost any one else of his future plans and intentions, and they therefore proceeded no further towards our camp, but turned back to the Rapids. It is true, that Winnemac did not believe Logan's story, and was disposed to disarm and tie their hands behind them on the spot, so as to avoid all possibility of danger, or escape, but Captain Elliott and the others objected, alleging that there was no risk during the day-time, while they were mounted and Logan and his companions were on foot, of any attempt at violence; and no chance of success, if an attempt were made. This was in the forenoon, shortly before 12 o'clock. In the course of the day, on their return march, Winnemac asked Logan why he was now coming to join them, whereas he had always previously positively refused and had even risked his life in passing clandestinely through their lines while they were besieging Fort Wayne, in order to notify to the starving little garrison that General Harrison was hastening with a large force to their relief, and to urge them not to surrender! Logan's answer to this question was as prompt as it was plausible. He said that his family was at Wapogheonata within the lines of the American army, and he feared they would be either forced into the settlement, or killed and destroyed, if he joined the British, as Tecumseh had urged him to do; but that General Payne's treatment to him had been so outrageous, that he had determined to sacrifice every thing else in order to be revenged. Although thus temporarily treated as a friend, Logan saw and *felt* that he was distrusted by Winnemac, if not by his companions, and that at night he and his comrades would be confined as prisoners. When the time for stopping to encamp arrived, and they had crossed a small water-course suitable for the purpose, a halt was called, and Winnemac and his party dismounted and commenced unsaddling their horses and securing them. The critical period—the eventful moment, had arrived, and Logan seized it with prompt energy to execute his desperate plan and free himself from bondage, or die in the attempt. Not a word had passed between him and his fellow-prisoners, but he knew their bravery and devotion, and did not doubt their active and efficient co-operation in any thing he might attempt. He pretended to see a squirrel on a tree some steps distant, and called the attention of Captain John and Bright Horn to the fact. Not a word as to his bloody purpose passed his lips; only asking them if they desired some tobacco, with a significant look, he handed each a leaden bullet, which they put into their mouths. In an instant, the sharp simultaneous cracking of three rifles announced that the work of death had commenced, and the previous quiet of a fair November sunset, was changed into the bustle of strife and battle, with all the horrid accompaniments of a savage conflict.

It is said that most men fight best in day-time—in towns or cities, in presence of applauding multitudes, or true sustaining friends—where fair ladies' handkerchiefs may wave, or sympathizing shrieks be heard from overlooking windows; but here was a contest in the deep recesses of a pathless forest, beheld by no eye save that of the Great Spirit, and yet not a nerve relaxed, not a muscle quivered with fear. *Three* to *Six:* Red man against red man—not for their own advancement, or hope of plunder, but for the white man's power! Is it not strange that such things should occur, and yet how often has it been so! Whether England, or the United States succeeded in the war, the Indian race was doomed to destruction.

At the first fire, Winnemac and Captain Elliott fell dead, and one of the warriors was wounded, thus reducing the combatants to numerical equality, but with *six loaded* rifles on one side to *three empty* ones on the other. In this emergency, Logan and his companions made a bold and rapid movement forward and attempted to seize the arms of the enemy, which had been placed, for a moment, against a tree, while their owners were fastening their horses. But in this effort they were anticipa-

ted by the promptitude of their foes, who seemed fully aware of the "*life or death*" nature of the combat so suddenly forced upon them. The mutual rushing towards the loaded guns brought the opposing parties face to face in close contact, and for a moment, Logan contemplated closing the matter with the tomahawk. Their enemies, however, did not choose to surrender the advantage which their already charged rifles gave them, and each jumped to a tree nearest at hand for shelter. A regular Indian fight then commenced, which continued till darkness put an end to it. Any slight exposure of the person on either side was sure to make a bullet whistle. Many shots were fired; one of these from Logan's rifle had struck down the Ottawa Chief. Bright Horn had disposed of another warrior, and had himself received a severe wound through the thigh. The shadows of the closing day were rendering every thing obscure, and Logan determined to change his position, for one nearer the only survivor of the other party who remained unhurt. In doing so, he necessarily exposed his person to the quick and watchful eyes of a skilful foe, who, on the instant, planted a ball in his body just below the centre of the breast bone, which passed entirely through and lodged just beneath the skin near the lower part of his back. Logan, although mortally wounded, did not fall, and his enemy fled, supposing his fire had been abortive. The battle thus ended, the victory was complete. The bloody field was held, with the dead and dying Chiefs and Warriors stretched upon it. But it was truly a victory dearly bought. Logan's last act was to drive his tomahawk into the head of Winnemac, but he did not take his scalp: that duty was left to be performed by Captain John, after he had aided Logan and Bright Horn, each, to mount one of the British horses, and started them back to our camp.

Next morning, the fatal ball was extracted from Logan's back, without difficulty, but he felt that he was a dying man, and so informed the surgeon and other officers who attended him. He suffered the most acute agony without a groan, and calmly gave directions as to the future disposition of his wife and children. On the second evening, about 48 hours after he received his wound, he expired, in the full possession of all his strong mental faculties till the last moment. A nobler child of nature, a braver man, or truer friend, never lived. May God in his mercy save his soul!

During the two days that Logan lingered in the agonies of death, his tent was surrounded by anxious and tearful faces, hoping against hope, that he was not so dangerously wounded as was represented, and when, at last, it was announced that the *Great Chief* was dead, a deep gloom settled over the army, as if some dire calamity had befallen each individual officer and soldier.

At the time of his death, I do not think he could have been over forty years old; perhaps not exceeding thirty-five. In stature, he was over the middle size, and rather more full and fleshy than Indians usually are, with a deep broad chest and high expansive forehead. The expression of his countenance and whole demeanor was mild, amiable, and rather playful than stern, yet combining marked firmness and decision of character.

Thus ends the first chapter of the narrative you have asked me to give you; written in the midst of interruptions, and at moments snatched from professional duties. You will therefore easily excuse any inaccuracies of style and manner. My next will contain a brief account of what befel Captain John after he was left by Logan—Logan's funeral—the mission to his village sent by General Winchester to announce his death, and the future fate of his family, as far as my information extends.

Yours truly, L. C.

---

No. II.

L———, *Oct.*, 1846.

*My Dear Sir:*—My last letter left Capt. John on the hard-fought battle-field, where Logan had received his death-wound, for the purpose of scalping his dead enemies, and bringing off the "Spoils of Victory," according to the universal custom of savages. Logan told me that I need not expect Captain John before daylight, inasmuch as he spoke English but indifferently and would be apprehensive of being mistaken for an enemy and shot, if he approached the line of sentinels during the night. I cautioned the guard on this point and ordered them to keep a sharp look out for him.

The coloring of the thin clouds above the Eastern horizon was gradually becoming brighter, indicating another fair day as the morning sun demonstrated his approach, and we were somewhat uneasy that Captain John had not yet made his appearance. Presently I heard a most unearthly noise down the river, seemingly imitative of the human voice, which I at once suspected came from the Shawnee brave, trying to halloo and hail the sentinel nearest him, like a white man. On advancing some fifty yards in that direction, I found I was not mistaken, for still farther on a hundred steps or more, I saw the black, ugly, painted face of Captain John, anxiously peering from behind a huge oak tree, while he was repeating, with all his might, the strange discordant sounds, which had first attracted my attention.

I had looked for his appearance on horseback with the captured steeds of the defeated foe, all fully caparisoned, in his train, and their gory scalps, at his girdle, and was much surprised to see him on foot, more haggard than usual, with only one reek-

ing trophy of victory, dangling from his blanket belt. I hailed him and told him to come up, without fear, as I was anxious to hear what had befallen him after Logan left him. He did not need a second invitation, but immediately strode towards me, heedless of fallen trees or other intervening obstacles, looking as proud as Lucifer, and somewhat like the picture my imagination had painted of that celebrated personage, while reading Milton's Paradise Lost. When yet some ten or fifteen paces from me, he exhibited his only witness of success, by raising it before my eyes with its disarrayed locks clotted and still dripping blood, at the same time exclaiming, with exultation, "*Winnemac Scalp! Winnemac Scalp!!*" I afterwards learned that Logan declared, when he saw it, that it was not from the head of the Potowatamie chief, for he had only the single chivalrous tuft of long hair, whereas this was covered with hair of that description. I was then unused to sights and scenes of "blood and carnage," and as I looked, for the first time, on this horrid savage trophy, I must confess a cold chill passed through my heart. I afterwards was forced to harden myself to view them with more composure.

As well as I could understand his barbarous English, it seemed that he had lost no time, but, as soon as his two companions left him, set himself diligently to work, in the most approved and expeditious Indian fashion, to ease the dead of their much prized head-covers. He only had time, however, to tear one reeking scalp from the scull of the fallen warrior nearest to him, and was in the act of performing the same office for another, when he saw a flash of light, a few steps in front of him, and felt, at the same instant, the burning of a bullet, as it grazed the skin of his own head, followed by the loud ringing crack of a rifle. To use his own expression, "he jumped very high and broke his knife," and did not wait for another salutation, but hastened to the spot where the horses were hitched, in order to mount one and retreat to camp. The animals, alarmed by his sudden and noisy approach, successively broke loose, as he came near them, and he was thus compelled to make the best of his way from this new attack on foot.

He supposed that the warrior who had fled from Logan after dealing him the fatal shot, had returned, and might be aided by some of those deemed dead, but who really were only wounded and had prudently remained quiet while the storm was raging, and he had no stomach to renew the fight alone. The fast gathering gloom of night, aided by the dense overhanging forest, obscured surrounding objects and enabled the wily watchful foe to creep upon him unperceived, and discharge his rifle in his face. It is most probable, that the departure of Logan and Bright Horn had been observed, and from the fact that Captain John was left behind, it was believed he was too badly hurt to get away, and his scalp would, in some degree, compensate for the heavy loss sustained in the combat. To accomplish this object, the only survivor of the party had cautiously returned and found our friend engaged as before described. To drive a ball through his brain was a natural instinct, and but for the protecting darkness, would have been effected. A firm finger pulled the trigger, and a steady eye directed his aim along the death-dealing tube, but he slightly overshot his mark, and the life of Captain John was almost miraculously saved.

It was well for the fame of the latter that he thus escaped, for if he had not returned to us, so much had he been previously distrusted, that, even while his unburied bones were bleaching on the earth, where the hungry wolves had left them, and his bloody top-knot ornamenting the war-belt of an enemy, many would have believed that he had deserted us, and again joined his old friends. But Logan said "we need never fear his fidelity again"—he had "shed their blood and knew he would not be spared if ever he should fall into their hands."

Before speaking of Logan's funeral, it may not be uninteresting to you to know something of his birth, parentage and early history. From sources of information entirely reliable, I learn that he was of mixed blood—half white and half Indian—and his color and features indicated such a descent. A gentleman named Rennick, of Greenbriar County, Virginia, a great hunter in his day, from some early disgust for quiet, inactive, unexciting, civilized life, or some wild fancy for the freedom of the woods, had wandered off when a young man to the then trackless forests north of the Ohio river, and settled himself among the Shawnee Indians. Assuming their habits, his exceeding skill in the chase and bold daring in war soon brought him into distinguished notice, and he was adopted into their tribe, and made a chief. His future destiny became still more fixed and permanent, when he made the acquaintance of an Indian maiden of high birth—the elder sister of Tecumseh and the Prophet—to whom he united himself in marriage, according to all the formalities of her nation. Two sons were the offspring of this connection, of whom our hero was the younger—the elder having died in childhood. By the fortune of war he became a prisoner while a boy to Colonel Logan of Kentucky, who brought him home with him and always treated him as a son. He learned to speak English fluently, and after the conclusion of peace, which soon followed Wayne's great victory at the Rapids, was restored to his family and friends. In gratitude to his generous captor, he assumed the name of Logan, and honored as that name was in the early annals of Kentucky, he never disgraced it.

That there are no *accidents* on earth or in Heaven is my firm belief.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

Himself a captive, all his boyish sympathies were excited for a little girl, also a prisoner, taken about the same time, and then the cherished inmate of a neighboring family—that of Colonel Hardin,—and who was released at the same time with himself. The early bud of affection then developed, matured into an open blossom, years afterwards, in their native village, when they both grew up, and they were married. On his dying bed, it so happened that a son of Col. Hardin and son-in-law of his adopted father, was at his side and tended him like a brother and closed his eyes when the last dread struggle was over. To this gentleman Logan especially confided the future fate of his family. He desired him to remove his wife and children to Kentucky, to remain, at any rate, until the close of the war, "for," said he, "I have killed a great Chief, and when I am in the land of spirits, his friends will creep upon and murder all my little ones."

I think it was on the 26th of November, about 10 o'clock of a cold, bleak morning, that the sound of the "ear-piercing fife" and solemn muffled drum announced a military funeral. The weather had suddenly changed from fair and pleasant to early winter. Floating clouds were spitting down their flakes of snow, and the ground was already covered with its white northern garb to the depth of several inches. A crowd of officers and soldiers, off duty, were assembled around the tent where the departed warrior lay, not "with his martial cloak around him," but wrapped in his blanket and deposited in a rude coffin made of the best materials in our power. Although but little "pomp and circumstance" were exhibited, yet there was not wanting any demonstration of respect due to one so beloved and distinguished.

It had not then become lawful, as it now seems to be, to send an American army to the field, without a christian minister as chaplain, as if this were a heathen land and there was no Lord of Hosts above us. The venerable Mr. Shannon was present, and humbly besought his Heavenly Father to have mercy on this noble son of the forest, and as but little light had been granted him upon earth, to ask but little of him at the last day. An armed military guard of honor was also ordered on duty. These ceremonies concluded, the lid of the coffin, which had been temporarily removed to allow us to look for the last time upon the noble countenance of the dead Chief, was replaced and fastened down. I have before stated, that we had no horses in camp. A small sled was constructed for the purpose, and with thongs of raw-hide for traces, the officers, who acted as pall-bearers, hauled the body six miles to Old Fort Defiance. There it was buried, in the public grave-yard, where other gallant hearts were already mouldering into dust. A rude stone was planted at his head and another at his feet, with the initials of his name roughly carved upon them to mark the spot. How long they were permitted to remain there God only knows. From the day of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock to the present moment, the same word of command has been given to the Red race which our Saviour gave to the reviling Jew, when on his way to execution with the heavy cross upon his shoulders. "March on—onward march," till they have already left the graves of their fathers and their favorite hunting grounds far, far behind them. The progress of improvement has long since reached that distant frontier—a canal runs hard by—and civilization, with her rapid strides, is still travelling on. Where the wolf and the bear then had their homes, and the wild deer frolicked on the prairies, the puffing steamboat and whistling railroad-car are now daily heard. Most probably the plough and harrow have, years ago, upturned and torn to pieces the sod of blue grass which grew on Logan's bosom, and have left no discoverable vestige of his resting-place. I have never been there since, yet while describing the events, my fancy brings the whole imposing scene vividly before me. I seem to feel the northern blast upon my cheek, and almost stop my pen to listen for the echo of the last volley fired over the warrior's grave.

A few days afterwards, Major Hardin started on his mission to Wapogheonata—distant some sixty or eighty miles—accompanied by one or two other officers and Captain John. He was charged by the Commanding General to communicate to the nation the circumstances of Logan's last battle and death, and the honors paid to his memory, as well as to express the deep sympathy of the whole army with his immediate family and friends, for his untimely end. It was necessary also to consult with the chiefs and widow, as to the removal of his family to Kentucky. After several general councils, the proposition was respectfully and feelingly declined, and Major Hardin returned to camp.

Years rolled on—some half a dozen or more. The war was over and peace had again covered the land with smiles and filled it with happiness and prosperity. I had studied a profession and quitted forever my father's humble roof to try my fortune among men in the busy pursuits of civil life. One day I received a message, saying there was a company of Indians at the hotel, who said they knew me and desired to see me. Hoping to find some of my campaign companions among them, I immediately called on them in company with several other gentlemen. I was then a bearded man, and doubted that they would recognize me, even if they had formerly known me in my soldier's simple garb; but I had hardly entered the room, when, after a moment's piercing scrutiny, one of them rushed across the floor and seized me by the hand-

It was my old friend *Bright Horn.* "Different time this," said he, "from when I last saw you."

"Yes," I replied, "for it was just before we were taken prisoners together in Dudley's defeat—when we both were begrimmed with the smoke of battle, and you had a few fresh scalps at your belt."

"And you," he rejoined, "was very sick," pointing to the place where an enemy's vagrant ball had penetrated my shoulder.

With the party was a tall, handsome youth—straight as an arrow—some 14 or 15 years of age. He was *Logan's eldest son*, who had visited Kentucky in company with some of his father's friends and relatives, with the privilege of deciding for himself whether he would remain or not. He said he could not stay. His heart yearned for the playmates of his childhood and the wild woods surrounding his native village, and remaining a few days only, they all returned together.

Thus I have complied with your request and told you all I know of Logan and his family. Some old settlers on the Auglage River, near Wapogheonata, might give you further information, and to them I respectfully refer you.

Hoping that you will kindly excuse the tediousness of my narrative, I remain very truly,

Your friend and most obedient servant,

L. C.

To Charles L. Mosby, Esq.,
*Lynchburg, Va.*

# Notices of New Works.

### Foote's Sketches of North Carolina.

*Sketches of North Carolina, Historical and Biographical, Illustrative of the Principles of a Portion of her Early Settlers. By Rev. William Henry Foote. New-York, Robert Carter:* 8 *vo. p.* 557.

We have looked into this handsome volume, and glanced over some of its pages with much pleasure. It is, we think, a very readable book, and altogether a valuable and interesting contribution to the history of our country, and especially of our good old State of North Carolina, which it has even raised in our esteem. The "Sketches" are, indeed, very nearly all that we could fairly expect them to be. They embrace a great variety of characters and incidents—some of them chiefly concerning the Scotch Irish Presbyterians, who emigrated into the colony at different times during the last century, and their descendents; but others of a more general interest, and all calculated to throw some new light upon the civil as well as ecclesiastical history of the state, and upon some of the most stirring events of our revolutionary war. We refer more particularly to the account of the celebrated *Mecklenburg Declaration*, of May 1775, and to the graphic notices of the battles of King's Mountain, and Guilford Court House; and, above all, to the very attractive chapter respecting the fair heroine, Flora McDonald.

By the way, some of our readers may wonder for a moment how this romantic young lady, whom they have seen perhaps only in Sir Walter Scott's novel of Waverley, or in some History of England, could contrive to find her way into Mr. F.'s book on North Carolina; or rather, how Mr. F. could manage to introduce her into it. It is, however, we can assure them, very fairly done; for it seems that after playing her part out in Scotland, in aiding the young *Chevalier's* escape, at the hazard of her life; and after being arrested and imprisoned in the tower of London for the treason, she was very handsomely pardoned by the king, and subsequently introduced at court, and sent home laden with costly presents. There, after a reasonable time, she married a certain Allan McDonald, with whom she came over, very honestly, to Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, in North Carolina, some time in the year 1775. Here it is, then, that Mr. F. finds her, (or rather sees her traces—for she had been dead for some time,) and he is not the man to pass her by without some grateful sign of recognition. He gives us, accordingly, a very pleasing account of her adventures with the young prince, and the subsequent events of her life, in his best manner. We only regret to learn, in reading it, that on the breaking out of our revolutionary war, our fair heroine, who adhered of course to her husband, was found on the side of the *tories*, instead of that of the *whigs*, where we must think she ought to have been. We can easily pardon her, however, for this natural error of her heart, when we remember that she had owed her life to the clemency of George II., and, we may suppose, could not easily be brought to believe that the successor and grandson of one who had been so generous to her, could be so unjust and tyrannical to our country. We may add, too, that she actually sided with the loyalists only for a short time, and that after the defeat of General McDonald at Moore's Bridge, she returned with her husband to Scotland—where she lived to a good old age, and died at last in peace, in the year 1790. It is in this way, then, by a positive residence on its soil, that North Carolina has very fairly acquired an interest in the fame of this admirable woman, and that Mr. F. is justified in exclaiming "Massachusetts has her Lady Arabella; Virginia her Pocahontas; and North Carolina her Flora McDonald."

We should like to transfer the whole of this chapter to our columns, as a specimen of the work; but though we should certainly favor our readers in so doing, we apprehend we should hardly be just to Mr. F., who might very reasonably complain that we had rifled his cabinet of one of its brightest gems. We shall leave it, therefore, in its proper place, and commend the whole cabinet to the notice and favor of the public.

We are happy to see from a hint which he drops in his preface, that Mr. F. has already collected "as ample materials, purely Virginian, for another volume of the same size with this," and we cannot but hope that the success of the present will encourage him to publish its companion without delay. *Nash & Woodhouse* have the work.

*The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. From the earliest times till the reign of King George IV. By John Lord Campbell, A. M. F. R. S. E.* 3 *vols. From the second London Edition. Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard,* 1847.

The three volumes before us bring down the lives of the Lord Chancellors of England to the Revolution in 1688. A second series, completing the work, will soon be published in London. The work is already well and favorably known in this country, through the English Reviews. It abounds with deep interest and solid instruction, and presents the independent and impartial views of the noble au-

thor upon many important questions of History. We have not yet completed our examination of it; but have been greatly fascinated with the portions we have read. The subject is of itself most attractive and well chosen. The biographer generally selects subjects whom he can eulogise; but here are subjects both for eulogy and condemnation, and the reader has the benefit of all kinds of contrasts and of all sorts of examples,—being warned by the bad, and encouraged by the good. And again, the office and station of the Lord Chancellors at once point them out as the most illustrious subjects of Biography in the kingdom, and their lives form a connecting line between all the most interesting and important events. Thus whilst they have all the minuteness and graphic interest of memoirs, they rise to all the dignity and value of the gravest History.

The first volume alone contains the cream of a long and most exciting period of English annals;—from the Saxons to the Reign of Edward VI.; and brings us more intimately acquainted with such men, as Thomas à Becket, Burnel, De Bury, Longchamp, Cardinal Beaufort, Fortescue, Wolsey, Sir Thomas More, &c., &c.

The office of Chancellor gradually rose to its present dignity. It was once only the seventh in rank. The Chancellor is *ex officio* speaker of the House of Lords; but unless also a member of the House as a Peer of the Realm, he has no right to vote, or debate; and even as speaker, he has no power as moderator to preserve order; and Lord Campbell boldly says that that Assembly, which is supposed to be the most august and orderly in the world, is decidedly the most disorderly. So that the noble author returns for us the compliment which his own scribbling countrymen have sometimes paid our Congress.

The Chancellor generally keeps the great seal,—(in its white leather bag;) but there have been and may be "Keepers of the Seal," without being chancellors. The Queens have sometimes kept the seal and assumed the duties of chancellor. Sometimes, the device of the seal may be changed, by a new King, or by a change in his arms. On such occasions, the old seal is struck with a hammer and constructively "broken." It then becomes a perquisite of the Lord Chancellor. This custom gave rise to a warm contest, *honoris causa*, between two ex-chancellors who are still living, which reminds us of the contest between Ajax and Ulysses. When the order for a new great seal was issued, in the reign of William IV., Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor; but when the new seal was finished Lord Brougham had succeeded to the high office. Lyndhurst then claimed the old seal, because the "breaking" of it should relate to the time the order for a new one was issued. Brougham contended that regard should be had to the time of actual substitution of the new seal; and the matter was referred to the King. As the old seal had two faces, he ordered it to be divided between the two, assigning each his part by lot. Then, to crown this equitable decision, he had each part set in a handsome salver, and presented to the noble contestants respectively. The lawyer and well informed gentleman will find this work quite a treasure. It is well and handsomely published and may be had of *J. W. Randolph & Co.*

---

We have received from Mr. C. F. Fisher,

*The Adopted Son. A Historical Novel. By J. Van Lennep, LL. D. Translated from the Dutch, by E. W. Hoskin.* 2 vols., 8 vo. Price 50 cts.

The writers of the newspaper puffs, in return for the books laid on their tables by the publishers, think it necessary to make at least one striking remark in favor of each volume. When hardly pushed, a favorite resort is to give the author some magnificent nickname. Hence, some of the craft, seeing this was a big book, which bore on its back the title of a "historical novel," have called Dr. Lennep "the German Sir Walter Scott." To do the Doctor justice, he has imitated the author of Waverly to the best of his ability. He has evidently read his novels with great attention, and he does all he can to write like him. Hence, he spins out every description to an interminable length, persuading himself that in every new sentence he will succeed in giving the "Waverly touch." But such a flat, dull imitation! It is Sir Walter Scott without fancy, imagination, or knowledge of the human heart—the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. Dr. Lennep is emphatically the *Dutch* Sir Walter.

We have tried in vain to discover in the work a spark of genius, or a trace of inventive and original power. Even Father Eugenio, the *demon* of the piece, is merely a vapid, feeble foster brother to Sue's *Rodin*. But the author is a man of moderate intellectuals, of education, and of reading. He has attentively considered the causes which make a novel a good one, and has made use of his German capacity for labor to construct one by the rules of art. He has evidently spared no pains on this child of his heart, for he informs us that he has been polishing and perfecting it for the last six years. And thus he has been able to build up a story which is passably readable. He does as well, we suppose, as any man could who has Dutch heroes and no genius. But we must say that the "Adopted Son" is not a work of exciting interest, and with all the author's "Art," he has too little inventive talent to prevent our perceiving through the whole book how matters are to wind up.

Now and then we meet with some German peculiarity. Travellers frequently tell us of these Germans, that whenever they are plunged in grief, they find relief in eating. The worse things get, the more they eat. (*See Mr. Willis' Pencillings by the Way, II.*) So it is with the worthy heroes of Dr. Lennep. They eat immensely. A tremendous parting scene, in which torrents of tears are shed, and in which a father and son are both heart-broken, winds up thus: "The dinner bell calls us to table; *let us drive away sorrow with a good piece of roast beef and a glass of wine.*" We advise those who intend reading the "Adopted Son," to take it with the "pot of beer and pipe."

The translation is a very poor performance. It is always spiritless and in many places obscure. It may be that the translator is worthy the author, that Dr. Lennep's style is as inelegant in Dutch as in English. If so he is a very Dutch Sir Walter indeed. One thing, however, we can with good conscience commend. This edition is beautifully printed on smooth, thick, white paper, in an elegant form. It is from the press of Burgess and Stringer, New York.

---

*Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands.*

This is a Poetess' book of travels. It is not the book of a regular tourist; but a record of the memories of those scenes which enchant the traveller in foreign lands, that still dwell in the mind of a poetess,—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. This record is kept partly in verse and partly in prose; and in both, abounds with the kindliest sympathies, and the warmest feelings of patriotism and philanthrophy. When the classic and historic of celebrated lands have called forth many a worthy tribute, a sight of her native land wakes yet a gladder and more gushing strain; and she is brought to this conclusion.

"What has been the traveller's gain?
Sight of foreign land and main?
Sight of visioned forms that sweep
O'er the Castle's ruined steep?
Sight of haunts to history dear?
Sight of palace, king, or peer?

No!—the joy that lights the eye,
When the native shore draws nigh,
In the heart a deeper sense
Of its humbling impotence,
On the lip a grateful strain,—
This has been the traveller's gain."

And then the pleasures and advantages of travelling are eloquently sketched in prose. The plan of the book gives both vividness and variety to its delineations. This, the second edition, is tastefully issued by *James Monroe & Co.*, Boston, to whom we are indebted for a copy.

---

*The Poets and Poetry of the Ancients.* 8 vo. pp. 530.

This is a work similar to the "Poets and Poetry of America,"—the "Poets and Poetry of Europe," &c., and contains almost innumerable specimens from the poets of Greece and Rome,—by various translators—among whom is the Editor, *Wm. Peter, A. M.*, of Christ Church, Oxford. There is no doubt that it would have been rendered more acceptable to those intimately acquainted with Classic Literature, had the Editor exhibited more discrimination and confined his selections within a narrower range; but then, perhaps, it would have been less adapted to a much larger class, who will now prize it as a convenient manual of Ancient Poetry, and a sort of amphitheatre in which they can get a bird's eye view of nearly all the Greek and Roman poets whose names have come down to our times.

Simply to enumerate those poets who are thus honored by Mr. Peter, would occupy much space; Greece furnishes near two hundred, from Homer, 950 B. C., to Democharis, A. D. 560,—and a numerous progeny besides, designated as "uncertain authors;" and Rome some twenty odd, from Ennius, B. C. 239, to Avienus, A. D. 380.

Of course, in such a volume one can not fail to find much that is delightful and which beautifully blends the efforts of ancient genius with those of modern, so far as displayed by translations. The following little conceit on which our eye has casually fallen, is from Julian, Præfect of Egypt:

LOVE AND WINE.

"Once on a time, as for my fair
A Wreath I chanced to twine,
I caught young Love amongst the flowers,
And plunged him in my wine;—
I plunged him in and drank him up,
With such delicious glee,
And now the urchin with his wings
Is always—tickling me."

The work is very elegantly published, with some embellishments, by *Carey & Hart*, and was we think, sent us by *Nash & Woodhouse.*

---

*Thornton on Conveyancing.*

This work has already been noticed by us, and strongly recommended (as we believed it deserved to be) to members of the legal profession and men of business. It has just made its appearance from the press of those extensive Law publishers, the *Johnsons* of Philadelphia; and is for sale in the city of Richmond, by Mr. *C. F. Fisher*, under the Exchange. As the scope and object of the work are well indicated by its title, we will copy it in full:

"A Digest of the Conveyancing, Testamentary and Registry Laws of all the States of the Union; embracing references to the leading decisions upon these subjects, in most of the States, together with the Forms, of Acknowledgment, Probate, Relinquishment, etc., required by the Statutes of and in use in each. Preceded by a brief Treatise on the general rules relating to the nature, execution and operation of Deeds and Wills; and followed by an Appendix of the most approved general forms of these instruments. Being a practical Manual and Guide for Lawyers, Public Officers and men of business. By James B. Thornton, late of Virginia, now of Memphis, Tenn., Attorney at Law."

---

*M'Cartney's United States. Philadelphia, E. Butler & Co.*

"Washington M'Cartney, Esq." has herein dedicated to the young men of the Union, a course of Lectures on the "Origin and Progress of the Republic." The topics seem generally well chosen, and quite well treated; but the author has certainly no pretensions to style; though it may be admitted that the want of *pretension*, in another sense, is one of his merits. If the Lectures were ever spoken, this fact might in some degree excuse some of the more glaring offences against good taste. There is more than one passage like the following: "The immediate design of this Chouan St. Rejeant, (a pretty hard kind of a Saint,) in procuring his old horse, cart, powder and other apparatus, was to blow Napoleon 'sky high.'" The author, however, exhibits reflection and impartiality. Some professed politicians, not "young men," might derive benefit from his pages,—especially Lecture VIII.

*J. W. Randolph & Co.* have the work.

---

*Fitch's Consumption Cured. H. Carlisle, New-York.*

Whether or not Dr. Fitch can accomplish all that he professes, we will not undertake to decide; but his work certainly contains much valuable information as to the remedy and prevention of many practices and habits injurious to health and opposed to longevity. There can be no doubt that each one has it greatly in his own power to prevent or assuage the ravages even of some of the most fatal maladies. Few study themselves, physically, as they ought. *Drinker and Morris* have Dr. Fitch's work.

---

*Comstock's Phonetic Reader. Philadelphia, E. Butler & Co.*

We must confess that we can see no good likely to result from the use of this work, as a *phonetic* guide to those who wish to acquire the true pronunciation of our language. On the contrary, the book is made twice as large as necessary, and if one half of it were to be used, it would only impose useless study in order to acquire a new alphabet, without advancing the pupil in pronunciation; and indeed the phonetic part of the work would lead him into errors: e. g. *Exercise*, phonetic *exursiz*;—the latter is neither easier to spell nor to pronounce than the former; whilst, without special instruction, the latter would be pronounced like our word *quiz*. Again, take the word *lines*, phonetic *linz*;—the latter would be sounded like the word *fins*, of a fish. Again, some of the changes are most useless, such as *sirs* into *surz*, *lords* into *lordz*, *minds* into *mindz* and the like. The one is as phonetic as the other, and some of the new-fangled words are less *phonetic* than the old,—meaning by *phonetic*, indicating the sound directly by the mode of spelling. We are inclined to think that some improvements might be made in our language, by abbreviating some words and classes of words, by discarding useless silent letters; but this can be done without the intervention of a new alphabet. Such changes would have to be very gradual.

*Randolph & Co.* have the work.

---

*The Principles of Pleading. By B. Tucker. Professor of Law, in the University of William & Mary, Va. Boston, Little & Brown*, 1846.

This for a modern Law Book is most enticingly small,—though perchance its size, when contrasted with the treatises of Chitty, Stephen, Saunders, &c., might lead some to undervalue it. But why may it not sustain the relation to those voluminous works that the condensed text does to

the expanded commentary? We venture to assert that the student will arise from its perusal with clearer conceptions of the origin, the reasons and reasonableness of the rules of pleading, and a stronger conviction of the soundness of its principles, than he can derive from any other source. It is a concise and conclusive vindication of the system of pleading, shewing that it both expedites the proceedings in courts, and promotes the ends of justice. And whereas in other works, it is often rendered intricate and perplexing, here, by seizing on some practical illustration, drawn from common experience, or well known history, the author lays open the whole subject in a plain, original and forcible manner.

We are indebted for a copy of the work to *Mr. C. F. Fisher*, who keeps an assortment of Law, Medical and Miscellaneous books, under the Exchange.

---

*The Bondmaid, by Frederika Bremer*, 1844.

Was written for the purpose of unfolding the "deep-hidden meaning, the great and touching interest," which the authoress supposed to exist in the Scandinavian Mythology. It is written in the dramatic form, and can not fail to interest, though it should not produce a pleasant and satisfactory impression.

It was translated from the Swedish, by *M. L. Putnam*, and is from the press of *James Monroe & Co.*

---

From *Harper & Brothers*, through *Drinker & Morris*, we have received the following works :—

*Olmsted's Letters on Astronomy.*

This is a very handsome volume, written in an attractive style, suited to the subject, by Dennison Olmsted, LL. D., of Yale College. It seems to have been called forth by an intelligent female friend of the author, who desired, without going into the abstrusities of the beautiful science of Astronomy, to revive and extend the knowledge of it which she had acquired at school. At the same time, too, she did not wish to be regarded as unable to comprehend and appreciate something more than the meagre and superficial treatises, which profess to be adapted to the minds of her sex.

The author appears to have met her demands in an admirable manner; so that not only her own sex, but large numbers of the other, who must necessarily take the *results* of Astronomy, rather than the processes by which those results are attained, may derive from it an adequate knowledge of the elements of the science, familiarly explained in connection with its literary history. Much more might be said, and many eloquent passages quoted from the work; but even this little is unnecessary, for it has already reached several editions and instructed and delighted thousands of readers.

*Flowers of Fable.* 1847.

These flowers have been gathered with a pure taste, by a friend of youth, from the fables of Northcote, Æsop, Croxall, Gellert, Dodsley, Gay, La Fontaine, Lessing, Krasicki, Herder, Merrick, Cowper, etc. The instruction conveyed by them is of an elevated character and the work containing them is handsomely published, with numerous engravings.

*Library of Select Novels.*

These works, by all the best novelists of the day, are so rapidly multiplied, that even if we were as great a novel reader as the French Princess, who devoured them by the dozen, we would find it no easy task to keep up with them. But as we are far from being much of a novel reader, we can only say that those who are addicted to this kind of reading can always supply themselves with the best from the series of Harper & Brothers, who speedily bring forth "the *last*" of Bulwer, James, Sue, Maxwell, Ainsworth, and all others, whether established in reputation, or just rising into notice. They have now reached of *this* series, the 92 and 93 Nos.; in which Sheridan Knowles, the distinguished Dramatist, makes his appearance as a novelist, for the first time, we believe, with "Fortescue." Such an author could not fail to give his performance many exquisite touches, and a deep thrilling interest.

The same publishers have now finished their *Illustrated Wandering Jew*; and made considerable progress with their *Illuminated and Illustrated Shakespeare*. It is useless at this day to attempt a *critique* of these works, as mere literary productions, though we have differed with many as to the effect of the former. They claim attention now for their embellishments; and it is agreeable to witness such exhibitions of skill and enterprise. Such illustrations of standard authors encourage Art, improve taste, impress the mind, aid the conception, and when vividly executed kindle the imagination of the reader. They have, too, a very good tendency of a more practical character; they tend to remove parsimony towards books and works of genius and Art generally, and to liberalise the tastes of the wealthy for these refined and refining sources of pleasure. They should, therefore, be encouraged and extended.

*The Pictorial History of England.*

For the reasons just stated, this work should be liberally patronised. And how often does the inquisitive reader of History feel a strong desire to see some old document, or relic, or curiosity, or work of magnificence, of which his author makes mention and then passes on. This feeling at once calls for pictorial representations, which may in part afford the gratification which he desires. And then to supply this want of old documents and the like, the judicious Historian will insert portions of them in his narrative, or place them in notes, or in an appendix. History must thus be written on broad principles, and not confined within the narrow bounds to which it has sometimes been circumscribed. New materials must be admitted, new interests honored with some degree of prominence, and new resources furnished to gratify that laudable curiosity, which is the more excited the more eloquent and graphic the author's pages become. On this new system has the Pictorial History of England been prepared; and will, therefore, impart a more definite and vivid idea of that wonderful realm in all its phases, than can be derived from any other source. Only a protracted tour through the country could supersede it; and even then, the tourist would only see England as she is and would have to resort to this work, or its parent sources, to see and know what she has been. We may take occasion hereafter to glance at this work, in reference to these its new and attractive features. We have received it, up to the 15th No., through *Drinker and Morris*.

*Hutton's Book of Nature laid open.*

The brevity of this work will recommend it to many who would be discouraged by the larger works of Goode, Pierre and others; and at the same time it will be found to contain much of entertainment and instruction.

Such books are not always valuable in proportion to the amount of matter they contain; but to their tendency to produce a love of Nature and a disposition to observe and admire her operations,—tracing in them evidences of the goodness and wisdom of the Creator.

This little volume has been revised and improved by the Rev. J. L. Blake, D.D., who has adapted it expressly for young persons, though it will also prove interesting to persons of all ages.

Notices of the "New Miscellany," and other works, Magazines, Addresses, &c., are unavoidably excluded.

NOV 13 1902
LIBRARY.
Lowell Fund

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

MARCH, 1847.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE

## HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.

[*Copyright Secured.*]

### CHAPTER V.

1608.

First Exploring Voyage up the Chesapeake Bay; [illegible]'s Isles; Accomac; Tangier Islands; Wighcocoo; Watkins' Point; Keale's Hill; Point Ployer; [illegible] Islands; Cuskarawaok river; The Patapsco; [illegible]mac; Quiyough; Stingray Island; Smith returns to Jamestown; His second voyage up Chesapeake Bay; Massawomeks; The Indians on the river Tockwh; Sasquesahannocks; Peregrine's Mount; Wildey river; The Patuxent; The Rappahannock; The [illegible]etank; Elizabeth river; Nansemond river; Return to Jamestown; The Hudson river discovered.

On the second day of June, 1608, Smith with a company of fourteen, including Dr. Walter Russel, who had recently arrived, left Jamestown for the purpose of exploring the Chesapeake bay. He embarked in an open barge of less than three tons. Crossing over the Cape Henry to the Eastern Shore, they explored and named after their commander, "Smith's Isles." At Cape Charles they met grim, athletic savages, with bone-headed spears in their hands. They directed the English to the dwelling-place of the Werowance of Accomac, who was found courteous and friendly and the handsomest savage they had yet seen. His country was pleasant, fertile and intersected by creeks, affording good harbors for small craft. The people spoke the language of Powhatan. Smith pursuing his voyage, came upon some uninhabited isles, which were then named after Dr. Russel, surgeon of the party,—but known now as Tangier Islands.* Searching for fresh water, they fell in with the river Wighcocomoco, now called Pocomoke. The northern point at the mouth, was called Watkins' Point, and a hill on the south side of Pocomoke bay, Keale's Hill, after two of the soldiers in the barge. Leaving that river they came to a high promontory named Point Ployer, in honor of a French nobleman, a former friend of Smith. There they found a

* Stith, p. 63.

pond of hot water. In a thunder-storm the barge's mast and sail were blown overboard. Narrowly escaping the fury of the elements, they found it necessary to remain two days on an island, which they named Limbo, but now known as one of Watts' Islands. Repairing the sail with their shirts, they visited a river on the Eastern Shore, called Cuskarawaok, and now, by a singular transposition of names, called Wighcocomoco. Here the natives ran along the banks in amazement, some climbing to the tops of trees and shooting their arrows at the strangers. On the next day, a volley of musquetry dispersed the savages. On the bank of the river, the English found some cabins, in which they left pieces of copper, beads, bells and looking-glasses. On the next day several thousand men, women and children thronged around the English, with many expressions of friendship. These savages were of the tribes Nause, Sarapinagh, Arseek and Nantaquak, of all others the most expert in trade. They wore the finest furs and manufactured a great deal of Roenoke or Indian money. They were people of small stature, like those of Wighcocomoco. The Eastern Shore of the bay was found low and well-wooded; the western well-watered, but hilly and barren,—the vallies, however, fruitful, but thicklywooded and abounding in deer, wolves, bears and other wild animals. A navigable stream was called Bolus, from a parti-colored, gum-like clay found on its banks. It is now known as the Patapsco. *

The party having been about a fortnight voyaging in an open boat, fatigued at the oar and subsisting on mouldy bread, now importuned Smith to return to Jamestown. He at first refused, but shortly after, the sickness of his men and the unfavorable weather compelled him to turn back, † where the bay was found nine miles wide, and nine or ten fathoms deep. On the sixteenth of June, they fell in with the mouth of the Potomac, where it appeared to be seven miles wide. The magnificence of that majestic river reanimated their drooping spirits, and the sick having now recovered, they agreed to explore the Potomac. About thirty miles above the mouth, two Indians conducted them up a small creek towards Nominy. The banks swarmed with thousands of the natives, who, with painted bodies and hideous yells, seemed so many demons let loose from hell. Their noisy threats were soon silenced by the glancing of the English bullets on the water and the report of muskets re-echoing in the forests. The astonished red men dropped their bows and arrows, and hostages being exchanged, received the whites kindly. Towards the head of the Potomac they met some canoes laden with bear, deer, and other game, which the savages shared with the English. On their return down the river, Japazaws, king of Potomac, gave them guides to conduct them up the river Quiyough, * in quest of Matchqueon, a mine which they had heard of. They left the Indian hostages in the barge, secured by a small chain, with which they were pleased to be adorned, and which they were to have for their pains. The mine turned out to be worthless. It contained a sort of antimony used by the natives to paint themselves and their idols. It made "them look like blackamoors dusted over with silver." Newport had taken some bags of it to England as containing silver. The wild animals observed were the beaver, otter, mink, martin and bear; of fish they met with great numbers, sometimes lying in such schools near the surface, that in absence of nets they undertook to catch them with a frying pan;—but plenty as they were, it was found that they "were not to be caught with frying pans." The barge running aground at the mouth of the Rappahannock, Smith amused himself "spearing" them with his sword. In taking one from its point it stung him in the wrist. In a little while the symptoms proved so alarming that his companions concluded his death to be at hand, and sorrowfully prepared his grave in a neighboring island by his directions. But by Dr. Russel's judicious treatment he quickly recovered and supped that evening upon the offending fish. † This incident gave its name to Stingray Island.

The barge returned to Jamestown on the 21st July. Here sickness and discontent were found prevalent. Ratcliffe, the Presi-

* Stith, p. 64.

† Smith, vol. I, p. 173.

* Stith, p. 65, takes this to be Potomac Creek. Japazaws lived at the mouth of it.

† This fish was of the ray species. "much of the fashion of a thorn-back, but a long taile like a riding rodde, whereon the middest is a most poisoned sting of two or three inches long, bearded like a saw on each side."

dent, was deposed in favor of Smith, who of the council was next entitled to succeed. Smith, however, substituted Scrivener in his stead and embarked to complete his discoveries. *

On the 24th of July Smith again set out for the Chesapeake bay. His company consisted of six gentlemen and as many soldiers. Detained some days at Kiquotan, they astonished the Indians there by a display of rockets. Reaching the head of the bay, they met seven or eight canoes, manned by Massawomeks, † who presented Smith venison, bear's meat, fish, bows, arrows, clubs, targets and bearskins. On the river Tockwogh, (now Sassafrass,) they came upon an Indian town fortified with a palisade and breast-works. Here men, women and children came forth to welcome the whites with songs and dances, offering them fruits, furs, and whatever they had, spreading mats for them to sit on, and in every way expressing their friendship.

They had tomahawks, knives, and pieces of iron and brass, which, as they alleged, they had procured from the Susquesahannocks, a mighty people dwelling two days journey distant on the Susquehannah. ‡ Two interpreters were despatched to invite them to visit the English. In three or four days, sixty of that gigantic people arrived with presents of venison, tobacco-pipes three feet long, baskets, targets, bows and arrows. Five of their chiefs embarked in the barge to cross the bay. It was Smith's custom daily to have prayers in the barge with a psalm. The savages were filled with wonder at this, and in their turn commenced a sort of adoration, holding their hands up to the sun and chanting a wild and unearthly song. They then embraced Captain Smith, adoring him in the like manner, and overwhelming him with a profusion of presents and abject homage.

The highest mountain seen by the English to the Northward, they named Peregrine's mount. Willoughby river derived its name from Captain Smith's native town in England. At the furtherest points of discovery crosses were cut in the bark of trees, or brass crosses were left. ‖ The people on the Patuxent were found "very tractable and more civil than any." On the banks of the Rappahannock, Smith and his party were kindly treated by the Moraughtacunds. Here the English met with Mosco, one of the Wighcocomocoes. He was remarkable for a bushy black beard, whereas the savages in general had little or none. Mosco proved to be of great service to the English in exploring the Rappahannock. Mr. Richard Fetherstone, a gentleman of the company, died during this part of the voyage and was buried on the banks of this river, where a bay was named after him. The river was explored to the falls, (near Fredericksburg,) where a skirmish took place with the Rappahannocks.

Smith next explored the Pianketank. The natives were for the most part absent hunting; a few women, and children, and old men were left to tend the corn. Returning thence, the barge encountered a tremendous thunder-storm in Gosnold's bay. Running before the wind, they could only catch fitful glimpses of the land by the flashes of lightning, which saved them from dashing to pieces on the shore, and directed them to Point Comfort. They next visited Chesapeake, now Elizabeth river, on which Norfolk stands. Six or seven miles from the mouth of this river, they came upon two or three cultivated patches and cabins. Next they sailed seven or eight miles up the Nansemond and found its banks consisting mainly of oyster-shells. After a skirmish with the Chesapeakes and Nansemonds, Smith procured as much corn as he could carry away. September 7th, 1608, they arrived at Jamestown. There they found some recovered, others still sick, many dead, Ratcliffe, the late President, under arrest for mutiny, the harvest gathered, but the provisions damaged by rain.

During that summer, Smith with a few men, in a small barge, in his several voyages of discovery, traversed not less than three thousand miles. * He had been at Jamestown only three days in three months and had, during this time, explored the whole of the Chesapeake bay and of the country lying on its shores and made a map of them.

[1608.] Captain Henry Hudson, an English navigator, in the service of the Dutch,

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 181.

† Supposed to be the same with the Iroquois, or Five Nations. Stith, p. 67.

‡ Suckahanna in the Powhatan language signified "water." Smith, vol. I, p. 147.

‖ Smith, vol. I, p. 183.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 191. Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 21.

discovered the beautiful river of that name. The Dutch afterwards erected, near its mouth, the cabins of New Amsterdam, the germ of New York.

## CHAPTER VI.

### 1608.

Smith President; Affairs at Jamestown; Newport arrives with the second supply; His instructions; The first English women in Virginia; Smith visits Werowocomoco; Entertained by Pocahontas; His interview with Powhatan; Coronation of Powhatan; Newport explores the Monacan country; Smith's discipline; Affairs at Jamestown; Newport's return; Smith's letter to the Council; The first Marriage in Virginia; Smith again visits Powhatan.

Smith had hitherto declined, but now consented to undertake the office of president. Ratcliffe was under arrest for mutiny. The building of the fine house, which he had commenced for himself in the woods, was discontinued, the church repaired, the storehouse newly covered, magazines for supplies erected, the fort reduced to a pentagon figure, the watch renewed, troops trained and the whole company mustered every Saturday in the plain by the west bulwark, called "Smithfield." There sometimes more than a hundred dark-eyed, tawny Indians would stand in amazement, to see a file of soldiers batter a tree, where a target was set up to shoot at.

Newport now arrived from England with a second supply. He brought out also presents for Powhatan, a bason and ewer, bed, bedstead and suit of scarlet clothes. Newport, upon this voyage, had procured a private commission, in which he pledged himself to perform one of three impossibilities, for he engaged not to return without either a lump of gold, a certainty of the South Sea, or one of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colonists. Newport brought also orders to discover the Manakin (originally Monocan) country, and a barge constructed so as to be taken to pieces, which they were to carry to the falls to convey them to the South Sea!* The cost of the voyage was two thousand pounds, and the company ordered that the vessels should be sent back freighted with cargoes of corresponding value, and threatened, in case of a failure, "that they should be left in Virginia as banished men." The company had been deeply incensed by a letter received by* Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State, reporting that the planters intended to divide the country among themselves. It is altogether improbable that they had conceived any design of appropriating a country which so few of them were willing to cultivate and from which so many were anxious to escape. The folly of the instructions was only surpassed by the inhumanity of the threat.† Newport brought over with him Captains Peter Wynne and Richard Waldo, two veteran soldiers and valiant gentlemen, Francis West, brother of Lord Delaware, Raleigh Crashaw, Thomas Forest, with Mrs. Forest and Anne Burras her maid, the first English women that ever set their feet on the Virginia soil.‡ Some Poles and Germans were sent out to make pitch, tar, glass, soap, ashes and mills. Waldo and Wynne were admitted into the Council. Ratcliffe was restored to his seat.

The time appointed for Powhatan's coronation now drawing near, Smith, accompanied by Captain Waldo and three others, went overland from Jamestown to Werowocomoco, distant about twelve miles. They crossed the river in an Indian canoe. Upon reaching Werowocomoco, Powhatan being found absent was sent for. In the meantime Smith and his comrades were entertained by Pocahontas and her nymphs. They made a fire in a level field and Smith sate on a mat before it. A hideous noise and shrieking were suddenly heard in the adjoining woods. The English snatched up their arms and seized two or three aged Indians. But Pocahontas immediately came and protested to Smith that he might slay her if any surprize was intended, and he was quickly satisfied that his apprehensions were groundless. Then thirty young women emerged from the woods, all naked save a cincture of green

* Vasco Nunez in 1513, crossing the Isthmus of Darien, from a mountain discovered, on the other side of the continent, an ocean which from the direction in which he saw it, took the name of the South Sea.—*Robertson, cited by Belknap, v. 1, p. 62.*

* Sir Robert Cecil.

† Stith, p. 82. "History of the Revolt of the American Colonies," by George Chalmers, vol. 1, p. 3. Chalmers' Political Annals, p 23.

‡ Smith, vol. 1, p. 193. By "Virginia soil" of course is meant the soil of Virginia *proper*.

leaves, their bodies painted. Pocahontas wore on her head a beautiful pair of buck's-horns, an otter's skin at her girdle and another on her arm; a quiver hung on her shoulder and she held a bow and arrow in her hand. Of the other nymphs, one held a sword, another a club, a third a pot-stick, with the antlers of the deer on their heads and a variety of other savage ornaments. Bursting from the forest like so many fiends with unearthly shrieks, they circled around the fire, singing and dancing. The dance was continued for an hour, when they again retired to the woods. Next they invited Smith to their habitations, where, as soon as he entered, they all crowded around, hanging about him, with cries of "love you not me?—love you not me?" They then feasted him, some serving, others singing and dancing. Lastly, with torches of lightwood, they escorted him to his lodging.

On the next day Powhatan arrived. Smith informed him of the presents that had been sent out for him, restored to him Namontack, who had been taken to England, and invited the emperor, (as he was styled,) to visit Jamestown, to accept the presents, and, with Newport's aid, to revenge himself upon his enemies, the Monacans. He refused to visit Jamestown, saying that he too was a king, but agreed to wait eight days to receive the presents. As for the Monacans, he avowed that he was able to avenge his grievances himself. In regard to the salt water beyond the mountains, of which Smith had spoken, Powhatan denied that there was any such, and drew lines of those regions on the ground. Smith returned to Jamestown. The presents were sent to Werowocomoco by water, near a hundred miles, while Newport and Smith, with fifty men, proceeded thither by land. *

All being assembled at Werowocomoco, the next day was appointed for the coronation. The presents were delivered to Powhatan—a bason, ewer, bed and furniture ready set up. A scarlet cloak and suit of apparel were with difficulty put upon him, Namontack insisting that it would not hurt him. Strenuous efforts were found necessary to make him kneel to receive the crown. At last, by dint of persuasions and pressing hard upon his shoulders, he was induced reluctantly to stoop a little. Three of the English then placed the crown on his head. At an appointed signal a volley of musquetry was fired from the boats, and Powhatan started from his seat in momentary alarm. He presented his old moccasins and mantle to Newport and some corn, but refused to allow him any guides except Namontack. Newport returned to Jamestown. Shortly afterwards he explored the Monacan country with one hundred and twenty men, commanded by Captain Waldo, Lieutenant Percy, Captain Wynne, Mr. West and Mr. Scrivener.

Smith with eighty or ninety men, some sick, some feeble, was left at Jamestown. Newport passing by the falls of James river, proceeded forty miles beyond on the South side and returned by the same route. He discovered Massinacak and Mowchemenchouch. The natives, "the stoics of the woods," evinced neither friendship nor enmity. The English, out of abundant caution, took one of their chiefs and led him bound at once a hostage and a guide.

Upon Newport's return to Jamestown, Smith, the president, set some of the colonists to make glass, others to prepare tar, pitch and soap-ashes, while he, in person, conducted thirty of them five miles below the fort, to fell trees and prepare plank. Two of this party were young gentlemen brought out in the last supply. Smith sharing labor and hardship in common with the rest, these woodmen soon became reconciled to the novel task and listened with pleasure to the crashing thunder of the falling trees. But when the axes began to blister their unaccustomed hands, oaths were heard reverberating in the forest. Smith taking measures to have the oaths of each one numbered, at night for each offence poured a can of water down the offender's sleeve. This put an end to the profanity. *

Smith procured a supply of corn from the Chickahominy. Upon his return, Newport and Ratcliffe, instigated by jealousy, attempted to depose him from the presidency, but he defeated their schemes. The colony suffered much loss at this time from an illicit trade carried on between the sailors of Newport's vessel, dishonest settlers and the savages.

Scrivener, by the aid of Namontack, pro-

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 149. Chalmers' Polit. Annals, p. 23.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 197.

cured from Werowocomoco a supply of corn and puccoons, a root used in dying.

Newport sailed for England, leaving two hundred souls at Jamestown. Ratcliffe, whose real name was found to be Sicklemore, was sent back at the same time. Smith addressed a letter to the council in England, exhibiting the folly of expecting a present profitable return from the colony. He sent them also his map of the country,—made with so much exactness, that it has been taken as the groundwork of all succeeding maps of Virginia.* Not long after Newport's departure, Anne Burras was married at Jamestown to John Laydon—the first marriage in the colony. Smith, finding the provisions running low, made a voyage to Nansemond, and afterwards went up the James and discovered the river and people of Appomattock.† Their little corn they gave in exchange for copper and trinkets.

Powhatan sent an invitation to Smith to visit him and a request that he would send men to build him a house and give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some guns, a cock and hen, with much copper and many beads, in return for which he promised to load his vessel with corn. Having despatched a party to build the house,‡ Smith, accompanied by the brave Waldo, set out for Werowocomoco, on the 29th of December, with the pinnace and two barges, manned with forty-six men. Smith went in the barge with six gentlemen and as many soldiers. In the pinnace were Lieut. Percy and Francis West, with a number of gentlemen and soldiers. The little fleet dropping down the James, arrived the first night at Warrasqueake. Thence Sicklemore, a veteran soldier, was despatched with two Indian guides to the Chowan in quest of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost company and of silk grass. Smith left Samuel Collier, his page, with the chief there, to learn the language. The English were detained by inclement weather a week at Kecoughtan and spent the Christmas holidays* among the natives, feasting on oysters, fish, venison, wild-fowl and good bread. They enjoyed also excellent fires in the dry, smoky cabins. While there, two of the party killed one hundred and forty-eight wild-fowl in three shots.

At Kiskiack, (now Chescake,)† the severity of the cold again drove the English to shelter themselves in the Indian cabins. On the 12th of January, they reached Werowocomoco. The York was frozen over near a half mile from the shore. Smith, to lose no time, undertook to break his way through the ice; but the tide ebbing, left the barge aground on a shoal. In this dilemma, although the cold was extreme, Smith, jumping into the icy river, set the example to his men of wading near waist deep to the shore. Quartering in the first cabins they reached, they sent to Powhatan for provision. On the following day he supplied them abundantly with bread, wild turkies and venison. Like Nestor of old, he somewhat extravagantly told Smith that he had seen the death of all his people thrice; that he was now old and must ere long die; that his brothers, Opitchapan, Opechancanough and Kekataugh,‡ his two sisters and their two daughters were to be his successors. Powhatan deprecated war, and declared, that when he and his people forced to fly, by fear of the English, lay in the woods, exposed to cold and hunger, "if a twig but breake, every one cryeth, there commeth Captaine Smith." At length, however, after a long dialogue, Powhatan still obstinately insisting that the English should lay aside their arms, Smith gave orders privately to his people in the boat to approach and capture him. Discovering their design he fled with his women and children, while his warriors beset the cabin where Smith was. With pistol, sword and target, he rushed out among them and fired; some fell one over another; the rest escaped. Powhatan finding himself in Smith's power, to make his peace, sent him by an aged orator a large

* Stith, p. 83. So says this accurate writer. But so rough and conjectural a chart is of course in many points inaccurate.

† Smith, vol. 1., p. 204. Hillard in his Life of Smith, p. 295, inadvertently says, that Smith, "accompanied by Captain Waldo, *went up the bay* in two barges. The Indians on all sides fled at the sight of them till they discovered the river and people of Appomattox."

‡ The Stone Chimney, (already referred to on a former page,) with an enormous fire-place, still standing near the mouth of Timber-neck creek in Gloucester county, called "Powhatan's Chimney"—is probably a relic of the house built for Powhatan.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 206. Some mistake here, for it is stated that they left Jamestown on the 29th of December.

† An old church, not far from Yorktown, bears the name of "Chescake," pronounced "Cheese-cake."

‡ Smith, vol. 1, p. 208. Kekataugh is sometimes written Catataugh, as in Stith, p. 87.

bracelet and chain of pearl. In the meanwhile the savages "goodly well-proportioned fellows, as grim as Divels," carried the corn on their backs down to the boats. The barges of the English being in the meanwhile left aground by the ebb-tide, they were obliged to remain 'till the next high-water and accordingly returned ashore to lodge in some Indian cabins. Powhatan and the traitorous Dutchmen now plotted Smith's destruction. But "*Pocahontas*, his dearest iewell and daughter, in that darke night, came through the irksome woods and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent vs by and by; but *Powhatan* and all the power he could make, would after come kill vs all, if they that brought it could not kill vs with our owne weapons, when we were at supper. Therefore if we would liue, shee wished vs presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in," Smith "would have given her, but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to haue any, for if *Powhatan* should know it, she were but dead and so shee raune away by herselfe as she came." The attempt to surprise the English was soon made, but Smith forewarned, readily defeated the design. *

## CHAPTER VII.

### 1608—1609.

Smith visits Pamaunkee; Seizes Opechancanough; Loss of Scrivener and his party; Smith goes back to Werowocomoco; Procures supplies; Returns to Jamestown; Smith's rencontre with the Chief of Paspahegh; Affairs of the Colony; A Fort built there; "The old Stone House;" Scarcity at Jamestown; The Colonists dispersed to procure subsistence; Tuckahoe root; Smith's discipline; Sicklemore's discoveries; Chief of the Quiyoughcohannocks; The Virginia Company procures a New Charter; Its character; Lord Delaware appointed Governor; A fleet despatched for Virginia; Gates, Somers and Newport embark in the Sea-Adventure; She is cast away on the Island of Bermuda; Seven vessels reach Jamestown; Disorders that ensued; Smith arrests the ring-leaders; West with a detachment sent to the falls; Martin to Nansemond; Mutinous conduct of the Settlers; Smith's efforts to quell them; He embarks for Jamestown; Accidentally blown up with gun-powder; Arrives at Jamestown; Violence of the male-contents; Smith embarks for England; His character; Notice of his Life and Writings.

Smith, with Percy and fifteen others, went up to Pamaunkee, (West Point,) at the head of York river. Here they found Opechancanough's residence, a quarter of a mile back from the river. The chief of the warlike Pamunkies in a short time arrived, accompanied by his warriors, armed with bows and arrows. Several hundred of them surrounded the house where the English were. They growing alarmed, Smith exhorted them "to fight like men and not die like sheepe." The treachery of the savages being now manifest, Smith seized Opechancanough by his long back of hair and with a cocked pistol at his breast, led him trembling in the midst of his people. Terrified he surrendered his vambrace, bow and arrows, while his astonished followers threw down their arms.

During this time Scrivener, at Jamestown, conceived a design of escaping from the presidency. But starting for Hog Island on a stormy day, in company of Captain Waldo, Anthony Gosnold and eight others, the boat sunk and all were lost. Richard Wyffin undertook to carry the intelligence to Smith. Wyffin, at Werowocomoco, was shielded from danger by Pocahontas, who in every emergency still proved herself the guardian angel of the infant colony.

Smith releasing Opechancanough now returned to Werowocomoco. On the following morning, a little after sunrise, the fields swarmed with Indians. Smith landed in company of Percy and two others. They were met by Powhatan with two or three hundred men, formed in two half-moons, with some twenty men and many women carrying painted baskets.

Discovering on a nearer approach the English in their boats with arms in their hands, the savages fled. However, for several ensuing days, from all parts of the country within a circle of ten or twelve miles, in the snow they brought on their naked backs provision for Smith's party.

The poor Indians on the Mattapony and Pamunkey rivers, gave up the little corn they had, with such lamentations and tears of women and children, as touched the hearts of the English with compassion.

In this expedition Smith, with twenty-five pounds of copper and fifty pounds of iron and some beads, procured in exchange two

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 212.

hundred pounds of deer suet and four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn. *

Shortly after Smith's return, he met the chief of Paspahegh near Jamestown, and had a rencontre with him. This "most strong stout Salvage," forced Smith into the river in order to drown him. They grappled long in the water, at length Smith grasping him by the throat, well nigh strangled him, and drawing his falchion was about to cut off his head, when he begged so piteously for his life, that Smith spared it and led him prisoner to Jamestown, where he put him "in chaynes." He was daily visited by his wives and children and people, who brought presents to ransom him. At last he made his escape. Smith sent a party who burnt the chief's house and shortly after going out himself to "try his conclusions" with the "salvages," slew seven of the Paspaheghs, made as many prisoners, burnt their cabins and carried away their canoes and fishing weirs.

A party of the Paspaheghs having surrendered themselves, one of them, named Okaning, made a speech to Smith, in which he justified the escape of their chief from imprisonment at Jamestown, on the ground that "the fishes swim, the foulls fly and the very beasts strive to escape the snare and liue."

A block-house was now built in the neck of the Jamestown peninsula. It was guarded by a garrison, who alone were authorized to trade with the Indians, and neither Indians nor whites suffered to pass in or out without the president's leave. Thirty or forty acres of land were planted. The hogs were kept at Hog Island and increased rapidly. Poultry was raised without the necessity of feeding. A block-house was garrisoned at Hog Island for the purpose of telegraphing shipping, arrived in the river. Capt. Wynne the only surviving councillor now dying, the whole government devolved upon Smith. Indeed he had in effect already held it for some time before, by having two voices in the council.

Smith built a fort for a retreat, on a convenient river, upon a high commanding hill, very hard to be assaulted and easy of defence. But the scarcity of provisions at Jamestown, prevented its completion. † This is probably the structure now known as the "Old Stone House," on Ware creek, a tributary of York river, and in James City county. It stands about five miles from the mouth of the creek and twenty-two from Jamestown. The walls and chimney which remain are of sandstone. This miniature fortress is eighteen and a half feet, by fifteen in size, and consists of a basement under ground and one story above. On one side, there is a door-way, six feet wide, giving entrance to both apartments. There are loop-holes in the walls and the masonry is exact. The house stands in a wilderness, on a high knoll, at the foot of which the creek meanders. It is one hundred feet above the stream and three hundred back from it. The "Old Stone House" is approached by a long circuitous defile, surrounded by gloomy forests and dark ravines, mantled with laurel. It is doubtless the oldest house in Virginia. Its age and wild sequestered situation, have connected with it the fables of an uncertain tradition.

The store of provisions at Jamestown was wasted by rats introduced by vessels from England. For a time the Indians supplied the Colony with squirrels, turkeys, deer and other game. But at length the want of corn put a stop to the works that were in progress and the Colonists were dispersed abroad to procure subsistence. Sergeant Laxon, with sixty or eighty of them, was sent down the river to live upon oysters; Lieutenant Percy with twenty to find fish at Point Comfort. West, brother of Lord Delaware, with an equal number, repaired to the Falls, where nothing edible was found but acorns. Hitherto the whole body of the Colonists had been provided for by the courage and industry of thirty or forty. They had lived upon sturgeon and wild fruits. One man could in a day gather enough of the tuckahoe root to supply him with bread for a week. This tockawhonghe, as it is called by Smith, was, in the summer, a chief article of diet among the natives. It grows in marshes like a flag and is like the potatoe in size and flavor. Raw it is no better than poison, so that the Indians were accustomed to roast it and eat it mingled with sorel and meal. * Such was

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 220.

† Smith, vol. 1, p. 227.

* Smith, vol. 1. p. 123. Beverley's Hist. of Va., B. 3., p. 15. (I refer in general to the first edition of 1705. It does not differ materially from the second edition published Anno. 1722.) There is a remarkable root found in Virginia,

the indolence of the greater number at Jamestown that it seemed as if they would sooner starve than take the pains to obtain food. At length their mutinous discontents arose to such a pitch that Smith arrested and punished Dyer, chief of the male-contents, and ordered that whoever failed to provide daily as much food as he should consume should be banished from Jamestown as a drone and a nuisance. Of the two hundred Colonists many were billeted among the Indians, and thus became familiar with their habits and manner of life.* Sicklemore, the soldier who had been despatched to Chowanock, returned after a fruitless search for Sir Walter Raleigh's people. He found the Chowan not large, the county generally overgrown with pines, pemminaw or silk-grass growing here and there. Two messengers were likewise sent to the country of the Mangoags in quest of the lost settlers. These messengers learned that they were all dead. Guides had been supplied by the hospitable chief of the Quiyoughcohanocks, who, of all others, was most friendly to the whites. Although a devout worshipper of his own gods, he acknowledged that they were as inferior to the English God in power as the bow and arrow were inferior to the English gun. He often sent presents to Smith begging him to pray to the English God "for raine, else his corne would perish, for his Gods were angry."

The Virginia company, in England, mainly intent on pecuniary gain and quick returns, were now discouraged by the disasters that had befallen the Colony and disappointed in their visionary hopes of the discovery of gold mines and of a passage to the South Sea. They therefore took measures to procure from James a new charter abrogating the existing one, and investing them with more extensive powers. Having associated with themselves a numerous body of additional stockholders or adventurers, as they were then styled, including many of rank, influence and wealth, they succeeded in obtaining from the king a new charter, dated [May 23, 1609,] transferring to the corporation several important powers before reserved to the crown. So far the company became more independent and republican; but the governor, under the new system, was indued with arbitrary command, and authorized to declare martial law, and the condition of the Colonists was worse than before, since even the King's colonial policy was more liberal than that of the company. This sudden repeal of the former charter displayed a selfish ingratitude for the services of Smith and his associates, who, under it, had weathered the toil, privations and dangers of the first settlement. The supreme council, in England, now chosen by the stockholders, themselves appointed Sir Thomas West, Lord Delaware,* Governor and Captain General of Virginia, Sir Thomas Gates his Lieutenant, and Sir George Somers Admiral. Nine vessels were speedily fitted out and despatched for the Colony, with five hundred emigrants. Newport, who was entrusted with command of the squadron, Gates and Somers were severally authorized, whichever of them might first reach Jamestown, to supersede the existing administration there, until Lord Delaware, who was not to embark for some months, should arrive. This abundant caution defeated itself. Newport and the two knights finding it impracticable to adjust the point of precedence among themselves, by way of compromise embarked together in the same vessel, the Sea-Venture. The squadron sailed towards the end of May, [1609.] A small schooner perished in a hurricane. In the latter part of July, the Sea-Venture, with Newport, Gates, Somers and one hundred and fifty emigrants, was separated from the fleet in a terrible storm and wrecked on the coast of the picturesque island of Bermudas. The other seven vessels, shattered by the storm, and having suffered the loss of the greater portion of their supplies, reached Jamestown, [August 1609.] They brought back Ratcliffe, whose real name was Sicklemore, who had been remanded by Smith to England on account of his mutinous conduct, Martin and Archer, together with sundry other captains and "divers Gentlemen of good meanes and great parentage," and about

said to grow without stem or leaf and called Tuckahoe, and confounded with the flag-root described above. See Farmer's Register for April, 1839, and vol. 9, p. 3. Jefferson's Notes on Va., p. 35. Rees' Cyclopædia Art. Tuckahoe. Hist. of Louisiana by M. Le Page Du Pratz, p. 247. Discourse delivered 1814 by De Witt Clinton before the Literary and Philosophical Society of New-York, note 32. Fremont's Report, 135-160.

* Smith, vol. 1, p. 229.

* He was third of that title. The present, (1843,) Earl Delaware, John George West, is his lineal descendant. Hubbard's note in Belknap, vol. 2, p. 116.

three hundred more emigrants, the greater proportion of them profligate youths, packed off from home "to escape ill destinies," broken-down gentlemen, bankrupt tradesmen and the like. Upon the appearance of the fleet, Smith, not expecting such a supply, took them to be Spaniards and prepared to encounter them, and the Indians readily offered their assistance. The Colony had already, before the arrival of the fleet, been threatened with anarchy, owing to intelligence of the premature repeal of the charter brought out by Capt. Argall. The new emigrants had no sooner landed than they involved the Colony in new confusion and misery. The factio. s leaders affecting to insist on the abrogation of the old charter, rejected the authority of Smith, whom they hated, and feared, and undertook to usurp the government. Their folly equalled their insolence. "To-day the old Commission must rule, to-morrow the new, the next day neither;" thus, by continual change, plunging all things into anarchy. Smith filled with disgust, would cheerfully have returned to England, "but seeing small hope this new commission would arrive" he resolved to put an end to these continual plots, cabals and machinations. The ring-leaders, Ratcliffe, Archer, and others, he arrested; to cut off one source of disturbance he gave permission to Percy, who was in low health, to embark for England, of which, however, he did not avail himself; West, with one hundred and twenty picked men, was detached to the falls of James river, and Martin, with nearly the same number, to Nansemond. Smith's presidency having expired about this time, he had been succeeded by Martin, who, however, conscious of his incompetency, had immediately resigned it to Smith. * Martin, at Nansemond, seized the chief, and capturing the town, occupied it with his detachment. Here, however, owing to want of judgment or of vigilance, he suffered himself to be surprised by the savages, who slew many of his party, rescued their chief and carried off their corn. Martin not long after returned to Jamestown leaving his detachment to shift for themselves.

Smith visiting West's settlement at the falls, found them planted "in a place not only subiect to the river's invndation, but round invironed with many intollerable inconueniences." To remedy these, Smith, by a messenger, proposed to purchase from Powhatan his seat of that name, a little lower down the river. The settlers, however, disdainfully rejected the scheme, and became so mutinous, that Smith landed among them and arrested the chief malecontents. But overpowered by numbers, being backed by only five, he was forced to retire on board of a vessel lying in the river. The Indians daily brought him provisions, in requital for which the English stole their corn, robbed their gardens, beat them, broke into their cabins, and made them prisoners. They complained to Smith that those whom he had sent there as protectors, were worse than their enemies, the Monacans. Smith embarked for Jamestown. However, he had no sooner set sail than many of West's people were slain by the savages. And it so happened that before Smith had dropped a mile and a half down the river his vessel ran aground. Making a virtue of necessity, he now summoned the mutineers to a parley, and they were siezed with such a panic on account of the assault of a handful of savages, that they submitted themselves to his mercy. He now again arrested the ring-leaders, and established the rest at Powhatan, in the Indian palisade fort, which was so well fortified by poles and bark, as to defy all the savages in Virginia. Dry cabins were also found there, and nearly two hundred acres of ground ready to be planted, and it was called Nonsuch, as being at once the strongest and most delightful place in the country. Smith now being on the eve of his departure, West's arrival again threw all things aback into confusion. Nonsuch was abandoned and all hands returned to the falls. Smith finding all his efforts abortive, embarked in a boat for Jamestown. During the voyage, he was terribly wounded while asleep, by the accidental explosion of a bag of gunpowder. In the paroxysm of pain he leapt into the river and was well nigh drowned before his companions could rescue him. Arriving at Jamestown in this helpless condition, he was again assailed by faction and mutiny. One of his enemies even presented a cocked pistol at him in his bed; but the hand wanted the nerve to execute what the heart was malignant enough to design. Ratcliffe, Archer and their confed-

* Smith, v. 1, p. 233-236. Grahame's Hist. U. S. Amer. Edition, v. 1, p. 56-58.

erates laid plans to usurp the government. Smith's old soldiers, fired with indignation at conduct so infamous, begged for permission to strike off their heads. But this he refused, as he did also to surrender the government to Percy, * and embarked for England about Michaelmas, 1609, after a stay of a little more than two years in Virginia, † to which he never returned.

Here then closes the career of Captain John Smith in Virginia. He was "the father of the Colony," and a knight like Bayard, "without fear and without reproach." His departure was thus deplored by one of his comrades :—"What shall I say but thus; we lost him that in all his proceedings made Iustice his first guide and experience his second, even hating basenesse, sloath, pride and indignitie, more then any dangers; that neuer allowed more for himselfe than his souldiers with him; that vpon no danger would send them, where he would not lead them himselfe; that would never see vs want what he either had, or could by any meanes get vs; that would rather want then borrow or starue then not pay; that loued action more then words, and hated falshood and covetousness worse then death; whose adventures were our liues, and whose losse our deaths." ‡

From the period of Smith's departure from Virginia, for some years little is known of him. [1614.] He made his first voyage to New England. [1615.] After many disappointments, sailing in a small bark for that country, after a running fight with, and narrow escape from, two French pirates near Fayal, he was captured near Flores by a half piratical French squadron. After long detention, he was carried to Rochelle, in France, and there charged with having burnt Port Royal, in New France, which had been done by Capt. Argall. Smith at length, at the utmost hazard, escaped from his captors, and being assisted by several of the inhabitants of Rochelle, especially by "Madame Chanoyes," * he at last returned to England and published, [June, 1616,] his "Description of New England," written while he was a prisoner on board of a piratical French ship, in order, as he says, "to keep my perplexed thoughts from too much meditation of my miserable estate." The Plymouth company now conferred upon him the title of Admiral of New England. It was during this year that Pocahontas visited England. After this, Smith never again visited America. [1622.] When the news of the massacre reached England, Smith proposed to come over to Virginia with a proper force to reduce the savages to subjection. This project, however, failed.

Captain Smith died at London, [1631,] in the fifty-second year of his age. Although gifted with a person and address of singular fascination, he never married. He was possessed of a competent fortune, if not wealthy. He never received any recompense for his colonial labors and sacrifices. He spent five years and more than five hundred pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, and yet he complains, "in neither of those two Countries haue I one foot of Land, nor the very house I builded, nor the ground I digged with my owne hands, nor euer any content or satisfaction at all, and though I see ordinarily those two Countries shared before me, by them that neither haue them nor knowe them but by my descriptions." His "Newes from Virginia" appeared [1608.] It is remarkable that this publication contained no allusion to his rescue by Pocahontas. He published, [1612,] "A Map of Virginia, with a description of the countrey, commodities, people, government and religion," &c., and, [1620,] "New England Trials." [1626.] Appeared his "Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," † a greater part of which had

* Stith censures Smith for refusing to surrender the presidency to Percy; yet he acknowledges that he was in too feeble health to control a mutinous colony. Besides anarchy being triumphant in the colony, Smith probably held it idle, if not worse, to appoint a governor over a mob. If, however, Smith acted petulantly in this affair, surely petulance was never more excusable. See Smith, vol. 1, p. 239-40. Bancroft, vol. 1., p. 138, has inadvertently fallen into an error in this particular. He says of Smith, "delegating his authority to Percy, he embarked for England."

† Smith, vol. 1, p. 231.

‡ Another of his old soldiers said .—

"I never knew a Warrier yet but thee
From wine, Tobacco, debts, dice, oaths so free."

[*Smith, v. 1, p. 240, and verses by T. Carlton. Smith, v. 2, 171.*

* "Tragabigzanda, Callamata's love,
Deare Pocahontas, Madam Shanoi's too,
Who did what love with modesty could doe."

[*Verses, by R. Brathwait, prefixed to vol. 1 of Smith's Hist.*

† I have been indebted to a gentleman of Gloucester county for a sight of this old quarto. The typography is very good.

been already published, [1625,] by Purchas in his "Pilgrims." The second and sixth books of this "Historie" were composed by Smith, the third was compiled by William Simons, "Doctour of Divinitie," and the rest by Smith from about thirty different writers. [1625.] He published "An Accidence, or the pathway to experience, necessary for all young Seamen," and, [1627,] "A Sea Grammar." [1630.] He gave to the public "The Trve Travels, Adventvres and Observations of Captaine John Smith in Europe, Asia, Africke and America," from 1593 to 1629. This work, together with the General History, was republished by Rev. Dr. John H. Rice, [1819,] at Richmond, Virginia. The copy is complete, excepting some maps and engravings. [1631.] Smith published "Advertisements for the unexperienced planters of New England, or any where," &c., said to be the most elaborate of his productions. The learned, able and elegant historian, Grahame, prefers the writings of Smith on colonization, to those of Lord Bacon. * At the time of his death, Smith was engaged upon a "Historie of the Sea." † So famous was he even in his own day, that he complains of some extraordinary passages in his life having been *mis*-represented on the stage.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### 1608.

The Indians of Virginia; Their form and features; Mode of wearing their hair; Clothing; Ornaments; Manner of living; Diet; Towns and cabins; Arms and Implements; Religion; Medicine; The Seasons; Hunting; Sham-fights; Music; Indian character.

The Indians of Virginia were tall, erect, and well-proportioned, with high cheek bones, eyes dark and brilliant, with a sort of squint, hair dark and straight. The chiefs were distinguished by a long pendent lock. The Indians had little or no beard. The women were their barbers, "who with two shells will grate away the hayre of any fashion they please." Like all savages, they were fond of toys and tawdry ornaments. The principal garment was a mantle, in winter dressed with the fur, in summer without. But the common sort had scarce any thing to hide their nakedness save grass or leaves, and in summer they all went nearly naked. The females, however, always wore a cincture around the middle. Some covered themselves with a mantle of curiously interwoven turkey feathers, pretty and comfortable. The greater part went barefoot; some wore moccasons, a rude sandal of buckskin. Some of the women tattooed their skins with grotesque figures. They adorned the ear with pendents of copper, or a small living snake, green or yellow, or a dead rat. The head was adorned with a wing of a bird, a large feather, the rattle of a rattle-snake, or the hand of an enemy. They painted the head and shoulder red with the juice of the puccoon root.

The red men dwelt for the most part on the banks of rivers and near springs. The men passed the time in fishing, hunting, war or indolence. Labor they despised and assigned to the women. They made mats, baskets, pottery, hollowed out stone mortars, pounded corn, made bread, cooked, planted corn, gathered it, carried burthens, &c. Infants they enured to hardship and exposure.

"Their fire they kindle presently by chafing a dry pointed sticke in a hole of a little square piece of wood, that firing itselfe will so fire the mosse, leaues or any such dry thing that will quickly burne."

They subsisted mainly upon fish, game, the natural fruits of the earth, and corn, which they planted. The Tuckahoe root in the summer, was a principal article of diet. Their cookery was no less rude than their other habits, yet *pone* and *homony* have been borrowed from them, as also, it is said, the mode of barbecuing meat. The natives did not refuse to eat grubs, snakes and the insect locust. Their bread was mostly of corn, some-

* Grahame's Hist. U. S., Amer. Ed., Vol. I, p. 570. He concludes his notice thus.—"But Smith's renown will break forth again, and once more be commensurate with his desert. It will grow with the growth of men and letters in America; and whole nations of its admirers have yet to be born."

Since the first three chapters of this work were printed, I have procured a copy of a new "Life of Captain John Smith," by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq.,—a full and faithful biography. The appearance of this work, of Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia, and of Howison's History of Virginia, the first volume of which has recently been published, are evidences of a newly awakened interest in a field that has been too long neglected.

† Hillard's Life of Smith in Appendix.

times of wild-oats * or the seed of the sunflower. Their salt was only such as could be procured from ashes. They were fond of "roasting-ears" of corn, and one of their festivals was "the green-corn dance." From hickory-nuts pounded in a mortar, they expressed a liquor called Pawcohiccora. The peach-tree was indigenous, and the Indian was not ignorant of the mode of drying the fruit. In their journies they would provide themselves with rockahominy or corn parched and reduced to a powder.

The Indians dwelt in towns, the cabins highly built of saplings bent over at the top and tied together and thatched with reeds or covered with mats or bark, the smoke escaping through an aperture at the top. The door, if any, was a pendent mat. They sate on the ground, the better sort on matchcoats or mats. Their fortifications consisted of palisades, ten or twelve feet high, sometimes encompassing an entire town, sometimes a part. Within these enclosures, they preserved with pious care their idols and relics and the remains of their chiefs.

In hunting and war, they used the bow and arrow, the bow usually of locust, the arrow of reed, or a wand. "To make the notch of his arrow, he hath the tooth of a Beaver, set in a sticke, wherewith he grateth it by degrees." The arrow was winged with a turkey feather, fastened with glue, extracted from "the velvet horns of a Deer." The arrow was headed with an arrow-point of stone. These are yet to be found in every part of the country. For knives the red men made use of sharpened reeds or shells, and for axes or hatchets, tomahawks of stone sharpened at both ends, fastened to a handle of wood. They soon, however, procured iron hatchets from the English. Trees they felled by fire. Canoes were made by burning and scraping with shells and tomahawks. Some of their canoes were not less than 40 or 50 feet long. The women made a thread of bark or of the sinews of the deer, or of a kind of grass called Pemmimaw. A large pipe, adorned with the wings of a bird, or with beads, was the symbol of friendship, called "the pipe of peace." A war-council among them was styled a "Matchacomoco." In war they relied mainly on surprise and ambuscade; in the open field they were timid. Their cruelty, as usual, was proportionate to their cowardice. The Virginia Indians were idolaters. Their chief idol, called Okee, represented the spirit of evil, to appease whom they burnt sacrifices. They were greatly under the control of their priests and conjurors. These wore a grotesque dress, performed a variety of divinations, conjurations and enchantments, called "Powwowings," after the manner of wizards and by their superior cunning and shrewdness and some scanty knowledge of medicine, managed to render themselves objects of veneration and to live upon the labor of others. The superstition of the savages was commensurate with their ignorance. Near the falls of the James, about a mile back from the river, there were some impressions on a rock, like the footsteps of a giant, being about five feet asunder. These the Indians declared to be the foot-prints of their God. They submitted with fortitude to cruel tortures imposed by their idolatry, especially in the horrid ordeal of Huskanawing. The house in which they kept the Okee, was called Quioccasan, and was surrounded by posts with men's faces rudely carved and painted. Altars for sacrifice were held in great veneration. The diseases of the Indians were not numerous; their remedies few and simple. Their physic consisted mainly of bark and roots of trees. Sweating was a favorite remedy, and every town was provided with a sweating-house. The patient issuing from the heated atmosphere, plunged himself in cold water, after the manner of the Russian bath.

The Indians celebrated certain festivals, by pastimes, games and songs. The year they divided into five seasons, the budding-time of Spring, roasting-ear time, Summer, the fall of the leaf and Winter, called Cohonk, after the cry of the wild geese. The months they designated by such epithets as the Moon of Stags, the corn Moon, first Moon of Cohonks, &c. Accounts they kept by knots on strings, or notches on a tally-stick.

The red men engaged in fishing and hunting from their infancy, so as to become expert and familiar with the haunts of game and fish. The luggage of the hunting parties was borne by women. Deer were taken by surrounding them and building fires, which

* It is said, that they gathered this grain, by pushing their canoes into the marshes where it grew and shaking the bended stalks over the canoe.

kept them within the circle till they were slain; sometimes they were driven into the water and there captured. The Indian hunting alone would stalk behind the skin of a deer. Game being more abundant in the mountain country, the hunting parties repaired to the heads of the rivers at the proper season. This, perhaps, engendered the constant hostilities that existed between the Powhatans of the tide-water region and the Monacans on the upper waters of the James and the Mannahoacks at the head of the Rappahannock. The Indians were in the habit of exercising themselves in sham-fights. "Vpon the first flight of arrowes, they gaue such horrible shouts and screeches as so many infernall hell-hounds could not haue made them more terrible." "All their actions, voyces and gestures, both in charging and retiring, were so strained to the height of their qualitie and nature, that the strangenesse thereof made it seeme very delightfull." "For their Musicke they vse a thicke cane, on which they pipe as on a Recorder." They had also a rude sort of drum and rattles of gourds or pumpkins. The Indians were hospitable; in their manners easy and composed. The chastity of their women was not held in much value.

They were in every thing inconstant, unless where constrained by fear. "Craftie, timerous, quicke of apprehension and very ingenious. Some are of disposition fearfull, some bold, most cautelous, all savage." Passionate and malicious, they seldom forgave an injury. They rarely stole from one another, lest their conjurors should reveal it, and they should be punished. The women were "carefull not to be suspected of dishonestie without leaue of their husbands."*

## CHAPTER IX.

### 1609—1611.

Condition of the Colony at the time of Smith's departure; Lord Bacon's opinion on the proper materials for planting a Colony; Affairs of the Colony; Assaults of Indians; "Starving Time;" Wreck of the Sea-Venture; Situation of the English on the island of Bermuda; They embark for Virginia; Arrive at Jamestown; Misery of the Colony; Jamestown abandoned; The Colonists meet Lord Delaware's fleet; Return to Jamestown; Delaware's discipline; The Church at Jamestown; Sir George Somers sails for the Bermudas; His death; Miscellaneous occurrences; Delaware returns to England.

Smith upon sailing for England, left at Jamestown three ships, seven boats, a sufficient stock of provision, four hundred and ninety odd settlers, twenty pieces of cannon, three hundred muskets, with other guns, ammunition, pikes, swords, &c., and one hundred soldiers well acquainted with the Indian language and the nature of the country. The colony was provided with fishing nets, working tools, apparel, six mares and a horse, five or six hundred swine, as many hens and chickens, besides some goats and sheep. Jamestown was strongly fortified with palisades and contained fifty or sixty houses. There were besides five or six other forts and plantations. There was only one carpenter in the colony; three others, however, were learning that trade. There were two blacksmiths and two sailors. The settlers were for the most part poor gentlemen, serving men, libertines, &c., and with such materials the wonder is that the settlement was effected at all. Lord Bacon says:—"It is a shameful and unblessed thing to take the scum of people, wicked, condemned men, with whom you plant and not only so, but it spoileth the plantation, for they will ever live like rogues and not fall to work, but be lazy and do mischief, spend victuals and be quickly weary."

Immediately upon Smith's departure, the Indians renewed their attacks. Percy for a time administered the government, but it soon fell into the hands of the seditious malecontents. Provisions growing scarce, West and Ratcliffe embarked in small vessels to procure corn. Ratcliffe inveigled by Powhatan was slain with thirty of his companions, two only escaping, of whom one a boy, Henry Spilman, "a young gentleman well descended," was rescued by Pocahontas. He afterwards lived many years among the Patawomekes, acquired their language, and often proved serviceable as interpreter for his countrymen.† The loss of Captain

* Smith, B. 2, p. 129–137. Beverley, B. 3. The reader who is in quest of a fuller account may find it in Drake's Book of the Indians, Dr. Thatcher's work on the same subject, or Bancroft, vol. 3, chap. xxii.

† Smith, vol. 2, p. 2. Belknap, 2, p. 131, calls him *Spelman*;—which is probably correct. He was slain by the savages on the banks of the Potomac in 1622. Smith, vol. 2, p. 95.

Smith was soon felt by the colonists. They were now continually exposed to the arrow and the tomahawk; the public store was consumed by the commanders and the savages; swords and guns were bartered for food with the Indians. By all these evils, within six months after Smith's departure, the number of English in Virginia was reduced from five hundred, to sixty men, women and children. These found themselves in a miserable starving condition, subsisting on roots, herbs, acorns, walnuts, berries and fish. Starch became an article of diet, and even dogs, cats, rats, snakes, toad-stools and the skins of horses. The body of an Indian was disinterred and eaten; nay, at last the colonists, like famished hyenas, preyed on the dead bodies of each other. And it was even alleged that a husband murdered his wife for a cannibal repast.* Upon his trial, however, it was proved that the cannibalism was feigned to palliate the murder. He was put to death, being burned according to law. This was long remembered as "the starving time." Sir Thomas Smith, the treasurer of the company was bitterly denounced by the sufferers for his neglecting to send the necessary supplies. It seemed as if the threat of abandoning the colony to its fate, was now to be actually carried into effect. But the main supplies had been lost by storm and shipwreck.

It has already been mentioned that the Sea-Venture, with Gates, Somers, and one hundred and fifty colonists, had been wrecked on the coast of Bermudas. Caught in "the tail of a hericano," and overwhelmed by the fury of the ocean, the hapless crew after vainly contending for three days and nights with a leak, at length yielded to despair. Some sought oblivion of their impending fate in intoxication. During all this time, Sir George Somers, seated on the poop, strove to keep the laboring vessel as upright as possible, or else she must have foundered, and at length descried land. All sail being now spread, in a short while the Sea-Venture was lodged between two rocks. Passengers and supplies were landed in safety, and the island which had been looked upon as an enchanted den of Furies, was found to be a paradise, blessed with exquisite scenery and a voluptuous atmosphere. Fish, fowl, turtle and wild hogs supplied the English with abundant food; the palmetto leaf furnished a cover for their cabins. They had daily morning and evening prayers, and on Sunday divine service was performed and two sermons preached by the chaplain, "Master Bucke." Living in the midst of peace and plenty, in this sequestered and delightful island, many of the emigrants lost all desire ever to leave it. Gates and Somers, however, less romantic, having decked the long boat of the wrecked vessel, with her hatches, despatched "Master Raven, a very sufficient mariner," with eight men to Virginia for succor. The boat was never more heard of. Discord, too, found her way among the exiles of Bermudas. Gates and Somers, the commanders, "liued asunder in this distresse." In the meantime the monotony of life was varied by the birth of two children, the boy called Bermudas, the girl Bermuda, and "amongst all those sorrows, they had a merry English marriage." Gates and Somers at length, each of them, completed a cedar vessel, constructed after the manner of Robinson Crusoe. The one was named "The *Patience*," the other "The *Deliverance*." The bark of Sir George Somers was constructed without the use of any iron, save a bolt in her keel. After having spent nine months on the island, they sailed [May 10th, 1610] for Virginia, and in fourteen days reached Jamestown, where they found only sixty miserable colonists surviving. Sir Thomas Gates, on landing, caused the bell to be rung and summoned all to the church, where, after a prayer by Mr. Bucke, the new commission was read, and Percy, the late President, scarcely able to stand, surrendered up the old patent and his commission. Having resolved to abandon the country and return to England, they buried their ordnance at the gate of the fort, and on the 7th of June, at beat of drum, the whole company embarked in four pinnaces. Some of the people were with difficulty restrained from setting fire to the town, but Gates, with a select company, remained on shore till the rest had embarked, and he was the last that stepped into the boat. Not a tear was shed at their departure from a spot associated with so much misery.

"How near is often the hour of despair to

* Smith. vol. 2, p. 2. Stith, 305, "the happiest day many ever hoped to see, was when the Indians had killed a mare, the people wishing, as she was boiling, that Sir Thomas Smith was upon her back, in the kettle." See also Belknap, vol. 2, p. 106–7.

that which affords us the true pledge of the attainment of our most sanguine wishes." * "Man's extremity is God's opportunity." At noon they reached Hog island. On the next morning, while anchored off Mulberry island, they were met by a long-boat with despatches from Lord Delaware, who had arrived with three vessels. Gates returned on the same day to Jamestown. Lord Delaware with his vessels arrived there on the 9th of June. On the morning of the following day his lordship, when he came ashore, fell on his knees in silent devotion. An eye-witness says: "We cast anchor before James Town where we landed, and our much grieved Governor, first visiting the church, caused the bell to be rung, at which all such as were able to come forth of their houses, repayred to church, where our minister, Master Bucke, made a zealous and sorrowfull prayer, finding all things so contrary to our expectations so full of misery and misgovernment." †

The hand of Providence was plainly manifested in all these circumstances. The arrival of Sir Thomas Gates rescued the Colony from the jaws of famine; his prudence saved the fort at Jamestown, which the Colonists, upon abandoning it, desired to destroy, so as to cut off all possibility of a return; had their return been longer delayed, the savages might have demolished the fort; had they set sail sooner, they would probably have missed Lord Delaware's fleet, as they had intended to sail by way of Newfoundland, in a direction contrary to that by which Lord Delaware approached.

His lordship, Governor and Captain General, ‡ was accompanied by Sir Ferdinand Waynman, master of the horse, who died shortly afterwards, Captain Holcroft, Captain Lawson and other gentlemen. On the day after his arrival the Governor landed, attended service at the church as already mentioned, read his commission and called a council. He was the first governor of Virginia by that name. Under his prudent and energetic management, discipline and industry were speedily restored. The hours of labor were set from 6 o'clock in the morning to 10, and from 2 to 4 in the afternoon. The Colonists daily attended worship in the church. This edifice was sixty feet long and twenty-four wide. The chancel of cedar and a communion-table of black walnut, with handsome wide windows to shut and open according to the weather. The pews and pulpit of cedar, with a font hewed hollow like a canoe. There were two bells hung at the West end. The building was so constructed as to be well lighted. The governor had it kept sweet and dressed with flowers. There was a sexton belonging to it. Two sermons were delivered on Sunday and one on Thursday; the two preachers taking weekly turns. Every morning, at about 10 o'clock, a bell gave the signal for prayers and so again at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On Sunday, when the governor went to church, he was accompanied by all the councillors, captains, other officers and all the gentlemen, with a guard of halberdiers in the governors littery, with handsome scarlet cloaks, to the number of fifty walking on each side and behind him. The governor sate in the choir, on a green velvet cushion laid on a table before him, on which he knelt. On each side of him sate the councillors, captains and other officers, each in their places. The governor in returning from church was escorted back to his house in the same way. *

Some of the houses at Jamestown were covered with boards, some with Indian mats; they were comfortable and securely protected from the savages by the forts. †

The new governor, Lord Delaware, was a generous patron of the Colony, but it was as yet too much in its infancy, to maintain the state suitable to him and his splendid retinue. On the 15th of June, Sir George Somers sailed for Bermuda to procure supplies for the Colony. He died on the island at a spot, on which the town of St. George commemmorates his name. It was said of him, that he was "a lamb upon land, a lion at sea." As his life had been divided between the old world and the new, so, after his death, his remains were buried part at Bermuda, part in England.

The governor despatched Captain Argall to the Potomac for corn, which he succeeded in procuring, by the aid of the youthful prisoner, Henry Spilman. Lord Delaware erected two forts, called Henry and Charles, after the King's sons. These forts were built on a level tract, bordering Southampton river, and it was intended that settlers arriving from England, should first land there, to refresh themselves after the confinement of the voyage. Sir Thomas Gates now returned to England; Captain Percy was despatched with fifty or sixty men to chastise the Paspaheghs for some depredations. They fled before the English, who burnt their cabins, captured their queen and her children, and shortly after ungenerously slew them. Lord Delaware visiting the falls with some soldiers, was assaulted by the Indians, who killed three or four of his men. Shortly after, his lordship finding himself in feeble health, embarked for England, [March 28th, 1611.]

* Martin's His. N. C., vol. 1, p. 71.
† 4 Purchas, B. 9, chap. vi.
‡ Stith, 117. These titles were ever after given to the Colonial Governors-in-chief of Virginia.

* Strachey's Narrative in Purchas.
† Smith, vol. 2, p. 5.

## GEOFFREY TETENOIRE.

BY P. P. COOKE.

[*From Froissart Ballads, &c.*]

The Lady Jane, with urgent train,
Comes trooping into Paris.
Her milk-white mule seems very proud
Beneath the load he carries:
And reason good! for fairer dame,
Than lovely Lady Jane,
Is not between the Norman lands
And mountain line of Spain.

The Countess Jane, of Ventadore,
Is irritant of mood;
The dame is but a fugitive
Before a robber rude.
Tetenoire, the Free Companion,
Is master of her lands,
And castle strong, by hardy wrong
And holds them with his bands.

Thus is it that the Lady Jane
Comes trooping into Paris,
Reining the little mule, so proud
Beneath the load he carries.
Here may she be at liberty,
And wisely meditate
The wrong, which she has undergone
In pride, and in estate.

The Countess came at June's sweet end,
And, on an autumn day,
The county Gaston sought her side
His suit of love to pay.
"For thy dear love, all price above,
And for thy hand so fair,
If win I may, sweet lady say,
What service shall I dare?"

The yielding dame made answer then,
"The whisper of a lute
Were not so dear a sound to hear
As this thy gentle suit:
But, like the dame, who bade her lord
Leap down, and win her glove,
From forth a Lion's jaws, I bind
A service to thy love.

"Five years I dwelt a widow lorn,
In castle Ventadore:
Tetenoire, the Breton, drove me forth
And wronged me much and sore.

If thou wilt stay the robber vile,
And bring his head to me,
I freely vow, Sir Count, that thou
Shalt have my hand for fee."

* * * * *

It was the county Gaston
Drew on to Ventadore,
His armed men behind him,
His trumpeters before.
And by his side, did proudly ride
Sir Anthony Bonlance,
A sweet Parisian gentleman
Of dainty countenance.

Between St. Flour and Ventadore,
Fair in a forest glade,
The county rides at stately pace,
Before his cavalcade.
The autumn leaves, the count perceives,
Have caught a beauty rare,
As if the rays of lovely days
Had been entangled there.

And the near hills are ringing
With joyous songs and sweet;
The birds are piping merrily
The early day to greet:—
The early day, for on their way,
As forth the riders pass,
The sparkling dews which night renews
Are bright on tree and grass.

Some gentle praise of nature,
The gallant count was saying,
When he was 'ware of horsemen near—
He heard their chargers neighing.
And then he spurred his good steed up
A near acclivity,
From whose broad top a loving eye
A lovely land might see.

But not upon the beauty rare
Of that most lovely land,
The county gazed—beyond the hill
He saw an armed band:
A band I ween, fair to be seen,
Of mail-clad cavaliers,
Holding their way, in close array,
With sunlit helms and spears.

Lord Gaston's hand, waved brief command,
And straight an Auvergne guide
Obeyed his signal from the troop,
And galloped to his side.
"Now who be they on yonder way?
Look freely and declare."

Whereto the guide, in haste, replied
"The man you seek is there.

"For mark you not the litter borne
Amidst the armed band?
They call it Geoffrey's battle-horse,
In all this southern land.
The robber bold, is waxing old
And therefore travels so."
Then said the lord, "By my good sword!
I joy so much to know."

And then he wheeled his champing steed,
And hurried from the height,
And joined his willing men at arms,
And ordered them aright.
"The enemy rides here," quoth he,
"Beneath us on the plain,
In bold array, athwart our way,
His castle hold to gain."

Tetenoire was wending on his route
So in his litter borne,
When from the wooded height above,
Rang out a bugle horn;
And with the sound, shaking the ground,
Rushed down the charging horse—
With level spears, the cavaliers,
Came thundering on their course.

Grim Geoffrey raised his head, and gazed
Expectant of the shock,
And laughed to see its fury break,
Like sea-foam on a rock.
"These lords," quoth he right scornfully,
"Misjudge me overmuch:
They pounce as if my eagle brood
Were quarries for their clutch."

And then his dark, keen eye did mark
Lord Gaston's haughty crest,
Where, chafed and baffled, to and fro
He rode amongst the rest.
Intent the gallant county seemed
To rally back his host,
Like one whose courage would regain
Some rose of honor lost.

"Give me a cross-bow in my hand,
And place a bolt therein,"
Grim Geoffrey said, "and bend the bow,
And let the bolt be keen."
And then he scanned the county's band,
And bade his own hold place—
A perilous smile was fierce the while
Upon his ancient face.

As leant he on his litter's side,
An old and feeble man,
With raven locks so wonderful,
Above his visage wan,
And peered with keen, and ferret eyes,
So subtle in their guile—
You would have said a common wrath
Was kinder than his smile.

He raised the cross-bow to his aim,
And then, with sudden twang,
The bolt flew forth, and angrily
Upon its journey sang.
The sharp bolt flew, so swift and true,
That, ere a man might speak,
It smote the county Gaston,
Betwixt the eye and cheek.

Ah! ill betide the Bowyer's craft,
That shaped that bolt so true—
And ill-betide the heart of pride
From whose fierce will it flew!
The county tottered on his horse,
His brain span round and round,
And then he lost his rein and fell,
A dead man, to the ground.

Sir Anthony scarce stayed to see
The county Gaston slain,
But turned to face the northern hill,
And urged his horse amain.
Now, by my troth, Sir Anthony
Will surely win the race!
His knighthood claims and holds, the van—
Behind him bursts the chase.

Old Geoffrey in his litter lies,
And marks his armed men
Come trooping back, in scattered groups,
To win his side agen.
"Now who be these, our enemies,
Who dare abroad to ride,
For foolish enterprise of arms,
In this our country-side?"

In answer to his master's quest,
A griesly wight, and strong,
Came leading, through the merry crowd,
A captive by a thong.
Leashed like a hound—his fine arms bound—
Came pale Sir Anthony:
The hapless plight of that fine knight
Was very sad to see.

"This gentleman," his captor said,
"Was riding with the rest,
And, yea indeed, he led the race—
His charger was the best;
But as he rode so terribly
Upon his dapple grey,

The good beast stumbled at a ditch,
And left him by the way."

Sir Anthony is tremulous,
For he is troubled sore:
Right awful are the icy looks
Of him of Ventadore.
Quoth Geoffrey, "speak the truth and show
What errand brought you here."
And quakingly, Sir Anthony
Made all the truth appear.

"Who seeks my head had well beware,"
The Breton sternly said,
"Lest, groping in the Lion's den,
He lose his own instead."
Then, lowering darkly on the knight,
He deigned to say no more,
But bade his trumpets lead the way
*En route* for Ventadore.

* * * *

In a proud hall Parisian—
With jewels quite ablaze—
The Countess Jane was leading down
The stately Polonaise:
When, like a discord, in the midst
Of music proud and dance,
In haggard plight, stalked in the knight
Sir Anthony Bonlance.

His beard defiled, his locks so wild,
His garb in disarray—
Ah! can it be Sir Anthony,
Who went so proud away?
A servitor behind him glides,
And bears, as all may see,
A little casket richly wrought
Of gold and ebony.

"I bought my freedom at a price"—
So said the haggard knight—
"Dearer than gold, in red merks told,
And I must pay aright
That ransom now, or break a vow
Wherewith my soul is bound."
His sad dark mien, and words, I ween,
Have hushed the music's sound.

He came before the Countess Jane—
Forlorn Sir Anthony!
And muttered, "I am sworn to bear
This casket unto thee."
So said the moody knight and placed
The casket in her hands;
And she, in marvel at his words,
Unclasped the golden bands.

Ah! God and all good saints support
The stricken Lady Jane!
Within is county Gaston's head—
A bow-bolt in the brain!
She lost the casket from her hands—
Out rolled the gory head,
And Lady Jane, with wandering arms,
Fell down as fall the dead.

* * * *

A convent crowns a gentle hill
Above the rushing Rhone,
And to its shades, for peace of soul
The Lady Jane is gone.
A sister of that holy house,
Her griefs of earth are dead,
But in her dreams, the sister sees
A Casket and a Head.

*Virginia.*

---

## SOME SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FASTIDIOUS MAN.

"Il n'y a point d'homme qui n'ait son foible."

—

### CHAPTER I.

*Dedicated to the Inmates of all Boarding-Houses in Country Places.*

It was the night of the first day of my enlargement from the humdrum monotony of the great city, and of my pilgrimage among the uplands in quest of quiet contentment and cow's milk.

The "entertainment for man and horse" so impressively displayed before the hostel of Socrates Nubbins, was such as the traveller receives in the majority of Maryland country taverns,—the everlasting bacon and eggs,—alternated only by bacon without eggs,—a most questionable description of coffee, brown sugar and tallow. Socrates Nubbins represented a class of bipeds, common in Maryland, in the piny regions of Ohio, and in the sandy districts of New Jersey. He was small in most respects, wriggling and fidgety; wore drab-colored clothes and flimsy hair of the same complexion; had a dry, yellow ochreous looking skin; light, *very* light, blue eyes, and a voice of scrannel harshness.

"Where's the Captain?" demanded Socrates, after seating himself at the supper table. "Tell the Captain that supper 's waitin'," addressing a mangy looking negress near the door.

This command produced a perceptible emotion in

the faces of two or three of the junior Nubbins—for all the children did me the honor of eating with me—particularly in that of master Lenox Ireneus Nubbins, a five or six-year-old, who sat on my left. The captain's name, indeed, seemed to fill the breast of this tender juvenile with apprehension for a moment, but he quickly rallied and commenced filling his mouth with so commendable an energy as bid fair to strike a speedy balance in favor of his comfort.

"Will you stop cramming yourself, Lenox Ireneus, until the Captain comes? D'ye hear me? The lord bless the child! he'll surely choak himself."

The youngster, however, had capital powers of deglutition, and did not "choak," but persisted in cramming himself with great philosophical steadiness, while I was beginning to wish the whole family, Captain included, at the—bottom of the sea.

"Who is this Captain, pray?" I ventured to ask, while resolutely helping myself to the bacon and eggs.

"Captain Pringle, sir," answered mine host, with ill-concealed chagrin at my not waiting for the absent gentleman, "Captain Pringle, sir, of the army, sir," with a singular kind of a—hem! "Will you have a bit of the *white*, sir?" he added, on seeing that I *would* eat, and holding up on his fork a slice of middling about fifty-four degrees and forty minutes broad.

"I prefer a bit of the *red*, sir," said I in the same facetious vein, and endeavoring to hide my disgust.

"Ah! you're like the Captain in that respect. But there's my son, George Washington,"—

But at that moment the door opened.

"Ah, Captain!" vociferated Socrates, with that familiar air your half and-half people affect toward their betters, "We're waitin, for you, ha!"

The "Captain" strode hastily forward and sat down, without looking to the right or left. He was about thirty years of age, of slight and elegant form, dark complexion, irascible temperament, as displayed both by eye and lip, and of a depressed and scowling brow, the latter occasioned probably by the coarse familiarity of the landlord's address. Lenox Ireneus turned pale, his eyes became unnaturally distended, his jaws suspended their motion for a moment, but only for a moment, while an oppressive silence supervened.

"It's better, however, to be at the latter end of a feast than the beginning of a fight, as the old saying is; eh, Captain?" ventured Socrates, for the manifest purpose of re-assuring himself by the sound of his own voice.

This "old saying," I fancied, was any thing but palatable to the military bias of the Captain, who, like all men of war, might be supposed to prefer the "beginning of a fight" to any thing else; and I was right, for I shall never forget the annihilating scowl wherewith he regarded Socrates Nubbins, as he replied:—"Prodigal purveyor of vulgar proverbs; prodigal, because they cost you nothing! 'As the old saying is?' eh?" He went on with a fine and swelling energy, "you furnish us with all that is 'old,' stale and abominable; and a *fresh* sentiment from your lips, it were as vain to expect as *fresh* meat on your table. Did you not promise to have me a beef-steak this evening? Am I to be poisoned with lard and pork at five dollars a week? Do you intend me to shoot forth a garment of bristles and become one of the *swinish* multitude?" And dropping his knife and fork, he leant back pale and trembling with passion.

It is needless to say that I was rather astonished at this peal of rhetoric.

"It's the butcher's fault, purely, captain Pringle; for he promised for sartin to kill the calf"—

"—— 'Calf,' sir! A beef-steak off a calf! Did I hear you aright, sir?" queried the military gentleman, with an inimitably puzzled expression.

"I thought, Captain, you was fond of a *cutlash*—a nice, tender bit of cutlash. If you are say so now, for it's goin' to be killed in the mornin'. The calf's a fine little two-year-old," deprecatingly concluded Socrates, while the moisture oozed from his brick-colored forehead.

"'A cutlet! a nice, tender bit of cutlet' off a 'two-year-old!' to be garnished with the horns and hoofs, I suppose. So you intend to drive me mad?"

"Who? me? ho! ho! no, no: lord bless me, no," returned Socrates with a desperate effort at cachination and winking significantly at me, as much as to say, "the Captain's too crazy ever to be otherwise than mad."

"But," continued he, "we must have our joke, you know; and an ounce of mirth is better than a pound of ——" but Socrates did not finish the proverb, for, at that instant, he caught the Captain's eye bent on him with savage meaning.

"May be, Captain," he went on, however, "you'd take some of the ——"

——"*White*," thought I, he would say if he dared; but he gave no name to the enormous lump of oleaginous matter, now poised on the end of his fork and inclined towards the Captain.

I shall not easily forget the look and attitude of the man of war at that moment. While Socrates with a hesitating, yet legible "wont-you-eat-some-of-this" expression of countenance, was ready to disburthen his fork on the plate of the Captain, the latter hastily covered his plate with his left hand, while with the right he grasped his knife, and setting his teeth fiercely and defyingly, gazed alternately at the dab of pork and at Socrates, with a "do-if-you-dare" look written in every feature.

"Why will you continue to provoke me with your abominations?" at last he uttered, struggling to suppress his choler. "Have I not already

spoken to you of this? That fork, now, I saw you this moment take from your mouth. Have I not furnished you, at my own expense, with a knife and fork to carve with? Why do you not use them? Is it because you endeavored to *eat with them*, too, but finding them unwieldy you threw them aside? Have you no feeling of shame within you to restrain you from impropriety so revolting?" And, at length, he began to help himself to some bacon and eggs.

At this moment, George Washington, incited either by the ridiculous expression of his parent's countenance, the irritability of the Captain, or some transient feeling of gastronomic complacency, delivered himself of a hemi-snigger.

"You had better not, my young savage," I mentally ejaculated, for I sympathized with the Captain in spite of myself. "Were I only," continued I, in the same voiceless manner, "to inform the Captain here how you defiled that same dish of eggs and bacon before he sat down!" And I felt now that the Captain was a much abused man.

Just at that moment, Lenox Ireneus, who had been all along stuffing himself with exemplary energy, and had been seated quite close on the Captain's right, so evidently excited the disgust of that gentleman, that he endeavored to cut himself loose from the neighborhood, but in forcing back his chair, in his alarmed haste, he seized hold of the table-cloth, thereby drawing down on himself, beside the wrath of the Captain, sundry cups and plates with their contents. The Captain's coffee, which was still piping hot, was capsized into the lap of the exasperated officer. Lenox Ireneus squalled and ran for it, the Captain stormed and capered about like a dancing Dervish, I retained my usual stoical calmness, Socrates executed a gurgling description of noise in his throat, while George Washington sang out a loud overwhelming peal of laughter. But George Washington's triumph was brief, for the Captain, now fairly white with rage, seized hold of the butter-plate—one of the few things the table-cloth had retained on it, and hurled it with such violence at his head as to shiver the plate and leave its contents glued to the left side of George Washington's face, in such a way as to fill up the cavity of the eye as effectually as a trowel-full of mortar would shut up a rat hole.

—

## CHAPTER II.

### *Cautionary to the Extensive Family of the Vulgagarians.*

"'Cleanliness is akin to godliness,'" said I, after retiring to the parlor in company with the Captain, who now stood before the fire drying his inexpressibles, and pathetically descanting on the vulgarity of the times.

"However your utterance of a proverb would seem to contradict it," replied the Captain, steadily regarding me for several seconds, "yet your appreciation of the sentiment it conveys, proves you a gentleman."

"You will allow me to remark, sir, that I am not in the habit of permitting any gentleman to question that matter, said I," something nettled by the character of his look.

"And yet I tell you that it is a character oftener assumed than either merited or understood."

"Sir?" said I, not exactly understanding the bearing of this asseveration.

"Wealth cannot confer it; neither can birth nor courage."

"What?" said I, "neither birth nor courage?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "Some years ago, when in England, and on a hunting excursion with the Earl of Scamperdown, I was challenged by him to fight a duel because I declined putting his brandy flask to my lips after he had drunk from it."

"It would have been more graceful in him had he given you the first swig at the flask."

"You will excuse me, sir, but 'swig,' though it may be an expressive, is certainly not a very classical word. You make, however, a distinction without a difference. Had I, after first drinking from the flask, presented it to his lips, I would have acted precisely as would Socrates Nubbins; and had his lordship drunk from it, after me, he would have acted in a manner equally unbecoming a gentleman."

"But you certainly did not place the Earl of Scamperdown in the same category you would Socrates Nubbins, did the latter think proper to challenge you?"

"*Quoad hoc*, sir, Socrates and he were even: and although I could not easily reconcile the discrepancy, I gave him the meeting. We fought, sir, for I prevailed on myself to yield that deference to his rank, which, as a gentleman, he had forfeited."

"It is very odd," said I, musingly, "but did you kill him?"

"No; but what is 'odd!'"

"That a duel should spring from such a matter," I answered; and then continued,

"Had you, now, declined the flask on some other plea—of dislike, for instance, to the nature of the beverage."

"What, sir?" he retorted with an expression of eye that was truly terrible. "I was fond of brandy, and would you have had me to lie for fear of consequences—for fear of the effects of having rebuked a vulgar act? Ah, sir, it is sickly temporizing like this that mildews morals as well as manners."

I confess I felt my cheek tingle with shame at

the inference deducible from my suggestion, and tacitly admitted that the Captain was right in the main. Although filled with curiosity to learn something of the history of this singular personage, I was at a loss in what manner I should attain this object, or how I might subdue him to a degree of communicativeness without running the risk of wounding his sensibility. A thought occurred to me at the moment;—I will call for some wine; this man's mind, if I can only succeed in thawing it into a sociable mood, will discourse most excellent music. My motive is not insidious; for should he grow confidential over his cups, I shall reveal nothing to his hurt. He is care-worn and crusty, and it were charity to beguile him of his cynicism even for an evening. There will be no harm in this; for Horace tells us that

> "——— of old,
> Cato's virtues, we are told,
> Often with a bumper glowed,
> And with social raptures flowed."

"Do you ever drink wine?" said I, coming at once to the point.

"Not often," said he, looking at me with some surprise. "Not often, that is, now-a-days," he added, with a sigh and casting down his eyes in a manner wherein I could plainly read a painful sense of present indigence contrasted with the refined and luxurious habits of earlier days.

"Will you do me the favor, then, of assisting me to quaff a bottle of such wine as this house affords?"

"Your offer, sir, is kindly dictated," he replied with a truly high-bred air; "but I trust you will not consider me churlish if I decline the invitation. First impressions, sir, with me are sacred, and earliest of them is that which accounted it contrary to the canons of propriety to drink wine *after* supper, I hope, sir, you'll excuse me."

"Well, then, some brandy and water, suggested I misgivingly, for although, not a Nazarite, I cared not if all the brandies in the world were afloat on the Zuyder Zee.

"Ah! that is something more seasonable," rejoined the Captain approvingly, "and as the brandy of country taverns is but an odious compound, I take care to furnish myself with that article in perfection. Just allow me to get it." In a short time there stood smoking before us a couple of bowls of brandy punch that would have kindled a "soul under the ribs of death."

"In lipping this, at least, there is no defilement," I remarked, raising my glass, having nothing better to say.

"In a decent use of it, certainly not," he passively replied without looking up, while he stirred up the depths of the amber beverage.

"And though it boasts not the sweetness of woman's lip, it is said to contain more of truth," I pertinaciously continued, paraphrasing a sentiment of Tom Moore, and curious to learn my companions estimate of the other sex, a subject on which every gentleman of thirty can be interesting.

"The poets have done much mischief that way," replied the Captain, after gulping down about three fourths of his punch. "By attaching a false value to woman's lips, they have incited these same women to set up their kisses as marketable," and his habitual frown became deeper while he spoke.

"Marketable!" echoed I with disgust. "Surely none can attach any value to kisses that are purchased with gold."

"And I say," he rejoined with some asperity of manner, "that the lip which can be won by a sigh, or prayer, or, as is oftener the case, by a gentle, a *very gentle* violence, is as marketable as though it demanded its carat of gold, and is as disgusting to every gentleman of true taste. Purity of person, you must understand, sir," continued he, "is perfectly compatible with purity of mind; nay, they are identical, and the existence of the one is necessary to the existence of the other. This was an essential feature of Pythagoreanism as it is of Mahometanism; and it is to be regretted that it possesses not a more cardinal importance among us."

"The vulgarities, however, which we have witnessed, and of which you complain, being limited to the lower classes, you would pronounce the virtue of personal purity to be a peculiarity of the 'upper ten thousand.'"

"Only of so many of the 'upper ten thousand' as have been *educated into a principle of cleanliness*. There are the vulgar great as well as the vulgar small; and although the barbarisms already cited may not be discoverable in the higher circles, there are numberless vulgarities not less revolting, not, it may be, arising from any outward inattention to personal cleanliness, or positive rules of etiquette; although I have witnessed a duchess eat olives with a fork, and seen dirt under the thumb nail of a prince of Germany; but in meanness of sentiment, in a slattern turn of speech, a hoydenish giggle, an impertinent stare, a lascivious look or action. Purity of body in order to moral excellence, must be the effect, not the cause of mental purity; the latter as it 'feels every stain like a wound,' so is it the parent of every virtue under heaven. A *gentleman* may even contract debts he is unable to pay, and so be imprudent or unfortunate; but an uncleanly, or what is the same, an immoral *gentleman*, is a *rara avis in terris*, and a 'black swan' to every intent."

"Your extensive travels coupled with your habits of observation enable you to decide how far we merit the character given us by English tourists. They call us a filthy people."

"And so we are; but not more so than the Eng-

lish themselves. Your true gentlemen are distinguishable in all countries by their instinctive aversion to vulgarity and filth, but the masses—and they are the materials of which the character of nations is formed—are of 'the earth, earthy.' Born and educated in a large city, and habituated to the refined usages of your friends' tables, you could not without ocular evidence, have believed that so unscrupulous an application of knives and forks as you witnessed here to-night, would be practised in Maryland. And yet, five out of every seven families in your city and throughout the State, I will venture to say, are as reckless as Socrates Nubbins. This knowledge of things you acquire by leaving home, and—you will hold me acquitted of giving you intentional offence by the comparison—so is it mostly with the British tourist. Never having travelled further from home than St. Paul's on the east, and Hyde Park on the west, nor dined for the last ten years elsewhere than in an eating house in Puddinglane, where he has subsisted himself by puffing some patent vermifuge, or Elixir of Life, he grows suddenly ambitious, sighs for a purer air, a literary reputation and—a thousand guineas This sum a publisher of London paid to Mr. Longbow, of Grubstreet, for a book on Yankeeism, and why may not our tourist, Mr. Sneakup, be equally successful? As ignorant, then, of the men and women in his native land, as he is of the equatorial inhabitants of the moon,—for an Englishman's ignorance of England is proverbial—he resolves to take a steamboat and rail road view of this Yankee land, to study and digest our laws, to learn our usages, and survey us with a critical and philosophic eye, at the rate of five and twenty miles an hour. He arrives in New York, comes to Philadelphia, then to Baltimore, but seldom proceeds as far inland as Richmond, or Cincinnatti. He has excellent reason for this.—He is limited as to time, (a strange thing for one who undertakes to describe the men and manners of a nation extending over an area of nearly three millions of square miles,) but so it is; he cannot, at the utmost, tarry longer than *a month*; for the fifty dollars he has remaining after paying his passage hither, are the means left him in the world to prosecute this month-long tour and return to Puddinglane. Poor fellow! he has much to suffer during these four weeks, for poverty is a rude travelling companion; but the publisher's pile of guineas, like a fiery column, lights up his pathway, and he goes on. Circumstances happily conspire to furnish him with the right sort of materials to make up a marketable book—a book to be read and laughed over by Englishmen, who are ignorant of England. Railroad travelling is cheap, but canal-boat transportation is cheaper, and he can see life along the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Dismal Swamp, or the Delaware Canal at the rate of fifty cents per diem. The society, it is true, on board these American barges may not be quite so select as a yachting party on the Thames, or of such a description as is often seen taking a pic-nic excursion to Brighton; for our boatmen *will* swear, perform at 'old sledge,' get 'swipey' on 'bald face,' and 'chaw tabaccer.' But withal are they pregnant subjects, and our Englishman desires to write a book.

"The fifth and sixth rate boarding-houses, too, he must not overlook. Saving institutions are they, especially to light purses. Twelve-and-a-half cents per meal, bed ditto, and blacken your own boots. No matter; he finds in this 'principal American hotel'—for so will he style it in his book—subject matter for the most refreshing chapter in the two volumes,—a chapter that will be copied into and commented on by every literary journal of Great Britain:—When he should rather rejoice over the luxuries which were furnished him for twelve-and-a-half cents.

"But his travelling term is nearly at an end. He hastens to the sea-board, but as a day or two are yet remaining to him, he resolves to lionize a little. He indulges then in a pot of ale, and in the frankness inspired by that national drink, he just hints—accidentally, of course—that he is an English note-taker. He attains his object. He is invited to supper by some half dozen dyspeptic "counter-jumpers" and peaking sonnetteers. He tells them he is sorry time will not permit his acceptance of a repetition of their hospitality, that he must embark on board the Great Western to-morrow, homeward bound, (though he is booked for a steerage-passage in the 'fast sailing packet,' the Leaky Bottom,) that he will be proud to make particular mention of their names in his book, and that, should they ever travel to London, they must call on him at his apartments in Grosvenor Square! when and where he will be happy to present them to his particular friends the earls of Thimblerig, Balderdash, &c.

"Such are the persons who judge us—who pronounce us filthier than themselves. But the masses in all countries are nearly alike."

Acknowledging now a yet deeper interest in my companion, I expressed to him my surprise that he should voluntarily play a part not intended for him, and that he thus lived in a sphere of life where his sensibilities were perpetually liable to be wounded. To this he replied, that his present position invested him, in the eyes of many, with a semblance of mystery, a character he did not at all affect, "but," added he, "as I regard but little the surprise or the indifference of the world, I pass my days in comparative calmness. To you, however, I have no objection to sketch some of those revolutions of fortune's wheel which have thrown me where I am."

This was precisely what I wanted; and after snuffing the candle, I attentively listened to the following recital.

[*To be Concluded.*]

## LINES ON SMALL FEET.

ATTEMPTED AT THE REQUEST OF A FAIR LASS.

Reluctance he must only feign,
Who such a theme would dare disdain,—
One which a Cowper or a Swift,
If offer'd him, had deemed a gift.
Had I their mantle for the nonce,
Close as they might themselves ensconce,
The language of the feet I'd show,
And poetry of motion too.
The muses now, if ne'er before,
Should lend their song-inspiring pow'r:
The cause is their's, I claim their aid,—
Without them smooth *feet* ne'er are made.

The Arab steed for grace hath long
Been handed down in prose and song.
What gives it its peculiar air
Of elegance so very rare?
'Tis not that fine turn'd head and neck,
Nor flowing-tail his body deck;—
These all assist, but most his feet,
Taper and small, the horse complete.
So is it with the antelope:
For fleetness what can with it cope?
Or what for grace? its foot so light,
And gait so fleet as mocks our sight.
What gives its burlesque to the dance
Which elephant attempts perchance?
What but its huge mis-shapen foot,—
If foot that be which foot is not.
The Graces famed in ancient lore,
Had not large feet, I'm very sure.
Napoleon, whose capacious mind
Aspired to rule o'er all mankind,
His own small foot ne'er fail'd to see
With infinite complacency.
What crown'd fair Cinderella's lot
And to her feet a prince e'en brought?
Her silver'd slip and tiny feet
This homage won, this off'ring meet.
In China where with half shut e'e,
The people scarcely seem to see,
Men somehow keep a corner sly
Wherewith the women's feet to spy;
And would you know the reason why?
Because so small, most obviously.
Fair Italy and sunny Spain
Their right to beauty's palm maintain.
This right we warmly will contest,
Nor own their claim as being best,
Unless it be for mould of form,
And feet an anchorite would charm.
Poets have sung and Prosers writ
Of tap'ring ankles, pretty feet,—
Compared them in the flitting dance
To sunbeams as on lakes they glance,—
To Houri's wings, and thousand things
Of their own wild imaginings;
But pretty feet e'er seem'd to me
Points where Love's electricity
Play'd and flew off, in many a gleam,
Out-dazzling e'en the Poet's dream.

ALBERTO.

*Loudon county, Va.*

---

## WHERE ARE THEY?

BY W. N. STANTON.

I said to Autumn:—where are they?—
Flowers that Summer found upon
The green lap of balmy May—
Hues that Angels' hands had thrown
O'er the earth—O, where are they?
And the withered leaf replied,
"They are sleeping by my side."

I said to Autumn:—where are they?—
Minstrels of the greenwood tree—
Birds that made the forest gay
With their joyful melody—
Happy warblers! where are they?
And the bare trees answered me,
"In the Spring-time thou shalt see."

I said to Autumn:—where are they?—
Brooks that murmured as they sped,
Sparkling in the light of day,
Onward o'er their rocky bed
To the river—where are they?
And a frozen streamlet near,
Answered feebly—"we are here."

I said to Autumn:—where are they?—
Friends who loved the flowers so—
Friends who loved the wild bird's lay—
And the gay brook's murmuring flow—
Friends *we* loved—O, *where are they?*
And a low voice in the air
Answered sadly—"*where? O! where?*"

*Memphis, Tenn.*

# THE FIRST AND THE LAST DECISIVE BATTLES

OF

# NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

—

II.

## THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

More than thirty years have elapsed since the murderous battle of Waterloo, or Belle-Alliance, as the Prussians more properly call it, has been fought; the bones of the many thousands of its victims have mouldered in the earth, but it lives still in the memory of nations, and, as an event which once shook the surface of our globe, and put a stop to the career of a tyrant, who frivolously sacrificed millions of his fellow-creatures to his insatiable and most condemnable ambition, it will be unforgotten, like the battles of Marathon, Salamis, Zama, Actium, Chalons and others, as long as that globe, which once has been shaken by it, remains in its present form. It is all-important that people should have a correct idea of an historical event of so much consequence; but this battle, the honor of which the English so unjustly claim for themselves and their General alone, the proportion of the different armies and the number of the victims on both sides is nearly as often the object of mistakes as it is the topic of discussion. A somewhat minute description of it, based upon official reports and statements, which may be relied upon, will, therefore, not be without interest and utility.

The 16th and 17th of June, 1815, had been bloody days for the Prussian as well as for the French army. Napoléon having succeeded, after his escape from the island of Elba, in rallying a large army, of about 150,000 men, threw himself with his whole force upon a part of the Prussian army, under prince Blucher, and, notwithstanding the heroic valor of this army and its gallant veteran leader, it had to yield to the superiority, and to retire from the field of battle in order to prevent a defeat. The retreat was not like a flight, it was executed orderly and undauntedly, and with the firm resolution to wipe off the blow.

From the Prussian army, Napoléon turned to the English, intending to crush them one after the other by his superior force. On the morning of the 17th of June, 1815, he detached from the battle-field of Ligny his Marshal Grouchy with the *3rd Corps*,—*Gen. Vandamme*, containing 31 battalions and 4 batteries, 13,670 men; the 4th Corps, Gen. Girard, 22 battalions, 12 escadrons of horse and 5 batteries, 14,260 men; from the 6th Corps, *the infantry-division Teste*, 7 battalions, 1 battery, 4,120 men; from the 1st Corps, the *cavalry-division Soult*, 9 escadrons, 1 battery, 1,520 men; *the 2nd cavalry-corps, Gen. Excelmans*, 24 escadrons, 2 batteries, 3,080 men; together 36,650 men, 5,720 horse included, and 96 pieces of ordnance; after the subtraction of the loss at Ligny, about 32,000 men, one-third of the whole army,—in pursuit of the Prussian army. The French Emperor left upon the battle-field of Ligny one division of the corps of Gen. Girard, which had suffered most the day before, and with the rest of his army, consisting of the following corps: *1st Corps, Gen. Erlon*, containing the infantry divisions, Alix, Douzelot, Marcognet, Durutte, the cavalry-division Jacquinat—32 battalions, 11 escadrons and 6 batteries—18,640 men; *2nd Corps, Gen. Reille*, infantry-division Jerome, Bachelu, Foi; cavalry-division, Piré—33 battalions, 14 escadrons and 6 batteries—18,500; *6th Corps, Gen. Lobau*, infantry-divisions Simmer and Jeannin—17 battalions, 4 batteries—7,600 men; *5th Corps. Guards*, infantry divisions Friant, Morand and Duhesme; cavalry divisions Lefevre, Desnouettes and Guyot, 24 battalions, 32 escadrons, 11 batteries—18,520 men; added to which were from the 1st corps the cavalry-division *Subewic*, 9 escadrons, 1 battery, 1,500 men; *3rd cavalry-corps, Gen. Kellermann*, the divisions l'Heritier and Roussel, 24 escadrons, 2 batteries, 3,090; *4th cavalry-corps, Gen. Milhaud*, the divisions Vathier and Deloet, 20 escadrons, 2 batteries—3,080 men; from *the 3rd Corps* the cavalry-division Domont, 9 escadrons, 1 battery—1,620 men, together 72,580 men, 15,700 horse included, and 254 pieces of ordnance; (the loss of the two last fights at Quatre-Bras and Ligny, etc., subtracted, about 70,000 men;) to which came, near Frasne, the forces under Marshal Ney, increasing Napoleon's forces to about 80,000 men:—with these he marched against the army of Wellington, who left his position near Quartre-Bras and receded to the end of the forest of Soignes. The French army arrived the same evening near Belle-Alliance, a farm in the vicinity of Waterloo.

Blucher, foreseeing the plan of Napoléon, prevailed upon the English General to accept the battle to be offered to him, promising, at the same time, to assist him with his whole army. Wellington took, therefore, his position near Mont St. Jean, which he reached the evening of the 17th of June. His army consisted of the following troops: 1, *English division, Gen. Cooke*, 4 battalions—3,913 men; 2, *English division, Gen. Clinton*, 12 battalions—6,506 men; 3, *Hanoverian division, Gen. Alten*, 13 battalions—6,283 men; 4, *English brigade, Mitchel*, 4 battalions—1,697 men; 5, *English division, Gen. Picton*, 12 battalions—6,815 men; 6, Reserve division, 6 battalions—3,500; 7, *Netherland division, Gen. Perponcher*, 10 battalions—7,312 men; 8, *Netherland division, Gen. Chassé*, 10 battalions—7,141 men; 9, *Brunswick*

*division*, 9 battalions, 5 escadrons—6,650 men; 10. *Nassau division*, 6 battalions—3,500 men; 11, English cavalry brigade, *Gen. Sommerset*, 16 escadrons—1,176 men; *Gen. Ponsonby*, 12 escadrons—1,160 men; *Gen. Vivian*, 12 escadrons—1,279 men; *Gen. Vandeleur*, 12 escadrons—1,159 men; *Gen. Grant*, 12 escadrons—1,156 men; 12, two brigades German legion, *Doernberg*, 12 escadrons—1,325 men; *Arendschildt*, 12 escadrons—972 men; 13, the Netherland heavy cavalry-brigade of *Gen. Tripp*, 16 escadrons—1,500 men, and the Netherland light cavalry-brigades, *Ghigny* and *Meelm*, 12 escadrons—1,800 men; 14, thirty batteries—4,900 men; all together 69,762 men, 12,485 horse included, and 230 pieces of ordnance; among which not quite 30,000 English, and the rest Hanoverian, Brunswick, Nassau and Netherland troops.

On the southern end of the village of Mont St. Jean, where Wellington's army arrived the evening of the 17th of June, as we have already stated, the highway coming from Brussels, is divided into two branches: the right branch goes in a south-western direction to Nivelles, the left nearly in a southern course to Genappe. About fifteen hundred paces south from this division, the latter branch crosses a row of hills, sloping to the north and south, which extends on the left side to the village of *Papelotte*, a little less than a mile distant, and terminates on the right side in an equal distance a little more steeply. Several hundred paces to the left of this declivity of the hills, is the castle of Hougomont, surrounded by gardens and groves. Where the high-way of Genappe comes down the hills is the farm of *La Haye Sainte*. The ground south of the hills is open, and rises gradually towards the farm of Belle-Alliance, situated about fifteen hundred paces from Haye Sainte, on the same highway. About one thousand paces to the right of the highway of Nivelles, is the village of *Merbe Brain*, in a dale to the north of the hill, and a little less than a mile to the right of the latter, the town of *Brain La Leud*. The road from this place to Wavres goes along the ridge of the hills in their whole length, and has, beyond the highway leading to Genappe, declivities on its sides, bordered by brinks and hedges. Several hundred paces from the above-mentioned village of Papelotte, in a south-eastern direction, is the village of *Frichermont* on the slope of the hills, which, a little farther backwards, is covered with a dense forest, and about two miles to the south-west from this village and one mile south-east from the farm of Belle-Alliance, in a dale, is the village of *Planchenait*.

Early in the morning of the 18th of June, Wellington distributed his troops in the following manner upon the above-described ground: *Right wing*, commander *Gen. Hill*; 1, division Chassé, one brigade in Brain La Leud, the other before that place; 2, divisions Clinton and Mitchel on the other side of the highway to Nivelles, extending to the dale of Merbe Brain. *Centre*, commander the *Prince of Orange*, 1, the division Cooke; 2, division Alten; 3, the contingent of the Grand-duchy of Nassau, occupying the eminences between the two highways of Nivelles and Genappe, having, 4, The troops of the Duke of Brunswick in the rear as a reserve; added to those were, 5, the cavalry-brigades Sommerset, Doernberg, Arendschildt, Grant, Meelm, Ghigny and Tripp. *Left wing*, commander *Gen. Picton*, immediately on the left side of the highway to Genappe, formed, 1, by one brigade of the reserve-division, (the other had its position on the end of the village of Mont. St. Jean,) 2, the division Picton, both behind the hedges and brinks along the road to Wavres, upon the ridge of the hills; 3, the division Perponcher, joining there and prolonging with one brigade the position along the ridge of the hills to Papelotte, and occupying with the other brigade this village and some adjacent farms and outbuildings. To this wing were added, 4, the cavalry-brigades Ponsonby, Vandeleur and Vivian. The infantry stood everywhere in two double lines, the cavalry formed the third. The castle of Hougoumont, adapted for defence, was occupied by one battalion of English guards, one battalion of Brunswickers, and one of the contingent of Nassau; and La Haye Sainte by a light battalion of the division Alten. Both places were provided with a sufficient number of batteries.

Immediately behind the farm of Belle-Alliance, the main point of the battle, between both highways, (of Nivelles and Genappe,) stood the 2nd corps of the French army under Gen. Reille, the 3rd cavalry-corps, Gen. Kellerman, and the division Piré; on the other side of the road to Genappe, the 1st corps, Gen. Erlon, with the 4th cavalry-corps, Gen. Milhaud, and the division Jacquinot; as a reserve, about 1500 paces backwards, the 6th corps, Gen. Lobau, with the cavalry divisions Domont and Subervie; a little more backwards, out of the reach of the artillery of the enemy, on this side of the said road, the imperial guards as a second and general reserve.

Napoléon began the battle not long before noon with a formidable attack upon the centre of Wellington's army, knowing that a defeat of this part would give the most decisive result, because its retreat could only be effected through the forest of Soignes and upon very bad roads, and the whole material of the inimical army would have fallen in his hands. The cavalry-divisions, Piré and Jacquinot, having meanwhile deployed on the extreme left and right wings of the French army, the 2nd corps advanced, about noon, in the space between the two highways, and commenced, together with the division Jerome, a not less violent attack upon Hougoumont. After a long and bloody fight, a part

of Wellington's artillery was here taken, but the castle and its surroundings were so bravely defended by the reinforced garrison, that Napoléon, not willing to give up the attack of this important point, had to send, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the divisions Foi and Bachelu to the assistance of the attacking troops. Whilst the battle continued near Hougoumont, the French Emperor directed a repeated attack upon the centre of the English army. Wellington, afraid of its success, ordered the division Clinton from the right wing, not attacked, towards the centre of his army. Now four divisions of the 1st French corps advanced on the other side of the highway to Genappe in as many echelons from the left wing. The 4th cavalry corps preceded this formidable phalanx, and the danger for Wellington was imminent. A part of this cavalry penetrated his first line on the left wing of the centre; Wellington's defeat would have been certain if the cavalry brigade, Sommerset, had not driven them back immediately. Meanwhile, the first echelon had drawn near; it marched past Haye Sainte, towards that point where the allied army crossed the highway. The line of the latter was re-formed, and shaken by the murderous fire in front and in its flanks, this echelon receded after a short contest. The horse of the 4th French corps tried to resume the attack, but the cavalry brigades of Ponsonby and Vandeleur burst forth, pressed the inimical cavalry together with the first echelon upon the next following one, charged upon this and scattered it completely.

The whole French 1st corps then retired, the English cavalry followed with too much ardor, killed the horses of five batteries which they met with, but were afterwards driven back with considerable loss by two brigades of the divisions of Vathier and Jacquinot. The 1st French corps was soon formed again, (about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.) and supported by the third corps of cavalry, commenced an attack upon Haye Sainte, which succeeded perfectly. At the same time the whole of Wellington's artillery near Hougoumont was taken by the French, and their cavalry charged upon the allied, but was driven back by Sommerset's cavalry.

The loss in the centre of Wellington's army was already great, and his defeat more than probable. He resorted to the last resource and ordered the brigade Mitchel and a brigade of the Netherland division Chassé to that weak point. The other brigade of the same division occupied the position left by the division Clinton. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon; Napoléon arranged another vigorous attack, and it would have been the death-blow for Wellington, if a mightier ruler had not ordered it otherwise. During the Emperor's preparations, all at once new troops came out of the forest behind Frichermont and marched in quick-step to the left flank of the French. "There is Grouchy," exclaimed Napoléon as soon as the fact was announced to him by his adjutants. "Grouchy, Grouchy!" it resounded all over the French army. It was very natural that they should think so, after Napoléon's orders given to this marshal to come to his assistance as soon as he heard the report of the artillery, a sign that Wellington had accepted the battle, which he was going to offer to him, and after the lapse of time that Grouchy could be expected, and he had to come from the same direction.

The new troops meanwhile approached; scarcely were they near enough, when a murderous fire undeceived Napoleon and his army. It was the old Prussian veteran with a part of his army, whom he did not expect because of the fatigue and the heavy loss of the two last days and the bad roads he had to pass.

General Blucher, after having detached General Thielemann with the 3rd Prussian division, containing 30 battalions, 24 escadrons and 9 batteries, the loss of the two days previous subtracted, about 21,000 men, to observe the French corps under Grouchy, and as soon as the French Marshal marched to the assistance of Napoleon, to follow him closely, harass and petain him, if possible, started with his whole army in order to assist Wellington, according to his promise. The 4th Prussian division, under Gen. Buelow, of Dennewitz, containing the 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th brigades, and the reserve-cavalry-brigade, 36 battalions, 44 escadrons and 12 batteries, marched from Diont le Mont towards Wavres, followed by the 2nd division under Gen. Pirch, containing the infantry brigades from 5 to 8, and a cavalry-brigade, 36 battalions, 36 escadrons and 10 batteries. A conflagration in Wavres and very bad roads hindered their march considerably; nevertheless, the first division was assembled at noon in St. Lambert, and its head arrived at 4 o'clock P. M., in the forest behind Frichermont after a march of twelve miles. The second division arrived two hours later. The 1st Prussian division, commanded by Gen. Ziethen, containing the brigades from numbers 1 to 4 and a reserve-cavalry-brigade, 34 battalions, 32 escadrons and 11 batteries, was ordered to march from Buerge to Ohain, and the 3rd, under Gen. Thielman, as we have seen, to protect these movements against Grouchy. This French Marshal attacked already early in the morning the 2nd Prussian division, and delayed the march of the 1st until noon, but later he had to fight the 3rd division under Gen. Thielman at Wavres. (Each of the Prussian divisions contained 30,000 men, but the 1st lost, the 15th and 16th of June, 12,400; the 2nd the 16th of June 4,000 men; and 3 battalions and 3 escadrons of the 1st division, 1,500 men, having remained near the banks of the river Dyle, the Prussian forces who might have marched to the assistance of Gen. Welington numbered about 73,000 men.)

Prince Blucher, anxious to revenge the losses of the three foregoing days, was at the head of his army; he had scarcely surveyed the battle, when he started, at half past 4 o'clock, P. M., with two brigades and the reserve cavalry of the 4th division, marching from the forest towards Planchenoit, and began the attack upon Napoléon's army with a tremendous artillery fire, destroying the illusion of the Emperor, and turning his hopes to rage and despair. He sent immediately the 6th corps against Blucher, and hurried his attack upon the army of Wellington, in order to defeat him before Blucher could assist him effectually.

A great mass of artillery was concentrated against the centre of Wellington's army. The 1st and 2nd French corps advanced near the highway of Genappe, supported by the 4th corps of cavalry and the light cavalry division of the guard, under the command of the brave Lefevre Desnouettes. Without waiting for the infantry, the French cavalry charged upon Wellington's cavalry, formed in squares, but was resisted; they then turned against the infantry, and although fired upon from all sides, penetrated the intervals of the first as well as second line, but here they came upon the artillery fire of the troops advancing from the right wing, and had to retire without a decisive result. Napoléon disapproved this hasty assault, but he was forced to support it, not to see the whole attack made useless.

The 3rd corps of cavalry was sent to support the attack, and at the same time a battery was formed in front of Wellington's army. A formidable fire began, and this moment was the most critical of the whole battle. But Wellington's army, animated by hope, and on the left wing vigorously supported by the gallant old Blucher, stood the struggle bravely. It was a little after 6 o'clock, P. M., when the enemy, after the most murderous contest of all the different kinds of arms, receded behind Hougomont and Haye Sainte.

Napoléon, perceiving the failure of his attack and the retreat of his troops, sent in haste a division of his guards to the latter point; he stopped the retrograde motion of his army and ordered now a tremendous attack by the same troops, which had decided so many battles, by his old guard. Wellington made good use of the short interval; he marched the intrepid Brunswickers, (all uniformed in black,) from the right wing to the strongly menaced left wing of the centre, and a division of the Netherlanders to their place in the first line. He requested the first Prussian division, being already in sight at this time, to accelerate their march, and ordered, that, after their arrival, the two brigades, Vandeleur and Vivian, should hasten to the centre. Wellington had scarcely finished his arrangements,—he was just about to attack the little wood of Hougoumont, towards 7 o'clock, P. M., when the formidable French division, supported by the 1st and 2nd corps and the whole cavalry advanced towards a little ridge to the right of Haye Sainte. Some brave Brunswick battalions, surprised by the tremendous and murderous fire of an immense swarm of tirailleurs, preceding the main body of the attacking column, wavered and receded a little, but rallied instantly and received the assailants with such a dreadful and efficacious battalion fire, that the first four French battalions gave up advancing, stopped at a distance of about 150 paces, and retaliated the fire.

In this critical moment the first brigade and the reserve cavalry of the 1st Prussian division had arrived upon the left wing; supported by 24 pieces of ordnance, they advance rapidly, throw down every thing before them, retake the village of Papelotte, just before taken by the division Durutte, and irresistibly hasten towards the critical point, forcing the French backwards towards Belle-Alliance. This valiant assault decided the battle. Napoléon sent eight battalions of his old guards, who had not yet been in the fire, against this heroic Prussian column, but meanwhile the English brigades, Vivian and Vandeleur, had had time enough to arrive in the centre, and the whole of Wellington's cavalry started at once to assist the Prussians; they charged upon the already wavering French masses, and their retreat became general; even four battalions of old guards, formed in squares, retreated. The little wood of Hougoumont was meanwhile also taken, and the Duke of Wellington commanded his whole line to advance and to drive the enemy, being already in disorder, towards Belle-Alliance. The ridges near this farm, occupied by the French artillery, were taken by assault; the battalions of Napoléon's old guards, still retaining their order, were charged upon by the cavalry and also put to a confused flight, and all resistance ceased.

The already mentioned brigades of the 4th Prussian division had marched, about half-past 4 o'clock, P. M., with the left wing towards Planchenoit and by partial fight occupied the 6th French corps until the other brigades of the same division had arrived. The village of Planchenait was then attacked by 6 battalions and taken, but could not be defended a long time, as Napoléon sent there the division of his young guard. Another attack of Blucher was without success, and the battle became here standing until troops of the second Prussian division arrived and participated in it. The enemy was now driven out of the village by a quick assault, and the whole Prussian line between Frichermont and Planchenoit advanced victoriously just at the decisive moment of the battle, when a part of the 1st Prussian division made its above described valiant and successful attack.

Napoléon was defeated, and fled the first, followed by his whole army. When the two commanders, Blucher and Wellington, met in the evening, about 9 o'clock, near Belle-Alliance, after their bloody work, the first took charge of the pursuit

of the enemy, flying in a horrible disorder, and he pressed them so rapidly and violently, that, early the next morning, he arrived about eighteen miles beyond Belle-Alliance, with an army which had fought during the last three days and marched already 12 miles on the 18th of June in order to reach the field of battle. The result of this battle was the entire dissolution of the defeated army, but it was bought by no trifling sacrifices. Wellington's army lost 15 Generals, 900 officers, and about 14,000 soldiers, partly wounded and partly killed. The Prussian army, although arrived late, lost in proportion to the time they fought even more than that, about 8,000 men, partly wounded and partly killed. From the French army, 4 Generals and about 6,000 officers and soldiers were taken prisoners, 3 Generals were killed and many wounded; besides the French army lost its whole materiel, and more than 20,000 men were partly wounded and partly killed.

The impartial reader will easily infer from the above true and indifferent statement, that it is presumption to claim the victory of Waterloo, or Belle-Alliance, alone for the English, or to attribute the honor of the day alone to Wellington, calling him the hero of Waterloo. The English troops, engaged in this battle, numbered at most 30,000 men, as has already been remarked; the German and Netherland troops in Wellington's army amounted to about 39,000 men, and outnumbered the English; the Prussian troops that came to the assistance of Wellington amounted to about 50,000 men; the English troops, therefore, constituted only a little more than the fourth part of the whole allied army which fought at Waterloo, or Belle-Alliance, and it would be a folly to attribute the victory to this one-fourth, no matter how bravely they fought, especially as the German and Netherland auxiliaries fought equally as bravely, as we have seen.

It is not less wrong to attribute the honor of the victory alone to Wellington, and to call him the hero of Waterloo. Even if we will disbelieve Napoléon, (who attributes, in his memoirs of Helena, the victory to Blucher,) because he could be biassed against the English who kept him a prisoner, the latter has certainly fully as large a share in it as Wellington and an equal claim to the name of the hero of Waterloo or Belle-Alliance. Wellington would never have accepted the battle, offered to him by Napoléon, with a considerable superiority of troops, if the old Prussian veteran had not promised to assist him with his whole army, and if he had accepted it, he would have lost it without Blucher's assistance. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon Wellington's loss was already very important, a large part of his artillery had been taken near Hougoumont, he was driven out of his position at Papelotte and was at disadvantage the new attack; then prepared by Napoléon, must have been successful, the whole division of the formidable old guards, entirely fresh troops, would have rushed upon Wellington's army and crushed and defeated it, if, by a divine ordinance, Blucher had not arrived just at this critical moment, and by a valiant attack upon the left wing, prevented a reinforcement of the troops attacking the centre of Wellington. The army of the latter, at least its centre, would have been again defeated and annihilated at about 7 o'clock, P. M., by the French guards, supported by the 1st and 2nd corps and the whole cavalry of Napoléon, if the valiant first brigade and cavalry of the 1st Prussian division, under General Zeithen, had not made that famous assault from the left wing to the centre and driven the French backwards, relieving Wellington's already fatigued and wavering army.

It is besides a great mistake to admit that Wellington was Commander-in-Chief at Waterloo, and old Blucher under his command. Each of them, Blucher as well as Wellington, commanded a great division of an allied army of more than 400,000 men, under the chief command of the Austrian General, Prince Schwartzenberg, who entered France with a third Austrian army, through Switzerland, and directed the whole invasion, in order to secure unity in it, being selected and commissioned to this chief command by the monarchs and their substitutes, assembled at the diet of Vienna. Blucher and Wellington were therefore only coördinate commanders; but if it had been necessary for one of them to act as Commander-in-Chief, old Prince Blucher would have been the one, for he was born in 1742; already a Captain under Frederic the Great of Prussia, he became General in 1794, when Wellington, being born in 1769, was only 25 years of age, and hardly more than a Lieutenant; Blucher was at the time of the battle of Waterloo more than 73 years of age, and too highly esteemed and venerated by his monarch, to be put under the command of a comparatively young officer.

It is equally inadequate and even absurd to admit that the battle of Waterloo was only lost for Napoléon by the treachery of Marshal Grouchy. It is undeniable, that the French Emperor commanded his Marshal to come to his assistance as soon as the thunder of the cannon announced that Wellington had accepted the battle which he was going to offer to him, but unforeseen events made this impossible. General Blucher had out manœuvred Napoléon. Foreseeing that, a battle having begun the next day, Grouchy, who was dispatched by Napoléon to pursue and observe the Prussian army, and who was only about 10 miles from Belle-Alliance, would hasten with his 32,000 men to his Emperor's assistance, he sent General Thielman with 21,000 men and 9 batteries to Wavres, in order to observe and occupy Grouchy, to follow him as closely as possible, and to force him to fight if he

should start to his Emperor's support. Grouchy found, therefore, an unexpected obstacle; he could not rid himself so easily from 21,000 brave Prussians, anxious to wipe off the blow of the day before, and he had to fight them, as we have seen. But even if Grouchy had not been detained and had arrived early enough upon the field of battle to assist Napoléon, would he have decided the battle in favor of the Emperor? We think only the ill-informed or prejudiced could affirm this question.

If Grouchy had started with his division for Belle-Alliance, he could not have arrived before Blucher, for this General knew Wellington's plan, and instead of starting after having heard the thunder of the cannon, he broke up at day-break, before the battle had begun. Grouchy knew not whether Wellington was to accept the battle or not; he could only march after having heard the beginning of it, and having to march upon equally as bad roads as the Prussian Army, and to overcome the same obstacles, he could, in the most favorable case, only arrive together with Blucher's army, but more probably after him. Admitting he had arrived at the same time with the Prussian army of 73,000 men, he would have only increased Napoléon's army to 112,000 men, whereas the allied army of about 69,000 men would have been increased by the Prussians to 142,000 men. Why should Napoléon, having 30,000 men less, have defeated the two skilful Generals, Blucher and Wellington, who both had defeated him often before? Besides, General Thielman would certainly have followed Grouchy as closely as possible and increased the allied army to 163,000 men, indeed an enormous superiority, which scarcely leaves any doubt about the victory.

Even if Marshal Grouchy had arrived, his coöperation would most probably not have changed Napoléon's fate. He might, nevertheless, have caused a protraction of the battle to the next day; but would this have been of great avail for Napoléon? The rising sun of the 19th of June could but witness the defeat of the Emperor and the more probably the entire annihilation of his whole army, as night would not have protected his retreat. If there had been any doubt of the success of the allied army, Blucher and Wellington could have got, during the night and a part of the next day, another reinforcement from Prince Frederic of the Netherlands, who stood, with about 18,800 men and 4 batteries, partly English troops, near Hal, not very far from Waterloo. Napoléon relied too much upon his good fortune and the awkwardness of his adversaries, but Blucher especially disappointed him. Upon the French Emperor's page, in the book of fate, was written, by an infallible hand,

"So far and no farther."

It is nevertheless very natural that the French should attribute Napoléon's defeat to the treachery of Grouchy, a fault beyond the responsibility of their late Emperor; they thought him to be the God of war—unconquerable; they were blindly prejudiced for him, and the too high opinion of their own talents for warfare and valor, together with their excessive love of glory, prevents them from judging impartially, and renders them unjust enough, not to acknowledge the merits of others and to accuse and even condemn a brave General of treachery, which never came into his mind, and which was very easy for him to refute satisfactorily, for every impartial man, in a pamphlet, which appeared soon after the battle of Waterloo. By the same reason the French attribute the loss of all the battles the year previous, at Gross-Beren. Dennewitz, Culm, Katzbach, Goerde, Leipsic, Hanau, Laon, Paris, etc., not to the enthusiasm and patriotism of the nations, anxious to break the chain of slavery, and to the skill of their Generals, as it ought to be done, but equally to one of those deficiencies incontrolable by their idol, to treachery, faithlessness, and other vile tricks, although the attentive observer of the character of Napoléon will soon come to the conclusion, that he was only a great General if successful. It was then that he knew how to bring to bear his whole genius and all his expedients and resources, and seemed to anticipate the events and to turn them to his favor, but bad luck disconcerted him more than it ought to do and disabled him to act with his usual sagacity and energy. This feature in Napoléon's character was very visible first in Egypt, afterwards in Russia, later in Germany, and lastly, in both campaigns in France.

In Russia Napoléon lost his presence of mind so completely, that he would not have brought back one battalion, and hardly have saved himself, if Ney had not proved a much greater General, in bad luck, than his Emperor. Even after the battle of Waterloo, where, instead of trying to retreat in time, like Moreau from Bavaria, and with as much order as possible, to prevent the entire annihilation of his army, he was the first to leave the battle-field,—cowardly, we venture to say, for having nothing more to lose, he should have saved at least his honor by a soldier's death, but he preferred a disgraceful flight and an ignominious imprisonment, which was the most favorable fate that he could expect after his escape from Elba and his breach of promise; he could just as well have been executed like his brother-in-law, King Joachim Murat of Naples, and nothing saved him but his being the son-in-law of the Emperor Francis II. of Austria.

If we cast on this occasion a rapid glance upon the life of Buonaparte, what a difference of character strikes us between the conqueror of Montenotte, Montelesino, Lodi, Castiglione, Roveredo, Arcole, and Rivoli, and the Emperor Napoléon. All the thoughts of the youthful General who, in front of the formidable Austrian artillery, planted the flag upon the bridge of Arcole, calling his troops to follow

him, were absorbed in the desire of distinguishing himself and being brave like Alexander and Cæsar; his humble position in life and limited fortune having favored a modest appearance and prevented the cultivation and even germination of prevailing passions. If there was already a spark of that indomitable ambition and pernicious egotism in his character, it only stimulated the longing for serving his country without lessening a pleasing modesty and even a juvenile bashfulness. But where were bashfulness and modesty in the character of the Emperor Napoléon I., the conqueror of Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, Friedland, Borodino, Moscow, etc! Spoiled by success, misled by flattery and adulation, and rendered overbearing by illimited power, the most violent passions took the place of his juvenile virtues; his ambition was insatiable, the world afforded too small a place of action for it; his boundless egotism made him a tyrant. He saw only himself upon the vast globe, his fellow creatures seemed to him but worthless tools for the satisfaction of his vicious passions, and he sacrificed millions of them without hesitation or remorse. He ceased to be brave, because he thought to have saved every thing, if he only saved himself, and thus he branded his memory, after the defeat of Waterloo, by preferring an ignominious flight to an honorable death. Buonaparte was a great General, but not a great man. He knew how to conquer his enemies but not his passions; and is by no means comparable to our noble Washington, who conquered both, and whose whole life was an uninterrupted sacrifice to his country, whereas Buonaparte immolated his country and every thing around him upon the altar of his condemnable passions, and outlived his fame.

Louis Philip was right to assign to the remains of the late Emperor a place in the Hotel of the Invalids, among those of men distinguished in warfare; a place in the Pantheon would have been less appropriate.

If, after the first defeat and capitulation of Napoléon, after the first invasion of France, the French were still dazzled with the spell of his glory, it was not so after the second invasion of France by the allied armies and after Buonaparte's banishment to the island of Helena. The excess of misery opened at last their eyes. Buonaparte's party decreased rapidly, and when, about fifteen years after his death, his nephew Louis Napoléon, the son of the late King of Holland Louis Napoléon and of Hortense Beauharnais, the step-daughter of the late Emperor Napoléon, made two attempts to revolutionize France in favor of his family, he found no sympathy, and expiated his folly in the fortress of Ham in French Flanders.

L. H.

*Savannah, Ga.*

## THE SOLDIER'S REMONSTRANCE.

Why would ye check my proud career?
I love the Hero's glorious life;
Give me the rush, the din, the cheer,
Of squadrons mixed in deadly strife:
Be mine the sword whose flashes bright
Are foremost in the thick'ning fight!

Tempt ye with song? The trumpet's note,—
The rattling drum,—the clashing steel,—
The sounding charge,—the whistling shot,
Are music which my soul can feel.
Think ye the lute hath charms for me,
Who love the camp's wild minstrelsy?

Pour not for me the sparkling wine;
Ye crush the purple grape in vain,—
Let other hands the chaplet twine,
Let other lips the goblet drain!
Be mine to cheer the fierce advance—
To wield the flashing sword and lance!

Breathe not *her* name! Ye know not all
The hopes still dear, though crushed and dead:
Better on Fame's proud field to fall,
Than live and love when hope hath fled.
Perhaps her eye may drop a tear,
Upon the Soldier's early bier.

Tell her the heart that loved so well,
Will give to her its last warm sigh;
That mem'ry still near her will dwell,
When loudest rings the battle cry:
Tell her—But no! She cares not now,
If death had cooled this burning brow.

Hark! The war-shout! I know it well—
Thy topmost speed, my gallant grey!
I cannot stay to bid farewell—
Dash bravely on—away! away!
Methinks the eagle's wing would tire,
To match my charger's heels of fire!

Ha! They have met—see, see the flash,
That gleams within yon sulph'rous cloud!
Hark! To the volley's hurtling crash!—
The requiem o'er the warrior's shroud.
Oh! What, of all life's fleeting bliss,
Can match one glorious hour like this!

Je Reviendra.

*Norfolk, Va.*

# THE PLEASURES DERIVED

## FROM CONTEMPLATING

## THE BEAUTY AND LOVELINESS OF NATURE.

The works of Nature, with all their beauty, loveliness, grandeur and sublimity, have ever presented to the mind the most interesting, delightful and ennobling subjects for contemplation and study. From our earliest youth, we begin to look, with wonder and delight, upon the innumerable beauties and glories of the material universe by which we are surrounded. And now that spring, that most delightful season of the year, has burst upon our vision with all its loveliness and splendor, how natural and appropriate is it that our attention should be directed to the lovely and beautiful objects which every where meet the eye of the observer and lover of Nature. Spring is proverbially the most pleasing and interesting portion of the year:—in the beautiful language of the Mantuan bard—

> "Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos
> Nunc frondent silvæ, nunc formosissimus annus."

And now every tree and every field is budding forth—now the woods look green—now the year is in its highest beauty, and now spring up in the mind a thousand delightful and interesting associations of youth, and beauty, and love. The flowers, those beautiful emblems of all that is pure, and sweet, and lovely, are charming our eyes with their rich and varied hues, and regaling our senses with their fragrant and delightful odors.

Immersed, as many have been, in the damp and ungenial atmosphere of winter—shut up in our narrow cells of business or of study,—how refreshing to the health—how cheering and exhilarating to the mind to walk forth amid the beauties of the opening spring, to inhale the pure breath of the balmy air,—to be fanned by the gentle zephyrs which waft the grateful odor of flowers, and to feast our eyes upon the rich and beautiful drapery of green, which spreads out, like a wide sea, in every direction around us. Is there not an inexpressible pleasure and enjoyment in surveying these beautiful works of Nature!—not the baser pleasures of sense and appetite, but pleasures of a high, and pure, and elevating character—pleasures which touch, and animate, and enlarge all the nobler faculties of the soul.

To use the language of an eloquent writer.* "There is in the soul an exquisite sensibility to what is beautiful and sublime in the material universe. It sheds upon us a thousand nameless influences when we are least aware. They are ever streaming in upon the soul through the windows of the senses, and sometimes pour in such a flood of light that the fountains of Joy overflow within us. The opening of spring, the singing of birds, the flowers of summer, the blushes of the morning, a calm, bright day, the pillared thunder-cloud, the farewell rays of the setting sun, the winding stream, the distant mountain, the open sea, the forest solitude, all these objects, and others innumerable, have the power to excite within us the emotions of the purest and the most spiritual pleasure."

> "The world is full of beauty. To the eye
> Where'er it sends its beautiful orb, is spread
> A scene of glories. Earth, air and sky
> Are marked with characters which he may read,
> Who hath a high attunement of the mind,
> A bright perception with the external eye,
> A glowing likeness in his soul enshrined
> Of what is great and heavenly."

Perhaps there are none who enjoy so much the pleasures derived from the contemplation of Nature as those who have been long pent up in the walls of large cities, and who yet retain sufficient sensibility and purity of mind, to enjoy those things which are innocent, beautiful and lovely. When tired of the dust and din of a town or city—when our eyes are wearied with the dull monotony of great piles of brick and mortar—when we are worn down by the bustle, business, cares and anxieties of life—when we are sick and disgusted with the fraud, and deceit, and hypocrisy always incident to a crowded population—oh, is it not a glorious pleasure to retire, for a while, from all this noise and bustle, and hold communion with Nature and her glorious works—to seek a cool retreat in some shady grove—to watch the wavings of the lofty trees—to catch the "whisperings of the soft-breathed winds"—to look upon the pure and dancing ripples of the meandering stream—to hear the sweet music of birds—to listen to the stock-dove's notes amid the forest deep,—how pleasant must all these things come upon the eye and ear, and what a pure and elevating and ennobling influence must be exerted by the contemplation of such beautiful and lovely scenes! This cannot be solitude—it is communing with Deity himself, through the medium of those sublime and beautiful works of His creation which resemble Him in their purity, their grandeur and magnificence. How beautifully is this train of thought expressed by Lord Byron in his Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and the verses are so full of poetry and so true to nature, that they can be read a thousand times with interest and attention.

> "But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men
> To hear, to see, to feel and to possess,
> And roam along, the world's tired denizen,
> With none who bless us, none whom we can bless,
> Minions of splendor, shrinking from distress.
> None, that with kindred consciousness endued,

* Burnap.

If we were not, would seem to smile the less,
Of all that flattered, followed, sought and sued,
This is to be alone—this—this is solitude."

But on the other hand, he says,

"To sit on rocks—to muse o'er flood and fell;
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
With the wild flock that never needs a fold,
Alone o'er steeps, or foaming falls to lean,
This is not Solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms and see her stores unrolled."

But here, perhaps, by way of digressing a little, it may be remarked, that though such solitude may be so sweet and pleasant, yet, like the Frenchman, we would like to have some one to tell how sweet solitude is, and share its pleasures along with us. Happiness, we know, when not shared with another, loses half its relish, and while we are regaling ourselves with all the delights which spring from this communion with Nature and the contemplation of her glorious works, would not these delights be greatly enhanced by sharing them with some dear and beloved friend—and, more especially, some lovely and interesting female companion, from whose glowing cheeks, and bright, smiling eyes, would be reflected, as from the pure, bright surface of a transparent lake, the rich hues and beautiful tints of the surrounding landscape.

While, then, we are studying and contemplating the beautiful and sublime works of Nature, our minds are frequently filled with irrepressible delight, our fancies and imaginations are purified and exalted—our feelings are tranquillized, our affections are expanded—our hearts are filled with gratitude to the Great and Omnipotent One who has spread around us all these scenes of beauty and loveliness, and if misfortune come upon us, as it comes more or less upon all, the love and study of Nature will afford a perennial source of pleasure and enjoyment. In the beautiful language of another, "next to religion and friendship, the love of Nature has the greatest power over us, to soothe our feelings in the hour of calamity. When our hearts are wrung with grief, and hope is almost dead within us, when life itself seems almost insupportable, a solitary walk among the bright green fields and under the sublime arch of Heaven, has the power to tranquillize our feelings, when scarce any thing else could afford us relief. Whatever be the tumults which rend our bosom, the face of Nature is forever serene, and we feel that her unfading beauty is the smile of God.

"There is a time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd
And soar above this little scene of things:
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet,
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace,
And woo lone quiet in her silent walks."

In illustrating further the pleasures and advantages derived from the contemplation of Nature, may we not inquire, is it not from the beauties and glories of the material universe that the interesting and delightful arts of Poetry and Painting have derived their greatest improvements?—is it not from the beautiful, the sublime, the grand in Nature, that the poet and the painter have derived their happiest inspirations?

A great poet, who was poor in this world's goods, felt rich always when he looked abroad over the wide spread glories of Nature, and while claiming them all as his own, thus rejoiced and sung in the midst of his delightful contemplations.

"I care not for fortune; what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods, the lawns, the living streams at eve;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their Joys to the great children leave.
Of *fancy, vision, virtue*, nought can me bereave."

The fancy and imagination are delighted with a thousand interesting associations which are suggested by the contemplation of the beauties of Nature's scenery. We gaze upon the declining sun, shedding its last beams of golden light, as it sinks beneath the western horizon, and we are reminded that perhaps the dearest friends of our bosom, a thousand miles distant, may be looking upon the same beautiful scene, and thus may we hold sweet communion together, not in words, but through the more interesting and beautiful medium of Nature's works. And again, we may walk out in the calm and sweetness of a summer's eve, to gaze at the beauties of a star-lit night, when the moon is pouring her pure and silvery light upon the world, and the stars sparkle as so many brilliant diamonds in the rich blue canopy above us, and in the midst of such delightful contemplations, how natural to think of the *one* we most dearly love, perhaps in some far-distant clime, and with the poet say,

"The stars which meet thy pensive eyes
Are present still to mine,
The moon-lights which surround thy path
Around my footsteps shine."

How pleasant as well as improving to the mind is it, to trace the beautiful resemblances which obtain between the moral and natural world. Nearly all the figures employed to illustrate the purest and noblest traits of character, are drawn from the pat-

ural world. "The ocean, the storm, the severe depths of the midnight sky are all the visible counterparts of the spiritual—the illimitable—the everlasting. The moon is purity itself—the rock, lashed without change by the countless billows, is deep-rooted integrity and unshaken faith—the stream, deep and noiseless, whose banks rejoice in living verdure and the sweetest flowers, is that unobtrusive goodness, which, unseen by any, goes silently on, making glad the world wherever it flows."

In illustrating, still further, the pleasure and improvement which the mind derives from contemplating the beauty, loveliness, and sublimity of Nature, I hope to be excused for drawing once more upon the language of another, * whose learning, fine taste and elegance of composition, as well as profound science, have made him one of the most distinguished men of the age. In the eloquent and beautiful language of this author, "The lovely, the graceful, the eloquent, the novel, the wonderful, the sublime, these are the food on which taste and genius delight to banquet. The grandeur and magnificence of the heavens,—the terrible majesty of the tempestous ocean—the romantic forests and precipices, and mountains that lose themselves in the clouds—the sweet tranquillity of a summer evening—the rural gaiety of vineyards, hop-grounds and corn-fields—the cheerful hum of busy cities—the stillness of village solitude—the magic face of human beauty, the tear of distressed innocence—the noble struggle of worth with poverty—of patriotism with usurpation—of piety with persecution—these and innumerable images like these—tender, touching, dignified—are the subjects for which they fondly hunt; the themes on which they daily expatiate, to say nothing of the higher banqueting, the food of angels, that religion sets before them."

If, then, we would be inspired with higher, holier, and more elevating thoughts than are wont to visit our bosoms amidst our intercourse with this selfish and cold-hearted world—if we are weighed down and oppressed with care, if we would silence remorseless passions, and rebuke all low and selfish ambition—if we would chasten and purify our imaginations and refine our taste—if we would have all the faculties of our minds enlarged and expanded, and the affections of the heart purified from all that is low and grovelling, let us

> "Go forth under the open sky
> To Nature's teachings, while from all around,
> Earth and her waters and the depths of air,
> Comes a still voice."

W. J. T.

*Memphis, Tenn.*

* Dr. John Mason Good.

## SOME FACT AND SOME FICTION.

A few days after our arrival at Tusculum, Mr. Hume joined us one evening and said he had been desired by Madam Rozier to request us to visit her without ceremony. She was old and unfortunate, and could not speak a word of English. 'Who is Madam Rozier?' 'Her story is short. Mr. Pembrook told me when he was at Oxford, Count Rozier and his youngest son, Felix, staid there six months,—he became well acquainted with both, and was much pleased with them, especially the son; after that time he never heard of Felix, until six years ago he met with him at A——, in great distress—he had lost his only son, a young man, who was in good business—his only daughter and a son-in-law in a few weeks of each other, by a malignant disease, and with them his principal support,—his constitution was broken and his French vivacity fled. Mr. Pembrook brought Madam Rozier, her husband, and a little grand daughter, three months old, with him to Jamaica, thinking a change might prove salutary to the latter, but all in vain, he died in six weeks after reaching the Island. As Mr. Pembrook mourned by the dying bed of his early favorite, he promised to provide for his widow and grand-daughter—and he did so. He gave her the white house among those orange trees, nearly a mile to the left of Tusculum, some of the adjacent grounds, and four good servants, and the interest of a sum he had in Bank,—the whole to her grand-daughter after her death, under the superintendence of a guardian, who was to have the management, whether she married or not. He was a singular man, and appeared to like to make money for the pleasure of giving it away. It was understood in Dublin, that Mr. Pembrook intended leaving his fortune to some public institution. He kept a will many years, in which half his property was left to the Public, and the other at the disposal of his wife. When they had lived together fifty years, she died very suddenly. At first he was almost frantic; after some weeks his grief subsided into a deep melancholy;—he only survived her two years. A few days after her death he tore up the will. He sometimes talked of making another will, but he never did. The fortune is where he wished it.'

'Mr. Pembrook must have been a very devoted husband.'

'I never knew one more so. His wife was the Lady Bountiful of the surrounding country. I expect Megilvery and his wife will be the second edition of Mr. and Mrs. Pembrook.'

'I hope so, it will be a fortunate circumstance for all those near them. Mrs. Pembrook was Miss Molly Ashton. I hope Mrs. Megilvery has some such good old-fashioned name, as Nancy, Lucy, Fanny, or Patty—not Cordelia, Florinda,—heavens! what will the world come to?'

'You must excuse that, she is a Spaniard.'

'*Worse* and *worse*—I fear she is a Catholic.'

'No, she belongs to the Church of England, and so do I. But do you not think a Catholic can be a practical Christian?'

'Yes; but then they have been such bloody persecutors.'

'My good friend, it would have been well for the honor and happiness of the Christian world, had the spirit of persecution and contention been confined to the Catholic Church.'

'Were not the Catholics the inventors of the gun-powder plot?'

'Certainly, and I am far from justifying or palliating a deed so atrocious; but it would be well to remember they had been cruelly persecuted.'

'Yes, but they set the example,' said Mr. Hume.

'But we ought to make the precepts of the Great Founder of our holy religion the rule of *life*—not plead the example of misguided man; and, besides, I do not think the Catholics did first set the example of torture and burning for heresy:—I may be mistaken, but if I remember correctly, Servetus was burnt at Geneva by the hands of Protestants in less than 30 years after the Reformation, and was among the first who suffered in this manner. And in many blackened pages of history, you may find an account of similar deeds perpetrated by all when they were dominant.'

'Why, Mr. Clermont, I fear you are a Catholic.'

'Indeed I am not, my dear friend: but I am in favor of every man having his due, whether he be Christian, Hindoo, Turk, Jew, or Gentile.'

The next day we waived ceremony, and visited Madam Rozier. She appeared to be about fifty—a fine looking woman, with graceful and polished manners, but without a shade of French gaiety. She wore black; her countenance had a deep cast of melancholy, which excited our sympathy—her very smile was sad. Florence Darbly, the little grand-daughter, presented quite an English face—flaxen curls, blue eyes, and a fair complexion. She moved like a little fairy, tutored by the graces.

Madam Rozier seemed pleased with our imperfect French, and with our repeated visits, which she often returned. We would have been improved by her pure pronunciation, had she lived longer, but she died ten months after we reached Jamaica, and the beautiful little Florence was taken back to England. More than two years elapsed before Megilvery reached Jamaica. The arrival of himself and family made little change in our situation, except a considerable improvement in our society. We occupied the same house, and we lived as one family for three years. At the expiration of this term I made a comfortable establishment a mile from Tusculum, and engaged with Megilvery in mercantile business, with a capital of fifteen thousand pounds. I was so fortunate that I soon was able to discharge my pecuniary obligations to Megilvery. But the prompt assistance afforded me when I stood so much in need, was an evidence of friendship, for which I could make no adequate return. I called my place Arno, in commemoration of a trifling incident. When Megilvery and myself studied Italian, we were so much pleased with the passage in Dante, beginning,

> 'Sweet is the dialect of Arno's vale:
> Though half consumed I gladly turned to hear,'

we promised each other, that if we were ever so fortunate as to possess a country-house, it should be called 'Arno.' And at Arno I should have ended my days, had not the declining state of Emily's health induced me to try a colder climate. I believe it prolonged her life several years. After her death I was disposed to return; but after reflection I relinquished the project, though with reluctance. I feared to take Beninah there. I had met here many kind friends, but Jamaica was the land of my adoption,—there I have passed many happy years, undimmed by clouds, except the loss of my children—there too dwells Megilvery. It may appear singular that I have dwelt so long on these subjects, but the employment of writing has interested me more than any in which I have engaged for a long time, and I am almost sorry to close my narrative.'"

Mr. Clermont listened with as much attention as if Beninah had read what was new to him, and when she had finished, said, with a more cheerful voice, "Well, my daughter, do I stand acquitted for not going to New-York?"

"Certainly, I think it a sacred duty to pay to Mr. Megilvery every attention. I will read to him, play and sing for him if he loves music."

"If he does not, he is not his father's son."

"Do you think, father, he remembers the race with the hurricane?"

"No doubt he does, he was thirteen years old; but you must make no allusion to Jamaica, for I observed a shade steal over his countenance whenever it was mentioned—there is no accounting for the fancies of invalids,—we must be intellectual chameleons and take his hue;—it will often be a dark one I fear. He said to me, 'to die and leave our friends, or our friends to die and leave us, is so melancholy a thought, I wonder we ever should be cheerful.' Nature, I remarked, has implanted something in the human breast that forbids the prevalence of this feeling; it is not always in action, nor is it desirable that it should be, for to prepare for death is one of the great duties of life; but you know the wise man truly says, 'There is a time for all things.'"

"Was he a melancholy boy?"

"No, he was grave and studious, and uniformly cheerful and very handsome. As Scott says of Bonaparte, 'he had the sweetest smile that ever

adorned a human face.' There is no vestige of it left, except his mother's beautiful brow."

"Oh! father, you do not tell me that Bonaparte ever smiled?—a monster, who murdered in private and slaughtered in public."

"Softly, softly, my dear; Bonaparte had a wide field for devastation, yet I am not certain he was worse than many other military heroes. Beninah, you read Scott's Napoleon to me, do you not remember the description of his person?"

"No; I suppose I overlooked it in my sympathy for the poor young Duke."

The next day the weather was delightful for the season, the snow cleared off and the pavements were quite dry. Mr. Clermont being in his usual health, went to enquire after Megilvery. As soon as the common salutations were over, Mr. Clermont asked him what late publication that was?

"The Surgeon's Daughter, by Scott; but the print is so indistinct, that I cannot read more than half a page at a time."

"It appears to me," said Mr. Clermont, "that authors, editors, and printers, are all in conspiracy against the eyesight of the present generation. If I were supreme ruler, there should be no small printing, except books of reference."

"I would willingly subscribe to your despotism, Mr. Clermont."

"I often tell my young friends, when I see them devouring, by day-light, twilight, moon-light, and candle-light, those ill-printed periodicals with which every press teems, that they are laying the foundation of premature loss of sight."

"I do not in the least doubt the correctness of your opinions. On the mantlepiece there is a copy of the first edition of Gibbon's Rome, printed in 1783—the print is large, and the ink so black I can read it with ease."

"Why do you not amuse yourself with it? Mr. Gibbon is as flowery and fanciful as any novelist need be."

"Mr. Guy did send it first to me, but it is such a melancholy picture of the crimes and miseries of man, both savage and civilized, that after reading four chapters, I laid it down—it did not suit my present frame of mind."

"But I presume it is not more objectionable on that score than other historical works. I think it is not owing to any defect in the author, but to the period selected. A mighty empire could not perish without crushing countless millions in its downfall. The Surgeon's Daughter is, I suppose, a recent publication?"

"Not very, I read it last summer, on board the ship, on my return from Greece. It is not equal to his early productions, especially those which are historical: with Peveril of the Peak, I was perfectly delighted; in Woodstock, the picture of Charles II. is so exactly what I should imagine him to be. Waverly I do not like as much; but the trial of Furgus is well conducted, and equal to any thing Scott ever wrote. I do not know what became of the rest of those unfortunate men. When I was in Richmond not long ago, I saw a Doctor in the street, who was pointed out to me as the grand-son of one of the Scotch Rebels of 1715. And I also met in Washington a delegate from one of the States, who was great-grand-son to another; but I do not recollect their names, and if I did, perhaps I ought not to mention them. Although, for my own part, I always considered these rebels high-minded and honorable men."

Mr. Clermont conversed on various subjects, with the hope of amusing Megilvery; but with bad success. His remarks were made with the same melancholy expression of countenance. Mr. Clermont proposed taking him home to dine with him. He said he was afraid he would alarm the ladies.

"There is not the least danger," said his kind old friend; "by-the-by, why do you not wear a wig, instead of that velvet cap?"

"There would be too great a contrast between the wig and my poverty of face: I should remind you of Miss Edgeworth's Death's Head, in a wreath of roses."

"Well, well, as you please; if you will only come with me it will add much to our happiness."

This request was made with so much earnestness that he no longer hesitated. As they ascended the steps they heard Beninah singing—"She is far from the Land where her Young Hero Sleeps." Megilvery stopped.

"Are you fond of music?" asked Mr. Clermont.

"Such as that; I prefer simple songs, sung by a sweet voice, to any German, French, or Italian operas."

"What a terrible heretic you are; and *I* am just such another. Those elaborate affairs are, to my ears, the pedantry of music; but we must keep this a profound secret, or we shall be drummed out of the city as Goths."

Beninah did not receive Megilvery with her usual gracefulness. The remembrance of her first appearance and reception embarrassed her; and her father increased her confusion by asking him if he had any recollection of his former playmate?

"Very little; the flaxen curls have become brown and the round face oval."

He made this remark with the air of a man who adverts to something painful. Beninah, though chilled by his manner, said, with a faint smile, "It was common for light hair to grow darker as we advance in years."

"Very true," said Megilvery, appearing to admit he had not been very gallant.

The silence which followed was broken by Mr. Clermont saying to Beninah, "well, my daughter, I have ascertained that Mr. Megilvery likes old songs as much as we do, so you must give us some of your most antiquated."

"Perhaps Mr. Megilvery would prefer some of Moore's, Scott's, or Campbell's."

"They do not come exactly under the denomination of old songs; but I should be glad to hear any of them."

Beninah resumed her seat at the piano and sung the "Mariners of England," "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Exile of Erin," and some of Scott's; but we must do her the justice to say, she would not have been thus interminable, had she not read in her father's face a wish for her to proceed, regardless of modes and forms. Beninah paused after she had finished, "Oh! Lady, Twine no Wreath for Me."

"Now, my daughter," said her father, "do, for my especial benefit, sing 'Roslin Castle,' and 'Etrick's Banks.' The last song Dr. Currie informs us is more than a hundred years old; I cannot say much for the poetry, but the air is one of the sweetest I ever heard. Its being remembered so long is an evidence of it."

"I was told, in Germany, said Megilvery, "that the 'Old Hundred' was composed by the great reformer Luther. That is rather older."

"Did you ever hear 'Etrick's Banks?'"

"Yes, it is one of my sister's songs, and my father's favorite."

"Your father and myself heard it many years ago, sung at Dunbar, by a Scotch lady. Is your sister a good performer?"

"Her style is very much like Miss Clermont's. She neither screams nor thunders at the piano."

Mr. Clermont would have been pleased with this cut of Megilvery's, had the manner been different; but he looked as solemn as Judge Buller delivering a sentence from the bench. Neither his own fancies nor those of others seemed to move him. After dinner, Mr. Clermont asked Megilvery if he played chess? He said it used to be a favorite game with him, but since his head had been so weak, he had been afraid to try it.

"Beninah reads for me every evening, and she will be glad to have you for one of her listeners."

"I suppose you have seen Walsh's work on the United States and England? There appeared some animadversions on the United States in the London Quarterly Review, and that is in answer to them."

"I have gone half through it," said Beninah; "but as it is a maxim with me, that a book worth reading once may be read oftener, I will commence it again."

Beninah from her earliest years had been so much accustomed to read aloud to her father, that she did so with perfect ease and without the least inconvenience. She read until the tea was brought. Soon after, Megilvery rose to take leave. Mr. Clermont made many objections to his being exposed to the night air. Jasper came in and reported it to be snowing very fast, which settled the question.

"So, good Jasper," said Mr. Clermont, "go to Guy's and ask Mr. Megilvery's servant for whatever his master may want for the night."

"Had I not better bring Mr. Philip home with me? I can make him very comfortable."

"Yes, yes, Jasper; you always think of what is kindest and best."

"Let a true-born, true-hearted Irishman alone for that."

"I am Irish," said his master, "why was I not as considerate?"

"Why, sir, you do so many good and great things, you cannot think of trifles."

"Ah, that is an excellent come off; I may, in turn, say, let Paddy alone for that."

When Jasper left the room on his friendly mission, Megilvery said, "I believe that is the good-natured man who helped me down your long flight of steps?"

"Yes," said Mr. Clermont, "and I should never have found you out except for him."

"Did I not leave my address?"

"No, you forgot it, I suppose."

"Is it possible I was so absent? Was there ever a man so changed,"—and poor Megilvery sighed.

"You take this matter too much to heart; it is the natural consequence of fever and will wear off as you gain your strength. On his first landing Jasper had one of those fevers, and when I first saw him, he was roaming the street without a home, and scarcely knew his own name. I took him home with me and a medical man told me all he wanted was nourishing food and kind treatment. He soon recovered, and I have always considered the meeting a fortunate one for us both. I have found him an excellent domestic."

Jasper soon returned with Philip, and before eleven all was quiet at Clermont's house. Next morning it was intensely cold, the snow very deep, and the wind howling furiously. Mr. Clermont was pleased that Megilvery would be obliged to remain with him till it was milder. He hoped a few days residence in his own house would reconcile him to entire domestication in it. As they were seated around the blazing parlor fire, they seemed to be in the enjoyment of what Mr. Ogilvy had termed, a few evenings before, the genuine opulence of civilized man—Leisure.

"How shall we employ it? in reading, music or conversation?"

"As Miss Clermont," said Megilvery, "is sole performer in the two first cases I think she should decide."

"I am for the three in rotation."

"Beninah, you read to me a few evenings since a passage in Byron, with which I have been puzzling my brain ever since—'Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!'"

"To me," said Megilvery, "the meaning is obvious; we call the firmament heaven; at least we

say the canopy of heaven; the stars are certainly the most beautiful part of the firmament."

"Is this your explanation, too, my daughter?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, I am glad you are agreed, for really I thought it a random shot of his lordship, and that he did not know well himself his meaning. I suppose whilst you were on the Mediterranean you had an opportunity of viewing the scene of the Corsair's exploits?"

"Yes, and by a singular coincidence, whilst there, I received a review in which it is remarked, Lord Byron has contrived to give a pirate, on a rock in the Mediterranean, every virtue under heaven save common honesty."

"Megilvery, you must beware how you touch his lordship, for he is a great favorite with Beninah."

"He is with me too," said Megilvery, "and I never have met with any author who surpasses him in beauty, passion, or pathos; but I think his poetry acts too violently on the feelings, and he is sometimes rather careless."

"If you like tranquillizing books, I expect 'Zimmerman on Solitude,' would please you."

"I remember being much delighted with it at college, but I do not remember to have seen it since. Beninah, will you bring it from the library?"

"Yes, father, as soon as I have finished working this little flower."

"Suppose you let me go for it, Miss Clermont?" said Megilvery.

"Oh! no, you would have to look perhaps on every shelf, and I can put my hand on it in a moment."

"What flower is that you are so busy with Beninah?" said her father.

"An Italian violet."

"Ah! that is the flower Leigh Hunt calls 'Jump up and Kiss Me;' he put it in Tom Moore's wreath when he was crowned at the feast of the poets."

When she had finished the flower, Beninah went for the book and returned in a few moments.

"You must be a very methodical librarian, Miss Clermont," said Megilvery.

"Method is one of the first lessons my father taught me."

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Clermont, "and one of the best ever taught any one."

The clear, soft voice of Beninah fell in such sweet accents on the ear of Megilvery, he almost fancied they were sounds from another and a better world. At twelve she put the book in her father's hands, and told him the print was so large and his new specks such powerful magnifiers, that he must read till she came back, as it was time for her little scholars to make their appearance.

At the expiration of an hour or two Beninah returned to the parlor, she found her father dozing in his arm chair, and Megilvery contemplating an original painting by West—the death of General Wolfe on the plains of Abraham.

"I believe, Mr. Megilvery, that was considered a daring adventure of the British army."

"Yes, I have thought so ever since I visited the scene of action. I climbed this steep rock by daylight and unincumbered, and before reaching the top I was nearly exhausted. The British soldiers performed this same task in the darkness, and loaded with their arms."

Mr. Clermont was pleased to hear Megilvery's voice rather more animated than usual and said, "it shows what men can do, dare do, and will do, when stimulated by a love of glory. The composed and unmoved appearance of these warrior chiefs, as they gaze so steadfastly on the group before them, contrasts finely with the sad pitying looks of the officers and others who attend the dying hero. I believe his history says when he was raised up and saw the flying enemy, he exclaimed, 'I die content.' You know, Megilvery, Tom Paine, in his Elegy on Wolfe, mentioned this circumstance. I believe it is the only specimen of his poetry I ever saw, and does not evince much poetic talent. I cannot like the introduction of heathen mythology in celebrating the death of a christian soldier, although I believe it was the fashion of the times. I remember when 'Wolfe's Elegy' was a favorite song. Beninah, have I not heard you sing it?"

"Yes, I learned it when I was a little girl from an old woman who used to make my dresses. I think the measure is the same of another heathen affair, called 'Liberty Tree.'"

Beninah sung both songs to the great delight of her father. After she had finished, he said, "do, my dear, give us the 'Lass of Richmond Hill.' The words were composed by George III. on a sister of the Duke of Richmond; it is the only instance I ever heard of his majesty being guilty of writing poetry." Megilvery said the tune was pretty.

"My loyalty does not," said Mr. Clermont, "extend to an admiration of the words. The vast number of your songs, by a singular association of ideas, reminds me of an anecdote Mrs. Montgomery told me the other day of Dr. Franklin. When he lived at P——, near Paris, a party of Americans dined at his house on a fourth of July. Mr. Jay being much pleased with the Doctor's wine enquired of whom he bought it.

'Of a Mr. Boozy,' said the Doctor.

Mr. Jefferson remarked 'it was an appropriate name for a wine merchant, as Boozy, in the English language was one of the many terms used to denote intoxication.' He then asked the Doctor if he had ever observed how copious the English language was in terms to express this particular vice! The Doctor then enumerated seventy-three expressions signifying different degrees of intoxication.

"I do not think," said Mr. Clermont, "I could

remember half a dozen, but as Dr. Franklin could have distanced me in most things, why not in this? Mrs. Montgomery says his grand-son, Temple Franklin, had a seat near her at dinner, and he remarked, I wonder in what corner of his brain my grand-father keeps all his lumber: she said such things she thought both curious and amusing."

"Have many of West's pictures found their way to his native land?" enquired Megilvery.

"I know of none except the healing of the sick, presented to the Pennsylvania hospital, and this, which is also a present to it. Its history is rather singular.

"I will tell you," added Mr. Clermont, "the story, but I cannot vouch for the truth of it. When West was a lad, he lived not far from a merchant mill, on the Delaware, opposite Trenton. The mill belonged to a Mr. Hoops, a countryman of mine. West was often there and discovered his fondness for painting by drawing pictures with pokeberries, on the heads of flower-barrels in the mill-yard. Though the materials were so rude, these pictures were so strikingly executed as to attract the attention of Mr. Hoops and of some of his friends, who aided West in going to London for the purpose of improvement. After a residence of some years in England, he wished to return to marry a Quaker lady, to whom he was engaged when he left home. His London patrons thinking such an absence would interfere with his success as an artist, persuaded him to try and prevail on the lady to come to London to be married; he did so and succeeded. His old friend, Mr. Hoops, was going to Ireland, and took charge of the betrothed lady, whom he escorted to London. Some years after, West sent him this picture. Mr. Hoops died and left it to his oldest son, who afterwards moved to Geneva and gave it to an old Irish friend of his father's, who died poor, and the picture was sold for the benefit of his children. From him I derived my information. When I was in Dublin, I remember I was much amused with a poem, in which Dr. Wallcotte, alias Peter Pindar, advised Sir Benjamin to paint by the acre; but although the Doctor's wit was great, I believe it was hardly equal to his malice. I have little knowledge of painting as a science, but I remember when I first saw this," said Mr. Clermont, "it had a powerful effect on my feelings. The looks of those Indian chiefs are characteristic, and remind me of Campbell's old Indian:

> 'As monumental bronze unchanged his look,
> A soul that pity touched, but never shook.'

"You met with Indians in Canada, I suppose, Megilvery?" said Mr. Clermont.

"Only a few and they retained little of their primitive manners or characteristics."

"I have heard," said Mr. Clermont, "some of the tribes on the northern frontiers are still ferocious and cruel."

"I do not think," said Megilvery, "they *are more cruel* than some European nations were in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and long since that period, in an age of comparative refinement, cruelties have been perpetrated which have no parallel in Indian story; for instance the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the 'Auto da fe' of Spain, or the horrible tragedies of Smithfield, in England, where men sat in council and condemned to the flames, the rack and the halter their fellow mortals. The savage Indian is only cruel to his foe; how different man who claims to be civilized."

The voice of Megilvery faltered as he spoke, a deeper gloom overspread his pale face, and his large black eyes were fearfully wild.

"My dear Megilvery," said Mr. Clermont, "I beg of you not to let your mind dwell on these painful subjects, we cannot conjecture, much less can we know, why such enormities have been permitted; fortunately the present are better times, and we ought to congratulate ourselves that they are so and be thankful; nothing cures a man as quickly of fantastic sorrow as real calamity. Do not let us indulge the one lest we be chastised by the other."

"You are right, Mr. Clermont," said Megilvery, in a subdued voice, "and I will make a strong effort to follow your advice."

He walked with a firmer step than usual to the fire and seated himself by Beninah, who was quietly at work. After a short silence, Mr. Clermont said, "My daughter, are you not weary besprigging and beflowering that bit of canvass?"

"I understand you, father," she said, putting up her work, "what shall I read for you?"

"Which shall it be, Megilvery, music or books?"

"Whether she reads or sings," said Megilvery, "Miss Clermont's voice is music to me."

"Well, if he will not decide we will have a little more of that tranquillizing German book. After dinner we will have 'Tibby Fowler o'er the Lea,' 'Black Eyed Susan,' 'Roy's Wife,' 'Paddy Bules Expedition,' and as many other old songs as you can think of."

Beninah soon got through with Zimmerman, and then Mr. Clermont asked Megilvery if he would like a little forensic eloquence.

"I read several years ago some remarks of Mr. Wirt on Curran's speeches, in which he says of one of them, (I think his defence of Rowan,) that the argument is the club of Hercules wreathed with flowers. It made me curious to see it again that I may take a view of the club through the flowers. Beninah, if we have the book I should like to hear that speech again."

"The book you had belonged to Mr. Murphy, and he has taken it home with him, but perhaps we could borrow it again."

"Do not," said Megilvery "put yourself to that trouble, I will send Philip to Guy's for a copy which

I have there. Jasper, tell him I want him to go to Guy's if he can make his way through the *drift*."

"If he cannot I will," said Jasper.

"I am much obliged to you, my good friend, but you cannot execute my commission."

Philip was soon brought in; he said the snow was no obstacle; "shall I bring any other books, sir?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mr. Clermont, "I should like to see his taste in books."

When Philip left the room Mr. Clermont said, "I suppose by his style of conversation he has been taught to read?"

"Yes," said Megilvery, "but I did not teach him; I question the humanity of giving slaves a taste for books, unless we could change their condition. When I went to college I took him with me, he was quite a boy, his musical talents made him a favorite with the young men; he played well on the flute and sung many old songs which he learned in Jamaica, and they taught him to read and write. As I could not foresee his future destiny I did not object. He is nearly a white man in appearance, and so much of a gentleman in manners, that I dare say, in some places, he would be received in good society.

"When I was in Quebec my lodgings were near a French grocer, who had married an Indian woman: Philip was much pleased with his only daughter. I persuaded him to defer entering into any engagements until I should return to Canada, which would be in about four years, and then he should have my consent and aid. He appeared to look forward to my return with great pleasure."

"When you were so lonely at Guy's, why did you not make him read to you?"

"Why, you may have observed he has a slight impediment in his speech, so that he does not read pleasantly. A few days after we landed, he found an old newspaper, edited by Peter Porcupine; he brought it up stairs and read, as well as he could, a very laughable article in it. But here he comes loaded with books."

"Why, Philip," said Mr. Clermont, "did your master think we had no books in this part of the world?"

"It was one of his notions, sir, and we all do what he directs, and now you see they are in demand. This is Curran,—and here is Paul and Virginia, one of Miss Geraldine's favorites, and here is the Vicar of Wakefield, one of mine."

"Well, Philip, I admire your taste. Here is the Loves of the Triangles,—I never saw it before."

"I brought it because I remember old master sent me to Kensington for it, and he laughed over it till he cried."

"And I suppose you wished to see if it would have the same effect on your young master?"

"He is not much addicted to laughing, and a smile from him would content me."

"To be sure, Mr. Philip," said Jasper, who had just finished making the fire, you would not have any gentleman laugh, or smile either, 'till he is ready!"

Mr. Clermont thought he detected something like a smile on the sad countenance of Megilvery, and hailed it as a happy omen, although it belonged rather to the Cassius order. 'The Loves of the Triangles' was written to ridicule Dr. Darwin's Loves of the Plants;—by-the-way, Megilvery, how do you like Darwin?"

"His numbers are smooth and his verse musical, but I do not think the subjects well chosen for poetry, they require so many abstruse notes. How unlike the descriptions of Scott;—he always makes me wish for the power of the pencil. Sometimes a line or two will afford a subject for a painting—for instance,

> 'The monarch o'er the siren hung,
> And beat the measure as she sung;'

Or,

> 'Minstrels at the Royal order,
> Rung out Blue bonnets o'er the border.'

"There used to be at Tusculum many amusing prints taken from Don Quixote and other amusing works."

"I suppose these were the pictures, Mr. Megilvery, with which you used to amuse Geraldine and myself?"

"I had supposed you were too young to remember it, Miss Clermont."

"It seems somewhat like a dream," said Beninah; "but I remember I had to stand on a chair by the table to see them;—Geraldine was tall enough not to require any such elevation."

Megilvery walked to the window and gazed vacantly at the falling snow-flakes. Mr. Clermont, who observed this movement, told Beninah he was ready to hear the display of his countryman's talents.

"Was Rowan acquitted?" asked Beninah.

"No, my daughter, he was condemned to two years imprisonment."

"So the flowers and the club availed him little."

The tones of Beninah's voice had the usual effect on Megilvery; he walked back to the fire and seated himself near her. After she had been reading some time, Megilvery took a shawl, which lay on a chair near him, and threw it over his head to screen his eyes from the fire. Beninah laid down her book and brought a screen, which she placed before him before he perceived it.

"You lay me under many, too many obligations, Miss Clermont."

"Never mind," she said, "I will give long credit and charge no interest."

"Did you ever observe, Megilvery," said Mr. Clermont, "that the beautiful flight in Curran's speech, in defence of Rowan about liberty, is a passage from Cowper's Task, broken into prose? It is too obvious to escape remark. Reading Curran, Burke, and Erskine, Beninah, will keep you from reading much trash—as Crabbe says about Darnly Cottages and Maple Vales. When I was young there was a scarcity of fictitious works; and now, if a man had twenty pair of eyes he could not keep up with the current. The facility with which books of mere amusement are obtained, is certainly a bar to substantial improvement. It is a disadvantage I think to young persons, and especially to children. When I was in Virginia, I heard an old lady say, when she went to school at seven or eight years old, her books consisted of Dillworth's spelling book; a Bible bound in red morocco, a present to her from her grandmother; Gesner's death of Abel, and Mother Bunch's fairy tales;—after this, a miniature history of England, with a picture of each king affixed to his reign, and four lines of poetry, or rather rhyme, descriptive of his character, and she said she had almost boundless curiosity to know something more of Henry and his wives, Edward, the Black Prince, Charles I., and above all, the unfortunate Mary. She said they did not teach her grammar, because they did not understand it themselves; but they taught her to think employment a duty, and to love reading, which was, she said, putting the lever of education in her own hands. But now they read so much trash, nothing is remembered distinctly. So preached the lady of the Old Dominion—whether she was right I cannot tell."

"Father, I fear you will forget your promise to Mr. Megilvery respecting Peter Porcupine."

"Megilvery must remember old men love to talk of by-gone days, and therefore must excuse my forgetfulness. Porcupine, *alias*, William Cobbet, had left here before my arrival—consequently, I can only tell what I have heard of him. I have read some of his productions, but of them I have a confused recollection; he was an Englishman and came to Canada as a common soldier; at what period he settled in Philadelphia I am not informed, though it was before the year '93; for in that year he made an attack on Dr. Rush respecting his practice during the yellow fever. It was unjustifiable, for the Doctor recovered damages, which he gave to the poor. Cobbet took his revenge by publishing, for many years, a small pamphlet, which he called a Rush Light. I never saw but one of them, and of this I only remember one sentence, which was too remarkable to be forgotten. He said some one in court testified he had cursed Rush. It was true, he was sorry to acknowledge, he had the vulgar habit of swearing, but from the uniform state of his feelings towards Dr. Rush, he was very certain he had never degraded a curse by bestowing it on him."

"The rancorous scoundrel," said Megilvery, half rising from his seat.

"Why, what is the matter, Megilvery—did you ever know Dr. Rush?"

"I knew him well. When I was in Philadelphia some years ago, I had a violent fever, and such was the kindness and cordiality of his manners, that I, like every one else who has ever known him as a physician, entertain for him the warmest regard, and highest respect and veneration for his character and talents. You took me by surprise; it is the first unkind expression I ever heard of Dr. Rush. I beg pardon—I will not interrupt you again."

"I think it was sometime after this Cobbet published his *will*. He stated he was in daily expectation of being assassinated; so he thought he had better make his *will*. I only remember a few of the legatees. He leaves to a defaulter in the bank his honesty;—to some society his modesty;—to Mr. Jefferson a very curious Norway spider, with nine pair of legs and one hundred eyes;—his brains to Benjamin Baniker, a negro almanac maker, that he might fairly decide the question of intellect between the white and black man;—to Tom Paine, then a prisoner in France, he leaves a halter, advising him to make speedy use of it, that the national razor may not be disgraced by taking off the head of such a miscreant. He used to call the Port Folio, a periodical published by Mr. Dennie, the portable foolery. From Philadelphia he went to Long Island, where he kept a market garden, and wrote the American Gardener. He then returned to England. He became a member of the British Parliament. His last publication was 'Cottage Economy,' a subject on which no doubt he was qualified to write, as he was a plebeian by birth. In this little book he states that 32 bushels of wheat and 400 of potatoes to the acre is the average crop in England."

"I suppose," said Megilvery, "he was a violent political partisan."

"I believe Cobbet was not more violent than those in the opposition. Party spirit, you know, is not confined to sect, age, or clime. When I visited Virginia, I saw, at the house of a friend, a caricature executed in '98, by a gentleman now holding a high office under government. It represented a river of blood; on its steep and rugged bank appeared a distorted human figure, trampling an expiring American eagle and holding in one hand a crown and sceptre; the elder Mr. Adams was seen in the river buffeting the waves with his left arm, his head uncovered, just above the angry foam, while his right arm, of supernatural length, was extended towards the monster on the bank. In the back ground appeared Robert Goodloe Harper, dressed in clerical robes, with a mitre on his head,

playing upon a harp. I remember the first two lines of the song,

'Sure I am a harper,
And by trade a sharper.'

There was a companion piece, in which John Q. Adams appeared to be a prominent figure. I only remember he was making a bow; I do not suppose it ever went beyond the rough draft, or perhaps it might have been converted into sedition, and placed under the head of the gag bill, which, with the alien law, made a great noise in the Union."

"I remember," said Beninah, "where we saw this caricature, but I have forgotten the name of the gentleman by whom it was drawn."

"I am glad you have, my dear. As he is a person for whose talents I have a high respect, I would not like to make a disclosure which might give him pain. He no doubt considers this sport of fancy buried with the sins of his early days."

In a few days the weather was mild and bright, and Megilvery proposed returning to his lodgings, but as Mr. Clermont had foreseen, he was easily persuaded to remain at Clermont House; and although neither gay nor cheerful, he appeared composed and less subject to nervous agitation. Whenever Beninah read or sang, he would sit as quietly as if he feared some ruder sound might break the spell which bound him.

One day, after attending the little orphans, when she returned to the parlor, she found Megilvery standing by the fire-place, his cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder, one arm resting on the mantle-piece, and gazing steadfastly in her father's face, who was looking so attentively at a miniature he held in his hand he did not perceive her until she had been standing by him some moments. "What a lovely picture," exclaimed Beninah; "I did not suppose a face not fair could be so lovely, so exquisitely beautiful; the lips are not coral—the red is almost crimson; the eyes black, full and lustrous. It is some foreign beauty, or the creation of a poet's fancy."

"It is, my dear, a foreign beauty—a Spanish lady; and I have often seen the beautiful original: it is Mr. Megilvery's mother. Do you not see the resemblance."

"Some," said Beninah, "in the brow," stealing a timid glance at Megilvery.

"I perceive it in the whole face;—Megilvery is thin and pale, and the picture appears in all the bloom of youth and health; the cheeks so beautifully rounded and delicately tinted with the rich color of a full blown tulip."

A cautionary look from her father checked Beninah;—she made no more remarks, though the countenance of Megilvery was more expressive of pleasure than usual. When the miniature was returned, he enclosed it carefully in its case and placed it in the pocket of his vest.

"I am glad to see you make that deposit of the picture, for I shall be pleased to look at it again and again," said Beninah.

Megilvery observing a little fixture of polished steel over the mantle-piece, which appeared to have been placed there for some such purpose, took the picture from his pocket and hung it up by a large plait of black hair which was attached to it. Mr. Clermont considered this rather a singular position for a miniature, but he attributed it to the state of Megilvery's mind, and as he would sit gazing on the picture, he reminded Mr. Clermont of a devout Catholic contemplating the features of a beautiful Madonna.

One or two days after the adventure of the picture, Beninah came later than usual into the little reading room: her father enquired what was the object of Miss Rosa Kemp's early visit? She appeared to be much animated, and to talk with uncommon volubility.

"She came," said Beninah, "to borrow a Spanish Vicar of Wakefield. She was giving me some of her mother's notions with regard to education. She is to learn nothing through the obscuring medium of a translation."

"Where did the good lady pick up this phrase? for I am sure it did not originate with her. It was but the other day I heard Rosa was learning French."

"Oh, she has finished her French education, and is now to learn Spanish, Italian, and German successively."

"I fear she will be like a lady I once knew, who devoted so much time to other tongues, that she spoke of the 'Fair Penitent,' and 'Venice Preserved,' as Shakspeare's plays."

"And then she is to study Astronomy and Philosophy."

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Clermont, "you will be thrown in the shade by the side of this learned lady."

"With regard to languages I certainly shall, as I only wish to learn French. The other branches specified by Miss Kemp, I might, with books and leisure, acquire a little knowledge of at home."

"But," said Megilvery, "what is your objection, Miss Clermont, to a more extensive acquaintance with modern languages?"

"I could not hope to acquire sufficient knowledge of them to render books written in either language as interesting to me as good translations would be; and besides, the time they would occupy is another consideration. I should be more agreeably, and perhaps more profitably employed in reading English."

Megilvery, who appeared disposed to continue the conversation, remarked, that translations of the best books from all the modern languages were frequently to be met with.

"I should like," said Beninah, "to have a per-

fect knowledge of French; there is so much of it now in books and conversation, not to understand it is rather perplexing. Which do you like best, Mr. Megilvery, original works, or translations into English?"

"To me," said Megilvery, "there is no language like the English. Whilst at college, I used often to hear young men say they preferred reading Latin and Greek to English. I thought it the affectation of pedantry."

"And yet," said Beninah, "you acquired a profound knowledge of those languages."

"With industry and application that may be easily done; but the ability to make the information gained at college useful in after life is another affair. Some young men of great college reputations are never heard of afterwards—and others, who have left it without a name, burst on the world perfect luminaries. Curran was a sizer in Dublin college, and attracted little notice till he appeared at the bar;—as an advocate, I do not know that he was eclipsed by any of his cotemporaries."

"All this is very true, Megilvery," said Mr. Clermont; "but it does not lessen the value I set on industry and application. I admit an original difference in the minds of men, and some acquire with ease that which may be labor for others; but I do not believe any man ever acquired a high degree of eminence without putting his shoulder to the wheel."

Megilvery was silent, and Beninah took advantage of this pause in the conversation to tell her father another of Mrs. Kemp's whims. It was that Rosa should be an *authoress*.

"Really," said Mr. Clermont, "if I had any influence with this good lady, I would try to exert it, for it is a pity so fine a girl as Rosa should be led so far astray; but 'there is more hope of a fool than of a man wise in his own conceit,' and I dare say the remark may also apply to woman. If Mrs. Kemp was well acquainted with biography, she would know that her daughter might be a good authoress with only a knowledge of the English language. Shakspeare was not a scholar, in the usual acceptation of the term; Richardson, the great novelist, was ignorant of every language but his own; Robert Burns understood a little French, at least I think Dr. Currie says so in his life of him; and Ben Jonson said of Shakspeare he knew little Latin and less Greek; but a gentleman with whom he was conversing said, that, perhaps. was a mistake, for in his youth he kept a grammar school."

"I think he must have been well acquainted with the history of the Greeks and Romans, as well as that of his own country."

"And so are you, my dear, although you have never been bewildered by their languages."

"I do not expect," said Beninah, "the sixteenth century afforded such translations as 'Pope,' 'Dryden,' 'Murphy,' or 'Mavor.'"

"I do not recollect the style of translations at that period, but it is curious into what opposite directions the admiration of the great poet takes us;—you are for making a scholar of him, while I am pleased to consider him almost an unaided son of nature—

> 'Deathless Shakspeare, Nature's favorite child,
> Great, above measure, and sublimely wild.'

"What do you think of his scholarship, Megilvery?" said Mr. Clermont.

"I very well remember the anecdote on which Miss Clermont bases her opinion."

"Well, I suppose," said Mr. Clermont, "as we are two to one, we must *dub* him a scholar."

"But do you think, sir," enquired Megilvery, "that ladies are more apt to become bewildered with Latin and Greek than our sex?"

"Certainly I do not; but then it has been the practice of time immemorial to teach boys Latin and Greek, and in some professions a knowledge of those languages is indispensable; this is not the case with ladies, and therefore I would save them the toil and drudgery of learning the dead languages, as I think they may be more pleasingly and profitably employed in many other ways."

After Megilvery retired for the night, Beninah asked her father "if he did not suppose Mr. Megilvery understood French?"

"No doubt of it, my dear; his mother spoke it with great elegance, and he was taught by her till he was eleven. You may observe he is disposed to hide his light under a bushel. It is a curious, but harmless fancy."

"How came he to show you his mother's miniature?"

"He was looking very earnestly at the picture which is usually placed before Cowper's beautiful poem, on receiving his mother's likeness many years after her death. He observed, 'This speaks the feelings of the heart; Moore's, on a similar subject, is the mere sport of fancy.' He read a few lines, and then put the miniature in my hands. Fortunately, no one goes in the room where he has placed it but ourselves; he would not like to answer all the questions which might be asked about it."

"It is a beautiful picture," said Beninah; "how beautifully those black ringlets cluster round the outline of the forehead; and that deep red rosebud on one side of the head is more in accordance with the richness of its general character, than a paler flower would have been." "Was she tall?"

"A little above the common stature, and majestic in appearance. She was often called the Spanish beauty, and sometimes the Spanish Queen."

"Father, I wish," said Beninab, "you would persuade him to read a little, and then when you are out, and I am engaged in domestic occupations, he could amuse himself."

"He often reads to himself, my dear but his voice is still too weak to read much aloud; and

when you read to me he had as well listen: I think it has a better effect on his mind than solitary reading."

"Do you suppose he will return to Canada in the spring, if his health admits?"

"I would not be surprised if he did, as he has important business there."

[*To be Concluded.*]

---

## THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

But yesterday, the healing mandate fell,
And Health's returning glow, with glad response,
Had chased away the paleness of Despair!
To-day—where Kishon's brook, meandering flowing,
Leaped in the laughing sunshine, as it sped,
In frolic lightness o'er its pebbly track,
Near where high Tabor lifts his hoary brow,
The mighty Prophet and his chosen band
Approach the walls of Nain.
With silent mien
A solemn train is issuing from the gates:
Alas! 'tis Death's! With slow and measured tread
And saddened brow, which tells of sadder heart,
They come! while, on the mournful bier they bear,
The sunbeams smile in mockery o'er the sleep
Of one whose Life's bright sun went down at noon,
Struck like the Oak in Summer's leafy pride,
Last of his line—a widowed mother's hope!
Ah! cruel Spoiler! who could bear to live,
Were being's period bounded by the grave?
Who would not rather snap at once Life's thread,
With each poor joy, and all the gathering ills,
Save for the promise of a better home!

In sorrowful succession, one by one
As fade the stars, when darkening clouds arise,
That mother watched her dearest hopes depart!
The guide—the chosen friend of youth was gone.
That form which Love had whispered would be last
To greet her dying vision, cold and still
In death was laid! The hand which long had cherished
Would return no pressure! Those lips which cheered
Were closed in marble stillness, and gave back
No fond caress. Closed the cold earth above
The loved and loving—and the Widow turned
Back to her lonely mansion, with a cloud,
A mournful cloud upon her breaking heart!
But even in wrath God had remembered mercy.
One only child was left to cheer her grief.
Hope, soothing Angel, smiled upon her gloom.
Joy's flame anew, like the reviving Phœnix,
Burst from the mouldering embers of her heart!
Lived in his child once more the sainted Sire;
And heavenly Peace, with balmy, healing wing,
Brooded above the Widow's wounded breast!
Remembered joys, though saddening, yet delight.
Thus, viewed in Recollection's pensive ray,
Looked back in blessing scenes of earlier years,
Smiling through tears of Grief. And as, each day,
Grew the fair boy in statue—day by day
New charms unfolding, or some budding grace—
Once more the Widow, with delighted heart,
Drank with free zest from Joy's o'erflowing cup!

Swift sped sweet Childhood by, on golden wing;
Fond Youth succeeded, with his roseate train;
Manhood came on apace; and all too sure
Turned the fond Parent, in her trusting hope,
To the proud solace of her failing years!
Alas! too fondly and too well she loved!
The creature was her idol: all forgot
The blessing had been only loaned by Heaven;
And the best worship of her loving heart
Was centred on a helpless thing of dust!
The stern decree went forth; the shaft was sped;
And the tall Tree, which towered in Manhood's pride,
Fell to the earth a withered, lifeless thing!
Oh! who shall dare describe that mother's grief,
When first the bolt had fallen in its wrath!
Methinks I see her with dishevelled hair,
With hands fierce clenched, and eyeballs starting wild,
Knelt by the ruin of her earthly all!
"My Son! would God that I had died for thee!"
Swept the wild Tempest by in fiercest wrath,
And tears, refreshing, came with grateful aid.
Despair has fled: Peace comes with healing balm:
And Resignation soothes her broken heart!
Ah! little deemed the mourner in that hour,
Her sacrifice accepted—that a star
Lonely and bright, with kind, refulgent ray,
Shone, smiling, through the breaking clouds of gloom!

* * * * *

She decks her darling for the waiting grave;
Her form is wrapped in Sorrow's mournful garb:
Kind friends have gathered, for the last, sad rites:
Forth to the grave of her last Hope she goes,
To lay her treasure and her heart together!
The train moves slowly on: with tottering steps,
The stricken mourner follows, dumb with grief!
They pass in silence through the opening gates,
Nor deem another train is hastening nigh.
CORRUPTION, on his bier, is carried forth:
With living step the "RESURRECTION" comes!
Give place, oh Death, thy Conqueror is near!
The sable chariot of the grave stands still;

The PROPHET's hand is resting on its pall!
Death knew his Victor, and resigned his charge!
"*Young man, I say, Arise!*" Uprose the dead;
Familiar tones are bursting from his lips:
*That widowed mother clasps her living Son!*

*Hamden, Conn., Feb.* 1847.

---

## THE IRON MASK.

It is exactly a century ago since the history of the Iron Mask, or of the man with the Iron Mask, began to make a great sensation all over the world. The mysterious has great charms for the curiosity of the world. As soon as the secret of the French State transpired, it was spread every where, and the general anxiety of finding out the truth lead to a great many conjectures, which, instead of clearing up the fact, rendered the secret still more secret and complicate, and threw an impenetrable veil over it. Although, since the first origin of this secret of state a century has elapsed, the solution of the enigma is but very little known; it will therefore not be uninteresting to cast a retrospective view upon this curious history.

It was in the year 1745, when a little anonymous work, under the title of "Secret Memoirs for the History of Persia," appeared at Amsterdam in Holland, and gave to the public the first intimations of the history of the Iron Mask. This was a gallant and political history of the French court since the death of Louis XIV., under fictitious names, and well and ably written. It was very soon diffused every where, and already in the following year appeared a second edition with a clew for the understanding of the persons marked out in it. This book contained the following passage:

"Shah Abbas, (Louis XIV.,) had a legitimate son, Sephi Mirsa, (Louis the Dauphin,) and a natural son, Dshiaser. Both princes continually quarrelled together, and when once Dshiaser, (meaning the Count of Vermandois, son of Louis XIV. and the Dutchess of Valière,) forgot himself so far as to slap the face of Sephi Mirsa, he had forfeited his life. The ministers proposed to the Shah to send Dshiaser to the army, being at that time on the frontiers of Feldran, (Flandres,) to spread some days afterwards the rumor of his death, and to bring him in the night to the citadel of Armus, (the island of St. Margarette,) where he was to be kept in a perpetual imprisonment, the world believing him to be dead. This was done. The commander of the citadel treated the prince with the greatest respect. He served him himself, and at the door of his room he took the plates out of the hands of the cooks, none of whom ever saw the face of Dshiaser. The prince once had a fancy to write with the point of a knife his name upon a silver plate. A slave, into whose hands the plate came, brought it immediately to the commander, flattering himself that he would receive a remuneration, but instead of that he was murdered,—a knower of the secret not being desirable. Dshiaser remained several years in the citadel, and only left it to be brought to that of Ispahan, the commander of Ormus having got from the Shah Abbas, as a reward of his faithfulness, the command of the latter, (the Bastille in Paris.) As well in Ormus as in Ispahan, the precaution had been taken to make the prince wear a mask, whenever it was necessary for him, either on account of sickness or any other reason, to expose himself to the view of any other persons."

The author of the secret memoir gave also very convincing reasons why, after the death of Shah Abbas and Sephi Mirsa, Dshiaser had not been liberated, and added, that Ali Homandshu, (the regent, Duke of Orleans,) had died shortly after having paid a visit to the Prince Dshiaser.

The confidentness of this narration seemed to betray a man who was intimately acquainted with the most secret relations of the French court, (the Duke of Nivernois,) it excited the public curiosity in a high degree, and caused several historical controversies. (See: Revue de Paris from the year 1836.) Seven years later Voltaire published his Siècle de Louis XIV. In vain people resorted to it for farther information concerning the mysterious prisoner, being at that time the topic of all conversation. First, in the augmented and revised edition of 1753, chap. 25, Voltaire ventured to speak more largely and freely about this prisoner than he had done before. He says, "a young unknown prisoner, of a tall and noble figure, was brought, some months before the death of the Cardinal Mazarin, in a mysterious manner, to the fortified castle of the Island of St. Margarette, in the Gulf of Cannes. This prisoner wore on his journey a mask of black velvet, whose chin-piece was provided with steel springs, allowing him to eat with the mask. He was not allowed to speak with any body, but was treated with the highest respect; the minister, Louvois, only conversed with him standing. St. Mars, the Governor of the castle, himself brought him his victuals upon silver plates. The prisoner once used such a plate to write upon it with a knife and he then threw it out of the window of his tower into a vessel anchoring at the foot of it. A fisherman found the plate and brought it to the Governor, who asked the man anxiously if he could read, or if any body else had seen the plate. Only when he was perfectly satisfied about this he permitted the man to leave his house. In the year 1690, St. Mars was nominated Governor of the Bastille in Paris; he took his prisoner along, who was always masked during the journey. There he got a good

lodging, had always fine clothing, and was allowed to play the guitar. An old physician, who had treated him in several diseases, averred he had never seen his face, but examined very often the other parts of his body, that he was well made and had a very sweet voice. He never had complained about his fate.

"In the year 1703 the mysterious man died and was buried at night in the grave-yard of St. Paul. After his death every thing which he had used was burned, his linen, clothing, bed, even the bedstead and chairs; the walls of his room were white-washed, and the floor broken up in order to examine whether he had not left a mark of his presence." Voltaire added, "When this mysterious person was sent to the Island of St. Margarette no distinguished person in Europe was missing." In the following editions of the Siècle de Louis XIV. he even declared that "Mr. de Chamillard was the last minister who had any knowledge about the Iron Mask," and that when his son-in-law, the Duke de La Feuillade, had conjured him upon his knees to tell him the truth about the Iron Mask, he had answered, upon his death-bed, he had taken an oath never to divulge this secret of state.

From this very moment the history of the Iron Mask was looked upon as an established matter of fact, supported by the authority of two of the most important men of the age, the Duke de La Feuillade and Voltaire, and the only question was, who had been hidden under this mask.

Even the adversaries of Voltaire did not call in question the secret itself, but very deservedly attacked the author on account of his superficiality. The most active among them were Beaumelle, in his critical notes to the Siècle de Louis XIV.; Lagrange-Chancel, in the "Année Litéraire" of the year 1758 and 1768, and especially the monk Griffet, who had been during nine years confessor in the Bastille. The last published, for the first time, the journal of Dujunca, Lieutenant of the Bastille in the year 1698, and the obituary of the parish of St. Paul. According to first of these authentic documents, the death of the mysterious prisoner took place the 19th of November, 1703. Dujunca says literally, "The mysterious prisoner whom St. Mars brought along from the Island of St. Margarette, and who wore always a mask of black velvet, died to-day about 10 o'clock in the evening, after having felt yesterday, after the mass, a little more unwell, but without having had any considerable disease. Mr. Giraut, our confessor, heard his confession yesterday. Surprised by death he could not receive the sacrament, and our confessor consoled him a moment before his death. He was buried Tuesday the twentieth day of November, at 4 o'clock in the evening, in the grave-yard of St. Paul. His burial cost forty livres," (or francs, about eight dollars.) The same is confirmed by the obituary, in which the prisoner, who died in the Bastille, was called Marchialy and his age estimated at forty-five years.

Voltaire did not take any notice of these documents and contradictions, and even the public, not willing to believe that, if the mysterious prisoner had simply been Marchialy, he would have been kept so secretly and forced to wear always a mask in order to conceal his face, were rather inclined to believe, like Voltaire seemed to do, that this prisoner had been a more distinguished person. In an edition of the Philosophical Dictionary, which appeared in 1771, the editor, (Voltaire,) says: "nothing is more easy than to find out who has been that mysterious prisoner, it is even difficult to have two opinions about it." In the article *Anne* the author says, he would not prove that the masked prisoner could have been either the Duke of Monmouth, or the Count of Vermandois, or the Duke of Beaufort; he presumes that Voltaire had been just as convinced of the suspicion as he himself, but that Voltaire, as a Frenchman, could not say more, having said enough to make the solution of the enigma as easy as possible. Such intimations could not but increase the curiosity of the public, and in the course of the 18th century, eight different persons were suspected to have been the mysterious prisoner.

1. The allusions of Voltaire denoted clearly a brother of Louis XIV., a natural son of Anna of Austria, whose father was said to be either King Louis himself, or the Cardinal Richelieu, or the Duke of Buckingham, or the Count of Ranzau. What others only alluded to, the Abbé Soulavie, who understood how to change authentic documents into romances, and to publish the greatest frauds as the truth, related in detail in his memoirs of the Marshal of Richelieu. He says: "The consort of Louis XIII., Anna of Austria, some hours after the birth of Louis XIV., brought forth another boy, whom the father, in order to prevent the misfortune foretold to France from the existence of two chiefs, caused to be raised secretly, and at last to be imprisoned." Another story is, that Anna brought forth another boy, owing his life to one of the above named persons, whose existence was only known to the Cardinal Mazarin. Louis XIV. had first learned the secret after the death of the mysterious prisoner, and most rigorously forbidden the publication of it. The successors of Louis had done the same. Cardinal Richelieu nevertheless had learned the secret; for the regent Duke of Orleans had confided it to his daughter, the princess of Valois, who had communicated it to her lover, the Cardinal Richelieu. The memoirs of Soulavie appeared during the French Revolution, and there was no time to contradict such palpable falsehood, which being somewhat adventurous, was believed by many; and thus the man with the Iron Mask was, during a long time, thought to have been the brother of

Louis XIV., and represented as such in novels and tragedies of that time.

2. The Count of Vermandois, who died in 1683, and who could not have been the man with the Iron Mask, who, in the year 1691, had already been imprisoned during twenty years.

3. The Duke of Beaufort. But his identity with the man with the Iron Mask was just as impossible, as the Count of St. Aulaire has sufficiently shown. The Duke of Beaufort was killed in the year 1669 at an attack upon the Turks.

4. Henry Cromwell, the son of the protector of England. A perfectly ridiculous story.

5. The Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II. of England, a tale not less ridiculous.

6. Arivediks, an Armenian patriarch, who later changed his religion and became a Catholic. He could not have been the mysterious prisoner, because the famous Orientalist, Von Hammer, in his history of the Ottoman empire, gives evidence that he died in Paris as a free man.

7. Fouquet, Chief-intendant of finances under Louis XIV. This tale owes its origin to the Frenchman Jacob, but its incorrectness becomes evident by a single glance upon the biography of Fouquet. He was indeed taken prisoner the 5th of September, 1661, and brought to Vincennes, where he was tried for the first time the 4th of March, 1662, and remained until the 18th of June, 1663. He was then brought to the bastile, where the trial was continued until he was sentenced, the 20th of December, 1664, to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Pignerol, where he was kept with the greatest severity.

In 1677, his situation became more tolerable and he was allowed to see his family, but he died the 23rd of March, 1681, in the arms of his son, the Count of Vaux. The corpse was given to his widow and brought to Paris, where it was buried the 28th of March, in the church of the convent of St. Mary. (See Bercht, process and imprisonment of the Chief-intendant Fouquet.) Although these circumstances are clear and palpable enough, notwithstanding the circumstance that a trial had taken place, and many judges, lawyers, witnesses, etc., knew of his imprisonment and every mystery and secret disappeared, Jacob nevertheless commits the folly of attempting to prove that the family of Fouquet had buried an empty coffin, that Fouquet did not die then, but lived until November 19, 1703, having been concealed under a black mask, an assertion destitute of every reason.

8. Ercole Mattioli, the minister of the Duke of Mantua.

In the year 1789, the 14th of June, the French revolution began by the taking of the Bastille by storm, and a new era began for the history of the man with the Iron Mask. Great expectations were entertained of discovering in the Bastille disclosures of many crimes and deeds of vengeance, and among them also of the man with the Iron Mask. The journal of the Bastille was anxiously seized upon and examined, but unfortunately, the leaf concerning the day of the arrival of the mysterious prisoner from the Island of St. Margarette, in the year 1698, was torn out and supplied by another one. The tower of La Vertaudière, having been inhabited during five years by the man with the Iron Mask, was not less carefully examined, but without any success.

Attention to the history of the man with the Iron Mask was, however, again excited, and mystery had too much attraction to drop the subject without being satisfied.

Lingnet, the author of the "*Bastille devoilée*," repeated the story that the mysterious prisoner was a natural son of Anna of Austria and the Duke of Buckingham, and Quintin Crawford, an English critic, assented to this opinion in his writings published in 1790. (See Memoires de la duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. X., p. 223.) Another author, St. Michel, asserted in a pamphlet, published in 1790, entitled "the true man with the Iron Mask," etc., the existence of a secret marriage between Queen Anna and the Cardinal Mazarin, of which the mysterious prisoner was the issue; and Bouché, in his "Essai sur l'histoire de la Provence," considered the whole history as a tale invented by Voltaire and thought the prisoner to have been a woman. Senac de Meilhan at last treated the matter more fundamentally; in his "Œuvres Philosophiques et Litéraires," published in Hamburg, in 1795, he pretended with certainty that the man with the Iron Mask was the minister of the Duke of Mantua, Mattioli, and supported this opinion by an Italian journal, from the year 1782, and the manuscripts of the Marquis of Parcalier de Prié, who died in Turin. Soon afterwards, in 1800, Roux Fazillac published his "Recherches Historiques et critiques sur l'homme au Masque de fer," (historical and critical inquiry about the man with the Iron Mask,) from the archives of the ministry of foreign relations and confirmed the opinion of Senac de Meilhan.

The curiosity excited by the conquest of the Bastille and the activity of the authors investigating the mysterious history of the man with the Iron Mask, was again interrupted by the endless wars of the ambitious tyrant Bonaparte, who did not permit any rest to the scrutinizing mind. In 1825, after the restoration of the Bourbons, John Delort published, from the authentic sources of the archives, the "History of the man with the Iron Mask, accompanied by authentic documents and fac similes." Nearly all the later authors upon this subject agree with him, only the Chevalier de Taules disagrees with him, pretending the man with the Iron Mask to have been one of the many victims of the mischief-breeding Jesuits, and so does Dufay de la Gonne, in his work, "La Bastille ou

memoires pour servir à l'histoire secrette du gouvernement françois," etc., published in 1834, but neither of them has been able to refute the evidences of Senac de Meilhan, Roux Facillac, and Delort, we can therefore not doubt but that they have represented the history of the mysterious prisoner in its true light and must assent to it.

The Spaniards who, as it is well known, had in the seventeenth century the preponderance in Italy and threatened to take possession of many of the small and feeble states in which that country was then divided, excited the envy of Louis the XIV. of France. In order to counterbalance the Spanish politics, he ordered the Abbé d'Estrades, the French Minister in Venice, to enter into a negotiation with the Duke Ferdinand Charles of Mantua, a Prince addicted to debauchery and sensual licentiousness. The intention of Louis XIV. was to prevail upon that Duke to cede to him the fortress Casale, in the margraviate of Montferrat, in which he was pledged to have only German soldiers, a circumstance which could but increase the dependence of the Duke upon Austria. Estrades found a man among the persons surrounding the Duke who sold his services to him, and promised to gain the Duke himself for the Court of France. This man was Ercole Mattioli, formerly professor of the University of Bologna, but made by the Duke Count and Minister. To activity and ambition he joined an exact knowledge of the affairs of the little Italian courts. He responded immediately to the propositions of the French embassador, and promised the consent of his master. But the termination of the negotiation was protracted by the embarrassment of the French government in money matters and its unwillingness to commence a new war in Italy before closing that in Holland. First when Ercole Mattioli came to Versailles, in the month of November, 1678, the negotiation came to a conclusion. In the treaty of the 8th of December, 1678, the Duke of Mantua pledged himself to open the fortress of Casale to the troops of the King of France for an equivalent of one hundred thousand scudi; and it was besides stipulated, that in case of a war in Italy, the chief command of the French army should be entrusted to the Duke. Also Mattioli got a large sum of money and brilliant promises.

In conformity with that treaty, French troops marched to the frontiers of Italy, the fortress of Pignerol was provided with provisions and ammunition, and every thing prepared for a sudden occupation of Casale. All this could not be done without creating sensation, and Spain and Austria summoned the Duke of Mantua to give an explanation concerning the rumor of the cession of Casale to the French. On the other side, the French cabinet urged the Duke to execute the treaty of the 8th of December, 1678, and all the art and shrewdness of an intriguing Italian were necessary to keep both parties in suspense. At last the ratification of the treaty on the side of the Duke was to be to a French delegation, on the 10th of March, 1679, in the village of Incra, near Casale, but Mattioli did not appear and the French Brigadier Catinat had a narrow escape from being murdered by the people of Piedmont, who were unwilling to tolerate a French uniform among themselves; only a quick flight saved him.

The French government was now fully convinced of the deceitfulness of Mattioli; but if there had still been any doubt, it was removed by the dowager duchess of Savoy, who proved to Estrades, then Minister in Turin, that Mattioli had already sold all the documents concerning the cession of Casale to the ministry of Piedmont for two thousand livres, on the 31st of December, 1678, and besides, to have given important news to Austria, Spain, and the Republic of Venice, for a high price. Such an insult to his court and government provoked Louis XIV. to the utmost, and he vowed to do all he could to take hold of the crafty Italian. Mattioli was at that time in Turin, in order to instigate the Duke of Savoy against France, and to effectuate a general alliance against this state. He met there with Estrades, who soon stole into his favor and succeeded in enticing him away from Turin by some pretext, and in persuading him to a conference in a place near the frontiers of France. As soon as Mattioli had arrived there, he was taken prisoner by French soldiers and carried to the fortress of Pignerol. Arrived there, he was compelled by torture to write to his Secretary in Turin and to order him to bring the most important papers to Pignerol, which he did. It appeared that the Duke of Mantua had not only not ratified the treaty in question, but even not consented to the conditions. The latter did not care about the fate of Mattioli, but he took 500,000 livres from the French government, and allowed the French to take possession of Casale.

The foregoing representation is confirmed by Madame Campan, who relates in her memoirs, (vol. I, p. 208,) that Louis XVI. promised to Maria Antoinette disclosures concerning the man with the Iron Mask, as soon as he had perused the secret paper left by his successors. She says:

"I was present in the apartment of the Queen, when, after a perusal of those papers, the King entered, stating that he had found nothing in those papers concerning the man with the Iron Mask, and asked the minister, Maurepas, what knowledge the ministers had about that mysterious man. Maurepas assured him that the much talked of unknown, was nobody else but an Italian, subject of the Duke of Mantua, very dangerous on account of his intriguing character. They had enticed him away to the French territory, there taken him prisoner and carried him to Pignerol, and later, to the Bas-

tille, where he died." This representation of the affair can therefore scarcely be doubted.

Mattioli was carried from Pignerol to the prison of state, St. Margarette. His captivity was very hard indeed, for the minister, Louvois, had expressly given orders to refuse every thing to the prisoner which could render his life more agreeable, and the governor of the prison, St. Mars, obeyed those commands strictly. Only one single officer was permitted to enter Mattioli's prison, and if this one was either sick or prevented in any other way, St. Mars was compelled to take his place; thence it was said that the prisoner was treated with much respect and visited always by the governor of the prison himself. All those stories that Louvois only standing had conversed with the prisoner; that his meals were served upon silver plates; that he was allowed to play the guitar, are unfounded, fantastical embellishments, mostly invented by Voltaire.

In 1690, St. Mars was appointed governor of the Bastile, and he carried his prisoner along to Paris. This was probably commanded by the government, because he was perfectly acquainted with the intriguing character of Mattioli. During the journey from St. Margarette to Paris, the prisoner wore a black mask, not of iron, but of velvet. The question why Mattioli wore this mask can only be answered conjecturally, none of the credible authors give any reasons for it; and those not to be trusted, as Voltaire and Soulavie, give us but fabulous reasons for their superficial assertions. Certain it is, that it was, in those times, nothing uncommon to wear a mask of velvet. Not only Shakspeare says, (in Romeo and Juliet, Act I, Scene 2:)

> "Those happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
> Being black, put us in mind, they hide the fair,"

but also other authors of the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, tell us, that especially ladies used to wear such masks, lined with white taffeta, when they went out. Such being the fashion of the age, it is not astonishing that St. Mars should have masked his prisoner, either for the preservation of his health, a measure perhaps not entirely unnecessary for a man who had been then already a long time in prison, and not at all, or certainly very little exposed to the open air; or for keeping his prisoner concealed from the world, for Mattioli was not imprisoned in consequence of a trial and sentence, but by a cruel and barbarous act of a tyrannical monarch, who, about eighteen years before the imprisonment of Mattioli, this sacrifice of tyranny, did not hesitate to send his chief-intendant and especial favorite, Fouquet, to a dungeon, and to let him languish there until his death, notwithstanding the entreaties and supplications of his family. Having once publicly given such an example of tyranny, Louis XIV. could not be very anxious to see another such shameful action exposed to the eyes of the world, which was, besides, committed in violation of the laws of nations, and he may therefore have commanded the concealment of Mattioli during his journey with St. Mars.

We have no authentic information concerning Mattioli's journey to Paris. Novelists and fabulists have indeed told many a story about it, but we have to put those in the same category with Voltaire and Soulavie. It has been said that St. Mars stopped during his journey at his country-seat of Patteau, the man with the iron mask had been brought there with the greatest precaution in a sedan, and St. Mars dined with him in such a manner that the former turned his back towards the window of the dining-room; the governor had, during the time of the dinner, put a brace of pistols upon the table and only a single servant was permitted to enter the room, which was always locked up as soon as he came in or went out. Countrymen are said to have seen all this through the window, and their depositions were published in 1768; and in modern times, by De Tous, in the third volume of his memoirs. Delort and other credible writers do not mention a word of this.

The journals of the Bastille were partly published in the year 1798, and thence it is known that St. Mars arrived in that prison of state, the eighteenth of September 1698, with the mysterious prisoner, and that the latter died there the nineteenth of November, 1703.

*Georgia.*

---

## POETIC MEDITATION.

*From the French of Lamartine.*

Night! blest night! and all is still!
I follow, o'er the ethereal plain,
Her charriot, her starry train,
Sitting lonely on the hill!

Venus rises,—clear and sweet!
Star of love! with her mild light
The flower-enamelled turf is bright,
Spreading freshly at my feet!

'Mid the beeches' shadowy gloom,
I hear the little branches break;

So shadows rustle, when they wake,
And flit around the lonely tomb!

Lo! flashing from its native skies,
A glimmer of the evening star,
Glittering on me from afar,
Softly plays before my eyes!

Bright glancing from a globe of fire,
Charming ray, why hast thou come?
Bringing comfort from thy home,
Raising the crushed spirit higher?

Descending, sweetly to reveal
The mysteries of starry years,
The secrets of the crystal spheres,
Which the days glowing beams conceal?

Or, as a spirit from above,
Dost thou soothe the fainting soul,
Bidding rich light 'round her roll,
As a day of holy love?

The veil, that shrouds the future, rend,
Bring comfort to a heart forlorn!
Light of Heaven! art thou the dawn
Of that day, which knows no end?

Around my heart new glories roll,
Thrilling with joy unknown before,
I think on those who are no more!
Star! mild star! art thou their soul?

And do those happy spirits thus
Glide around the star-lit grove,
Glancing soft on those they love,
We near to them, and they to us!

Ah! if it be ye, spirits dear!
Far from sensual delight,
Come with every starry night,
Mingling with my dreams, be near!

With Holy Peace and Love, return!
Cheer the soul with drops of balm
Like nightly dew, at evening calm,
When day's fires have ceased to burn!

Come!—but from yon distant glen,
Dark gloomy clouds are upward sailing,
Star and star-beam darkly veiling;—
All is gloom! all sad again!

Osorio.

## POETRY AND RELIGION.

### NO. IV.

POETRY—ITS AFFINITY WITH THE SPIRIT AND PRECEPTS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The leading object contemplated in the present series of essays, is to vindicate Poetry and Religion from the charge of a mutual antagonism—to maintain, on the contrary, that in many respects they exhibit the congeniality of a kindred spirits; and that, therefore, the highest excellence of each is secured, when both are practically united. All this is attempted in the face of the acknowledged fact, that as yet, in their actual manifestation on the field of literature, they have often been not only disunited in their sphere, but placed at positive variance as hostile powers. Based on this fact, as a practical demonstration of some inherent antipathy, there have arisen two distinct prejudices in the minds of two opposite classes of persons. The one regard poetry as necessarily corrupting in its tendency, and as feeble, frivolous and visionary in its nature. The other regard religion as enveloped in a frigid and gloomy atmosphere, which extinguishes the glow of genius, and obscures the visions of poetry. According to the plan proposed, we meet these prejudices separately and in succession. Thus we have before us two distinct branches of the general subject. We shall conclude our observations on the first division in the present article. The steps previously taken were all preparatory and conducive to the point at which we have now arrived; and the conclusions hitherto reached but open the way for the inference which we would at present draw as to the affinity existing between the spirit of poetry and that of christianity. In our first essay we vindicated the intellectual dignity of poetry, and showed its accordance with truth, and reason, and nature. In our next we maintained, on the same ground, the perpetuity of its existence, and refuted the charge of its necessary decline before the advancement of science and civilization. In our last we inferred, from the dignity of its nature and the perpetuity of its presence, a claim to the character of one of the primary and established influences introduced by the Divine hand into the present system; and consequently, its benign and salutary operation on the nature of man as a social and moral being, in cultivating his sensibilities, refining his affections, and elevating his aspirations above gross, temporal, and material objects. In thus considering its influence on the social and moral interests of mankind, we included necessarily the idea of immortality. We regarded the present life as preparatory to a future and higher

existence. Any other view involves the whole scene in darkness, disorder, and degradation. Divest human life of this exalted prospect, and the idea of moral obligation disappears. Detach the soul of man from all connection and sympathy with a future state, and the present scene sinks into a low theatre of physical gratification, on which the brutes are his superiors. Nay, the soul itself becomes a superfluity on such a system, save as the obsequious servant of the body, supplying the office which is more efficiently filled, in the case of inferior animals, by a blind instinct. Morality is a term without signification, unless it be applied to human life as connected in its interests and hopes with an immortal destiny. The social and moral relations of the race, therefore, stand identified with the dictates of religion; and, of course, of that religion which alone is true, among a thousand impostures,—Christianity.* Such are the several links in the chain of our argument, as to the legitimate influence of the element of poetry. And if our previous conclusions have been just and warranted, we might safely repose the final inference of an affinity between poetry and religion, on the single exhibition of the truth of Christianity. For if, as we have shown, poetry harmonizes with all the relations of human life, fosters the best affections of the heart, cultivates its purest aspirations, and thus advances that moral improvement which is appropriate and desirable, on the supposition of man's immortality; and if the conception of a God and the prospect of a future state of existence are necessarily involved in the idea of moral obligation, then, our relations to God and our prospects of immortality must be viewed only through the medium of that gospel which "brings life and immortality to light." Christianity is the religion of the human race. Christ is "the way, the truth, and the life."

> "In his blest life
> We see the path, and in his death the price,
> And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
> Of immortality."

But we do not propose leaving the question solely on this ground. Without insisting on the cumulative argument, which we have thus reared, step after step, as we have advanced, we design to point out, from the eminence which we have already gained, some traces of affinity, visible even here, to confirm the testimony collected in our ascending progress. It would be both inappropriate and unnecessary here to enlarge on the evidences of Christianity. It may not be amiss, however, to consider that the truth of Christianity necessarily implies not merely a nominal, but a real and universal ascendancy, in its obligations over the race; so that it should be regarded as a sole and supreme substitute for all the illegitimate forms and manifestations of religion that have ever appeared. That Christianity is true, and that it is exclusively the true religion—the only system adapted to the nature and condition of man—are often regarded as distinct propositions. But they are in fact identical. The one necessarily includes the other. But this absolute authority is demanded by Christianity, not merely in contradistinction to the absurd forms of heathen superstition and idolatry, which have been dissolved before its advancing light, or which still exist in the regions of ignorance and barbarism. The same high claim to universal ascendancy is set up in the face of all modifications and expressions whatever of the religious sentiment amongst mankind. The religion revealed in the Bible, the religion of Christ, is that peculiar mode of God's moral administration, which is maintained over our apostate world—the only religion adapted to the necessities and possible to the capacities of fallen and sinful creatures. What is termed "natural religion" is not a distinct system, complete within itself. So far as it can be viewed as isolated from revelation, it presents no just proportions, no adequate symmetry, no harmonious plan, nothing, in fact, to constitute it a system of religion. We discover a few vague indications of duty, and occasional dim and doubtful gleams of a future destiny, to have been the amount of natural religion actually displayed in the history of man, when unenlightened by the gospel. How much farther the intimations of nature might have conducted, had they been wisely observed and honestly followed, is another question; which, since the introduction of the gospel, we are enabled more clearly to determine; and looking abroad over this visible scene, in the disclosing light thus admitted, men may be perverse enough to fabricate a system, with such assistance, and denominate it natural religion, without acknowledging their obligation to this higher source for the materials which they appropriate to a confessedly hostile purpose. But the rational and consistent result of the superadded illumination of the gospel, is a discovery of the deficiency of nature's light and the inadequacy of nature's resources, and the consequent necessity and fitness of that gracious interposition which is revealed; so that Christianity becomes the requisite and crowning complement of the religion of nature. Under the teachings of unassisted reason the honest searcher after moral truth is baffled by mystery, perplexed with doubt, annoyed with a constant failure to attain the permanent satisfaction which he desires; his spirit, the meanwhile, if honest in

* The writer hopes this recapitulation will be allowed, since, owing to ill-health and other causes, some time has elapsed between the publication of the previous numbers on this subject and the present; and since, moreover, a chain of connection extends through the whole series, which it is necessary the reader should retain in memory, that he may feel the force of the present observations.

self-scrutiny, is burdened with guilt, agitated with fear, and darkened with despair. Such is the religion of nature, unincumbered by superstition and followed to its rational results. We behold a mass of disjointed fragments. We see the mutilated and fallen pillars of a temple once imposing and beautiful, now a heap of ruins. Christianity reorganizes the ruins and reconstructs the edifice. It rises on a new foundation, remodelled on a new plan, and crowned with new radiance and glory; the old materials blended and harmonized in fairer proportions with the new; the charms of nature enhanced and exalted in accordant union with the higher attractions of faith. We claim, therefore, for Christianity an absolute and universal dominion, as the only system in which all the moral and religious qualities connected with the human race find their adequate expression, their consistent arrangement and their complete development.

There is, we believe, at present, a general acquiescence in the high prerogative which is thus assumed. Indeed, it could not consistently be otherwise, when there is a general admission of the truth of Christianity. The age of open and daring infidelity is past. The Bible, for the most part, receives the outward expressions of deference and submission. Whether such expressions are always sincere and cordial, and indicate the real inward acquiescence of the mind, is, however, more than questionable. Hence we find swarms of absurdities and shoals of visionary theories, unsanctioned by the dictates and opposed to the spirit of Christianity, yet claiming its title and patronage. Systems and enterprises are afloat in almost every direction, which discard the essential and peculiar features of the gospel, and yet aspire to be denominated Christian. So that it has become far more pertinent to inquire, what is the distinctive nature of Christianity than to ask whence is its origin, or what its authority. Leaving out of view the grosser forms of this illegitimacy, we would advert to a style of nominal Christianity, which prevails especially among what are termed literary circles, from which are discarded many of the humiliating, but yet exalting doctrines and mysteries of our holy religion. It is sometimes denominated invidiously, "the religion of taste and sentiment"—"a poetical religion." These epithets of derision are, no doubt, often applied with as little discrimination as charity. Still it must be admitted there is some show of plausibility in the disparagement of poetry which is thus insinuated. Often, however, the charge amounts to more than an insinuation. The prosaic defender of frigid orthodoxy, who holds poetry next in abhorence to Beelzebub, if, indeed, he does not regard it as his veritable personification, when transformed into an angel of light, pointing to such quarters, as we have indicated, will triumphantly exclaim: "Lo, the effects of all your fine fancy-work and poetry!" With equal propriety, when any rare instance of outbreaking profligacy occurs in social life, it is echoed abroad, "behold the fruit of your romantic and poetical extravagance!" Thus a clamor is raised. A vague and general impression is circulated. The verdict of public opinion is announced. And poetry is anathamatized as a diabolical agent, which, at one time, poisons the currents of social life and severs the restraints of morality, and at another, enters the very sanctuary of religion, and there perverts and desecrates to profane abominations the sacred elements of faith and piety. We have previously considered, and we believe, satisfactorily answered the objection as to the supposed corrupting influence of poetry on the social and moral relations of man; and we would only advert to the distinction there drawn and the arguments there employed, as equally a sufficient refutation of the charge of an adverse tendency of poetry in the department of religion. We have already established the position, that the spirit of poetry is not essentially evil. But if this be admitted, and if poetry be an element introduced into the present system by its author, and perpetuated as the system is more fully developed, and the nature of man advances in knowledge and refinement; and if, in the revelation of the divine will to man, the spirit and the form of poetry stand associated with the very structure of Christianity, then we have the higher assurance that this element is not only innocent in itself, but pure, elevated, and christian in its sympathies and affinities; that, whenever it claims an opposite fellowship, it is not in compliance with a law of its own nature; but that, when any antipathy is displayed, it originates in some secret moral perversity in the character, and does not spring spontaneously from the fountain of poetry.

With regard then to those devotees of polite literature, who discard the peculiar and essential doctrines of the gospel, and rest with self-complacency in what is termed a poetical religion, it may be affirmed, that their having *any* religious tendency is owing to poetry, but that their having *merely this* is owing to moral depravity, which is not poetical. Poets, as a class, may not be more disposed to Christianity than others. But the spirit of poetry comes under a different law. There may be an affinity in this even when there is an antipathy in other elements of the character; and we are claiming for poetry *an affinity*, not *an identity* with Christianity. We believe, however, that this spirit, as it springs, all beautiful and radiant, from the earth, rises to its true dignity, and expands in its perfect enlargement only when it rejoices in pure and congenial fellowship with that higher spirit which descends from Heaven. Christianity, in its distinctive features, is a remedial system; superhuman in its origin, devised and revealed by the Divine mind, and requiring the mediatorial intervention of a Divine Person for its accomplishment.

It presupposes the existence of moral evil, the universal prevalence of sin. It aims at the regeneration of human character. It requires humility, penitence, and faith. It awakens love and hope, enkindles the ardent sentiments of charity, and the high and holy aspirations of piety. Now, if the spirit of poetry harmonizes with these lofty spiritual results, it must also with the intervening stages of that moral transition which are indispensable in order to their attainment. Unless we suppose humanity already in a state of moral perfection, there must be a progress demanded in the scale of excellence. But if it be, as it is, a progress from sin to purity, from debasement and ruin to the dignity of spiritual life, then such a transformation is inevitably attended by those humble and penitent dispositions to which the provisions of Christianity are adapted. Humility is the rational sentiment of a creature conscious of its natural infirmities; but humility is deepened into penitence, when there is superadded a consciousness of sin; and this consciousness, in the case of a depraved and fallen being, is simultaneous, if not identical, with a just discernment and approbation of rectitude. The love of purity implies a disapprobation and abhorrence of sin, and the new-born existence of right, moral feeling in the soul, includes all that sorrow, shame and self-reproach, which constitute the repentance demanded by Christianity. There is no genuine return to spiritual life; there is no true progress in moral excellence; there is no pure exercise of devotional feeling and religious aspiration on the surface of our sinful world, unless its first faltering steps advance through this "narrow way," which is open to the faith of the humble and penitent. Any exhibition of piety which discards these conditions, or proudly refuses to submit to such a process of self-renunciation, is empty, heartless, superficial and visionary—the glittering semblance, but not the glowing reality of religious life.

As to the religion of mere taste and sentiment, which is supposed antichristian in its tendency, we have then a satisfactory solution. Its antipathy originates in the moral state of the character. The spirit of poetry, in such cases, is clogged by a foreign incumbrance, and crippled by an unnatural perversion. It disowns the authority of truth, and departs from the sphere of nature. It becomes wild and frantic among spectres and shadows; or degenerates into gross materialism, and revels in luxuriant sensuality. *Christianity unites Truth and Poetry at the altar of devotion.* When this high union is forbidden or forsaken, poetry runs wild in the visions of its cheerless solitude, or sinks degraded and prostituted in the embraces of putrid lust. Still there may be seen gleams of its native brightness in the confusion of its madness, and traces of its original beauty in the depths of its pollution. From the frequency of such melancholy examples in the character and works of poets, has arisen the prevalent disparagement of poetry with which we have previously contended—the impression as to its unreal, fantastic, and visionary nature. Because, when dissevered from moral principle and religious truth; when divorced by blindness, pride, or personal corruption, from that high and harmonious system of truth embodied in the Bible, it still retains its admiration for the beautiful, the sublime, and the infinite; and refusing to behold these qualities when alone they are displayed in union with truth and reality, seeks to find them in a region of vacancy and dreams; and fabricates gorgeous visions of false heroism, and paints florid scenes of unreal beauty and bliss—at one time revelling in the Elysium of profane mythology, and at another, grovelling in the gilded delights of a sensual Paradise; because such is the eccentric and wayward career of this wild spirit in those cases, alas! too frequent, in which it spurns all fellowship with Christianity: because, when thus manifested, it neither inhabits earth, nor aspires to Heaven; but expatiates in a fairy-land of its own creation, and delights in visions which are foreign alike to the sober relations of this life and the higher prospects of a life to come—at war both with the experience of the present and the truth of the future—alien both to the visible realities of sordid secularism, and the invisible realities of Christian faith; *therefore*, it is vaguely and foolishly supposed, that poetry itself is but an element of delusion,—a thing of air, and mist, and shadows; that it vanishes before the light of reason, is dispelled and broken by the touch of reality; that its colored forms are but phantoms; its treasures the toys of a child, or the gewgaws of an idiot; and all the glittering array of its triumphs but the empty and floating exhalations of a vast vapor-realm, over which is enthroned the fantastic queen, Imagination! But who that has a mind capable of penetrating beneath the surface of things, and distinguishing the various qualities which combine in the formation of character, does not perceive that the element of poetry, in such cases, is perverted by the force of moral qualities, with which it is associated? And who, admitting this perversion as foreign and antecedent to whatever is strictly poetical in the character, does not perceive, even in its eccentric waywardness, its aerial flights, its misdirected impulses amid scenes unreal and visionary, evident traces of that spiritual affinity in poetry for which we are contending? Who does not perceive, that while clogged with a moral incumbrance, which sinks it from heaven, yet upborne by the strength of its own pinion, it rises from the earth to seek some more congenial element; although blended, and burdened, and baffled in the pursuit of illusive shadows, it still floats in the misty mid-air of delusion? Who does not perceive in these inconsistent and impracticable manifestations of poetry clear and impressive indications, that, disjoined from its proper

sphere and sunk from its true elevation, in its restless and impulsive moments it still retains a longing thirst, an undefined ethereal aspiration, which is met and fully satisfied only in the pure and spiritual revelations of the gospel! All this is perfectly consistent with the mournful truth of human depravity, and the absolute necessity of a divine influence in the regeneration of man's nature. The poet may not be a saint. Considering the high gifts of genius which he perverts, and the mighty motives which he resists, he may be even "the chief of sinners." But he is such not from the promptings of the spirit of poetry—but *in spite* of its legitimate tendencies. Here we must reiterate our protest against taking the general character of poets as an infallible index to the spirit of poetry. There is as much diversity in the moral traits of poets as in those of any other class of men. The element of poetry, in each instance, is tinged and modified by other elements in the character. No one poet has ever lived who embodied in his own person a perfect representation of all the features of poetry in their harmony and fullness. We form a just estimate on the subject, when we distinguish and separate certain elements from the heterogeneous mass of character, when we abstract certain essential qualities, and confer upon these, in their just and full assemblage, the title of the spirit of poetry. The source of confusion in our views, as to the tendency of such a spirit, lies in the different images each one may form under this abstract title, and the difficulty of keeping such an abstraction distinct from the real manifestation of poetry in the character and works of those poets, with whom he may be, by partiality or accident, the most familiar.

But taking poets and poetry as they exist, (excluding from view, of course, that numerous tribe which have swarmed in every generation, whose sole claim to such a classification, lies in the antic mimicry of, with them, the only imitable freaks of genius,) we affirm, that there is displayed between poets, as a class, and the truly pious, more genuine sympathy, more spiritual affinity, than between any other classes of men, separated by the same moral distinction. We appeal here to the positive demonstration of facts, as well as to the inward consciousness of every devout mind. We refer to the peculiar *sensation* awakened by the career of a great and gifted poet, who wields the spell of genius and controls the fountains of human sympathy—a sensation distinct and different from that which attends the person of one great and gifted in another capacity. Take, for example, Byron and Burns, with Napoleon and Cromwell. Who is ignorant of the peculiar interest awakened by the character of the poet above that of the hero, especially in the religious community! His waywardness may excite censure. His immoralities may incur rebuke. His crimes may demand exposure and denunciation; but, associated with the firmness of Christian principle, which condemns the offender, there glows, in the benevolence of a pious heart, a tender sympathy, a sorrowful affection, an anxious solicitude, expressing itself in regrets, and tears, and ardent prayers, in behalf of the erring and unhappy poet. Witness, as a touching exemplification of this remark, that beautiful and tender prayer, written in behalf of Lord Byron, found among the papers of a pure and pious lady after her death; which, being communicated to the poet, called forth that noble and thrilling response, that, like a transient revelation from the mysterious depths of his troubled spirit, sent forth an alleviating light over the darkness of his past career, and cast almost the only gleam of hope over his final destiny.* This is but a solitary instance, yet it accords with a general truth. How shall we explain this special sympathy, this tender and affectionate solicitude, which follows the career of the wayward and wicked poet? Is it owing to the public notoriety of the object, or to a view of the vast means and resources of usefulness, that lie within the compass of his power, which are perverted to an evil purpose? No, there are others equal in these respects, who are not thus regarded. There is a sympathetic discernment of high gifts and faculties which belong to another sphere—of tastes and tendencies and aspirations which are excluded from their congenial element—a glowing heart, an eagle eye, a soaring wing, fitted to scale the summits of faith, to bask in the sunlight of immortality, and expand with the raptures of devotion! Here lies the burden of Christian sympathy for the poet. And the secret sighs of this sorrowful solicitude bear testimony to a conscious affinity between the spirit of Poetry and the spirit of Christianity.

The true poet, according to our conception of the character, is one endowed with the highest order of human faculties. To the ancients, he seemed a man inspired. He possesses indeed a sort of inspiration; but it is the inspiration of truth—at least of partial truth. He is actuated by no mystic afflatus; neither is he inspired by the touch of a divine influence, as were the true prophets of old, through whom were transmitted the revelations of heaven. With him it is the rational inspiration of a gifted mind, impressed truthfully by the living realities arrayed in all their thrilling import before his vision. He sees not only their outward form, but their inward life and significance.

* In glancing over a late religious journal, the writer met with the following, which occurs in a review of Byron's Childe Harrold. In remarking with admiration on the noted stanza, commencing "our life is a false nature, &c." the reviewer adds, "We are sorry to think that he has too probably painted from his own bosom. But if his soul is 'sick,' we trust it is not 'immedicable.' At least, we can assure him *there is a balm in Gilead, there is a Physician there.*"

He views them not as isolated facts, barren and lifeless, under a microscopic inspection, but as joined in the harmony of their clustering associations, and eloquent in the depth of their spiritual teachings. His knowledge, if not as minute, is more profound and comprehensive, than that imparted by cold scientific discovery. His mind grapples at once the high and mighty *inferences* of Science. The electric speed and power of his associations, the intensity of his mental vision, the elevation and comprehensiveness of his observant faculties amid the beauties, wonders and glories of this visible scene, awakens within him the consistent and rational inspiration of poetry. The powers of his mind, and the emotions of his heart, move in glowing unison. The very preëminence of his intellectual energies awaken the spontaneous glow of admiration, the tenderness of sympathy, and the ardor of aspiration in his own breast. These thrilling sentiments, these ideas and emotions, demand a peculiar medium for their transmission. In their conception, they are termed, *imagination*—in their utterance, *poetry*. Thus, this lovely Iris of the mind springs forth in its glory, as the sunlight of reason bursts over the cloud-land of emotion. Thus originates the element and form of poetry. It is the embodied harmony of Nature's spiritual voices—the glowing picture-language of her hidden prophecies. The poet is the self-anointed priest of Nature. His preëminence consists in the privilege of closer approach to her shrine, and of deeper access to her mysteries, and the consequent power of more lucid interpretation; so that the vivid realities of his disclosure are substituted instead of the shadows of conjecture, that floated dimly over the minds of others. He reads the records of a higher wisdom in Nature, than that which governs the interests of mere physical existence. He mingles with the elements of a higher life. He beholds the thrilling testimony, amid "things seen and temporal," of a state of being more refined, exalted and enduring than the present. Thus, at least, an undefined ethereal aspiration is awakened. But wo! to the poet who feels the glow only, and sees not the light; who is impelled by an aspiration unsanctioned by truth; who, impressed by the testimony of Nature to a destiny above and beyond the present, plunges recklessly onward amid darkness and delusion; who, bounding afar from the region of reality, loses his way amid the spectres of a visionary scene; who, with mental discernment to read the vanity of this mortal abode, which sin has blasted with a curse, has not the moral tendency to lead him onward to a region of purity and peace; who, with a wing of aspiration to lift him from earth, has not an eye of faith to guide him to Heaven. Better, for his own happiness, to have delved, like a mole, in the dust, than to flounder thus, like an eagle lost in an element of darkness! Here we meet the solution of a fact that pertains to the poetical character—the proverbial gloom and wretchedness of poets. We believe such an impression has arisen mainly from the experience of those of an immoral and irreligious character. But even here, in the inward discord and mental agony awakened by poetry, when abused and perverted in an impure element, we may discover traces of a latent affinity, which point to the pure and spiritual faith of Christianity as the abode of its peace, and the sphere of its harmony.

Poetry is preëminently spiritual in its tendencies. It coincides with religion, at least in this, that it seeks to elevate man "above the world." It repudiates all base and "beggarly elements." It selects, refines, and exalts the objects of its worship, and invests them with an element of spirituality. The essential feature of poetry is *admiration*. But the homage which it yields is a rational tribute of the soul. It worships beauty and sublimity in the vast temple of Nature. But these are not mere attributes of gross materialism. The beautiful and the sublime are but shadows of the spiritual and the infinite resting on the surface of the physical world. Beauty and sublimity are not qualities inherent in matter. They exist in the latent associations of the mind, which refer to higher moral elements. There is an implied recognition of a loftier spiritual sphere of existence, in all that charms the eye and enraptures the soul of the poet on this visible scene. Everything poetical under heaven gleams and glows in a spiritual radiance. Let the idea of a God be expunged from the universe, and what high charm of association would hallow its scenes, in the contemplation of the poet? With Sadducean incredulity, deny all spiritual existences, and reduce Nature and life to a mere moving mass of visible and tangible materialism, and the fountains of poetry would at once disappear. Detach this mortal state from the vision and the hope of future immortality, let the pleasures of life be confined to the sensations of the body, and the prospects of earth all terminate in the grave, and the affections, the sympathies, the aspirations of humanity, which poetry embalms and consecrates, would all be extinguished! Poetry, in every age, has recognized these lofty spiritual relations. The fabled beings of ancient mythology, were the poetical revelations of a religious faith. They were the representative images of qualities and conceptions in the obscure heathen mind, pertaining to a region of existence above and beyond the present. They have vanished, like painted cloud-racks from the eastern sky, before the effulgence of the rising sun. The spiritual elements, thus dimly shadowed forth on the firmament of pagan poetry, find their full realization in the sublime and glorious revelations of divine truth. The poetical creations of a superstitious credulity give place to the higher realities of Christian faith. A spiritual world, an invisible God, an immortal destiny—these are now

the only fountains of light that impart radiance to the brilliant and beautiful dominion of poetry. Indeed, no stroke more deadly, no blight more withering, could possibly fall upon all that is beautiful and excellent in the material world, and all that is refined and poetical in human life, than that which severed all connection between man and a higher order of beings, and cut away every hope associated with eternal existence. The starry firmament of poetry borrows its radiance from a distant and invisible sun. Let that sun be extinguished, and a deep midnight of cheerless gloom, rayless and starless, curtains the heavens! And if one vestige of poetry still remains, it lingers like the phosphorescent gleam around the place of tombs, the pale and ghastly halo of decay and death. It would seem that poetry included, almost by necessity, a belief in the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. There may not be the definite conception, the confident faith, the consistent peace, and the triumphant hope, which belong exclusively to the genuine Christian, in the personal views and feelings of the poet. His idea of God may be but the shadowy conception of a perverted imagination. His views of immortality may be unworthy, inconsistent and confused. He may be blind to the glorious economy of Christian redemption, which intervenes, with harmonizing light, between an infinite God and apostate man. He may be ignorant, through unbelief, of the divine interposition, which opens a way of access to a future state of felicity and glory. But these fatal deficiencies of character must be traced to his personal perversity as a moral agent; and not to the legitimate tendency of the poetical element. He maintains this unchristian attitude, to his peril as a man, and to his disparagement as a poet.

In conclusion, we would appeal to the Christian community. The final inference from this discussion points especially to them. We have attempted to describe the legitimate tendency of the spirit of poetry; and, with a candid acknowledgment of its frequent and sad perversions, we have labored to exhibit its native affinity with all that is pure, spiritual and Christian. The sober and rational conclusion, which we would urge, is, *that the peculiar department of literature, over which this element presides, should not be hopelessly discarded from the patronage of Christian principle; but that, as far as possible, it should be rescued from the illegitimate usurpation of corruption and lust; and be made to contribute to the triumph of religious truth.* Under a just view of the corrupt and disorganizing tendency of a large proportion of modern literature, it has become fashionable in certain quarters, to denounce and prohibit *en masse* every thing that assumes the title, or wears the fascinating garb of polite letters. But an entirely false issue is thus made. The purpose, although pure in its origin, is both futile in its attempt, and mistaken in its aim; if it is designed to excommunicate the whole æsthetic region over which poetry presides, from the enclosure of Christian approbation. These alluring forms of literature will continue to be circulated and read, in spite of all the denunciations that may be thundered from the pulpit and the religious press. They will exert a most potent agency in the formation of character. Their influence will be exclusively evil, if they are given over, forsaken and reprobated by the Christian community. It becomes, then, a question of no little practical importance, whether this spirit may not in a measure be reclaimed under the dominion of religious principle, so as to minister to the advancement of moral purity, and counteract its own desolating tendency, when under the blind guidance of irreligion and lust? Surely it is no trifling suggestion, to inquire whether the refined pleasures of taste, and the beautiful hues of imagination, must all be surrendered in despair, as the brilliant retinue of iniquity, and may not be secured as the propitious attendants of virtue; whether these inviting and alluring avenues to the human soul must be open only to the approach of error and delusion, and be shut forever against the entrance of truth and piety? But in addition to the advantage thus forfeited, and the injury thus allowed, in the department of literature, there is a twofold calamity, arising from this indiscriminate rejection of taste and poetry, which affects unfavorably the peculiar department of religion. Under such a prejudice, religious truth is contracted in its dimensions, and mutilated, deformed, degraded in its utterance; and Christianity, shrunk to a skeleton, is clothed in the rags of a beggar. True it is, the conditions of our salvation do not rest on the laws of literary taste. A poetical genius is not essential to saving faith. There is a wise and benevolent adaptation in the fundamental provisions of Christianity to men of all grades of intellectual cultivation. The rude, the ignorant, the illiterate may comprehend the lucid revelations of the divine mind sufficiently for their salvation. To proclaim, unfold, and enforce these plain and essential doctrines of religion, is moreover the engrossing duty of those appointed to stand forth amongst men as "the ambassadors of God." A knowledge of these is sufficient to enlighten and save the most obscure. Their cordial acceptance is indispensable to the salvation of all. We suggest no disparagement to this high and peculiar vocation. Nor would we detract from the exclusive efficiency of these essential truths of Christianity. But, investing them with their purest sacredness, allowing them their infinite importance, we would ask, whether *they* might not be presented with greater comprehensiveness and dignity of thought, and arrayed in a more becoming and appropriate style of dress, than is sometimes the case in public discourses and in religious books? If Christianity

cannot be so gracefully adorned, as to win admiration and love, may she not at least be so decently attired, as to avoid disgust and contempt? Her presence, of course, is unwelcome to the depraved; but let not her dialect and her dress serve as pretexts for their abhorrence! But while we yield a just ascendancy to these channels of instruction; while we admit the absolute importance and essential efficacy of systematic religious truth; while we look to the ministrations of the pulpit, and the teachings of strictly religious books for the chief and leading agency in the world's regeneration; yet we would advert to other indirect but accordant influences, which should be valued, employed, and consecrated by Christian principle. We refer to the elements of taste, imagination and poetry, which include the beautiful forms of nature, the tender sympathies and affections of the heart, and all the thousand humanities of our daily existence. That these elements may be wielded by the hand of Christian integrity, will not admit of a doubt. That these elements do exert, and, as knowledge extends and society improves, will increasingly exert a powerful influence, especially on young, ardent, and susceptible minds, in moulding human character, is still less questionable. The present may be termed emphatically the age of books. The multitude, the promiscuous mass, through all grades of society, now resort to reading, not only for instruction, but for amusement and diversion. Literature, and especially those forms which come under the designation of polite or political literature, is fast becoming one of the most prevalent, uniform, and potent agencies that impress the plastic mind of man, and move the mighty fabric of society. It is silent and gradual, but constant, insidious and irresistible in its power. It appeals to the taste, the imagination and the passions, with more efficient success, than if it made its naked approach to the sterner judgment. It forms and fosters, by a secret fascination on the heart, predispositions, prejudices, propensities, habits and tendencies of moral association, which in the formation of character and the government of life, have a more permanent and practical control, than all the lucid demonstrations of reason and all the impressive appeals of truth. With such an impression of the importance of this agency, when we consider what is the moral character of the most prevalent and popular class of such productions, at present disseminated through society, we honestly believe, that, next to the original obstruction of human depravity, a darker and firmer impediment against the access of religious light to the conscience and heart, is reared by this silent and pervading influence, than by all other agencies combined. But what shall be done? Denounce, without discrimination? Condemn, without exception? And totally excommunicate, as profane and reprobate, the entire form and compass of polite literature? As well attempt to exclude the atmosphere, because infected by a prevailing epidemic! As well undertake to prohibit the element of water, because at one time it rages in destructive torrents, and at another exhales in putrid vapors! While man exists, water will be drunk and the air will be inhaled. While the earth continues adorned with verdure and flowers, diversified with aspects of beauty and sublimity, with hills and streams and seas and mountains; and the gorgeous blazonry of the firmament bends over all; while human life is warmed and brightened by the glowing interchange of its genial sympathies, its tender ties, its thrilling affections, and the undefined aspirations that reach beyond the limits of its present circumference; so long will the spirit of poetry, with all the colored forms of literature that move within the charmed circle of its radiant dominion, be perpetuated in its power for good or for evil! The conclusion is inevitable, and has in part been anticipated. Let Christian enterprise and genius redeem this element from its moral enthralment; vindicate, maintain, and manifest to the world, by the successful rivalship of piety, its pure, rational, legitimate, Christian affinities. All this can be accomplished, without relaxing the firmness of Christian integrity, or departing from the peculiar sphere and sacred vocation of the Christian church. There is nothing in the element itself; there is nothing in its coloring or form; there is nothing in the fascinating methods of its adaptation to literary taste, which in the least degree prohibits this high and harmonious union between poetry and religion. Already we perceive propitious indications of its approaching consummation. In the higher forms of literature—those which come more strictly under the classification of poetry—the ascendancy of a pure Christian spirit is widely asserted. It is chiefly in its lower forms, that this ascendancy is disowned. As they have degenerated in quality, they have multiplied in number. In the sickly trash, which pours in floods over the land—the offspring of corrupt talent, and the food of disguised sensuality—we discover even here a hope of reformation in the very excess of the evil. In its descent to moral pollution, it is sinking beneath the dignity of literary taste; and as it drains out the dregs of its defilement, the element of genius escapes and vanishes. We are proud of the high distinction of American genius in this respect. The demoralizing literature to which we refer, is chiefly of foreign production. The contributions of our own gifted authors to the department of polite letters, have, for the most part, been unexceptionable in moral tendency. Many, and they the noblest and best, are consecrated by the pure spirit of the Christian religion. Let American genius retain and perpetuate this highest honor! And while, as a nation, we hold forth to the world an example of free and flourishing civil institutions, unencumbered by despotism,

and rejoicing in the enlargement of equal liberty; let us, at the same time, exhibit a pure and vigorous literature, unstained by the breath of moral pollution, and hallowed by the purity of Christian principle; the spirit of the one, and the policy of the other, drawn alike from the great fountain of truth—*the Bible.*

W. C. S.

*Virginia.*

---

## ROSABEL.

SONG—*Air*, "*Lucy Long.*"

I.

When Rosa was a baby,
They asked that I would tell
A name for the little lady,
And I called her Rosabel.
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*And learn your lessons well.*

II.

Now Rose is like her namesake,
That in the garden grows,
And when she blooms to more shape,
O, how she'll plague the beaux!
*But take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*And watch the fellows well.*

III.

For soon they'll come a courting,
And wondrous things they'll tell
Of how their hearts are doting
On pretty Rosabel.
*But take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*No matter what they tell.*

IV.

They'll say that you are losing
The morning of your life,
And that you should be choosing
To be some body's wife.
*But take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*No matter what they tell.*

V.

And O they will be sighing,
To prove their passion true,
And vow that they are dying,
But just to live with you.
*So take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*Take your time, Miss Rosa,*
*No mattter what they tell.*

VI.

But while the rose is blooming,
Nobody minds the thorn—
Yet don't be too presuming,
For soon the bloom is gone.
*Don't overstay, Miss Rosa,*
*Your time, Miss Rosabel;*
*To waste your roses, Rosa,*
*Is not to manage well.*

VII.

But while your cheek is blooming,
And many you command,
On some one be bestowing
At once your heart and hand.
*For that's the way, Miss Rosa,*
*Rosa, Rosabel;*
*That's the way, Miss Rosa,*
*To wear your roses well.*

*Virginia.* C. C. L.

---

## THE VIRGINIA HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

We are happy to be able to announce to our readers, that the Virginia Historical and Philosophical Society, which has been dormant for some years, has recently waked up from its long slumber, refreshed and recruited, and is now itself again. At a meeting of the members, held in the room of the Richmond Library, on Thursday, the 18th inst., an amended Constitution was adopted, and a President and other officers were elected for the ensuing year, who, together with the Executive Committee appointed by them, have entered upon their duties with a zeal and spirit worthy of the cause in which they are engaged. At the same time, the indications of public favor are clear and decided, and such as authorize us to predict that the enterprise will be crowned with the most complete success.

We give the amended Constitution of the Society, with the list of officers, &c., below; and hope to be able to publish the Circular of the Executive Committee in our next.

## THE AMENDED CONSTITUTION

OF THE

## VIRGINIA HISTORICAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

1. The principal object of the Society shall be to collect and preserve whatever relates to the History of Virginia in particular, and of the United States in general.

2. The Society shall consist of Resident, Corresponding and Honorary Members. Resident Members shall be persons residing in the city of Richmond or elsewhere in the State. Corresponding and Honorary Members may be persons residing any where, either in or out of the State; and not more than ten Honorary Members shall be elected in any one year.

3. The officers of the Society, to be elected annually and by ballot, shall be a President, a first Vice President, a second Vice President, a third Vice President, a Corresponding Secretary, a Recording Secretary, a Treasurer, and a Librarian. The offices of the two Secretaries and Librarian may be conferred upon the same person whenever it shall be deemed expedient to unite them. These officers, together with seven other members to be appointed by such of them as shall be in Richmond at the annual election, or by a majority of them, shall constitute a committee to be called the Executive Committee, who shall appoint their own chairman, and have power to fill any vacancy that may occur in their own body.

4. The officers of the Society and other members of the Executive Committee shall continue in office until their successors shall be elected and appointed.

5. The duties of the several officers shall be those which are usually exercised by such officers respectively, and may be more particularly defined in the By-laws, established by the Executive Committee.

6. The Executive Committee shall have full power to appoint or call meetings of the Society; to ordain and establish such By-laws as they shall deem necessary and proper; and in general to do all things which they shall judge expedient to secure the objects of the society, and promote its general welfare in all respects. They shall have power also to appoint corresponding members of the Society. Any five members of the Committee shall constitute a quorum.

7. Resident members shall pay five dollars on their admission, and five dollars every subsequent year; or, in lieu thereof, fifty dollars as a commutation for all the regular fees and dues for life. And every member who shall have regularly paid the annual fees and dues for fifteen years, shall thereafter be a life member. But if any resident member other than a life member shall fail to pay the said annual fees and dues for two years, or at any time shall refuse to pay the same, he shall forfeit all the rights and privileges of membership, and the Executive Committee shall cause his name to be erased from the list of members.

8. The annual meeting of the Society, for the election of officers and other purposes, shall be held on the second Thursday in December, in the Hall of the House of Delegates, (with the consent of the House,) or at such other time and place as the Executive Committee shall order and direct; and at the said annual meeting there shall be a suitable address by the President, and an oration or discourse by some other member, to be appointed by the Executive Committee to perform that office on the occasion.

9. Resident and honorary members shall be elected as follows: they shall be proposed to the Executive Committee, recommended by that Committee, and elected by the Society by ballot. The votes of three fourths of the members present, in favor of any person, shall be necessary to elect him.

10. The Constitution may be amended as follows: the expediency of every proposed amendment, shall be considered by the Executive Committee, and reported upon by that Committee; the vote of three fourths of the members present at any meeting of the Society, in favor of any amendment, shall be necessary to its adoption.

11. At all meetings of the society, ten members shall constitute a quorum.

### OFFICERS.

HON. WILLIAM C. RIVES, PRESIDENT.

HON. JAS. McDOWELL,
WM. H. MACFARLAND,
JAS. E. HEATH,
} VICE PRESIDENTS.

WM. MAXWELL, CORRESPONDING SECRETARY, (ALSO REC. SEC. AND LIBRARIAN.)

GEO. N. JOHNSON, TREASURER.

### EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

CONWAY ROBINSON, CHAIRMAN,
SOCRATES MAUPIN,
GUSTAVUS A. MYERS,
THOS. T. GILES,
WM. B. CHITTENDEN,
BENJ. B. MINOR,
THOS. H. ELLIS.

The officers of the Society are, *ex officio*, members of the Executive Committee.

# Notices of New Works.

—

### DESULTORY NOTES ON DESULTORY READING.

Having visited a distant country and noted carefully all that appeared strange, it is pleasant years afterwards to meet with a book of travels relating what you know to be true from your own observation, and you feel ready to believe whatever the author asserts in relation to whatever you yourself did not see. The author-traveller is a worthy fellow in my estimation, and in reading his book I am pleasantly reminded of scenes which had escaped my recollection. I am now prepared to read Prescott's forthcoming History of Peru, for I have just finished the last page of "Travels in Peru," during the years 1838-1842, on the coast, in the Sierra, across the Cordilleras and the Andes, into the primeval forests. By Dr. J. J. Von Tschudi, translated from the German by Thomasina Ross. Vol. 1, 12 mo., pp. 354. Wiley & Putnam, New-York, 1847." The English edition is an octavo with plates, not inferior in execution to those of the Narrative of the Exploring Expedition by Capt. Wilkes. But what a contrast between Dr. Tschudi and Capt. Wilkes, where they treat of the same subjects. The former is faultless in spelling all proper names, and his Spanish quotations are always correct; while the latter has made so many blunders, that one doubts whether he is, even accidentally, correct, in a single name or quotation, when speaking of Peru. We find the comparison painful, and therefore drop it. Thomasina Ross, whether spinster or wife, has performed her task most admirably; there is not a single German idiom or transcendentalism anywhere shining through her translation. She has pleased us throughout, with a solitary exception; she renders the Spanish word *beata* by the English word *Bigot*. According to our appreciation of the word, it would be better translated *devotee*. *Beata* is the name given to a female who, although living like a recluse, is not a nun, has not taken the veil, but goes abroad into the world on errands of mercy, acting the part of a sister of charity. We might, without violence, term the "sisters of charity" *Beatas*, who are extremely pious women desirous of leading a cloistered life without taking the veil.

Dr. Tschudi visited Peru in the capacity of a naturalist, or rather of zoologist, as he disclaims being familiar with botany. The pursuit of natural history, in any of its departments, creates the habit of careful observation, and generally, too, a love of truth,—very essential qualities in a traveller who publishes his experience for the information of the world. The volume is not filled, however, with details in zoology, which has been made the subject of a separate treatise by the author, but there is such a pleasant account of birds, fishes, serpents, mammals, &c., as every intelligent general reader will peruse with pleasure and profit. The scenery of the Cordilleras, mountain passes, an account of the silver region of Cerro Pasco, traits of Indian life and Indian history, narrow escapes, banditti, war and religion, are described in clear language, mingled with amusing personal anecdotes.

There are some few errors in the volume, but they are probably typographical, and not entirely the faults of the author. On page 45, speaking of the city of Lima, he says, "The cathedral occupies the *whole* eastern side of the plaza mayor;" but this is corrected on page 52, where he states, "The cathedral *and* archbishop's palace occupy the eastern side of the square." This is correct.

On page 43, we find "on the average the streets are 34 feet wide, and 386 feet long," which would be a short street; this is clearly an error of types, because he truly tells us the distance across the city, within the walls, is about two thirds of a Spanish league, and that the streets cross at right angles, and run the whole length of the city.

On page 99, we find, speaking of spurs, "the rowel is one and a half or two inches in diameter, and the points are about 25 or 30 inches long." It should be 25 or 30 in number? We possess a pair of spurs answering this description, brought from Peru. These little inaccuracies are pointed out, not for the purpose of finding fault, but to show we had read the book before we expressed an opinion of its merits, which you know is not a universal custom amongst critics.

We most cordially commend this book to the attention of readers; and as a specimen of Dr. Tschudi's manner, extract the following curious account of the celebration of Good Friday in the mountain regions by the christianized Peruvian Indians. "Good Friday is solemnized in a manner the effect of which, to the unprejudiced foreigner, is partly burlesque and partly seriously impressive. From the early dawn of morning the church is thronged with Indians, who spend the day in fasting and prayer. At two in the afternoon, a large image of the Saviour is brought from the sacristy and laid down in front of the altar. Immediately all the persons in the church rush forward with pieces of cotton to touch the wounds. This gives rise to a struggle, in which angry words and blows are interchanged; in short, there ensues a disgraceful scene of uproar, which is only checked by the interposition of one of the priests. Order being restored, the sacred image is fixed on the cross by three very large silver nails, and the head is encircled by a rich silver crown. On each side are the crosses of the two thieves. Having gaped at this spectacle to their hearts' content, the cholos, (Indians,) retire from the church. At eight in the evening they reassemble to witness the solemn ceremony of taking down the Saviour from the cross. The church is then brilliantly lighted up. At the foot of the cross stand four white-robed priests, called *los Santos Varones*, (the holy men,) whose office is to take down the image. At a little distance from them, on a sort of stage or platform, stands a figure representing the Virgin Mary. This figure is dressed in black, with a white cap on its head. A priest, in a long discourse, explains the scene to the assembled people, and at the close of the address, turning to the Santos Varones, he says, 'ye holy men, ascend the ladders of the cross, and bring down the body of the Redeemer!' Two of the Santos Varones mount with hammers in their hands, and the priest then says, 'ye holy men, on the right of the Saviour, strike the first blow on the nail of the hand, and take it out!" The command is obeyed, and no sooner is the stroke of the hammer heard, than deep groans and sounds of anguish resound through the church, whilst the cry of '*Misericordia*! *Misericordia*,' repeated by a thousand imploring voices, produces an indescribable sensation of awe and melancholy. The nail is handed to one of the priests standing at the foot of the altar, who transfers it to another, and this one, in his turn, presents it to the figure of the Virgin. To that figure the priest then turns and addresses himself, saying: 'Thou afflicted mother, approach and receive the nail which pierced the right hand of thy holy Son!' The priest steps forward a few paces, and the figure, by some concealed mechanism, advances to meet him, receives the nail with both hands, lays it on a silver plate, dries its eyes, and then returns to its place in the middle of the platform. The same ceremony is repeated when the two other nails are taken out. Throughout the whole performance of these solemnities an uninterrupted groaning and howling is kept up by the Indians, who at every stroke of the hammer raise

their cries of '*Misericordia!*' These sounds of anguish reach their climax when the priest consigns the body of the Saviour to the charge of the Virgin. The image is laid in a coffin tastefully adorned with flowers, which, together with the figure of the Virgin Mary, is paraded through the streets. Whilst this nocturnal procession, lighted by thousands of wax tapers, is making the circuit of the town, a party of Indians busy themselves in erecting before the church door twelve arches decorated with flowers. Between every two of the arches they lay flowers on the ground, arranging them in various figures and designs. These flower-carpets are singularly ingenious and pretty. Each one is the work of two cholos, neither of whom seems to bestow any attention on what his comrade is doing; and yet, with a wonderful harmony of operation, they create the most tasteful designs—arabesques, animals and landscapes, which grow, as it were, by magic, under their hands. Whilst I was in Tarma, I was at once interested and astonished to observe on one of these flower-carpets the figure of the Austrian double eagle. On inquiry I learned from an Indian that it had been copied from the quicksilver jars, exported from Idria to Peru. On the return of the procession to the church, a hymn, with harp accompaniment, is sung to the Virgin, as the figure is carried under the arches of flowers. The bier of the Saviour is then deposited in the church, where it is watched throughout the night.

"On the following morning, at 4 o'clock, the ceremony of hanging Judas takes place in front of the Church. A figure of Judas, the size of life, is filled with squibs and crackers, and is frequently made to bear a resemblance to some obnoxious inhabitant of the place. After the match is applied to the combustible figure, the cholos dance around it, and exult in the blowing up of their enemy."

This gives a fair sample of Dr. Tschudi's power of description, and a good idea of the manner in which the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church are dramatized to attract the attention of the poor Indians of Peru.

A graceful brochure on "The Supernaturalism of New England" has been added to American Literature by J. G. Whittier, forming 71 pages of Wiley and Putnam's Library of American books.

Closely associated with the pitiable condition of the poor in Ireland and other countries of Europe, I find a very interesting little book, taken up with an inquiry into the causes of the Potatoe disease, * by Dr. Alfred Smee, whose name is well known in the scientific world. The blight which assailed the potatoe crop in different parts of Europe attracted the attention of votaries of science, and several causes have been assigned by them to account for the disease which was proved to be so terrible to the poor of Ireland and Scotland. Some contended that the potatoe plant was overrun by a vegetable fungus, which consumed its sap, or nutritive juice, and thus caused it to perish.

Dr. Smee brings with him into the field of research, a knowledge of botany and vegetable physiology, of chemistry, of entomology, and a good microscope. A laborious investigation has led him to the belief that a plague has fallen on the potatoe plant, in form of countless millions of microscopic insects, which he denominates the *Aphis Vastator*. The *aphis vastator* settles on the potatoe plant and there brings forth its young alive. "It has been proved by Reamur, that in five generations one Aphis may be the progenitor of 5,904,900,000—[nearly six thousand millions,]—descendants; and it is supposed that in one year there may be twenty generations." Now as this inconceivable number of animalcules are all, as it were, suckled by the plant, it is not surprising the nurse should perish of exhaustion; or that the debility of the plant, induced by the drainage of its juices by animalcules, should take on disease, governed by its physiological laws.

Dr. Smee enters fully into the history of the Potatoe, and illustrates the work with drawings of the plant and of the insects he has found upon it.

There is something very gratifying to perceive the principles of abstract science brought forward to elucidate the causes of a national calamity. We may here perceive the value to humanity of the labors of Kirby and Spence, in producing their most entertaining work on Entomology; of Thomas Say, (American Entomology;) of the various Botanists, and those votaries of optics, to whose labors we are so much indebted for the improvement of the microscope, an instrument not less wonderful in its revelations than the telescope, which has led us to the knowledge of worlds, existing where men thought all was vacancy. It would be difficult to determine whether the discoveries of astronomers by the telescope, or the wonders of animal or organic life revealed by microscopists, are calculated most to excite in the human mind admiration of the "architect divine." How passing wonderful are the facts and information brought to us through the agency of an abstract(?) science, optics, and that most perfect of all optical instruments, the human eye.

In this connection I beg to inform your medical readers, especially the younger, of the recent publication of two valuable books, treating of the eye: "Practical remarks on near sight, and aged sight, and impaired vision; with observations upon the use of glasses and on artificial light. By William White Cooper, Fellow of the royal college of surgeons; surgeon to the school for teaching the blind, &c., &c. 12 mo. pp. 216, (plates) London, 1847. "This volume has not been announced for republication. The other volume to which I allude has been lately reprinted in Philadelphia. It is a most admirable manual, and is entitled "The Principles and Practice of Ophthalmic Medicine and Surgery, by T. Wharton Jones, F. R. S., &c., &c, edited by Isaac Hays, M. D."

When we consider the great importance of vision to our convenience, knowledge and pleasure, and the liabilities to disease and destruction to which the eyes are exposed, your readers will agree that every means may be fairly resorted to, to point out the channel through which valuable information may be obtained. Your pages are, in some degree, a finger-post on the high road of letters; and it may, without losing any thing of its utility, sometimes point to realities in science as well as history; it need not always point out the more seductive paths of fiction or poetry, for these alone form a very small part of the constituents of a healthy literature. To mingle the profitable, the unquestionably useful with the agreeable and delightful productions of imagination, I presume to be your aim, so that no one may seek the Messenger in vain, to guide him to some one of the fountains of special knowledge he may most need.

I beg also, Mr. Editor, to call the attention of your naval readers to a book, which has not been published in this country; and probably it will not find a publisher to give it, Mr. Editor, an American dress, although the volume is full of interest, and well written. Whether there are copies of the work for sale in the United States or not I am not informed; so that the following imperfect notice, while it may be of interest to naval readers, cannot benefit, in any very great degree, any American bibliopolist, should you give it a corner in your columns for literary news. You ought to receive,

* The Potatoe plant, its uses and properties: together with the cause of the present malady. The extension of that disease to other plants, the question of famine arising therefrom, and the best means of averting that calamity, by Alfred Smee, F. R. S., Surgeon to the Bank of England, &c. 12 mo., pp. 157, 1846: New York.

according to custom of the trade, a copy of every volume mentioned in your columns, which, in many instances, would be a very inadequate reward for the drudgery of reading uninteresting matter. But you frequently disregard what is due to yourself from traders in books, in your generous consideration for your readers' pleasure or profit.

*Memoir of the Life and Services of Vice Admiral Sir Jahleel Brenton, Baronet K. C. B. Edited by the Rev. Henry Raikes, Chancellor of the Diocese of Chester.* 8 *vo. pp.* 652. *Hatchard & Son. London*, 1846.

Sir Jahleel Brenton was born August 22nd, 1770, in Rhode Island, and removed to England, with his parents, in 1780, and in 1781 entered as a midshipman on board of the Queen, an armed ship commanded by his father. In March, 1790, he passed his examination for lieutenant. He accepted a lieutenant's commission in the Sweedish Navy, to serve against the Russians in the Gulf of Finland. On the 22nd November, he was promoted to a lieutenant in the British Navy; in 1798, he was appointed commander of the sloop Speedy, and for gallant services was posted, in April 1800, and appointed to the command of the Genereux. In 1801, he commanded the Cæsar under Sir James Saumarez. He married, in April 1801, Miss Isabella Stewart, daughter of Anthony Stewart, Esq., of Annapolis, Maryland. On the 3rd July, 1803, he lost the Minerve of 38 guns, and was sent a prisoner to Verdun. He remained prisoner until Dec. 29, 1806; on his return to England he was tried and acquitted by a Court-Martial for the loss of the Minerve, and appointed to command the frigate Spartan, in which vessel he cruised off Toulon; served in the Adriatic, &c., and on the 3rd of May, 1810, in the Bay of Naples, the Spartan engaged and beat a frigate, a sloop, a brig, a cutter and eight gun boats, an aggregate force of 96 guns and 1,108 men. In this action Captain Brenton was wounded in the hip by a grape shot, while standing on top of the capstan, whence he was directing the action against his numerous assailants. The king of the two Sicilies conferred on him the order of St. Ferdinand and of Merit.

This action put an end to the active service of Captain Brenton. A pension of £300 a year was given him, and he was made a Baronet. In 1812, he was appointed to command the Sterling Castle of 74 guns; but resigned the command from the state of his wound. He was then made Commissioner for the Navy at Mahon, and subsequently transferred, in the same capacity, to the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained until the autumn of 1821. In 1825, he received the appointment of Colonel of Marines, and in 1830 was promoted to Rear Admiral of the Blue. In 1831, he became lieutenant-governor of Greenwich hospital, which post he resigned in 1840. He died of gout in April 1844, nearly seventy-four years of age.

He was a gallant naval officer; a benevolent and patriotic christian. Brenton was superior to Decatur in some points, and in very few, if in any, his inferior, judging the character of the latter by the representations made by Capt. A. Slidell Mackenzie, in his "Life of Decatur," recently published as a part of Sparks' American Biography. We recommend our naval readers to this Memoir of Rear Admiral Brenton, although we wished several times while reading the volume, that the editor had given us fewer of his own reflections. Since the publication of the memoirs of Lord Collingwood, there has been nothing published in the line of naval biography, comparable in interest to this volume. A worthier model of a seaman, officer and christian, the Navy of the United States could not have presented to it than we find in the portrait, drawn by the Rev. Mr. Raikes, of the late Vice Admiral, Sir Jahleel Brenton.

HOLGAZAN.

## REVISAL OF THE LAWS OF VIRGINIA.

*Report of the Revisors of the Civil Code of Virginia, made to the General Assembly, at December Session*, 1846.

In a report of 260 pages, under fifteen "Titles," and in forty-six "Chapters," the revisors have given the result of their labors thus far. The Criminal Code first committed to Chapman Johnson, Esq., and afterwards to Ro. G. Scott, Sr., Esq., was completed, according to the terms of the Law authorising its revisal; but being too voluminous, the Committee of Courts of Justice have very properly undertaken to condense and abridge it. So that there is good reason to expect that both the Civil and Criminal Codes of Virginia, will be reduced into one convenient volume. This seems at present to be one grand practical object with the Revisors of the Civil Code, and the Committee. *We deem it of such great importance, as fully to justify the recommitment of the two Codes, until they shall have been reduced into one volume;* and this end seems most likely to be accomplished, by committing the entire work as far as practicable to the same hands. *

The present revisal of our Laws, is the eleventh or twelfth since the foundation of the Colony; and the aspect which it has assumed must be gratifying to every friend of the Jurisprudence of his State. Owing to a judicious amendment by the Senate of the Act as presented to them by the House of Delegates, the revisal is not to be a mere collation, compilation, or reduction into single statutes of all acts appertaining to the same subject,—as was the Revisal of 1819; but the revisors have power to alter and amend the Laws, to propose new ones and to execute the revision "in such a manner as shall render the general statutes most concise, plain and intelligible." Under this broad authority and the high responsibility which it imposes, the revisors have set to work, in good earnest, regardless of any present inadequacy in their reward; and will, no doubt, exert themselves to erect a lasting monument to the State as well as themselves. They are both eminent in the profession and seem well assorted: One, Hon. John M. Patton, has had some experience in Law-making, in Congress, and in Law-construing both as Counsel and Executive Councillor;—the other, Conway Robinson, Esq., has had experience, no less essential, in book-making; and brings to the work entrusted to him, extensive legal knowledge, patience and accuracy in research and systematic habits of arrangement. Under such auspices, we look confidently for a wise, well digested, well arranged and greatly condensed body of laws. To ensure which, we trust that the Legislature will use every auxiliary means within their power.

The revisors estimate that their report comprises, perhaps, more than a fourth of their work. When the whole will be completed, they are unable to say; but do not feel "justified in holding out any confident expectation of so speedy a completion, [as by the next session of the Legislature,] either by a consideration of what they have been able to do during the past year, or by such examples as they have of the time found necessary for such a work elsewhere."

We might mention some of the amendments which they suggest, but they would hardly interest our readers; whereas we have deemed these general remarks not inappropriate, in a matter of such deep public interest, as the preparation of those imperative State commands, which dispose of the life and property of the citizen; define and enforce his rights and privileges; and in so many ways regulate his action and affect his happiness.

* We have since learned that this will be done.

THE STATESMAN'S MANUAL. *Second Edition. Compiled from Original Sources, by Edwin Williams. Edwin Walker. New York*, 1846.

These two large and handsome volumes may well claim the title which they bear, from the number of important State papers alone, which they contain; and Mr. Williams and Mr. Walker deserve the thanks of all who wish political information from such authentic sources placed so readily within their reach.

We do not design to enter into a lengthy critique of this voluminous work. It is only necessary to sketch its contents, to prove its value. Such works are valuable in proportion as they are voluminous, since, for a given sum, one can command ready access to a larger number of important documents,—to say nothing of the other matters already prepared and digested for his instruction.

Here we can, in a moment, turn in order to every Presidential address and message, whether special or general,—from Washington to Polk, including part of the administration of the latter,—preceded by a brief memoir of each President, and followed by an Historical summary of his Administration. About these should readers differ, they can appeal at once to the original sources. But the stores of these volumes are not yet exhausted, for they also contain the Declaration of Independence; the Articles of Confederation; the Federal Constitution; Synopses of the Constitutions of all the States, with a comparative view of them; lists of Presidents and Members of their Cabinets; Signers of the Declaration of Independence; Members of the Continental and of the Federal Congress; Foreign Ministers; Judges of the Supreme Court, and Attorneys General; Statistical Tables of Population and the Votes in the Presidential elections; and an Historical Sketch of the American Union, which had probably better be transferred to the early part of the first volume. All these comprise a mass of valuable matter, richly worth the price of the work; and which is likely to increase in value as the campaign of 1848 draws near. Nothing but want of room prevents us from copying the letter of the stricken widow of Washington to President Adams, in relation to the death of her husband. Mr. C. F. Fisher supplies the work.

---

We have received from Messrs. *Drinker & Morris* the 20th volume of Harpers' New Miscellany, entitled the "*Use of the Body in Relation to Mind*," by George Moore, M. D. A work on such a subject, by any sensible man possessed of sufficient knowledge to guide him to the store-house of information, could not fail to be valuable. But Dr. Moore has produced a book not only upon an interesting subject, but of more than common merit. He reasons clearly and expresses himself well; and whoever is able to read with attention, will here find a volume which will please him.

---

*History of the Revolt of the Netherlands. Trial and Execution of Counts Egmont and Horn; and the Siege of Antwerp. Translated from the German of Frederic Schiller. By the Rev. A. J. W. Morrison, M.A.*

History has its Inspiration as well as Poetry; and though different presiding muses have been assigned to the two, to a great extent the Poet may best feel and appreciate the inspiration of the Historian. Whence can the deep thrilling interest with which the grand actual Dramas enacted on the theatre of History, are fraught, and which indeed makes "Truth stranger than fiction," be so well imbibed as from the pages of the Poet-Historian? Not that he should confound the imaginative spirit of Poetry with the truthful one of History; but only give rein to the former so as vividly to represent and impress the just and true character of the latter. This principle, which we here lay down and approve, may lead to danger and give many a false coloring to what should be the sober pictures of History; but when not carried to this extreme and confined within its proper sphere, it only enables the writers and the readers of the narrative of past events of great magnitude, to enter more thoroughly into the interest and excitement which attended their birth and progress. We are not prepared to say whether Schiller has always kept within proper bounds, nor how far he has transcended them; but this we know, that many of the scenes enacted in the real course of human events, demand a glow of description, a vividness of conception, which such a mind as his is well calculated to exhibit. What says he, "Some years ago, when *I* read the History of the Belgian Revolution, in Watson's excellent description, I was impressed with a degree of enthusiasm which political events but rarely excite. On further reflection, I felt that this enthusiasm had arisen less from the book itself, than from the ardent workings of my own imagination, which had imparted to the imbibed materials the particular form that so fascinated me." Now, it is not every one whose imagination can perform this office for him. If the book be not warming, the imagination of the majority of readers will be dull and cold. These then need such an author as Schiller. He continues: "These powers of imagination, therefore, I felt desirous to render permanent, to multiply and to strengthen; these exalted sentiments I was anxious to extend and to communicate to others."

Of course, we do not mean that the poet makes the best historian; nor even that some of the greatest poets could have written History; but where the mind is not unbalanced by its development of poetic power, as it may be, History may only be rendered the more truthful by being made more animated, graphic and absorbing. It is not that the Poet may be a good Historian, so much as that the Historian should possess some of the sensibility and faculty of the poet, and our author never had to "extort" from us, as he contemplated having to do from many, "the confession that History can borrow from a cognate art without thereby, of necessity, becoming a Romance."

An extract from his description of the Spanish Inquisition will partly illustrate what we have said.

"Country and family, conscience and honor, the sacred feelings of society and of nature, are ever the first and immediate ties to which religion attaches itself—from these it derives, while it imparts strength. This connection was now to be dissolved, the old religion was violently to be severed from the holy feeling of nature; even at the expense of the sanctity itself of these emotions. Thus arose that Inquisition which, to distinguish it from the more humane tribunals of the same name, we usually call the Spanish. Its founder was Cardinal Ximenes, a Dominician monk. Torquemada was the first who ascended its bloody throne, who established its statutes, and forever cursed his order with this bequest. Sworn to the degradation of the understanding, and the murder of intellect, the instruments it employed were terror and infamy. Every evil passion was in its pay; its snare was set in every joy of life. Solitude itself was not safe from it; the fear of its omnipresence fettered the freedom of the soul in its inmost and deepest recesses. It prostrated all the instincts of human nature before it, yielded all the ties which otherwise man held most sacred. A heretic forfeited all claims upon his race; the most trivial infidelity to his Mother Church divested him of the rights of his nature. A modest doubt in the infallibility of the Pope met with the punishment of parricide and the infamy of sodomy: its sentences resembled the frightful corruption of the plague, which turns the

most healthy body into rapid putrifaction. Even the inanimate things belonging to a heretic were accursed: no destiny could snatch the victim of the Inquisition from its sentence. Its decress were carried in force on corpses and on pictures; and the grave itself was no asylum from its tremendous arm. The presumptuous arrogance of its decrees could only be surpassed by the inhumanity which executed them."

The period of European History reviewed by Schiller, will soon engage the pen of our Historian Prescott, in his "Life of Philip II.," which is to succeed his "Conquest of Peru." It is an important and interesting period, and the struggle of the Netherlanders one in which our people can deeply sympathize.

The volume before us is the XXI. of the *Harpers' New Miscellany*,—the whole of which can be had of *Drinker and Morris*.

---

*The Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies and Apparent Miracles. From the French of Eusebe Salverte. With notes illustrative, explanatory, and critical, By Anthony Todd Thompson, M. D., F. L. S., &c.*

There have no doubt been many deceptions practised in the world and many pretended miracles, which can be satisfactorily accounted for, either mechanically, chemically, or optically. But there have also been many genuine miracles, wrought by superhuman agency, for wise and benificent purposes. And the danger is, that Philosophy, finding herself able to solve so many mysteries and explain so many wonders, may not only hasten to false conclusions within her province; but also stretch forth an impious hand to draw away the veil interposed by an Omnipotent hand: An attempt is itself awfully daring! Then, chiding the credulous for their easy faith, she becomes more easily enamored of her false methods of accounting for superhuman things. Into this danger the author, M. Salverte, fell; and this fundamental defect, to use no harsher term, in the original work, is hardly cured either by the retrenchments, preface or notes of the Editor. The tendencies of the work are not destroyed, and the author, in carrying out his principles to this extent, which Mr. Thompson condemns, was only deducing conclusions for which his premises were all well prepared. French infidel philosophy, however acute and learned, and however much bolstered up by a wrong use of the wonderful progress of Physical science, can not do any good to the sentiments or conduct of the American people. The work forms Nos. XXII and XXIII of the *New Miscellany*.

---

In addition to the above, we have had the pleasure of receiving from *Harper & Brothers*, through *Drinker & Morris*, a neat little volume containing

*Lives of Christopher Columbus and Americus Vespucius*; also a new edition of

*The American Poulterer's Companion*, to which we have heretofore called attention;

*The Pleasures of Taste and other Stories;* selected from the writings of that excellent writer, *Miss Jane Taylor*, whose life is gracefully sketched in the same volume, by the editress, *Mrs. Sarah J. Hale*; and their

*Pictorial History of England*, No. 16; which among its attractions, Literary and Pictorial, contains an engraving of the magnificent "Field of the Cloth of Gold," on which the interview took place between Henry VIII. of England and Francis I. of France, in June 1520. Every succeeding number of this work seems but to increase its strong claims upon the patronage of the public.

*The Southern Quarterly Review*, for January 1847, is at length before us. It has now passed into the hands of *Burges & James* of Charleston, and will in future be edited by *Mr. Klapp*, late editor of the Charleston Mercury, whose qualifications are said to be of a high order. The present No. contains articles of ability and interest on a variety of subjects. The last *Edinburg Review* contains among its articles a favorable, but discriminating Review of *Bancroft's History of the United States*. The other *Quarterlies and Blackwood* are still promptly reissued by Leonard Scott & Co. The *Westminster* and *Foreign Quarterlies* having been united together, *Scott & Co.* have commenced the republication of the *North British Review*, the organ of the Evangelical Church party in Scotland. Its pages will bear the impress of such minds as Chalmers' and Brewster's. The first number has been sent us, through *Nash and Woodhouse*, from whom all the republications may be obtained.

*Sillimans' Journal* still continues, we trust, in a flourishing condition. The last number just received would indicate such a state of things: certainly proves its claim to it.

*Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest*, is an attempt to illustrate the first principles of Natural Philosophy, by the aid of the popular toys and sports of youth, in which the author has been remarkably successful. The work has been very handsomely published by *Lea & Blanchard*, and is for sale by *Nash & Woodhouse*.

---

ITEMS.

A new weekly Journal, in quarto form, has been recently started in New York, styled "*The Literary World*," and conducted by *E. A. Duychinck;* on whose literary character and attainments we have been led to place a high estimate. We like his national and independent tone. His new Journal is "a Gazette for Authors, Readers and Publishers," and is, in part, a substitute for the "Bulletins" and "News Letters," formerly issued by the principal publishing houses. Three numbers have appeared, which contain much pleasant and instructive reading, and much bibliographical information. In the last number, *Mr. Tupper's* last work, "*Probabilities; an Aid to Faith*," is reviewed in advance of the English critics, and very roughly handled; so roughly and in such a way as might lead one, unacquainted with the writer's real sentiments, to infer a want of sympathy with the aims of the author and the subject he has selected. The critic's estimate of the work may be just; but the same opinions of it might have been expressed in a very different way. Mr. Tupper has fallen off perceptibly; and is liable to the charge of presumption. The bare title of another of his works,—"*An Author's Mind: A Bookfull of Books; or Thirty Books in One*,"—smacks of it. But an attempt to uphold the Christian faith, though arrogant and misguided, may deserve some forbearance of censure; some softening of reproof.

*Epes Sargent*, author of "Life on the Ocean Wave," &c., has published a volume of "*Songs of the sea and other Poems*." *W. Gilmore Simms* has put forth a new life of the great hero Capt. John Smith; which, together with his "*Life of Marion*," and other works by different authors, forms part of a Library for young persons. *J. T. Headley*, encouraged by the great success of "Napoleon and his Marshals" is engaged upon "*Washington and his Generals*."

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. APRIL, 1847. NO. IV.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New-Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New-York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ORIGINAL [illegible] (CONTINUED.)


PAGE

1. Introduction [illegible] History, Lit- [illegible] by Philo....250
   Ancient Do [illegible] rical Obser- [illegible] ated Shaks-
   Campbell. [illegible]
   XV.....
2. The Prose W [illegible] .....251-256
   of the Histo [illegible]
   American Li [illegible]
3. Ney and Rudo [illegible]
4. Echo. From t [illegible]
5. Some Fact and [illegible] of Uhland.
6. Some Scenes i [illegible] .....209
   Chapter III.. [illegible] .....216
7. Ashton Peyton [illegible] " By A....216
   W..... [illegible] .....23
8. The Brass Can [illegible] .....23
   mond..... [illegible] .....24


## PAYMENTS TO THE LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Battaile, Hon. J | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 12 |
| Barnett, Dr. J. M | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 12 |
| Bryan, Miss E | Virginia | | vol 8-9-10-11-12 |
| Bond, Thos. Jr | Tennessee | | vol 13 |
| Bacon, J. L | Virginia | WG | Pd. to July 1847. |
| Currell, Spencer | Alabama | | vol 13 |
| Christian, Maj. E | Virginia | WG | vol 12-13 |
| Carrington, Col. G M | Virginia | WG | vol 12-13 |
| Dunlop, James | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Dubose, Dr. A. B. C | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 10-11-12 |
| Davis, J. R | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 8-9-10-11-12 |
| Davis, Col. J. N | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 12 |
| Drane, Miss R. S | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 8-9-10-11-12 |
| Davidson, Campbell A | Virginia | WG | $5 00 |
| Eustace, J. H | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Ellis, T. H | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Ellis, Maj. R. G | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 11 |
| Fitzhugh, R. K | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Gwathmey, R | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Hobson, J. C | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Hightower, Dr. R. R | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 10 |
| Hawkes, M | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 10 |
| Hamilton, A | South Carolina | | vol 13 |
| Kercheval, John B | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Knight, Dr. O. M | Virginia | | vol |
| Maury, Hon. A. P | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 12 |
| Martin, S | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 9 |
| Mills, Dr. Wm | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 11-12 |
| Marye, J. T | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 11 |
| Martin, J. J | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 12 |
| McDowell, Miss M. A | Alabama | | vol 13 |
| Morson, Mrs. J. M | Virginia | | vol 12-13 |
| Moffatt, Wm | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Maguire, F | Mississippi | | vol 13 |
| Otey, Miss L. W | Virginia | WG | vol 13 |
| Payne, J | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 11-12-13 |
| Philomathesian Society | North Carolina | | vol 13 |
| Pratt, Thomas | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Parkersburg Lit. Association | Virginia | | vol 11-12 |
| Rogers, H. A | Georgia | | vol 8-9-10-11 |
| Roberts, T. H | Virginia | WG | vol 11-12 |
| Sthreshley, R. F | Virginia | WG | vol 12 |
| Semmes, Paul J | Georgia | | $10 to July 1847. |
| Slaughter, Franklin | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Southall, W. H | Louisiana | TLJ | vol 9-10 |
| Towns, J. H | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Walker, Mrs. M. L | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Ward, Miss S. E | Virginia | WG | vol 10-11 |
| Weller, D. & C. R | Virginia | WG | vol 11-12 |
| Watkins, Dr. E. F | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 6-7-8 |
| Wheaton, Mrs. S | Tennessee | TLJ | vol 8 |
| Walton, W. H | Mississippi | TLJ | vol 11-12 |

NOV 13 1902
LIBRARY.
Lowell Fund

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

**APRIL, 1847.**

## INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.

### CHAPTER X.

### 1611—1614.

Percy Governor; New Charter; Sir Thomas Dale Governor; Code of Martial Laws; Dale founds the town of Henrico; Plantations Hope in Faith and Coxendale; Rock Hall; Bermuda Hundred; Upper and Lower Hundred; Rochdale; West Shirley; Digges' Hundred; Jamestown; Argall makes Pocahontas a prisoner and carries her to Jamestown; Negotiations with Powhatan; Dale, accompanied by Pochahontas, makes an expedition up York river; Burns Powhatan's cabins at Werowocomoco; Interviews with the Indians; Rolfe and Sparks sent to Powhatan; Dale returns to Jamestown; Rolfe marries Pocahontas; The Chickahominies enter into a treaty of peace; Community of goods abolished; Argall's expeditions against the French settlements in Acadia; He captures the Dutch fort at New Amsterdam; Hamer's visit to Powhatan.

Delaware was succeeded by Capt. George Percy, who was gentle and courageous, but of a mediocre capacity. The number of Colonists was now about two hundred, with provision for ten months. Before Lord Delaware reached England, the council and company despatched for Virginia Sir Thomas Dale, with three vessels, one hundred cattle, two hundred hogs and other provision.

[March 12, 1612.] Another charter was granted to the London Company, extending the boundaries of the Colony, so as to include all islands lying within three hundred leagues of the continent. The object of this extension was to embrace the Bermudas or Somer Islands; but the London Company shortly afterwards sold them to one hundred and twenty of its members, who were incorporated into a distinct company. *

These islands took their name from Sir George Somers. The new charter contained further provisions, ordering general quarterly meetings of the company, thus making the corporation republican, encouraging emigration, prohibiting desertions and misrepresentations of the Colony and authorizing a lottery.

Sir Thomas Dale, who had served in the Low Countries, sent out as Governor, arrived in Virginia May 10th, 1611. He brought over with him, for the government of the

* Hen. Stat., vol. 1, p. 98. Stith, p. 127, and Appendix No. 3.

Colony, a code of "Lawes diuine, morall and martiall," compiled by Sir Thomas Smith from the military laws of the Low Countries, and sent, as has been alleged, by him without the sanction of the company. But since the corporation in no way interposed its authority in contravention to the new code, their sanction of it must be presumed. Several of these laws were barbarous, inhuman, written in blood. They even reduced the church under Martial law. However, under Dale's administration, sanguinary punishments were not often inflicted.* The government indeed was, in practice, stringent and peremptory, but perhaps not much more so than was demanded by the exigencies of the Colony. Faction and mutiny had already well nigh involved it in ruin.

Sir Thomas Dale found the Colony relapsing into indolence and improvidence. Touching at Kiquotan he set all hands there to planting corn. At Jamestown he found the settlers busily engaged in their usual occupation—playing bowls in the streets. He set them to work, felling trees, repairing houses, and providing materials for enclosing the new town, which he proposed to build. To find a site for it, he, with a hundred men, surveyed Nansemond river and the James to the falls, and finally pitched upon a high ground encircled by the river near Arrohattock. Here was built the town of Henrico † so called in honor of the heir apparent Prince Henry. It was seated on a peninsula surrounded on three sides by the river, and impaled across from water to water. There were three streets of well-framed houses, a handsome church of wood completed and the foundation laid of a better one to be built of brick, besides store-houses, watch-houses, &c. Upon the river-edge there were five houses wherein lived "the honester sort of people as Farmers in *England*, and they keepe continuall centinell for the towne's securitie." About two miles back from the town was a second palisade, "neere two miles in length from Riuer to Riuer guarded by seuerall Commanders, with a good quantity of Corne-ground impailed sufficiently secured," &c. On the south side a plantation was established called Hope in Faith and Coxendale, with five forts called respectively, Charity, Elizabeth, Patience and Mount Malady, "a guest-house for sicke people," on the spot where, afterwards, in Stith's time, Jefferson's church stood. On the same side of the river the Rev. Alexander Whitaker, called "the Apostle of Virginia," * established his parsonage, a well-framed house, and one hundred acres of land called Rock Hall.

The Appomattox Indians having committed some depredations, Sir Thomas Dale, about Christmas, [1611,] captured their town, seized their corn and slew some of them. This town was five miles distant from Henrico. The governor pleased with the situation established a plantation there and called it Ber-

* Smith, vol. 2, p. 10-11. Stith, 122. Burk 1, 165-195, and Appendix 304. Hawks' Narrative 24-27. Where the "Lawes diuine" may be seen. Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 3. pp. 9-68.

† Vestiges of the town are still to be traced on Cox's Island, (formerly Farrar's,) near Varina. Some curious errors respecting its site have crept into several of our histories. Burk, vol. 1., p. 166, says: "The ruins of this place, called Henrico in honor of one of the sons of the monarch, are still visible at Tuckahoe," and for authority Stith, p. 124 is referred to. But Stith's words are, "The ruins of this town are still plainly to be traced and distinguished upon the land of the late Colonel William Randolph of Tuckahoe, *just without the entrance into Farrar's Island.*" Now Farrar's Island is twelve miles below the falls, whereas Tuckahoe is as many above. There is another mistake in a note on the same page of Burk—"This town, (Henrico,) stood at the mouth of the river and was accounted but five miles by land from Henrico." It ought to read "This town Bermuda, &c. But as if there was some fatality in the case, Keith has fallen into a mistake as to the situation of this old town. On page 124, he says, that Sir Thomas Dale "proceeded all the way up James river until he came to a high rising ground, *about twelve miles above the falls*," which being naturally fortified and almost surrounded by water, he pitched on that place for his intended purpose," and adds that it was "about fifty miles above Jamestown." Now it requires no great topographical acumen to see that a place only "about fifty miles above Jamestown" could not be "*about twelve miles above the falls.*" It is easy to account for Keith's mistake. According to Smith, Book 4, p. 10, Henrico was built "upon a high land environed with the main river, some twelve miles *from* the falls, by Arrohattock." It is evident that Keith mistook "twelve miles *from* the falls" to mean twelve miles *above* them, instead of *below*. According to Smith as above referred to and Beverley, B. 1, p. 25, Henrico was near Arrohattock, and about fifty miles above Jamestown. Arrohattock is laid down on Smith's map about twelve miles below the falls and on the North side of the river. Henrico was five miles from Bermuda and situated on a peninsula encircled by a bend of the river. According to Stith, the most accurate of our historians and who lived in 1746 at Varina, Henrico stood "just without the entrance into Farrar's Island," and this is now known as Cox's Island. See Sou. Lit. Mess. for June, 1845. Farrar's Island was probably called after Sir Nicholas Farrar, deputy treasurer.

* Hawks' Narrative, 29. He was the son of the celebrated Dr. William Whitaker, master of St. John's, Cambridge.

mudas.* This place is still known as Bermuda Hundred and is the port of Richmond for ships of heavy burthen. Dale laid out several hundreds there, the Upper and Lower Rochdale, West Shirley and Digges' Hundred. In conformity with the newly introduced martial law, each hundred was subjected to the control of a captain. The Nether hundred was enclosed with a fence two miles long running from river to river. Here, [1611,] within a half mile of each other were many "faire houses already built besides particular men's houses neere to the number of fiftie." Rochdale, enclosed by a fence four miles long, was planted with houses along the enclosure. Here the hogs and cattle enjoyed a circuit of twenty miles to graze in securely.

About fifty miles below these stood Jamestown, on a fertile peninsula, with two rows of framed houses, some of them with two stories and a garret, three large store-houses, and the town well enclosed. The town and the neighboring region were well peopled. Forty miles below Jamestown, at Kiquotan, the settlers enjoyed an abundance of fish, fowl and venison. †

Captain Argall now arriving from England in a vessel with forty men was sent to the Potomac to trade for corn. He managed to ingratiate himself with Japazaws, a friendly chief, and from him learned that Pocahontas was there. She had never visited Jamestown since Smith's departure, and on the remote banks of the Potomac she thought herself unknown. Japazaws, bribed by Argall, betrayed the artless and unsuspecting girl into his hands. When she discovered the treachery she burst into tears. Argall carried her to Jamestown. A messenger had been already sent to inform Powhatan that his favorite daughter was a prisoner and must be ransomed with the men, arms, &c., taken from the English. Three months thereafter he restored seven English prisoners and some unserviceable muskets, and sent word that if his daughter was released he would make restitution for all injuries and give the English five hundred bushels of corn, and forever remain in peace and amity. They, however, refused to surrender Pocahontas until full satisfaction was rendered. Powhatan was deeply offended and nothing more was heard from him for a long time. At length Sir Thomas Dale, the governor, with Capt. Argall's vessel and some others, manned with one hundred and fifty men, went up the York river, taking Pocahontas with him to Werowocomoco. Here, meeting with a scornful defiance, the English landed, burnt the cabins and destroyed every thing. On the next day Dale proceeding up the river, concluded a truce with the savages. He then sailed up to Matchot,* a residence of Powhatan, on the south side of the Pamunkey, near its mouth. Here four hundred warriors were found. The English landing, the savages demanded a truce till Powhatan could be heard from, which being granted, two of Powhatan's sons went on board the vessel to see their sister, Pocahontas. Finding her well, contrary to what they had heard, they were delighted and promised to persuade their father to make peace and forever be friends with the whites. John Rolfe and master Sparks were despatched to let Powhatan know these proceedings. He entertained them hospitably, but would not admit them into his presence. However, they saw his brother, Opechancanough, who engaged to use his interest with Powhatan in favor of peace. It now being April, the season for planting corn, Sir Thomas Dale returned to Jamestown intending not to renew hostilities until the next harvest. †

Now long before this time, "master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman, of good behaviour, had been in love with Pocahontas and she with him." Rolfe, agitated by the conflicting emotions of this romantic passion, in a letter requested the advice of Sir Thomas Dale on the occasion. He readily gave his consent to the union. Pocahontas likewise communicated the affair to her brother, so that the report of the marriage soon reached Powhatan, and it proved, likewise, acceptable to him. Within ten days, he sent Opachisco, an aged uncle of Pocahontas, and her two brothers, to attend the wedding and fill his place at the ceremony. The marriage

* The Bermudas Islands were so called after Bermudez, a Spanish navigator who discovered them. Martin's Hist. N. C., vol. 1, p. 75.

† Smith, vol. 2, p. 13.

* Supposed to be identical with Eltham, the ancient seat of the Bassets in New Kent, and which derives its name from an English seat in Co. Kent.

† Smith, vol. 2, p. 16.

took place early in April, 1611, at Jamestown.

This union became a happy link of peace and harmony between the red man and the white. The warlike Chickahominies now came to propose a treaty of peace. This fierce and numerous tribe, dwelling on the borders of the Chickahominy, were near neighbors to the English. They had long maintained their independence and refused to acknowledge the sceptre of Powhatan. They now sent two runners to Governor Dale with presents, apologising for all former injuries, and offering to submit themselves to king James, and relinquish the name of Chickahominies and be called Tassautessus, (English.) They desired, however, still to be governed by their own laws, under the authority of eight of their own chiefs.

Accordingly Governor Dale, with Captain Argall and fifty men, on the banks of the Chickahominy, concluded a treaty of peace with them, and they ratified it by acclamation. An aged warrior then arose and explained the treaty, addressing himself successively to the old men, the young, and the women and children. The Chickahominies, apprehensive of being reduced under the despotism of Powhatan, sheltered themselves under the protection of the whites; what a proof of the atrocious barbarity of a race, whose imaginary virtues have been so often celebrated by poets, orators and historians, and who have been described as renewing the golden age of innocent felicity!

Although unavoidable at first, the system of working in common and being fed out of the public store, had hitherto paralyzed industry and retarded the growth of the Colony. An important alteration was now effected. Sir Thomas Dale allotted to each man three acres of cleared ground, from which he was obliged to contribute to the public store only two and a half barrels of corn. These regulations, raising the colonists above the condition of absolute servitude and creating a new incentive to exertion, proved very acceptable. *

Although Dale's administration, especially at the first, was very rigorous, yet it does not appear that sanguinary punishments were often inflicted. Several of the colonists were executed at different times, for treasonable designs, probably provoked, in some instances at least, by the tyranny of the government. Of one of these unfortunate men, Smith says:—"This *Jeffrey Abbots*, howeuer this author [Hamor] censures him, and the Gouernour executes him, I know he had long served both in *Ireland* and *Netherlands*; here hee was a sargeant of my companie and I neuer saw in *Virginia* a more sufficient souldier, lesse turbulent, a better wit, more hardy or industrious, nor any more forward to cut off them that sought to abandon the Countrie or wrong the Colonie; how ingratefully those deserts might bee rewarded, enuied or neglected, or his farre inferiors prefered to over-top him, I know not, but such occasions might moue a saint, much more a man, to an vnaduised passionate impatience; how euer it seemes he hath beene punished for his offences that neuer was rewarded for his deserts."

[1613.] The governor, learning that a French colony had been settled in Virginia, about the 44th degree of latitude, despatched Captain Argall to drive them off. His force consisted of seven small vessels, sixty soldiers and fourteen guns. The French colony was found situated on Mount Desert island, near the river Penobscot and within the present bounds of Maine. The French being dispersed in the woods, soon yielded to superior force. Argall supplied the prisoners with a fishing vessel, in which they returned to France. Fifteen of them, however, and a Jesuit missionary, were brought to Jamestown. Another Jesuit had been slain in the skirmish. On Argall's arrival at Jamestown, he received an order from Gates to return to Acadia and destroy all the French settlements and forts to the 46th degree; which was accordingly executed. This proceeding, according to some writers, was little better than piracy, since the chartered limits of Virginia did not extend beyond the 45th degree; others, however, hold that it was justified by the charter of 1609.

On his return, Argall touched at New Amsterdam, and demanded of the Dutch governor there a surrender of that place to the king of England and the governor of Virginia under him. The colony was accordingly

* Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 10. Grahame's Am. Edition, vol. 1, p. 64. Compare Belknap, vol. 2, p. 151. The authorities on the subject are contradictory.

surrendered, but recovered again by the Dutch not long after. *

Ralph Hamer † having received from Sir Thomas Dale leave to visit Powhatan, taking with him Thomas Savage as interpreter and two Indian guides, started from Bermuda in the morning, and reached Matchot on the evening of the next day. Powhatan recognizing the boy, Thomas Savage, said to him, "My child, I gaue you leaue, being my boy, to goe see your friends and these foure yeeres I have not seene you nor heard of my owne man *Namontack*, I sent to *England*, though many ships haue beene returned from thence." Turning then to Hamer, he demanded the chain of pearl which he had sent to Sir Thomas Dale, at his first arrival, with the understanding that whenever he should send a messenger, he should wear that chain about his neck; otherwise he was to be bound and sent home. Sir Thomas had made such an arrangement, and, on this occasion, had directed his page to give the necklace to Hamer, but the page had forgotten it. However, Hamer being accompanied by two of his own people, Powhatan was satisfied, and conducted him to the royal cabin, where a guard of two hundred bowmen stood always in attendance. He offered his guest a pipe of tobacco, and then enquired after his brother, Sir Thomas Dale, and his daughter, Pocahontas, and his unknown son-in-law, Rolfe, and "how they lived and loved?"

Being answered that Pocahontas was so well satisfied, that she would never live with him again, he laughed and demanded the object of his visit. Hamer gave him to understand that his message was private, to be made known only to him and Papaschicher, one of the guides, who was in the secret. Forthwith Powhatan ordered out all his people, except his two queens, that always sit by him, and bade Hamer deliver his message. He then, by his interpreter, informed him that Sir Thomas Dale had sent him two pieces of copper, five strings of white and blue beads, five wooden combs, ten fish-hooks and a pair of knives, and would give him a grindstone when he would send for it. Hamer went on to say that his brother, Dale, hearing of the charms of his younger daughter, desired that he would send her to Jamestown, as well because he intended to marry her, as on account of the desire of Pocahontas to see her, and he believed that there could be no better bond of peace and friendship than such an union. While Hamer was speaking, Powhatan repeatedly interrupted him, and when he had ended, the old chief replied:—"I gladly accept your salute of loue and peace, which while I liue I shall exactly keepe. His pledges thereof I receiue with no lesse thanks, although they are not so great as I have receiued before. But for my daughter I haue sold her within these few daies to a great Werowance, three days journey from me, for two bushels of Rawrenoke." Hamer:—"I know your highness by returning the Rawrenoke might call her againe, to gratifie his brother, Sir Thomas Dale, and the rather because she is but twelue yeeres old. And besides its forming a band of peace, you shall haue in return for her three times the value of the Rawrenoke in Beads, Copper, Hatchets, &c." Powhatan: "I loue my daughter as my life, and though I have many children, I delight in none so much as her, and if I should not often see her, I could not possibly liue, and if he she liued at Jamestown I could not see her, hauing resolued on no termes to put myselfe into your hands, or go amongst you. Therefore I desire you to vrge me no further, but returne my brother this answer—I desire no firmer assurance of his friendship than the promise hee hath made. From me he has a pledge—one of my daughters, which so long as she liues shall be sufficient; when she dies, he shall haue another. I hold it not a brotherly part to desire to bereaue me of my two children at once. Farther tell him that though he had no pledge at all, hee need not fear any iniurie from me or my people; there haue beene too many of his men and mine slaine, and by my provocation there neuer shall be any more, (I who haue power to performe it haue said it,) even if I should haue iust cause, for I am now old and would gladly end my daies in peace; if you offer me iniurie, my countrie is large enough for me to goe from you.

* Compare the variant accounts of Grahame's History of the U. States, Amer. Edition, vol. 1, p. 65. Stith, p. 133. Bancroft, vol. 1, p. 138. Martin's History of N. C., vol. 1, p. 77. Bancroft dates Argall's Expedition in 1613. Grahame, Stith and Martin in 1614.

† Smith, vol. 2, p. 19. There appears to be a mistake in affixing William Parker's name to the relation of this visit, for it was evidently written by Hamer.

This I hope will satisfie my brother. Now since you are wearie and I sleepie we will here end." So Hamer and his companions lodged there that night. While they were at Matchot, they saw William Parker, who had been made prisoner three years before at fort Henry. He had grown so like an Indian in complexion and manner, that his countrymen recognized him only by his language. He begged them to intercede for his release with Powhatan, but upon their undertaking it he replied, "You haue one of my daughters and I am satisfied, but you cannot see one of your men with mee, but you must haue him away or breake friendship; if you must needs have him, you shall goe home without guides, and if any euill befall you thanke your selues." They answered that if any harm befell them he must expect revenge from his brother Dale. At this Powhatan in a passion left them; but returning to supper entertained them with a pleasant countenance. About midnight he awoke them and promised to let them return in the morning with Parker and charged them to remind his brother Dale to send him ten large pieces of copper, a shaving knife, a frowl, a grindstone, a net, fishhooks and other such presents. And lest they might forget, he made them write the list in a book that he had. They requesting him to give them the book, he declined, saying it did him much good to shew it to strangers. *

## CHAPTER XI.

### 1614.

Raleigh publishes his "History of the World;" Captain Smith makes a voyage to New England; Pocahontas baptized; Argall returns to England; The Lottery drawn; The Colonists invested with a fixed property in the soil; Sir Thomas Dale embarks for England, accompanied by Pocahontas and her husband; George Yeardley deputy Governor; Culture of Tobacco introduced into Virginia; Expedition against the Chickahominies; Pocahontas in England; Captain Smith's recommendation of her to the notice of the Queen; Smith's interview with Pocahontas at Brentford; Tomocomo; Pocahontas presented at Court; Her Death; Her name; Nantaquaus, her brother; Her sisters, Cleopatre and Mattachanna; Pocahontas leaves a son; Her descendants; Vindication of Smith from the censure cast upon him for not having married Pocahontas.

During this year, [1614,] Sir Walter Raleigh published his "History of the World," and Captain John Smith made a voyage to North Virginia and gave it the name of New England.

Pocahontas was now carefully instructed in the Christian religion, and such was her improvement, that after some time she lost all desire to return to her father and retained no fondness for the rude society of her own people. Her union with Rolfe was made happy by mutual devotion. She had already before her marriage openly renounced the idolatry of her country, confessed the faith of Christ and had been baptized. "Master Whitaker," the preacher, in a letter dated June 18th, 1614, "much museth that so few of our English ministers that were so hot against the surplice and subscription come hither, where neither is spoken of."

At the end of June, Captain Argall returned to England with tidings of all these auspicious events. The company then proceeded to draw the lottery, which had been made up to promote the interests of the Colony. This, it is said, was the first instance of raising money by this mode in England. Twenty-nine thousand pounds were thus contributed to the Colony. But Parliament shortly after prohibited this pernicious practice.

The year 1615 is remarkable for the establishment of a fixed property in the soil, fifty acres of land being granted by the company to every freeman in absolute right.* This salutary change was brought about mainly by the efforts of Sir Thomas Dale, one of the best of our early governors. Sir Thomas having now established good order at Jamestown, appointed George Yeardley to be deputy governor in his absence and embarked for England, accompanied by the Princess Pocahontas and her husband Rolfe. They arrived at Plymouth June 12, 1616. †

"That Aristocraticall Gouernment by a President and Councell is long since removed and those hatefull effects thereof to-

* Smith, vol. 2, p. 21.

* Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 10.

† Sir Walter Raleigh after thirteen years of confinement in the Tower had been released on the 17th of March preceding. It is altogether probable that he saw Pocahontas.

gether. Order and diligence have repayred what confusion and idlenesse had distempered." The peace with the Indians "hath yeelded many benefits both opportunity of lawfull purchase of a great part of the Countrey from the Natiues freely and willingly relinquishing and selling the same for Copper, or other Commodities, (a thing of no small consequence to the conscience when the milde Law of Nature, not that violent Law of Armes, lays the foundation of their possession.")

"The places inhabited by the English are Henrico and the limits, Bermuda Nether Hundred, West and Sherley Hundred, James Town, Kequoughtan, Dale's gift." * At Henrico there were now thirty-eight men and boys, of whom twenty-two were farmers. Rev. William Wickham was the minister at this place. This was the seat of the college established for the education of the natives. Hither they had already brought some of their children of both sexes to be taught. At Bermuda Nether Hundred, [Presquile,] the number of inhabitants was 119. "Captain Yeardley, Deputy-Gouernor lives most here." Master Alexander Whitaker, the minister. At West and Shirley Hundred there were twenty-five men under Capt. Madison. At Jamestown fifty under Capt. Francis West. Rev. Mr. Bucke minister. At Kecoughtan Capt. Webb commanded. Rev. Mr. Mays the minister. "Dale's Gift is vpon the Sea neere Cape *Charles* where were 17 under Lieutenant Cradock." The total population of the Colony at this time was three hundred and fifty-one. † Sir Thomas Dale "at one hale with a saine caught five thousand" fish, "three hundred of which were as bigge as Cod, the least of the residue a kind of Salmon Trout two foot long, yet durst he not aduenture on the maine Skul," [school,] for fear it would destroy his nets.

Yeardley turned the attention of the Colony to tobacco as the most saleable commodity that they could raise, and its cultivation was introduced into Virginia in this year for the first time. ‡ "The English doe now finde this countrey so correspondent to their constitutions, that it is more rare to heare of a man's death in Virginia then in that proportion of people in England." * The Chickahominies refusing to pay the tribute of corn agreed upon by the treaty, Yeardley went up their river with one hundred men, and after killing some and making some prisoners, brought off a hundred bushels of their corn. On his return he met Opechancanough at Ozinies about twelve miles from the mouth of the Chickahominy. In this expedition Henry Spilman, who had been rescued from death by Pocahontas, now a captain, acted as interpreter.

In the meantime Pocahontas, in London, by the care of her husband and friends, was taught to speak English intelligibly. Her manners were softened by English refinement, and her mind enlightened with the truths of religion. Having given birth to a son, the Virginia company provided for the maintenance of them both, and many persons of quality were very kind to her. Before she reached London, Captain Smith, in requital for her former heroic kindness to him, prepared an account of her in "a little booke" and presented it to Queen Anne. But at this time, being about to embark for New England, he could not pay such attentions to her as he desired and she well deserved. Nevertheless, learning that she was staying at Brentford, where she had repaired to avoid the smoke of the city, he went accompanied by several friends to see her. After a modest salutation, without uttering a word, she turned away and hid her face as if displeased. She remained in that posture for two or three hours, her husband, Smith and the rest of the company having quitted the room, and Smith now regretting that he had written to the queen that Pocahontas could speak English. At length, however, she began to talk and touchingly reminded him of the kindness she had shown him in her own country, saying, "you did promise *Powhatan*, what was yours should bee his and he the like to you; you called him father, being in his land a stranger, and for the same reason so I must call you." But Smith, on account of the king's overweening and preposterous jealousy of the royal prerogative, felt constrained to decline the appellation of "father," for she was a king's daughter.

She then exclaimed with a firm look:—

* Purchas, vol. 5, p. 836.

† Ibid, 836–7.

‡ Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 11.

* Purchas his Pilgrims, vol. p. 5, 836.

"Were you not afraid to come into my father's countrie and cause feare in him and all his people (but mee) and feare you here that I should call you father? I tell you then I will, and you shall call me childe and so I will bee for euer and euer your countrywoman. They did tell vs alwaies you were dead and I knew no other 'till I came to *Plimoth*; yet *Powhatan* did command *Uttamattomakkin* to seeke you and know the truth, because your countriemen will lie much." It is remarkable that Rolfe, her husband, must have been privy to the deception thus practised on her. Are we to attribute this to his secret fear that she would never marry him until she believed that Smith was dead?

Tomocomo, or Uttamattomakkin, husband of Matachanna, one of Powhatan's daughters, being esteemed a knowing one among his people, Powhatan had sent him out to England in company of Pocahontas, to number the people there, and bring back an account of that country. Upon landing at Plymouth he provided himself according to his instructions with a long stick, and by notching it, undertook to keep a tally of all the men he could see. But he soon grew weary of the task and gave it out in despair. Meeting with Captain Smith in London, Uttamattomakkin told him that Powhatan had ordered him to seek him out, in order that he might show him the English God, the king, queen and prince. Being informed that he had already seen the king, he denied it; but on being convinced of it, he said to Smith, "you gaue *Powhatan* a white Dog, which *Powhatan* fed as himselfe, but your king gaue me nothing and I am better than your white Dog." On his return to Virginia, when questioned by Powhatan as to the number of people in England; he answered, "count the stars in the heavens, the leaves on the trees, the sands on the sea-shore."

During Smith's short stay in London, he went in company with some gentlemen of the court and others of his acquaintance to visit Pocahontas. They were satisfied that the hand of providence was in her conversion and declared that they had "seen many *English* ladies worse favoured, proportioned and behavioured." She was presented by Lady Delaware, attended by the lord her husband and by other persons of quality, to the king and queen, who graciously received her. She was styled "the Lady *Pocahontas*." She was also present at masquerades and other public entertainments.

Early in 1617, John Rolfe prepared to embark for Virginia, with his wife and child, in Captain Argall's vessel, the George. But at this time it pleased God to take her unexpectedly from the world. She died at Gravesend, on the Thames. As her life had been sweet and lovely, so her death was serene and crowned with the hopes of religion.* Her real name it is reported, was Matoax,† which the people of her nation concealed from the English and changed it to Pocahontas,‡ from a superstitious fear lest knowing her true name, they should do her some injury. After her conversion, she was baptized by the name of Rebecca.§ Her brother Nantaquaus, or Nantaquoud, shewed Captain Smith "exceeding great courtesy," interceding with his father in behalf of the captive, and was "the manliest, comeliest, boldest spirit he ever saw in a savage." One of the sisters of Pocahontas was named Cleopatre, another Matachanna, already mentioned. "Pocahontas, with her wild train, visited Jamestown as freely as her father's habitation," and was "of a great spirit however her stature." She died at the age of twenty-two. Her infant son, Thomas, was left for a time at Plymouth, under the care of Sir Lewis Stukely,‖ and afterwards educated by his uncle, Henry Rolfe, of London. Thomas Rolfe¶ came over to Virginia; became a person of fortune and note, and left an only daughter, Jane, who married Colonel Robert Bolling,** by whom she left an only

* Smith, vol. 2, p. 33. Stith, p. 146. Campbell's Hist. of Va., p. 52.

† Stith, p. 136 and 285.

‡ The word Pocahontas, according to Heckwelder, signifies a "rivulet between two hills."

§ The ceremony of her baptism has been made the subject of a picture by Chapman, exhibited in the rotundo of the Capitol at Washington.

‖ Stith, pp. 144-46. Stukely was vice-admiral of Devon. Afterwards, by his treachery to Sir Walter Raleigh, he covered himself with infamy and by corrupt practises reduced himself to beggary.

¶ I have been informed by Mr. Richard Randolph of Williamsburg, that this Thomas Rolfe married a Miss Poyers.

** He lies buried at Farmingdale, in the county of Prince George. The inscription on his tombstone is as follows: "Here lyeth interred in hope of a joyful resurrection the body of Robert Bolling the son of John & Mary Bolling of Alhallows, Barkin Parish Tower Street London. He was born the 26th of December in the year 1646 and came to

son, Major John Bolling, father of Colonel John Bolling, and several daughters, who married respectively Colonel Richard Randolph, Colonel John Fleming, Doctor William Gay, Mr. Thomas Eldridge and Mr. James Murray.

Censure is sometimes, at this day, cast upon Captain Smith for having failed to marry Pocahontas. History, however, has no where given any ground for such a reproach. The rescue of Smith took place in the winter of 1607, when he was twenty-eight * years of age and she only twelve or thirteen. † Smith left Virginia early in 1609, and never returned. Pocahontas was then about fourteen years of age. But had she been older, it would have been impossible for him to marry her, unless by kidnapping her, as was done by the unscrupulous Argall some years afterwards,—a measure which if it had been adopted in 1609, when the colony was feeble and torn by faction, would probably have excited the vengeance of Powhatan and overwhelmed the plantation in premature ruin. It was in 1612 that Argall captured Pocahontas on the banks of the Potomac. From the departure of Smith, until this time, she never had been seen at Jamestown, but had lived on the Potomac incognito. ‡

In the spring of 1613, it is stated that "long before this, Mr. John Rolfe" "had been in love with Pocahontas and *she with him.*"—This attachment, therefore, must have been formed immediately after her capture, if it did not exist before. The marriage took place in April 1613. It is true that Pocahontas had been told that Smith was dead; nor did she know otherwise until she reached Plymouth. And in practising this deception, Rolfe must have been a principal party. But Smith was in no manner privy to it. Smith bore for her a friendship animated by the deepest emotions of gratitude; and friendship, according to Spenser, a cotemporary poet, is a more exalted sentiment than love. Pocahontas seems to have regarded Smith with a sort of filial affection, and she accordingly said to him, at Brentford, in that affecting interview :—"I tell you then, I *will* call you father, and you *shall* call me childe." It is true, indeed, that the deception practised on Pocahontas, as to Smith's death, would seem to argue an apprehension on the part of Rolfe and his friends, that she would not marry another if Smith were alive. And the circumstances of the interview would seem to confirm the existence of such an apprehension. Yet, however that may have been, the integrity of Smith stands untarnished.

Virginia October the 2d 1660 and departed this life the 17th day of July 1709 aged 62 years six months and twenty-one dayes."

The portrait of Jane Rolfe, grand-daughter of Pocahontas, is still preserved.

* This appears from an inscription on his likeness, prefixed to his History of Virginia.

† Stith, p. 55.

‡ Stith, p. 127.

## CHAPTER XII.

### 1617—1618.

Argall arrives as Governor at Jamestown; Condition of Jamestown; Opechancanough; Powhatan; New mode of curing Tobacco; Statistics of the Colony; Lord Delaware sails for Virginia, dies during the voyage; Argall's tyranny; Brewster's case; Argall leaves Virginia; His character; Powhatan's death; His name, personal appearance, dominions, manner of life, character; Succeeded by Opitchapan.

At length Argall, now appointed Governor and Admiral, accompanied by Captain Ralph Hamer, set sail for Virginia and arrived at Jamestown [May 1617.] Tomocomo returned at the same time. Argall was welcomed by Captain Yeardley and his company in martial array, the right file of which was led by an Indian. At Jamestown were found but five or six habitable houses, the church fallen, the palisades broken, the bridge foundrous, the well spoiled, the store-house used for a church; the market-place, streets and other vacant ground planted with tobacco; the savages as frequent in the houses as the English, who were dispersed about planting tobacco. Tomocomo was sent to Opechancanough, who came to Jamestown and received a present. Powhatan, having some time previous resigned the cares of government to Opechancanough, went about from place to place lamenting the death of Pocahontas, but still continuing in friendship with the English. This year a Mr. Lambert introduced the method of curing tobacco on lines instead of in heaps as was the former practice. * The number of settlers was now

* Stith, 147.

about four hundred, with one hundred and twenty-eight head of cattle, eighty-eight goats, with a great many swine and plenty of corn. The corn contributed to the public store was about four hundred and fifty bushels, and from the tributary Indians seven hundred and fifty. Of the "companie's companie" there remained not more than fifty-four, including men, women and children. Drought and hail greatly damaged the crops of corn and tobacco. To re-inforce the Colony the company sent out a vessel of two hundred and fifty tons, well stored with two hundred and fifty people, under command of Lord Delaware. They sailed [April 1618;] during the voyage thirty died, and among them Lord Delaware, a generous friend of the Colony. Delaware Bay perhaps took its name from him. * Argall, now deputy governor, introduced a system of tyranny into the Colony, borrowed from the obsolete martial laws brought over by Dale. Argall prohibited all trade and intercourse with the Indians; the teaching them the use of arms was made a crime punishable by death. Yet it has been contended by some that the use of fire-arms by the Indians hastened their extermination, because they thus became dependent on the whites for arms and ammunition; when their arms came to be out of order they became useless to them, for they wanted the skill to repair them, and lastly, fire-arms, in their hands, when effective, were employed by hostile tribes in mutual destruction. †

Under Argall's new Procrustean rule all goods were sold at an advance of twenty-five per cent, and the price of tobacco was fixed at three shillings per pound, under a penalty of three years imprisonment. No man was suffered to fire a gun before a new supply of ammunition, except in self-defence, on pain of a year's slavery. Absence from church on Sundays or holydays was punished by confinement for the night, and one week's slavery to the Colony; and on a second offence, the punishment was enhanced. Several of these regulations. however, seem to have been judicious, but the penalties were some excessively severe, some barbarous. The rigorous enforcement of these regulations rendered Argall odious to the Colony, and a report of his tyranny and extortions having reached England, Lord Delaware had been despatched with instructions to send him home to answer the charges brought against him. However, his lordship dying during the voyage, Argall, upon the arrival of the vessel, came into possession of his letters and instructions. Finding now that his sand was running low and resolving to make hay while the sun yet shone, he multiplied his exactions and grew more tyrannical than ever. The case of Brewster was a remarkable instance of this. A gentleman of consideration in the Colony he had the management of Lord Delaware's estate there. Argall, without any authority, removed the servants from his lordship's land and employed them on his own. Brewster endeavored to make them return, and being flatly refused by one, threatened him with the consequences of his contumacy. Brewster was immediately arrested by Argall's order, charged with sedition and mutiny and condemned to death by a court-martial. The members of the court, however, and some of the clergy, shocked at such a conviction, interceded earnestly for his pardon. Argall reluctantly granted it, on condition that Brewster should depart from Virginia, with an oath never to return and never to say or do any thing to the disparagement of the deputy governor. Brewster, however, on his return to England [1618] discarding the obligation of an extorted oath, appealed to the company against the tyranny of the deputy governor, and the inhuman sentence was reversed. * But before a new governor arrived in Virginia, Argall embarked in a vessel laden with his effects. Being a relation to Sir Thomas Smith the treasurer, and a partner in trade of the profligate Earl of Warwick, he escaped with impunity. [1620.] He commanded a ship of war in an expedition against the Algerines, and [1623] was knighted by king James. The character of Argall is variously represented.

* "And I think I have somewhere seen that he died about the mouth of Delaware Bay, which thence took its name from him." Stith, 148. Belknap, v. 2, 115-6.

† "The white faith of history cannot show,
That e'or a musket yet could beat the bow."
Cited in Logan's Scottish Gaël, 223.

* Burk, vol. 1, pp. 197-8, attributes the order for Argall's recall *to* Brewster's appeal to the company, and on the next page, says that the outrage on Brewster was committed by Argall *after* the order for his recall. See also Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 11. John Rolfe made light of the affair. Smith, vol. 2, p. 37.

He seems to have been an expert mariner of talent, courage, and enterprise, but selfish, unscrupulous, arbitrary and cruel.

Powhatan died [April 1618,] being upwards of seventy years of age. He was so called perhaps from the place of that name, * one of his residences, or from the river Powhatan. But his proper name was Wahunsonacock. The country subject to him was called Powhatan and his subjects Powhatans. He was tall, well-proportioned and athletic. [1607.] When about sixty years of age his hair was sprinkled with grey,—his beard very thin. He held by hereditary right Powhatan, Arrohattox, Appomattox, Pamaunkee, Youghtanund and Matapanient. The rest of his possessions he acquired by conquest. In each of his hereditary dominions he had houses built like arbors, thirty or forty yards long. Whenever he was about to visit one of these, it was supplied with provision for his entertainment. The English, upon their first arrival, found him at a place of his own name. Afterwards, however, his favorite residence was Werowocomoco; but in his latter years, disrelishing the neighborhood of the English, he withdrew himself to Orapakes in the "desert," between the Chickahominy and the Pamunkey. It is not unlikely that he died and was buried there; for a mile thence, in a thicket of wood, he had a house where he kept his treasure of furs, copper, pearl and beads, "which he storeth vp against the time of his death and buriall." † At the time of the first settlement of the Colony, Powhatan was usually attended, especially when asleep, by a body-guard of fifty tall warriors. He afterwards augmented their number to about two hundred. He had as many wives as he pleased, and when tired of any one of them bestowed her on some favorite. [1608.] By treachery he surprised the Payanketanks, his own subjects, while asleep in their cabins, massacred twenty-four men, made prisoners their Werowance with the women and children, who were reduced to slavery. Captain Smith saw the scalps of the twenty-four slain, at Werowocomoco, suspended on a line between two trees. "Powhatan caused certaine malefactors to be bound hand and foot, then having of many fires gathe·ed great store of burning coals, they rake these coales round in the forme of a cockpit," and the offenders were thrown in the midst to be burnt to death." * His character was, however, not destitute of better qualities, and in him we see some touches of princely magnanimity curiously blended with low cunning, and the cruelty of an unrelenting tyrant with the tenderness of a doating father.

He was succeeded by Opitchapan, his second brother, known afterwards by the name of Itopatin or Oeatan. Upon his accession he again changed his name to Sasawpen as Opechancanough changed his to Mangopeomeu.

* Stith, 53.
† Smith, vol. 1, p. 143.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### 1618.

Death of Sir Walter Raleigh; His birth and parentage; Student at Oxford; Enlists in a Volunteer Company to aid the queen of Navarre; His stay in France; Returns to England; Resident at the Middle Temple; Serves in the Netherlands and in Ireland; Returns to England; His Gallantry; Undertakes the Colonization of Virginia; Chosen member of Parliament; Knighted; Engaged in Portuguese expedition; Loses favor at Court; Retires to Ireland; Spenser; Sir Walter confined in the Tower; His flattery of the Queen; She grants him the Manor of Sherborne; Raleigh's expeditions to Guiana; Joins an expedition against Cadiz; Wounded; Makes another voyage to Guiana. Restored to the Queen's favor; Contributes to the defeat of the treason of Essex; Raleigh made Governor of Jersey; His liberal sentiments; Elizabeth's death; Accession of James 1st; Raleigh confined in the Tower; Accused of high treason; His trial; Found guilty; Reprieved; Still a prisoner in the Tower; Devotes himself to Literature and Science; His companions; His "History of the World;" Lady Raleigh's petition to James; Raleigh released; Embarks in his last expedition to Guiana; Its failure; His son slain; Sir Walter's return to England; His arrest; Condemnation; Execution; Character.

In this year also died the founder of Virginia colonization, Sir Walter Raleigh. He was born at Hayes, a farm in the parish of Budley, Devonshire, [1552,] being the fourth son of Walter Raleigh, Esq., of Fardel, near Plymouth, and Catherine, daughter of Sir Philip Champernon and widow of Otho Gilbert, of Compton, Devonshire. After passing some time at Oriel College, Oxford, about

* Smith, vol. 1, pp. 144-145.

the year [1568,] where he distinguished himself by his genius and attainments, at the age of seventeen he joined a volunteer company of one hundred gentlemen, under Henry Champernon, in an expedition to assist the Protestant queen of Navarre. He remained in France five years, and under the protection of the English embassy, witnessed the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day. On returning to England, he was for a while in the Middle Temple, but whether as a student, is uncertain. His leisure was given to poetry. [1578.] He accompanied Sir John Norris to the Netherlands. [1579.] He joined in the first and unsuccessful voyage of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. Now at the age of 27, it is said that of the twenty-four hours he allotted four to study and only five to sleep. This, however, is improbable, for so much activity of employment as always characterized him, demanded a proportionate repose. [1580.] He served in Ireland as captain of horse under lord Grey, and became familiar with the dangers and barbarities of civil war. [1581.] He became acquainted with the poet Spenser, then resident at Kilcolman. Disgusted with a painful service, Raleigh returned to England in this year. It was at this time that he exhibited a famous piece of gallantry to the queen. She, in a walk, coming to a "plashy place" hesitated to proceed, when he "cast and spread his new plush cloak on the ground" for her to tread on. By his wit and grace he rose rapidly in Elizabeth's favor, and "she took him for a kind of oracle." His munificent and persevering efforts in the colonization of Virginia, ought to have moderated the sweeping charge of levity and fickleness brought against him by Hume. [1583.] Raleigh became member of Parliament for Devonshire, was knighted and made seneschal of Cornwall and warden of the Stanneries. Engaged in the expedition to place Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal, Sir Walter, for his good conduct, received a gold chain from the queen. The rivalship of the Earl of Essex having driven him into temporary exile in Ireland, he there renewed his acquaintance with the author of "The Faery Queen." Spenser returned with him to England. Sir Walter was arrested [1592] and confined in the Tower, on account of a criminal intrigue with one of the maids of honor. The young lady was imprisoned at the same time. She was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, and a celebrated beauty. Sir Walter afterwards married her. In a letter written from the Tower to Sir Robert Cecil, Raleigh indulged in the most extravagant flattery of the queen: "I that was wont to behold her, riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph sometime sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometime singing like an angel, sometime playing like Orpheus." [1593.] Elizabeth granted him the manor of Sherborne in Dorsetshire. About this period he distinguished himself, by his ability and eloquence, in the House of Commons. [1595.] He commanded an expedition to Guiana, in quest of El Dorado, and another in the following year. In an expedition against Cadiz, he led the van in action, and received a severe wound in the leg. Upon his return to England he embarked in his third expedition to Guiana. [1597.] He was restored to his place of Captain of the Guard, and regained fully the queens favor. Essex having engaged in a treasonable conspiracy, Raleigh contributed to defeat his designs. But after the execution of his rival, Raleigh's good fortune began to wane. However, [1600,] he was made Governor of the Isle of Jersey. [1601.] In a speech in Parliament on an act for sowing hemp, Sir Walter said: "For my part, I do not like this constraining of men to manure or use their grounds at our wills, but rather let every man use his ground to that which it is most fit for, and therein use his discretion." Elizabeth died [1603] and Raleigh's happiness expired with her.

James I. came to the throne prejudiced against Raleigh. He was also very unpopular. In three months after the arrival of James in England, Sir Walter was arrested on a charge of high treason. Arraigned on charges frivolous and contradictory, tried under circumstances of cruelty, insult and oppression, he was found guilty without evidence. By their brutal and malignant conduct on this occasion, Sir Edward Coke, Lord Chief Justice Popham and Sir Robert Cecil, proved themselves fit tools for the abject and heartless James. Raleigh, though reprieved, remained a prisoner in the Tower at the king's mercy. Lady Raleigh and her

son were not excluded from the Tower. Carew, the youngest, was born there. During his long confinement, Sir Walter devoted himself to literature and science. He enjoyed the society of a few friends, among them Hariot and the Earl of Northumberland, who was also a State prisoner. Sir Walter was frequently visited by Prince Henry, the heir apparent, who was devoted in his attachment to him, and who said that "none but his father would keep such a bird in a cage." In the Tower, Raleigh composed his great work, "The History of the World." The first volume appeared [1614,] extending from the creation to the close of the Macedonian war, and embracing a period of about 4,000 years. It was dedicated to Prince Henry. Raleigh intended to compose two other volumes, but owing to the untimely death of that Prince, and perhaps to the magnitude of the task, he proceeded no further than the first volume. During his confinement, king James lavished his estate of Sherborne on the miserable minion, Car. And when Lady Raleigh, with her children around her, appeared at Court, and kneeling, in tears, besought James to restore her property, the only answer she received from this pusillanimous king was, "I maun have the land, I maun have it for Car." At length, owing to the death of some of his enemies and the influence of money, Raleigh was released from the Tower for the purpose of making another voyage to Guiana. The expedition failed in its object; Sir Walter lost his son in an action with the Spaniards, and on his return to England was arrested. James was now bent on effecting a match between his son and the Spanish Infanta. To gratify the Court of Spain and his own malice, he resolved to sacrifice Raleigh. He was condemned under the old conviction, although he had lately been commissioned commander of a fleet and Governor of Guiana. "He was condemned, (said his son, Carew,) for being a friend of the Spaniards, and lost his life for being their bitter enemy." He was executed [29th of October, 1618,] in the old palace yard, and died with Christian heroism. He was distinguished as a navigator, a negotiator, a naval commander, a military officer, an author in verse and in prose, a wit, a courtier, a statesman, a philosopher. There is perhaps in English history no other name associated with so lofty and versatile a genius, so much glorious action, and so much wise reflection. He was proud, fond of splendor, of a restless and fiery ambition, sometimes unscrupulous. An ardent imagination, excited by the enthusiasm of the age, infused an extravagance into some of his relations, that gave occasion for distrust, and involved him in several unhappy projects. These, however, are but spots on the disc of his fame, and Virginia will ever pride herself on so illustrious a founder.

---

## CHAPTER XIV.

### 1619—1621.

Sir Edwin Sandys Treasurer; His character; Captain Powell Deputy Governor; Sir George Yeardley Governor; First Assembly meets in Virginia; Affairs of the Colony; English Puritans land at Plymouth in New England; Negroes introduced into Virginia; Supplies sent out from England; Wives for the Colonists; England claims a monopoly of the Virginia tobacco; Charitable Donations; Sir Francis Wyatt Governor; New frame of Government; Instructions for the Governor and Council; George Sandys Treasurer in Virginia; Notice of his Life and published Works; The productions of the Colony.

[1619.] Sir Thomas Smith, treasurer of the company, resigned his place and was succeeded by Sir Edwin Sandys. This enlightened statesman and excellent man, was born in Worcestershire [1561,] being the second son of the Archbishop of York. Educated at Oxford, under "the judicious Hooker," he obtained a prebend in the church of York. He afterwards travelled in foreign countries and published his observations, in a work entitled "Europæ Speculum." He resigned his prebend [1602,] was knighted by James, and employed in diplomatic trusts. His appointment as Treasurer gave great satisfaction to the Colony; for although Hooker had been his teacher, free principles were now, under his auspices, in the ascendant. *

When Argall, in April, stole away from Virginia, he left for his deputy, Captain Nathaniel Powell. This gentleman had come over with Captain Smith [1607,] and had

* Blake's Biog. Dic. Sir Edwin is sometimes called Sandis, sometimes Sands.

evinced courage and discretion. He was one of the writers from whose narrative Smith compiled his General History. Powell, however, held his office only about ten days, when Sir George Yeardley, just knighted, arrived as Governor General, bringing with him new charters for the colony. Yeardley added to the Council Captain Francis West, Captain Nathaniel Powell, John Rolfe, William Wickham and Samuel Macock.* Rolfe, who had been Secretary, now lost his place, probably owing to his connivance at Argall's malepractices and was succeeded by John Pory.† In June of this year, [1619,] the new Governor General summoned the first Legislative Assembly that ever met in Virginia. It was convened in July. Its privileges and powers were defined in his commission. It consisted of the Governor and Council and two Burgesses from each town, hundred and plantation. The number of Burgesses ‡ in attendance at this first session was twenty-two. All the members of this miniature parliament sate together in one apartment, "where were debated all matters thought expedient for the Colony." Thus, after twelve years of suffering, peril, discord and tyranny, intermingled however with much of romantic adventure, bold enterprise, virtuous fortitude and generous devotion, were established a local legislature and a regular administration of right.§ The Virginia planters received as a favor, what they had been too feeble to exact as a right. They expressed their gratitude to the company, and begged them to reduce into a compend, with his majesty's approbation, such of the laws of England as were applicable to Virginia, "with suitable additions," because "it was not fit that his subjects should be governed by any other rules than such as received their influence from him." The acts of this early Assembly were transmitted to England for the approbation of the treasurer and company, without which they were of no validity. No record of them remains, but it was said, "that they were very judiciously formed." * There was granted to the old planters a discharge from all compulsive service to the colony, with a confirmation of their estates, which were to be holden as by English subjects. Finding a scarcity of corn, Yeardley now promoted the cultivation of it. This year was remarkable for abundant crops of wheat and Indian corn. But an extraordinary mortality carried off not less than three hundred of the people.

Three thousand acres of land were allotted to the governor and twelve thousand to the company. "The Margaret" of Bristol arrived with twenty-four men, "and also many devout gifts." "The Trial" brought a cargo of corn and cattle. The expenditure of the Virginia Company at this period, on account of the Colony, was estimated at between four and five thousand pounds a year.

A body of English Puritans, persecuted on account of their non-conformity, had [1608] sought an asylum in Holland. [1617.] They conceived the design of removing to America. [1619.] They obtained from the London Company, by the influence of Sir Edwin Sandys, the treasurer, "a large patent" authorizing them to settle in Virginia. [December 1620.] "The Pilgrims" landed at Plymouth and laid the foundation of the New England States. [August 1620.] A Dutch man-of-war visited Jamestown and sold the settlers twenty negroes, the first ever introduced into Virginia.

Japazaws sent for two vessels to trade on the Potomac, as the corn was abundant. A barque of five tons came in from England during the winter. The diminutive size of vessels then employed in navigating the ocean is an extraordinary feature of that age. Eleven vessels were sent out by this company in this year, bringing over twelve hundred and sixteen settlers, who were disposed of in the following way; eighty tenants for the governor's land, one hundred and thirty for the company's land, one hundred for the college, fifty for the glebe, ninety young women for wives, fifty servants, fifty whose labors were to support thirty Indian children; the rest were distributed among private plantations.

* Macock's, the seat on James river, was called after this planter, who was the first proprietor.

† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 12.

‡ "Counties not being then laid off, the representatives of the people were elected by townships; the boroughs of Jamestown, Henrico, Bermuda Hundred and others sending their members to the Assembly, from which circumstance the lower house was first called the house of *Burgesses*."—Hening's Statutes at large, vol. 1, p. 120 in note, citing Stith, p. 160.

§ Stith, p. 157. Chalmers' Annals, p. 44. Belknap, v. 2, p. 161-65.

* Hening, p. 122 in note. The committee of the company found these acts "exceeding intricate and full of labor."

The wives were sold to the Colonists for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco. The price afterwards became higher. The bishops, by the king's orders, collected nearly £1,500 to build a college in Virginia for the education of Indian children. The population of the Colony in 1620 was estimated at four thousand.* One hundred "disorderly persons" or convicts, sent over in the previous year by the king's order, were employed as servants. For a brief interval the Virginia Company had enjoyed freedom of trade with the Low Countries, where they sold their tobacco. But [1621] this was prohibited by an order in council. From this time England claimed a monopoly of the trade of her plantations, and this principle was gradually adopted by all the European powers, as they acquired transatlantic settlements. †

Two persons unknown presented some plate and ornaments for the communion-tables at the College and at "Mrs. Mary Robinson's Church," towards the foundation of which she had contributed two hundred pounds. Another person incognito gave five hundred and fifty pounds for the education of Indian children in Christianity. This modest and munificent philanthropist subscribed himself "Dust and Ashes." He was afterwards discovered to be Mr. Gabriel Barber, a member of the company. ‡

Sir George Yeardley's term of office expiring, the company's council appointed Sir Francis Wyatt governor, a young gentleman of Ireland, whose education, family, fortune and integrity recommended him for the place. He arrived in October 1621, with a fleet of nine sail, and brought over a new frame of government for the Colony, constituted by the company and dated July 24th, 1621—establishing a council of state and a general assembly—vesting the governor with a negative upon the acts of the assembly—this body to be convoked by him, in general, once a year, and to consist of the council of state and of two burgesses from every town, hundred or plantation—the trial by jury secured—no act of the assembly to be valid unless ratified by the company in England, and on the other hand, no order of the company to be obligatory upon the Colony without the consent of the assembly. A commission of the same date recognized Sir Francis as the first governor under the new form of government. And this famous ordinance became the model of every subsequent provincial form of government in the Anglo-American colonies. *

Wyatt received also a body of instructions intended for the permanent guidance of the governor and council. He was to provide for the service of God, in conformity with "the Church of England, as near as may be;"—to be obedient to the king and to administer justice according to the laws of England; "not to injure the natives, and to forget old quarrels now buried;" "to be industrious and suppress drunkenness, gaming and excess in cloaths; not to permit any but the council and heads of hundreds to wear gold in their cloaths or to wear silk till they make it themselves;" not to offend any foreign prince; to punish pirates; to build forts; to endeavor "to convert the heathens," and "each town to teach some" of the Indian "children fit for the college intended to be built;" to cultivate corn, wine and silk; to search for minerals, dyes, gums and medicinal drugs, and to "draw off the people from the excessive planting of tobacco;" to take a census of the Colony; "to put prentices to trades and not let them forsake their trades for planting tobacco or any such useless commodity;" "to build water-mills;" "to make salt, pitch, tar, soap, ashes," &c; "to make oyl of walnuts and employ apothecaries in distilling lees of beer;" "to make small quantity of tobacco and that very good." †

Wyatt, entering upon his government, November 18, immediately dispatched "master Thorpe" to renew the treaties of peace and friendship with Opechancanough. He was found apparently well affected and ready to confirm the pledges of harmony. A vessel from Ireland brought in eighty settlers, who planted themselves at Newport's News. The company sent out during this year twenty-one vessels, navigated with upwards of four hundred sailors, and bringing thirteen hundred men, women and children. The aggre-

* Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 14.
† Ib. 15.
‡ Stith, 216.

* Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 13-16. Belknap, vol. 2, p. 174. The Ordinance and Commission may be seen in Hening, vol. 1, p. 110-13.
† Hening, vol. 1, p. 114-17. Belknap, vol. 2, p. 174-5.

gate number of immigrants in 1621 and 1622 was three thousand five hundred. *

With Sir Francis Wyatt, came over, as Treasurer in Virginia, George Sandys, brother of Sir Edwin Sandys, treasurer of the company in England. George Sandys was born [1577.] After passing some time at Oxford, [1610] he travelled over Europe to Turkey and visited Palestine and Egypt. He published his travels at Oxford [1615,] and they were received with great favor. In Virginia he devoted his leisure to a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, which was published [1626] and dedicated to King Charles I. He published several other works and enjoyed the favor of the literary men of his day. Having lived chiefly in retirement, he died [1643] at the house of Sir Francis Wyatt, in Bexley, Kent.

[1615.] Twelve different commodities had been shipped from Virginia; tobacco and sassafras were now the only exports. The company in England imported during the year 1619 twenty thousand pounds of tobacco, the entire crop of the preceding year. James I. endeavored to draw a "prerogative" revenue from what he justly termed "a pernicious weed," and against which he had published his "counterblast," but was checked by a resolution of the Commons. At the end of seventy years there were annually imported into England more than fifteen millions of pounds of tobacco, from which was derived a revenue of upwards of £100,000. †

[November and December 1621.] An assembly was held at James City. Acts were passed to encourage the planting of mulberry trees and the culture of silk. This culture so early commenced in Virginia and of late years so warmly urged, appears still unsuccessful. Are we to infer that the climate of Virginia is incompatible with that sort of production or that the population is too thin?

* Chalmers' Annals, 57.

† Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 1, p. 13. April 17, 1621, the House of Commons debated whether it was expedient to prohibit the importation of tobacco entirely. They determined to exclude all save from Virginia and the Somer Isles. It was estimated that the consumption of England amounted to 1000 lbs. per diem. Chalmers' Annals, 70–73.

## CHAPTER. XV.

### 1622.

The Massacre; Its Origin; Nemattanow; Opechancanough; Security of the Colonists; Hypocrisy of the Indians; Particulars of the Massacre; Thorpe; Powell, Causie, Baldwin, Harrison, Hamer; Consequence of the Massacre; Brave defence of some of the Colonists; Supplies sent from England in relief of the Colony; Capt. Smith; Raleigh, Crashaw and Opechancanough; Captain Madison massacres a party of Indians; Sir George Yeardley invades the Nansemonds and the Pamunkies; They are driven back; Reflections on the extermination of the Indians.

On the 22nd of March, 1622, a memorable massacre occurred in the Colony. It was supposed to have originated in the following circumstances. There was a famous chief among the Indians named Nemattanow, or "Jack of the Feather," so styled from his fashion of decking his hair. He was reckoned by his own people invulnerable to the arms of the English. Nemattanow, visiting one of the settlers named Morgan, persuaded him to go to Pamunkey to trade and murdered him by the way. Nemattanow in two or three days returned to Morgan's house and finding there two young men, Morgan's servants, who enquired for their master, answered them that he was dead. The young men seeing their master's cap on the Indian's head suspected the murder and undertook to conduct him to Master Thorpe, who then lived at Berkeley, on the James river. * Nemattanow, however, so exasperated them on the way, that the young men shot him, and he falling they put him into a boat, to convey him to the governor, distant seven or eight miles. The wounded chief in a short while died. Feeling the approaches of death, he begged the young men not to disclose that he was killed with a bullet. So strong is the aspiration for posthumous fame even in the breast of an untutored savage! Opechancanough, the ferocious chief of the Pamunkies, was agitated with mingled emotions of grief and indignation at the loss of his favorite Nemattanow, and at first uttered threats of revenge.

* Stith, p. 200. This old plantation is a well-known seat of the Harrisons. It was originally called Brickley, as appears from Smith, vol. 2, p. 75.

## THE LOST CHURCH.

*From the German of Uhland.*

The Germans have a superstition that sometimes a ringing of bells is heard in the woods, which proceeds from some ancient cathedral, the path to which is lost, so that it can never more be approached by mortals.

I.

One heareth oft in forest lone,
As from above, a muffled ringing,
Yet none can tell whence comes the tone,
Or where the holy bell is swinging;
'Tis said, that with the passing wind,
From some lone church it soundeth faintly,
But never more our eye shall find
The path once thronged with pilgrims saintly.

II.

I wandered lately in a wood,
Where the stag in freedom boundeth,
Where never human dwelling stood,
And ne'er the hunter's horn resoundeth;
With soul resigned I God adored,
When through the glade swept sounds consoling,
And as my yearning higher soared,
Still nearer, fuller came the tolling.

III.

My spirit in myself was whist,
My soul entranced with that wild ringing,
And ever dimmer grew the mist,
As I my upward way was winging;
It seemed a century or more,
That I thus dreamily had pondered,
And now, where sunbeams brightly pour,
In fairer, freer space I wandered.

IV.

The sky above was darkly blue,
The glorious sun was full and beaming,
A minster proud its shadow threw,
Deep where the golden light was streaming:
The clouds in many a wreathing fold,
Lift up their veil and all retire,
Then from the vast Cathedral old,
To heaven uprising, soared the spire.

V.

Out from the steeple's towering cope,
All joyfully the chimes were gushing,
Though human hand pulled not the rope,—
A wind-storm through the spire was rushing;
And stormy feelings strangely blent,
There in my beating heart assembling,
So in the lofty dome I went,
With wavering step and joyful trembling.

VI.

I breathless stept within the hall,
Each window had its sacred story,
And streams of glowing light let fall,
Through pictures fair of martyr glory;
Then, like a banner slow unfurled,
Each picture into life extended,
Then saw I out into a world
Of holy martyrs God-befriended.

VII.

With calm adoring love imbued,
Before the sacred altar kneeling,
I scenes of wondrous glory viewed,
And heard unearthly music pealing;
Then open burst the dome's high crest,
And showed the gate of heaven wide swinging;—
Let him take heed who would be blest,
When in the wood this bell is ringing.

C. C. L.

*Syracuse, Feb.* 1847.

---

## THE PROSE WRITERS OF AMERICA:

With a Survey of the History, Condition, and Prospects of American Literature. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold, illustrated with portraits from original pictures. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1847. 8 vo., pp. 552.

[*From "the Literary World."*]

A good history of what the intellect of the country has achieved in the various branches of literature is certainly a very desirable and important undertaking. It is of use as a ready means of information to the present and rising generations, of what their fathers have accomplished, as a preservation of records and associations well worth remembrance: it is a convenient answer to foreign inquirers who come to our shores seeking a knowledge of our literature as well as of our art and science: it warns us, too, of what the country has failed to do, as well as of what it has done, and leads us on with hope or counsel, to a better future. Such are some of the thoughts which occur to us on taking up a new volume devoted to the "Intellectual History, Condition, and Prospects of the Country." If well executed, we are prepared to hail it as one of the most valuable gifts which the American author can at this time present to the public. We are aware, indeed, that there are peculiar difficulties in the way of the execution of such a work. It requires at once great

industry, great taste, and sagacity, with original critical powers of discernment, a wide knowledge, and a thorough conscientiousness to govern the whole. There is, moreover,—if the work is to include an account of living authors,—a necessity of self-sacrifice on the part of the writer, who is frequently called to choose between truth and candor on one side, and the favor of individuals and the public on the other. It is difficult to unite all these essentials. The man of taste and refinement, of philosophic habits, will rarely leave his study to solicit the personal acquaintance of a great number of authors, to few of whom he can be drawn by sympathy; yet he must know all, and gather from them in some way, at least by correspondence, some history of their lives and writings. There are many fine scholars in the country, in whose taste and judgment we could confide,—nay, who are the only proper persons to write of certain topics and certain authors,—who could not be drawn by any publisher's inducements to conquer their repugnance to this species of publicity. Again, they would not be vexed by so great a variety of studies as this kind of Encyclopædiac work implies. They have too true a sense of the value of individual culture to abandon it lightly, They have too delicate an appreciation of what is due to the honor and reputation of others, to step between them and the public, and make the award which, in their own case, they are willing their children should hear from the lips of another generation, when their own account with time is closed forever. Yet the modesty which shrinks from the work is suggestive of the very qualities necessary to fulfil it.

Hence this species of writing, this authoritative commentary on living authors, falls almost of necessity into inferior hands. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

The composition of a book or history is essentially different from any contributions to reviews or periodicals. The latter furnish but hints and suggestions, are at best but aids for history: the former pretends to be the history itself. A review is rarely taken as conclusive authority on the merits of an author: it may be revised or superseded: it is frequently nothing more than the view of but part of a great whole, or perhaps a convenient abridgment: it is published to-day, and succeeded by some fresher novelty to-morrow. But the book is stereotyped: it has the authority of a book: it is preserved: it goes abroad and gives color to opinion for perhaps an entire generation. How important, then, that it should be wisely and honestly written.

There are two modes in which good books of this class of literary histories may be written. They may be either industrious compends, confined to well-ascertained matters of fact and well-settled judgments, with careful specimens of authors, or they may be of the higher rank of original critical histories. The latter are rarely attempted of living authors with success, requiring, as we have stated, qualities of mind and heart for their composition which cannot often be engaged for the task. The safer course to pursue with contemporaries, is to make useful compilations.

To which of these ranks does the new work of Mr. Griswold belong? To neither one nor the other. It is an unpleasant cross between the two. The reader is at one moment starved by a dry catalogue; at another inflated by a windy disquisition, with little profit any way. Mr. Griswold seems to lack the simple habits of mind of the patient chronicler, "an honest chronicler like Griffith," while he is evidently unequal to the higher demands of criticism. His compilations of the Poets and Prose Writers are hence dry and chaffy, meagre and unprofitable. In the whole range of his little parcels of biography, we do not remember one column which may be quoted for its fervor or elegance, for an instinctive knowledge of character or a new appreciation of any beauty of style or conception. * With a dry style is sometimes associated great logical power and correctness; but the different members of these sentences are often contradictory and inaccurate: inaccurate as to fact and reasoning. A loose style is sometimes compensated by occasional fancy or enthusiasm; but the style of our commentator is barren as the sands of Egypt of figure or metaphor: though, like those sands, frequently whirling in clouds towards the heavens. We turn from the commentary to the text, but here we find the desert has overpowered the fruit-trees and the garden. Even brilliant writers, cut into little squares, are defrauded of their crystalline proportions: and Willis looks dull, Webster scrappy, and Neal common-place, in these paltry six to twelve inch specimens.

Unsatisfactory as "The Poets of America" was pronounced in this form, it is much easier to make a collection of poems than of prose specimens. Most of American verse is fugitive. Some of the best of the longer poems—as the Bucaneer and the Culprit Fay—could be given entire: an author's choicest works could be often printed in a few pages. But what oration of Webster's can be judged of by extracts? What is a passage of Cooper or Brockden Brown worth, taken from its original framework? We value it from the journey we have performed in reaching it; from the pleasure it gives us to glance back upon it. Extracts of the kind may do for reading books in schools, but they will be of little value otherwise. This is an essential difficulty, however. Space is limited, and still more in these volumes than it might

* In the books edited by Mr. Griswold, there are articles by other pens. The paper on Brownson, for instance, in the Prose Writers appears of a different texture from the rest.

have been, by the method of commencing each new author with a new page. We turn the leaf for the conclusion of a passage, and perhaps from the orthodox Herman Hooker, come bolt upon Orestes Brownson, whom Mr. Griswold says doubtfully, "is bold and powerful, and I *suppose* honest." The only way to get over this difficulty of stiffness and formality would be to quote the passages in connexion with the text, to mix the plums with the pudding.

To give our readers some examples of the union of dryness and extravagance to which we have alluded. Mr. Griswold, who seems anxious to catch a paradox where he can, as a cheap affectation of originality and a surprise to the reader, tells us that as hindrances to our literary advancement, "the restless and turbulent movements of our democracy and the want of a wealthy and privileged class deserve little consideration. . . . . The best authors of Rome were senators and soldiers. Milton, the greatest of the prose writers as well as the greatest of the poets of England, lived in the Commonwealth. Tumult and strife, the clashing of great interests and high excitements are to be regarded rather as aids than as obstacles to intellectual progress," &c. We have yet to learn that Virgil and Ovid were poets because they were statesmen or soldiers; and did not Horace throw away his shield on the battle-field? Does not Cicero sound in our ears constantly the adage, "silent leges inter arma?" Did not the Augustan age illustrate the arts of Peace? But, according to Mr. Griswold's theory, Catiline, who had less repose than "blind Mæonides," should have written the treatise on Old Age, and the Oration for the Poet Archias, and not Cicero. The case of Milton is still more unfortunate. Few readers will take Mr. Griswold's assertion as anything more than a very vapid haphazard expression, that Milton was "the greatest prose writer and poet of England." They will recollect Shakspeare; and while they honor the vigor of the Areopagitica, will commend Mr. Griswold to keep, as rather safer ground, to the prose writers of America. Now for the fact that Milton's poetry was the fruit of the "upturnings and overthrows" of the Commonwealth. Milton was doubtless strengthened by the part he took in active life; but something very different from restlessness and turbulence went to make up Paradise Lost. In the first place, to an ingenuous temperament was added seven year's severe scholastic discipline at Cambridge, five years of retirement with the classics at his father's country-seat, and three years of travel and converse with the scholars of Italy; and this was but the foundation of a work to be completed only in the solitude of blindness—and we have Milton's own testimony that he came an age too late. There is very little hope of getting any great literary work out of American sciolism and electioneering from the example of John Milton.

Mr. Griswold takes the South as representative of the men of wealth, and says "we have, in the Southern States of this republic, a large class with ample fortunes, leisure, and quiet; but they have done comparatively nothing in the fields of intellectual exertion, except when startled into spasmodic activity by conflicts of interest with the North." We need go no further than Mr. Griswold's own book for a refutation of this. Without looking beyond his list, which might be enlarged, we find from the South, born under the shadow of Southern institutions, Jefferson, Madison, Marshal, Calhoun, Audubon, Washington Allston, Legaré, W. Gilmore Simms, William Wirt, Richard Henry Wilde, Kennedy, Bird, Edgar A. Poe—one-fifth nearly of the numerical force of the whole volume. Presently we get this lucid illustration of the genius of Daniel Webster: "If I should compare him to any foreigner" (from this awful assumption of responsibility we look confidently for something original) "it would be to Burke! But he is a greater man than the Irish Colossus. His genius is more various. He is more chaste. His style and argument are not less compact. And his learning is as comprehensive and more profound. The literature of the language has no more splendid rhetoric or faultless logic." We thought the "Irish Colossus" had been delivered to the second-hand dealers in rhetoric long since. It has done service in its day, is out at elbows, and should rest a while at the pawnbrokers. That Webster's genius is more comprehensive than Burke's, the world has yet to receive evidence of. Surely no one could sooner repudiate this praise than Mr. Webster himself. To say that he is more chaste is no praise though it seems so. The fancy of Burke vindicates itself, is true to itself, is justified to the world. Webster may have different qualities, but they can gain nothing by detraction from the brilliant attributes of Burke. The comparison is puerile and injurious to Webster.

We have another instance of Mrs. Malaprop criticism, in this comic passage, on the style of Washington Irving: "His style has the ease and purity and more than the grace and polish of Franklin, without the intensity of Brown, the compactness of Calhoun, or the strength and splendor of Webster."

Who will be surprised after this that Mr. J. T. Headly is compared to Addison! The peculiar qualities of Mr. Headley's style are well known; his books are in everybody's hands, and critics even let his carelessness and inaccuracy pass in the hurry of his impulse and movement. He is, however, as much like Addison as a soldier scrambling in the rush for Monterey is like Beau Brummell. "His Letters from Italy is a work upon which a man of taste will be gratified to linger. It possesses the unfatiguing charms of perfect simplicity and truth. . . . . In many of the passages there is a

quiet and almost unconscious humor, which reminds us of the delicate raillery of the Spectator. The style is delightfully free from anything bookish and common-place." The last sentence is an example of a common juggle of criticism, to which we alluded a few weeks since in the Literary World, by which a case may be made out, apparently, for any author. The secret is—describe him by negatives. Thus we say of John Templeton Smith for instance: his style is disfigured by none of those far-fetched quips which mislead the genius of Shakspeare; his learning does not, like that of Ben Jonson, oppress him; his style is free from the satiety of Addison; it has not the overconciseness of Bishop Butler,—from all which the simple reader would suppose Mr. Smith had at least some qualities in common with Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, &c., though, upon the whole, he was superior to them all. Mr. Griswold has very frequently recourse to this species of juggling. Thus in the case of Headley it appears to be praise that he is not bookish, while he may lack just what books alone can supply. There is another *naïve* example of this in Mr. Griswold's account of Jonathan Edwards, thus:—"Bacon was described as 'the wisest and the meanest of mankind;' but Edwards, not inferior to the immortal Chancellor in genius, suffers not even an accusation of anything unbecoming a gentleman, a philosopher, or a Christian."

Again, Mr. Whipple's style is described as "suggesting a fusion of the strength of the Areopagitica with the ease and liveliness of the Spectator."

It is this jumble of celebrities, this

> Moses and Aaron,
> Paul Jones and old Charon

style of combination, which jars upon the reader in the skeleton preface, where we have so close together Edward Robinson, Moses Stuart, the Peregrinations of Petrus Mudd, Thompson's Major Jones' Courtship, Mr. Thorpe's Big Bear of Arkansas, Mr. Hooper's Simon Suggs, Morgan Neville's Mike Fink.

Nothing can be more painful to the eye or grievous to the soul than this arid catalogueing.

The recurrence of certain inelegant expressions is very tiresome, such as *sort*, in every variety. "The same sort Irving had published," "a certain sort of persons," "the highest sort of nationality," "this sort of knowledge," "this sort of writing," "the sort of persons Franklin addressed," Verplanck's Shakspeare, "in some sort a comprehensive commentary," &c. Yet Mr. Griswold finds fault with the style of Irving for the use of a vulgarism which occurs in Paradise Lost!

Of inaccuracies,—there are far more typographical blunders than there need be. Prescott is stated to be born in 1776; A. H. Everett it seems was sent to Cuba *last winter* as an agent of the government, at the time he was in China, &c., &c.

We are told in the beginning of a paragraph that "the success of the Pilot was at first a little doubtful in this country," and at the close of it that "it is one of the most remarkable novels of the time, and everywhere obtained constant and high applause."

Professor Robinson is stated to be descended from the famous John Robinson, of Leyden, which will be as entirely new a piece of information to the distinguished biblical scholar as it is to the public.

There is, undoubtedly, with all this carelessness and inefficiency, a great deal of respectable narrative in the volume where no particular nicety is needed, all of which we have no disposition to undervalue. There are many made-up opinions from the average judgment of society also which will pass current.

The pretensions of the book to any general views may be summed up in the two ideas, Nationality and Copyright. These are the perpetually recurring phrases. Constantly the foot rule of nationality is applied to an author or publisher, and members of Congress are blown up roundly, in good set terms. Our readers know already that the Literary world is no equivocal supporter of a true nationality; we look forward to its development with interest, and gladly record any promises by the way. It is one of the good signs of the times that Mr. Griswold has occupied so much of his book with the subject; it is evidence that the topic either is or is about to be popular and expedient.

The beginning, middle, and end of Mr. Griswold's book is nationality. The thought seems to have entered and taken possession of the writer's mind with the force of monomania. It is continually thrust upon the attention, and as continually misapplied. The principle seems to be to find nationality where it does not exist as such, and to deny it where it does. Thus we have Prescott brought forward as a national writer, though we are elsewhere told that writing on American subjects has not necessarily anything to do with it. How can Prescott any further than Roscoe be claimed as a nationality man according to Mr. Griswold's standard, unless by the advantage of American subject matter? Washington Irving, we are told, is *not* "in his sympathies, tastes, and execution, more English than American, and that it is not in any degree improbable that if Addison, Goldsmith or Mackenzie had never lived he would have written exactly as he has written, and upon every subject except the life of Goldsmith which has ever received his attention." This is going altogether further than is necessary, and than is true. On the other hand John Neal is snubbed because he has always worked for the cause with the remark, "it is common to speak of Mr. Neal as an American author *par excellence*; but his claims to such distinction, like those of many others, are chiefly

of a negative character." Miss Fuller, who has written strongly upon this question, is put in the same category, and Mathews, who has been one of its chief champions and got heartily abused for it, is branded as altogether spurious.

Whence Mr. Griswold's new-born zeal on this subject? We do not remember noticing it in the Poets of America. And what means a constant series of innuendoes and allusions to various spurious professors of the art national. It looks very much as if Mr. Griswold were usurping some nationality throne, and like an Eastern monarch bow-stringing all rival claimants to feel himself secure. *

The account of Miss Fuller is a singular piece of composition. After the usual lifeless rigmarole of biographical statements, we have a cavil at some remarks of the authoress on the proper treatment of Indian subjects, which is very unbecomingly construed into an attack upon the late Mrs. Schoolcraft. "Nothing," says Mr. Griswold, "can be more ridiculous." We would make exception in favor of his own comments. The very independence and straightforwardness of this writer are made grounds of complaint against her. "Her remarks upon the Indians are very superficial and *incautious because this is so apparent.*" Of that species of caution we confess indeed we can find no traces in the writings of Miss Fuller, though specimens of it are abundant in the book of Mr. Griswold. She will willingly plead guilty to a charge which it were a dishonor to refute. We are then told that Miss Fuller" shows everywhere a willingness to advance any opinion for the sake of making a point," and as an example a slight newspaper notice of the writings of Mr. Poe is quoted, in which she says, "no form of literary activity has so terribly degenerated among us as the tale," for the purpose of bringing in the reward, "that everybody who wants a new hat or bonnet takes this way to earn one from the magazines or annuals." This is the statement. Now for the comment.

* There is not a distinction made on this subject of nationality which Mr. Mathews has not made in print before. His views are adopted, though sometimes made ridiculous. Why should he be abused by a convert? It is the same with the subject of copyright. Mr. Griswold is largely indebted to Mr. Mathews and depreciates him accordingly. We cannot pass this topic without a protest to Mr. Griswold's coarse railing at legislators, who "think they are shrewdly cheating the foreigner of so much money for the dear people, a set of men whose intellects are too mean or whose principles are too wicked to admit of their seeing or doing what is just and needful in the premises. The plunder of the foreign author is sanctioned and enforced because an honest law, as it would in a very slight degree increase the prices of new books, might endanger the seat of the member of Congress who should vote forit;" and at the "piratical" publishers. We are pleased to find Mr. Griswold so earnestly advocating the measure, and his language may be forgiven for a good cause.

It is fearfully big-book-ian. "This display of wit was too dearly purchased by *so large a sacrifice of integrity.*" How so? Why this degrading charge? Was it not true? It was—yet Mr. Griswold seeks to disprove it by summoning up an array of American tale writers, Irving, Dana, and others, who had all written long before this statement was made, and to whom it did not at all apply. It is a trick to deceive the reader. Miss Fuller says "the tale has degenerated among us," implying that it had once reached a high character; she alludes to the popular magazine stories of the day, and as we have stated, what she says was true. It would be trifling with the reader to notice such absurdities did they appear in any other quarter than this national octavo. Here we have again nationality introduced, and Miss Fuller censured for introducing to the notice of the American people the superior culture of Europe. "She seems to think that books, like brown stout, are improved by the motion of a ship, *and therefore generally eulogises those which have been imported*, and is very severe upon those of home production." The eulogies of Miss Fuller are upon Milton, the two Herberts, Goethe, the great composers, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Bach, Beethoven, and such modern poets as Miss Barrett and Browning. There is nothing to make critical faces at in all this. It would be thought to any one possessed of a particle of real feeling for the literary wants of the country, that it was doing the state some service to introduce names like these to the people. Our national critic apparently thinks otherwise.

Mr. Griswold further sneeringly tells us that Miss Fuller has "an astonishing facility in the use of her intellectual furniture," as if she were a shallow writer, producing effects by the smallest means. The contrary is notoriously the case. Every reader of a spark of intelligence must be impressed by a deficiency of utterance, as it were, an inability to express the entire thought which is hidden in the mind, a glimpse of "riches infinite" beyond the written page. We are not writing a criticism upon Miss Fuller. There are suggestions which might be made to her with respect to her writings, but Mr. Griswold is not the man to make them. He has blundered, as usual, sadly in accusing Miss Fuller of a want of nationality, the whole force of whose character is bent upon the development of this very thing. It is a little singular that while the critics of England and France are conferring distinguished honors upon Miss Fuller as a representative of American genius, the author of this big book on nationality should so pitifully depreciate her. Of the coarse and illiberal treatment of Mr. Mathews we offer no refutation. It is, with the exception of the paper on Miss Fuller and one or two other instances, a departure from the method of the whole book, and indicates an unworthy purpose. It is an attempt to *degrade* the

author, which must react in his favor. We are told that one of his books "is low, and base, and as untrue as it is revolting,"—that the style of Mr. Mathews "indicates a mind accustomed to the contemplation of vulgar depravity." "Some writers are said to advance on stilts: our author may be said to proceed differently, strainingly jerking through mire." The rest is one of Mr. Griswold's diatribes on nationality, which are plastered over the whole volume. Whatever errors of taste there may be in Mr. Mathews' works, there is not a line base or immoral. That they have gone abroad and been highly praised in influential journals, as Tait's and Douglas Jerrold's magazines, the Athenæum, and the Westminster Review, is true, and no cavil of Mr. Griswold's will reverse the judgment.

We are not disposed to press the omissions in Mr. Griswold's book, knowing the impossibility of including all. His list of authors of whom we have biographies, and of most, specimens, numbers seventy, of whom there are thirteen divines, twelve political writers, three historians, twenty-six novelists and tale writers, fourteen essayists, a traveller, a naturalist, and an ethnographer. Mr. Headley is the chief traveller. Where are Stephens and Mackenzie? Certainly they should not have been omitted. The former has connected his name throughout the world with the great American antiquities, and has been the most widely read of all our travellers, as Slidell was one of the earliest and best known. Melville should have had a place for his Typee. Do Mr. Griswold's new notions of nationality exclude Paine, who did some service to the country in his day, Dr. Lieber and Mr. Catherwood from all mention whatever? Was not Albert Gallatin entitled to a Biography? Where is Chancellor Kent? Where are the medical writers? Why is the late Colonel Stone's name not mentioned? Would this have been the case were he still living at the head of an influential newspaper? Where is Leggett's biography? Why is there not a chapter devoted to the Press, with some specimens of perhaps the most characteristic of American writing? Why are there fourteen columns of Verplanck and none of Professors Robinson and Stuart?

As the greater number of the authors mentioned in Mr. Griswold's book will in no long time come under our notice in various ways, it is the less necessary on this occasion to bring the writers forward by extracts from these biographical sketches. There are many to whom the work will be of use, though it should be received by all with allowance for its weakness and its prejudices. A critical history of the literature of the country, worthy to send forth to the world, is a work which still remains to be accomplished. Such a work will certainly exhibit the national intellect in a much more favorable light than Mr. Griswold, with all his opportunities, has attained in this big and little book.

## NEY AND RUDOLPH.

The writer of the article in the January number of the "Messenger," on the tradition, which, in the South, persists in confounding these two distinguished persons, is exceedingly sorry, Mr. Editor, to find that he has given some offence to yourself, and it may be to the correspondent who furnished you with the opinions of General St. Leger, in relation to the *French* of Marshal Ney. You will permit him to say, for his own justification, that he was wholly innocent of any design to offend or to annoy by any thing said in that paper. Nor does he well perceive, even now, that any offence should have been taken by the expression of his opinion that a mere allusion to the tradition was premature, unless all the claims of the tradition were given at large,—with all its details, its points made, and authorities quoted, precisely as they are urged at the South, by such as regard it with belief, and such also as consider it as more than an ingenious and plausible case. Certainly, if the original note in the Messenger, which prompted the article on Ney and Rudolph, was not *premature*, it was *immature*,—and this last, perhaps, had been the more proper word. What was passingly said to this effect, by the writer of that paper, had no other meaning.

With one other remark I finish this brief apology. It was not my purpose to contend for the tradition which I furnished. It was given but as a tradition, and one sufficiently ingenious, and sufficiently fortified by details, to justify inquiry and speculation. My object was simply to give the narrative fair play—to let your readers see it, not in the summary of a single sentence, but fully, according to its facts, as it is reported in Georgia, Carolina and other parts of the South, and as it is certainly and seriously believed by many. I did not myself argue in its behalf, except as a lawyer, simply to make as much of my case as possible. My faith in its truth is exceedingly moderate; but you will permit me to say that it is by no means concluded by any thing that Mr. Headley writes. I have probably all the biographies of Ney that Mr. Headley has ever seen, including that published by the family of the Marshal. I have no doubt that Ney could have found a dozen fathers' and grandfathers too, if he had desired them, among the Alsace peasantry. There is something still wanting to this history, which I shall certainly, at my leisure, pursue, without making my researches too deliberate. My purpose I assure you, will not be to startle the public by my revelations, but to amuse and interest them, at the utmost, and to satisfy myself. This was my object, indeed, in furnishing you with the paper which you have published. I had a farther object,—to make a brief summary of the performances of a very noble sol-

dier of the Revolution—such a summary, as, in the absence of a more complete biography, would serve, in some degree, as a memorial. Nor is the tradition which I have given,—though it should prove untrue,—wholly to be despised. Traditions possess a vital value in the formation of popular character. They teach the young—they make localities sacred—they provoke emulation,—they inform with generous sentiments. To dismiss from the pages of a periodical all matter which could not be proved literally true, would very soon make its readers barren. There is a truth in the beautiful, in the moral, in the spiritual, nay, in the purely fanciful which the merely absolute details of human life and society could never equal in charms and influence. And this charm would be legitimately enjoyed, and this influence would be as moral and as becoming as if it came to us directly from the hands of God. I think, Mr. Editor, that our tradition may hereafter be of such use as that which the Portuguese so long held—and possibly hold to this day—touching the fate of their valiant monarch, Don Sebastian. Don Sebastian was killed in Africa, in a terrible conflict with Muley Moloch, *Sherif* of Morocco. But the particulars of his fate were never known. His body was never discovered, and a tradition spread through Portugal that he was still living. He had been a popular hero, and his people were too glad to entertain the story. They believed that he lived, and were on the alert for his appearance. And he did come—in *four* different persons,—all affirming their rights, and all resembling the deceased monarch. Some of these perished in the gallies, or on the scaffold, as impostors. One of them, however, was so successful as to enlist the sympathies of two-thirds of Christian Europe. The romance of the Portuguese seized upon these traditions, and the stories and ballads which grew out of them, form a valuable part of the early literature of the nation. The poets of other countries found it good staple for their fictions, and we may point to two illustrious instances, at least, in which British literature owes something to this simply plausible tradition. Mrs. Hemans and Miss Porter have both employed the subject after their several modes, and I am half inclined to think, from an imperfect recollection of the novel of "Don Sebastian," that it is one of the most artistical of all the writings of the "Sisters." Would it not be curious—nay, would it not crown, with a rare interest, the plains of the South, from the waters of Maryland to those of Florida,—if, some fifty years hence, some great native writer should seize upon an humble tradition, and make good capital out of it for romantic fiction. And there is nothing improbable in the conjecture. While I write, new fields of speculation open upon us. Here is a letter just received from an intelligent friend in the interior of South Carolina, which gives us a parallel case to that of Don Sebastian. It is no less than a resuscitation of Marshal Ney himself. My correspondent says: "The article in the Messenger in regard to the supposed identity of Ney and Rudolph, recalls a circumstance which occurred to me in the summer of 1841. In a ramble among the mountains in the upper part of Pickens District in this State, I was told of an old man, whom I did not however happen to meet, of whom it was said that he claimed to be Marshal Ney. He dwelt in one of the most secluded of all the mountain nooks to be found on the Tennessee side of the Blue Ridge, somewhere about the head waters of the Tuckaseedga river. Of course people took for granted that it was only in a temporary oblivion of sense that he uttered himself thus childishly. When asked to account for his escape, he told the following story: 'When the day came appointed for his execution, and while on his way to the fatal spot, the officer who accompanied him, whispered him that a portion of the old guard who had served with him so frequently, had been detailed for his execution—that these were not willing to see him basely murdered after so many hard-fought battles and perilous escapes as they had seen together, and were resolved to save him. He was then told that with the word "fire," he was to fall to the ground as if killed and leave the rest to his ancient comrades. Without giving him time to answer, the officer filed off, and he saw no more of him. All things being ready for the execution, he knelt, and, obeying his instructions implicitly, fell at the word "fire," and escaped perfectly uninjured. A cloak was instantly thrown over him to conceal his person, which was immediately taken possession of by the old Guard, who, faithful to the last, allowed no hands but their own to interfere in the last duties to the (supposed) dead. In this way he was saved and finally smuggled on board a vessel which bore him from the shores of France forever.'"

Such is the purport of the communication of my friend. Your readers must not suppose that because he tells, and I repeat, this story, either of us believes it:—yet, of such very stuff as this, even thus crude and improbable, do the the poet and the romancer weave some of their most enduring fictions.

SATILLA.

---

## ECHO.

*From the German of Herder.*

Believe it not, credulous child, believe not the fable of the poets, that the modest Echo is in aught connected with the vain Narcissus; or has been a

babbling traitress to her god; for never showed she herself to mortal; never came a sound first from her lips. But listen, I will relate to you the true story of the Echo.

Harmonia, the daughter of Love, was an active assistant of Jove at the creation. Parentally gave she out of her heart to every creature that sprang into existence a voice, a tone, that her all penetrating soul, her whole being pervaded; and by it, were all creatures united in bonds of brotherhood. At length the good mother had exhausted herself; and since she was, after her labors, only half an immortal, she was to be separated by death from her children. How deeply was she grieved by the thought of departure. Entreating, she fell before the throne of Jupiter, and said, "powerful god, let my form vanish from among the gods: but my feelings, my sympathies blot not out; and sever me not from those to whom I have given being out of my heart; at least, invisible, let me be around them; thereby will I feel with them, and share with them each sound of grief and of joy; with them be happy, or sorrowful."

"And what will it help thee, to be willing to to become one of no visible race," said the god, "when thou feelest with them their misery, being invisible, and not able to stand by them in their grief, when forever is pronounced against thee the irrevocable sentence of fate!"

"Only let me be permitted to answer to them, though invisible, only let the echoing sound reach their souls, and my mother-heart will rest fully satisfied.

Jupiter touched her softly, and she vanished, and became the formless, all pervading Echo. When the voices of her children sound—sounds also the heart of the mother; she utters out of every object the sounds of sorrow and of gladness, with the harmony of a delicately attuned string. Even the hard rocks are pervaded by her; even the solitary woods become animated; and how oft hast thou, O tender mother, thou timid inhabitant of the solitude and the silent forest, how oft hast thou in these refreshed me more than the unsympathizing hearts of men. With softest pity thou givest me back my sighs. However unwise and forsaken I may be, I feel still, in listening to thy broken tones, that an all-pervading, an all-embracing mother knows me and hears me.

C. C. L.

---

## SONNET.

I had a dream all beautifully sad,
  My life's sole solace had gone up on high,
  And I was left on earth alone to die.
Musing in resignation almost glad,
I wept my loss, when lo, in beauty clad,
  I saw my loved one to my couch draw nigh:
  For me she had descended from the sky,
If to my grief she might some respite add.
Sweet was the thought that love could bring her down,
  But I was troubled as the mother, when
  Her suff'ring infant wakes and moans again;
"O linger not—resume your heavenly crown,"
  I said, and as soft notes of music fail,
  She, smiling, melted in the moonbeams pale.

C. C. L.

---

## "NYDIA PRESENTING FLOWERS TO IONE."

[*Bulwer's Last Days of Pompeii.*

They call me, sweet lady, the blind flower girl,
  Tho' to me there seems light all round;
They tell me it glows in the diamond and pearl,
  May it not in these flowers be found?

The bright dew is on them, I culled them this morn,
  While the air was refreshing and bland,
And I've traced them all o'er—there's not a rude thorn,
  To wound thy soft delicate hand.

And for thy fair bosom I tied this bouquet—
  Here's the violet, the rose, and "hearts-ease;"
The first that bloomed among my flowers to-day.
  Does the dew-drop still twinkle on these?

Take them, fair lady, they were gathered for thee,
  And this garland I wreathed for thy brow,
Is blooms from the orange and magnolia tree,
  A pledge for the pure bridal vow.

And now could my fingers run o'er that smooth face,
  As they glide o'er my beautiful flowers;
They would tell me of majesty, sweetness and grace,
  That might chain the "poor flower girl" for hours.

Then when all alone, I am threading my way,
  With my light basket swung on my arm,
I'll think of thee, lady, as the loved light of day,
  And my heart will grow tender and warm.

A.

*Memphis, Jan.* 1847.

## SOME FACT AND SOME FICTION.

One morning, at breakfast, Mr. Clermont said—"I believe Beninah has given us the best of Curran, Erskine and Burke, suppose we have a little biography?"

"I am afraid we shall impose quite too much on Miss Clermont," said Megilvery.

Beninah said, there could be nothing more delightful to her—"and which shall we have, Plutarch, Haley, or Boswell?"

"Plutarch is out of date, Haley too gloomy, or rather his subject is so, Johnson is a most excellent subject, and Boswell the prince of biographers."

"I delight in the book," said Megilvery, "notwithstanding the ridicule which has been heaped on it by Dr. Walcott in his Bozzy and Piozzy. I believe it was not that work referred to, but Johnson's tour to the Scottish Islands, and what is remembered, as it occurs, is usually more vividly impressed on the mind."

"True, Megilvery, but Dr. Walcott, with all his wit and originality, has long since been laid on the shelf; what is written for the passing hour, generally dies with the circumstances which gave it birth. While 'Sir Joseph Banks,' and the 'Butterfly', and the 'Hair Powder Tan' are forgotten, we still take some interest in Johnson and his friend. I am ready to say with Cowper, 'what would we not give for such a life of Shakspeare, or Milton.'"

"I dare say," said Beninah, "I should have admired the Doctor as much as Boswell did. Mr. Oglevie says of his dictionary, it is as heavy as the Pyramids of Egypt, and as useless."

"That reminds me of the gnat on the horn of the ox."

"Tread lightly," said Mr. Clermont, "o'er the ashes of the dead, and especially o'er the grave of the unfortunate suicide."

Mr. Clermont saw the wayward spirit of Megilvery was hurt by this remark, and said, "My dear sir, a living man is more injured by what is said of him than a dead one, and I believe poor Oglevie left few connexions to mourn his fate. Did you ever hear him lecture, Megilvery?"

"Several times, in Kentucky, and was much amused with his performance, for he was sometimes quite dramatic. On one occasion I heard him mention the frightful fragments of a man, and he started with as much horror as if they had in reality been presented to him."

* * * * *

When Mrs. Dorsay had been absent for some weeks, Mr. Clermont asked Beninah "if she did not think it strange Orrah had not written to them?"

"If I had," said Beninah, "exacted a promise, she would have been as good as her word. I did not do so, and I hardly think she will write, she likes a book so much better than a pen."

"I think, Beninah, she has nearly regained her former cheerfulness; does she ever mention Dorsay's death now?"

"Very seldom, though that is no reason she does not think of him. Last Christmas, when you went to New York, she staid with me;—one evening some political ladies took tea with us; after they were gone, I asked Orrah why she did not help Miss Macaul defend her favorite candidate for the Presidency. You are both personally acquainted with him."

"Yes," she said, "but that does not qualify us to be judges of his fitness for the station; I was never much disposed to meddle with politics, and if I had been, Mr. Dorsay would have cured me of the propensity."

"Why? Was he one of those lordly gentlemen who think ladies have no right to an opinion."

"Far from it, or I might have rebelled. The last time we dined from home it was with a friend; the party consisted of our host and his wife and the elderly ladies, together with ourselves. Politics was the subject; the ladies were very warm; the gentlemen occasionally threw in a word by way of keeping up the fire. Mr. Dorsay sat opposite to me at table and several times looked at me with a pleased expression of countenance; a circumstance I should have forgotten had it not been impressed on my mind by recent events. As we drove home he said, 'I never was so pleased and so proud of you as to-day; you did not talk politics with those silly women.' And really, to do him justice, their politics were nothing more than partialities and personalities. I rejoiced my husband was pleased; but there was no room for surprise, for he seldom heard me mention the subject."

"Very true," said Beninah; "but I did not know you always intended to be so prudent. I thought it might have been accidental."

"Far from it; it was in accordance with a resolution I formed when I was very young. I once visited a widow lady much addicted to politics:—one day whilst I was there, a neighbor sent her a circular from a member of Congress; the words 'Depreciate' and 'Appreciate' occurred frequently, which she read aloud for the edification of the company 'Deprecate' and 'Apprecate.' There was present a graduate of Princeton, who afterwards made many laughable remarks on the subject. I resolved never to run the risk of being classed with such ladies. I have often wondered that women should ever interfere with a subject, which so often awakens all the stormy passions of men. Indeed I am surprised that gentlemen are usually so fond of this topic; when so much knowledge is necessary for the able discussion of affairs it is apt

to be brought in view. I think a politician should be acquainted with the religious and moral history of the civilized world, political and military institutions, and the commercial affairs, not only of the present, but of past times."

"You fix your standard too high, Orrah; how is it possible for cultivators of the earth, merchants, and mechanics to know all these things?"

"They cannot; therefore, those who aspire to guide the multitude ought to know what they are about."

"But," said Beninah, "I should think it was easy enough for most persons to understand something of state rights and local concerns."

"Certainly; but even on these subjects we often hear great blunders. I had a chat the other day with a neighbor who blamed Mr. Clay for giving up a great fishing hole *a-way yonder* at the South. He was talking of the cod-fish Fisheries of the North. The ignorance of the man reminded me of what once occurred in my juvenile days. I went with my mother to visit a brother of my father's, a member of Congress, who had just returned from Washington. We found him chatting with an old tenant, who appeared deeply immersed in politics. My uncle rose and said, 'Sister, this is daddy Brown; perhaps you do not remember him.' 'Yes, Frank, I recollect him.' 'And how may you please to do, madam,' said the old man. 'Quite well, I thank you; how did you leave Mrs. Brown.' 'Why, madam, old Cohonk, as I call her, is pretty tolerable.' As soon as we were seated round the fire, daddy Brown renewed the conversation. 'As I was telling you, master Frank, if the people would only send you, General Washington and myself to Congress, we three could carry on things very well, and then it would save the country so much money; you and the General are both so rich, you would want nothing. and one hundred and fifty dollars would be enough for me.' My uncle replied with the greatest gravity, 'it was impossible for him to calculate the amount of service he might render his country.'"

"Fig! fig! Mrs. Dorsay, this story is too bad."

"I will tell you another curious story: I heard of a man once who was so fond of the subject, that his wife would not let him go to the hen-house, for fear he might talk politics to the roosters. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but the other two are facts. If you say so, I will read the treaty, the Wealth of Nations, study Bentham, and become a political aspirant."

"I do not say so. I like to see gentlemen when they pay social visits, lay down their politics with their hats. There is nothing I dislike more than to see five or six ladies grouped together, as if they were frightened, and as many gentlemen disputing obstinately, asserting positively, and contradicting bluntly; talking as if they were hailing a ship at sea, and storming like madmen at each other."

"Did you ever witness such a scene?"

"Sometimes I have,—but not very often, for the credit of the country."

It was now the first of April; the weather was mild and pleasant. Megilvery, though still thin and pale, was evidently improving. He took a long stroll every day, but always on the common and alone. He feared to walk with Mr. Clermont, lest they should meet with some one under circumstances which might render an introduction necessary. To remain unknown at Clermont House was quite practicable: their little reading-room a sanctum sanctorum. Mr. Clermont, though residing in a fashionable part of the city, lived in comparative seclusion; all the visiters at Clermont House were received in a distant apartment. Megilvery said when he went back to Canada, he should lay aside his velvet cap—then he should look and feel more like himself—and then he would be social. Mr. Clermont forbore to importune him, seeing it had no good effect, and hoping time would produce a perfect restoration.

The beautiful miniature still kept its place over the mantle-piece, and again and again fixed the admiring gaze of Beninah, and the devotional looks of Megilvery.

One fine Sabbath morning, early in the month, Mr. Clermont observed to Beninah at breakfast, that he had rested so badly and felt so much indisposed, he feared she would have to walk to church alone.

"I hope," said she, "you will be better before the bell rings, and if you are not, I will stay at home and read the morning service and a sermon to Mr. Megilvery and yourself."

"By no means, my dear; Megilvery has been reading Taylor's 'Holy Living and Dying,' and I have been looking over that good old book, 'Law's Call!' What were your morning studies?"

"Dr. Doddridge. Father, did you ever observe his beautiful prayer for the dying?"

"Yes, very often, my daughter, and I think it excellent."

Soon after the first bell rang, Beninah came into the room to see if any thing would be wanting during her absence. She was dressed in a plain white frock, a single leaf of rose geranium in her bosom, a straw hat tied with pale blue ribbon.

"Why, my dear," said her father, "where is the new bonnet the French milliner made me buy for you?"

"I thought it looked too gay and fine for church."

"True, very true, my daughter—the temple of God is an unsuitable place for the exhibition of finery, although I do not suppose this is a general opinion. I remember being once in a country village, where there was a meeting of the clergy for the purpose of transacting the business of the

church. I dined with a member of the church: we had a fine dinner, a very fine dessert, and in the afternoon I attended divine service. The ladies were so gaily adorned, the church looked like a flower-garden in full bloom, and the noise and bustle over the place rendered it quite a scene of confusion, and the crowd was distracting."

"Father, did you think all this consistent with the ostensible object of the meeting."

"When I first came to this country, it was not the custom for any but the clergy to attend such meetings, and I liked it much better than the present fashion; however, I am an old man, and my sentiments may be considered the prejudice of age, and I leave it to younger persons to adopt, or reject these innovations as they think fit."

Megilvery said, "Those who were in favor of such meetings argued that they produced religious excitement."

"My dear friend, excitement is not religion—not the abiding principle that teaches man to avoid violent passions and folly—to do good and to shun evil; many pious people no doubt take pleasure in these meetings; but would they not be much happier at home, free from the bustle of a crowd, with such books as Doddridge, Law and Taylor!"

When Beninah left the room for church, Megilvery asked Mr. Clermont if he had ever seen an extravagant compliment paid to Taylor in an article on Ford's dramatic works, which came out in the Edinburg Review some years ago?

"No, I do not remember it. I think it was the object of that publication to bring into notice old English writers; but what was the compliment?"

"That there was more of the soul and body of poetry in one of the prose Folios of Taylor, than in all the odes and epics which had appeared in England since his time."

"I am disposed to think it exaggerated praise; however, you may judge for yourself,—there is a folio edition of his works in the library."

"I will go," said Megilvery, "and bring one."

"It is not worth while, the books are so unwieldly they require a table to lay them on, and the little volume you hold in your hand is a fair specimen. If you have become accustomed to the sound of your own voice, I wish you would read a few pages of it to me."

"Certainly, if you can listen to me after Miss Clermont."

"Your voice has very much improved in the course of a few weeks, although it is not quite so sweet as my daughter's. Beninah is not here to be alarmed at so unusual an occurrence as my taking a *siesta* in the morning, so I will take a loll on the couch; perhaps I may indemnify myself for my last night's vigil."

"Then my reading will disturb you."

"No, it will have a contrary effect."

Megilvery was about to close the shutter near the couch, when he was stopped by Mr. Clermont, saying, "My dear fellow, let the shutter alone; let me have the light and sweet air of heaven as long as I can see the one, or feel the other: a dark room is always associated, in my mind, with pain and suffering; in former days the doctors used to confine their patients to dark rooms, and my aversion of them has been increased by an adventure which has befallen me in the last year. In May I called at Mr. Panarch Tribble's on business: it was a lovely morning—a blue, unclouded sky, brightened by a brilliant sun; from this delightful scene without I was ushered into not a very well lighted room, but a well darkened room; every shutter was carefully closed, long crimson damask curtains swept the floor, which was covered by a rich carpet. I was rendered so completely blind by this sudden transition, that I sunk as I thought in the corner of a sofa near the door, which happened to be preoccupied by a lady; at the moment I discovered my error, the lady, said in French, 'Is this the fashion in America!' Fortunately, I remembered French enough to beg her pardon and apologize for the blunder. Then turning to Mrs. Tribble, (her husband was not at home,) I said 'madam, I think I can suggest a plan that will be an improvement to your establishment.' 'What is it!' she said. 'To have the adjoining apartment as well darkened as this—and let it be understood that all visitors are to stay there till they can count the tables and chairs—it would certainly prevent such unpleasant mistakes as this.' 'Bless me,' Mr. Clermont, 'I cannot keep light apartments; I verily believe if Mr. Tribble were obliged to go into one of those blazing light rooms he would expire.' 'That is very strange, madam, when air and light are two of the elements on which we live. How does he walk the streets!' 'Why, sir, he has a large white hat, and a large black umbrella, several yards in diameter.' 'In circumference, I presume you mean, madam.' 'Yes, sir, I mean *round about*.' 'How did he do when he was his father's clerk!' Old Mr. Tim. Tribble kept a flourishing china store, and I do not suspect the business was transacted in a dark counting-room. But I soon took my leave, being weary of the lady and the black hole of Calcutta."

Megilvery observed "that closed shutters made the rooms cool."

"That is not the object, my dear Megilvery, it is the love of fashion, and can man or woman be contemplated in a more ridiculous point of view than in blind obedience to its dictates; for who can be answerable for the daily sacrifice made on its fantastic altar. If comfort be the object, why shut out all the delightful weather of spring and autumn, or even of such a day as this; or why in winter should the feeble, slanting rays of the December sun be so carefully excluded. I spent a part of last spring in the country. Before the door

stretched a range of lofty mountains; the intermediate landscape consisted of fields of grain, and green and luxuriant pastures filled with lowing herds and bleating flocks; the pleasure grounds filled with flowering shrubs, and every zephyr bearing fragrance on its wings: yet all these beauties of nature were excluded, unless you made a business of going to see them. I asked an ignorant servant girl, I happened to observe one morning on the front steps gazing earnestly about her, what she saw. 'Nothing in particular; I was only looking to see how beautiful this world is.' This poor untutored girl might be one of Gray's gems, or flowers, who was wasting its sweetness on the desert air. I have no objection to the dazzling rays of a summer's sun to shine through an obscuring medium—it is the abuse, not the use of the fashion to which I object; but I cannot bear to be shut up in a dark room, be the weather clear or cloudy, cold or hot;—excuse me, Megilvery, I am quite an old man." As he pronounced the last words, there was a singularity in his manner which alarmed Megilvery: he drew his chair close to the couch, and kept the most attentive watch. After about the lapse of an hour he awoke with a start, extended his arms and murmured in a low voice, "what a pity it is the illusions of sleep are so transient and fleeting;—how strange that in our slumbers we lose sight of the grave, or the ocean which separates from those we love. I dreamed, Megilvery, I was in the orange grove at Tusculum. Emily and your father were with me: I extended my arms towards them and they vanished."

Megilvery, touched by the sad expression of his countenance, said, "I hope one part of the dream will soon be realized. My father will soon be here."

"Have you received a letter since the one last week."

"No; but in my answer I begged him to come as speedily as possible, and I think we may calculate on seeing him early in the ensuing month. I know he wishes to see me before I go to Canada."

"And I wish to see him before I go hence, and be no more seen," said Mr. Clermont; "but what ever may betide, I cannot say with the Patriarch, 'Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage.' For I have lived many and my life has been crowned with many undeserved mercies."

Before Beninah returned from Church, her father had regained his usual cheerful serenity. He told her he felt so much better he would attend evening service with her.

"Well, Megilvery," said Mr. Clermont, "as you are not disposed to go with us, I expect you will look over those prose folios, and tell me when I come back what you think of them."

"Yes," said Megilvery, "and I will take a contemplative stroll beside."

It was late before he returned from his walk, and when he returned, Beninah was singing the old-fashioned anthem, called Denmark. After singing several pieces of sacred music, her father asked her for the beautiful hymn by Miss Williams, "Whilst Thee I seek, Protecting Power."

"You must have taken a long walk, Megilvery," said Mr. Clermont.

"Much longer than I intended; but in a climate like this I always enjoy the return of fine weather with greater zest than I do the perpetual spring of tropical climates. In Canada this feeling is increased by the sudden transition from winter almost to the bloom of summer. The spring is short."

"But," said Mr. Clermont, "nothing would reconcile me to six months of winter, although most countries have their peculiar charms. And happily for us prudence and industry will usually procure for us a reasonable share of comfort and contentment, no matter where our lot may be cast."

The next morning Mr. Clermont asked Megilvery how he liked Taylor?

"Very much; but I should have been disappointed had I given full credence to Jeffrey. Thompson, Gray, and Young, and a host of others, have written much that is beautiful since the days of Taylor."

"Yes," said Mr. Clermont, "Gray's far-famed Elegy, the First Night of Young, and above all, Thompson's Winter, contain much of what I call poetry, and that too of the highest order. I wish, Megilvery, you would read the Elegy for me—it is a long time since I have heard it, and after Beninah has arranged her domestic affairs, she will read Winter for us: blank verse is her *forte*."

When Beninah came in, Mr. Clermont said, "My daughter, Mr. Megilvery has just treated me with Gray's Elegy, and now I wish you to read 'Winter' for us."

"With the greatest pleasure, my dear father, if you will let me go up stairs and bring my beautiful copy of the 'Seasons,' given me by my former classmate, Julia Douglass."

After Beninah left the room, "I thought," said Megilvery, "Miss Clermont was educated at home."

"Her mother taught her till she was ten years old; she then went to school two years; but I always paid particular attention to her reading—a very important branch of education, which is often neglected. I have accustomed her to read often for the amusement of friends whenever a suitable occasion presented itself. I do not approve of young ladies speaking or reciting in public, as they do at that great fanfaronade called a Queen of May. For weeks before it occurs, the mind of the child is so distracted, as to forbid every thing like study or attention to books; and passions are made busy, which should sleep in the bosom of a child. The last year she was at school I took her into the country before the time arrived for the election of Queen.

I thought it prudent to prevent disappointment or exultation; for in childhood either is hard to bear. Whilst in the country I amused her by rambling in the woods in search of wild flowers. She learned enough from Wakefield's Botany to class them: that I considered knowledge enough on the subject, and this hint may be of use to any gentleman who may have six or seven daughters to educate. As for chemistry, I think the practical part of it only necessary for ladies. I expect the brewers and bakers of London were better chemists in their respective callings than Sir Humphry Davy himself, and I do assure you, Megilvery, in Virginia many ladies understand those practical branches of the science very well. Whilst I was in the State, one of the most elegant women I ever saw published a cookery book."

As Mr. Clermont finished speaking, Beninah entered the room with the Seasons in her hand—the book opened at a print of the man perishing in the snow. "Look," said Megilvery, "those trees seem to bend before the fury of the tempest, while the poor man beneath their leafless branches is 'stretched out a stiffened corpse and bleaching in the northern blast.' But I had rather hear you read than look at prints, however perfect they may be."

"You say, father, you will have Winter this fine spring morning?"

"Yes, my daughter, the contrast will enhance the charms of both."

Beninah had not read more than ten pages, when Mr. Clermont fell from his seat apparently lifeless: the book dropped from her powerless hand, and she uttered a faint scream, but remained like a statue in her seat. Megilvery stood aghast for an instant, then with far more strength than could have been calculated from his feeble appearance, lifted the struggling form of Clermont and laid him on the couch, then rang the bell so violently, that every servant rushed to the room in the same instant. "Go for the doctor, Jasper, your master is strangely affected."

"Strangely affected, sir; my poor master in convulsions. Do, good Philip, run for the doctor and let me stay with my dear good master, the only friend I have in the wide, wide world;" and poor Jasper flung himself on his knees at the foot of the couch, and buried his face in his hands, and wept like a child.

Megilvery, with the self-command and composure the occasion required, assisted the other servants in applying the usual remedies resorted to on such occasions. After awhile the struggling ceased, and the patient opened his eyes and said, "My daughter, my child, where are you?"

Beninah extended her arms, but seemed unable to move. Megilvery supported her to the couch.

"Let her sit at my head, Megilvery, and put her hand on my forehead."

When she placed her hand on his forehead, he said, "how cool and sweet," and relapsed again into silence. The lips of the sufferer seemed to move as if in prayer.

Jasper, who, after the first shock and burst of grief subsided, resumed his firmness and stood with folded arms at the foot of the couch. Mr. Clermont observing him, said, "Jasper, I will thank you to go to Sackville, my first clerk, and tell him I am dying, and wish to see him." Jasper obeyed in sorrowful silence.

Megilvery looked at Beninah; her countenance was *fixed*, and her eyes without tears. As the doctor was not at home, nearly an hour elapsed before Philip returned with him. When he was near enough, Mr. Clermont holding out his hand to him, said, "Doctor, my days are numbered; you are here to see a dying man. I hope not for relief; but there is one event I wish to witness: therefore I implore you to tell me honestly how many hours you think I may have to live.

The doctor was going to answer candidly, when he was checked by a deep groan from Megilvery—whose worst fears were now confirmed—and the hopeless, helpless sorrow pictured on the pale face and tearless eyes of Beninah. Mr. Clermont waited a few moments and then said, "Fear not, I am prepared, and your opinion may lessen the shock to my dear children."

"I think," said the doctor, "you will not survive many such attacks."

"Do you think I can stand another?"

"Perhaps not."

"Thank you: and now I wish to be alone with my family." He stretched out his cold, trembling hands to the doctor and said, "Farewell, my good friend, we meet no more on earth." Tears stood in the eyes of the kind-hearted doctor as he quitted the melancholy scene.

Left alone with his family, Mr. Clermont called Beninah and Megilvery to his side and said in a distinct, but faint voice, "Megilvery, do you love Beninah?"

"More than life," he promptly replied.

"Beninah, my child, my only child, the only object, the only treasure it costs me a pang to leave, will you make me happy by letting me see you married to Megilvery before my eyes are closed forever?"

Beninah spoke not, but made a sign of assent.

Mr. Clermont then directed Sackville to make the necessary arrangements, and at one o'clock Beninah became the mourning bride of Megilvery, and before four in the afternoon, the fond and devoted, but ill-judging father, was no more—leaving his hapless daughter a heritage of wo, though the wife of an amiable, honorable, and accomplished man.

Beninah remained by her dying father till the last struggle was over; when the anguished body breathed no more, and the features had relapsed

into the calm of death, she rose from her seat and passively followed a lady out of the room, whom the kind-hearted Jasper had invited to this house of sorrow; for he was considered by all who knew him more the humble and affectionate friend of Mr. Clermont than his servant. As she stood leaning on the balustrade, and Mrs. Franklin was trying in vain to compose her, Megilvery approached: she waved him from her with a look of command and an air of sternness foreign from her character. She then sought her own apartment, where she continued to walk backwards and forwards with hurried and disordered steps till quite exhausted, seated herself for a few moments, then rose again to repeat the same sad task. No persuasions of Mrs. Franklin could induce her even to make an effort at composure; she heeded her not, and hardly appeared to hear her. As the last rays of a lovely, sinking sun were seen through the closed shutters of the room, where lay all that was left of what had been so dear to her, she entered and knelt beside the loved form of her father, the presence of Megilvery, Sackville and Jasper appearing to be unobserved by her: her hands were clasped, though no sound proceeded from her trembling lips; she then rose, kissed again and again the cold forehead and lips, and turned away with looks which said this is a *last* and long farewell. Megilvery once more attempted to approach her, but she fled from him with a look so wild, that he exclaimed, "What have I done: I fear she is crazy! Oh! that a few hours could be recalled! Why did I render her thus wretched! But for this fatal step, I might have been her friend, her counsellor."

"My dear sir," said Sackville, "let me beseech you to be comforted, I do not see how you can blame yourself,—and her conduct is, believe me, only the effect of excessive grief."

"God bless you, dear Sackville, God bless you for your kind words of comfort;—but has she no intimate friend who could console her: oh! if Mrs. Dorsay were only here."

"Had you not better write for her, Mr. Megilvery?"

"In my present state of feeling," said Megilvery, "I could not connect three words on paper."

"I will write," said Jasper, "if you will let me; it will comfort me to be doing any thing to aid those my dear master loved so much."

"Write, good Jasper," said Megilvery, "and let me hear what you have written."

He wrote a few lines, which Megilvery approved. They were as follows:

"*My Dear Mrs. Dorsay*,—My master, my dear kind, good master, the best and dearest friend I ever had in the wide world is no more. At half-past four this evening I felt the last throb of his pulse and closed his eyes forever. His daughter seems like one turned into stone:—she neither weeps nor speaks. Mr. Megilvery, who has been staying sometime at Clermont House, is in deep distress. Come, dearest lady, come—come on wings if possible, and help us if you can.

DENNIS JASPER MURPHY.

"P. S. My master was taken with a fit at ten in the morning and died in the evening."

*Clermont House, April 4th.*

On the evening of the 6th, the mortal remains of Edward Clermont were conveyed to their last resting-place, and the crowd which followed attested, by their deep silence and solemnity, their love and veneration for the name and character of the deceased.

The next morning Mrs. Dorsay arrived; she had heard various accounts of Beninah's marriage, some melancholy and some ridiculous. Her confidence in the good sense of Mr. Clermont, and the prudence of Beninah, led her to disregard them all. But when she saw her haggard looks, the wild and miserable expression of her countenance, she no longer doubted. Beninah wept as she felt her face bedewed by the fast falling tears of her early friend, and they relieved her. The day was passed in silence—or only broken by heavy sighs from Beninah;—sometimes she forced herself to ask Orrah some unimportant question respecting her visit to New York. The next morning Mrs. Dorsay learned from Sackville the particulars of this singular marriage. He said he could attach no blame to either party; and none but an eye-witness could form any idea of the scene. Beninah had acted, as he thought, with her own consent: had he believed differently, as an old man, he should have interfered. He supposed Mr. Clermont's mind must have been disordered, for he had told him a short time before his death he intended settling half his fortune on his daughter and he had left no will, and in bestowing her on Mr. Megilvery, had bestowed on him, in the right of her husband, all her property.

"Is Mr. Megilvery aware of this?"

"Yes."

"And what does he intend to do?"

"Fear him not," said the old clerk with emphasis, "he is an honorable man and will do what is right. He told me yesterday he was convinced Beninah married him in compliance with her father's wishes, and that he considered such a marriage unrighteous in the eyes of God and man, and he said as soon as she was more composed, he should make a formal relinquishment of his claims."

"Where is Megilvery?" enquired Mrs. Dorsay.

"He said, after you came yesterday, as Beninah was in good hands he would return to his former lodgings. He called here a short time since on his way to the wharf to meet some friends just arrived from Jamaica."

"Why Jasper told me he kept himself secluded."

"I believe he has seen the folly of that, and you know this is a particular case."

One morning Mrs. Dorsay said to her friend, "Do you know, Beninah, Megilvery has called here every morning and evening to enquire after you, and yet I have never, 'till this morning, caught a glimpse of him!"

"How long is it since you left New York, Orrah?"

"Eleven days. I was surprised to find he looked nearly as thin and pale as when we first saw him."

"If you knew his habits," said Beninah, "you would not wonder; I have often heard him walking half the night. He was hardly ever still a moment unless I was reading or singing to him. He took little nourishment except strong coffee night and morning. My father used to warn him of the danger, but it had no effect except to distress him. The last evening I saw him he looked so wild it almost crazed me. Do you know, Orrah, I have determined never to call him Mr. again: my father always said Megilvery, and it sounds kinder."

Mrs. Dorsay thought this a favorable moment to deliver Megilvery's message. "He told me, Beninah, to tell you he was going to Canada soon; he wishes to see you and make a relinquishment of all his unfortunate *claims*."

"No, no, Orrah, that must not be—my vows were made at the request of a dying father, and it would be impious to break them. Let him go to Canada, and when he returns I shall be in a better frame of mind and will then see him. Tell him, Orrah, that in compliance to my father's wishes, and in obedience to the feelings excited by his situation, I adopted conduct well calculated to deceive him: for this I implore his pardon;—I did not, I could not foresee the consequences."

The next day, although deeply dejected, Beninah was composed and tranquil. Mrs. Dorsay did not well know how to act; but on deliberation, she deemed it prudent not to advise, but await the operation of events. The letter of Megilvery's father had prepossessed her in his favor, and she had heard nothing against him except his wayward and melancholy fancies, and these she thought would be removed by the return of health: she could not foresee what effect such a change would have on Beninah. When Megilvery called in the evening, he was pleased to hear of her resolve, as it gave him leave to hope. A few days before his departure, Beninah received from him the following letter.

"Had you accepted the relinquishment, which, as a man and a christian, I considered it my duty to offer, I should have addressed you in a different style; but as your rejection bids me hope, I will for the first time since the days of happy childhood, call you dear Beninah. It is only a few short weeks your father said to me, 'nothing cures us so soon of imaginary, as real calamity,—let us not indulge the one lest we be chastened by the other.' Prophetic words, and most truly have they been verified; I gave way to the one and have been chastened by the other. I have been a wayward, melancholy madman: I hope I am cured. Instead of avoiding society I shall in future endeavor to render myself fit for it. And if in future I should again be tempted to relapse into this state of mind, I shall only have to recall the past, to be content only to recall the anguish and horror of those days, when I feared an act, which I should have prevented, had inflicted on you worse than death; and I shall be happy that those dreadful fears are removed; and resigned, whatever may befall me. He knows not of misery who never felt remorse. Before I depart for Canada, I have several requests to make;—the first is, that you will permit me to write,—the second is, that you will answer my letters, if you only say in one short line, like the sentinel on his post, 'all is well;'—the third is, that you adopt no decisive measures during the next twelve months,—and the last—the dearest of all, that you will bear the name of the changed, the affectionate and most devoted

MEGILVERY."

Beninah returned for answer,—"All your requests shall be complied with,

BENINAH MEGILVERY."

Before Megilvery departed for Canada he made his will. In the preamble he mentions the peculiar and melancholy circumstances attendant on his marriage, and his views and feelings on the subject. He restores to Beninah Clermont, alias Megilvery, all the property he acquired by this marriage, *also* his watch and seal, his diamond breastpin to Mrs. Dorsay, his arm-chair and portable writing desk to David Sackville, to his kind friend, Dennis Jasper Murphy, one thousand dollars, to his faithful, affectionate servant, Philip Lamot, five thousand. He had three copies of this will properly attested; he kept one, left one with Sackville, and requested the other should be given to Beninah as soon as he was gone. Many were the tears Beninah shed over this testimony of Megilvery's honorable views and intentions. She recollected his kindness to her in her childhood, she even thought, since her father had told of it, that she remembered his bringing her out of the wood on the approach of the hurricane, and her father's obligations to his father had made a deep impression on him.

"My dear, Orrah, how shall I meet Megilvery's father? his son is in Canada, and my father ——." Her voice choked.

"Do not distress yourself, dear Beninah, you will not be called upon to meet him, Mr. Sackville

told me Megilvery has written to his father to join him in Canada, the letter goes by the brig Nancy, and she sails for Jamaica this evening."

"Do you think," said Beninah, "he mentioned me in the letter?"

"No doubt he did, for it is much better his father and other friends should know the truth than to be distressed by various rumors on the subject, for rumor can fly over sea as well as land."

"My mind," said Beninah, "is in a painful and singular state with regard to Megilvery. I respect his character and admire his talents, though I was often awe-struck by his sad, stern looks, and except the morning he came here, I have never seen him but in the presence of my father, and he is so intimately connected in my mind with my father, that were I to see him now, I would see my father die again."

"The salutary influence, dear Beninah, will certainly lessen, if it does not remove these painful feelings."

"I hope so," replied Beninah despondingly.

When Philip was packing up, he asked his master's leave to give the servants at Clermont House some bottles of wine and jars of West India sweet meats, which were left, and some to the poor old black woman who sold cakes and candies at the corner of the street; "one side of her forehead is concealed by a bandage, and I am told she has a cancer on her temple."

"Do give them to her," said Megilvery, "and this five dollar note. Where does she live, Philip?"

"In a cold, damp cellar, not far from this. She is at her little table late and early."

"I hope she will make something by the sale of sweet-meats."

"Master, do you remember aunt Alla, at Mr. Harrison's, in Virginia?"

"No, who was she?"

Philip, who was fond of talking, went on.

"She nursed Mrs. Harrison, and used often to go to the house that her young mistress, as she called Mrs. Harrison, might read the Bible to her. Mr. Harrison always called her the old lady. I thought perhaps you noticed her."

"If I did I have forgotten her, Philip."

"She lived in a hewed log-cabin near the lawn, with a stone chimney, a plank floor, and a glass window; there were raspberries, and gooseberries, and sweet potatoes in her garden, and three fine apple trees before her door, and her hen house was covered with a grape-vine filled with fine fruit, and she had her grand-daughter, Dolly, to wait on her, and very often Fanny and Sally, Mrs. Harrison's two little girls, that you were so fond of, would go to see her and carry her something of all that was nice at dinner. Indeed, master, all the black people at Reslingrove were well provided. The slaves in the South were much kinder to me than the free black people here."

"Perhaps, Philip, they had it more in their power to be so."

"But," continued Philip, "when I tell people here how slaves live in the South they will not believe me. They say when negroes there are no longer able to work, they are knocked in the head and thrown in the river, or given to the hogs to devour."

"Hush! Hush! Philip, you make me shudder."

Philip looked up from the trunk he was packing and saw that his master was much paler than usual. Megilvery still labored under nervous disease, which, in spite of all his efforts, sometimes bid defiance to reason and resolve. After a pause he said:

"Such are the horrible tales which serve to keep at variance the North and the South, and who knows when, how or where the mischief will end."

The next day Megilvery commenced his journey, which we will leave him to pursue and return to Beninah. After some four or five weeks had elapsed, Mrs. Dorsay persuaded her to attend the Episcopal Church. She appeared in the deepest mourning, and all who saw her felt themselves in the venerable presence of misery; her looks were calculated to check gossip and censure; her plaintive voice was heard joining in the solemn service of the church and she appeared soothed by it. This service, when well conducted, is always impressive. When they returned Beninah thanked Orrah for persuading her to go to Church.

"When I was a child I used to go with my father and mother, and I used to stand by him on the seat and read and sing out of the same book. After my mother's death, I always walked beside him and knelt by his side to pray; I feared these remembrances would be too much for me, but 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.'"

"Did you know," said Orrah, "that Megilvery belongs to the Episcopal Church?"

"No, but I supposed from his conversation he was piously inclined. Mr. Sackville told me he received the Sacrament in that church the Sunday before he left here, and I was much pleased to hear it on your account, for although I cannot believe that sincere christians will ever disagree because they differ on some points, yet I think it better they should be of the same opinion on all important subjects, this I mean as far as it concerns man and wife."

"If you do not think, Orrah, sincere christians ever disagree, how do you account for the discord between the different sects, and the splits and parties in the same church?"

"I cannot account for it, and would fain disbelieve it if I could, for certainly the inconsistencies of professors injure the cause more than ought that can be said by the bitterest enemies. I have heard Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, Methodists, and even others, preach, and they all inculcate nearly the same moral duties: 'Do justice, love

mercy and walk humbly with thy God.' We are all on a rough sea bound for the same port. The voyage is often dangerous and toilsome, sometimes melancholy, and should we, instead of aiding and consoling each other, step by the way to fight, because we sail under different flags, somewhat different in form and color?"

"You are so tolerant to all sects, my dear Orrah, that you have no particular attachment for any."

"What precept of the peaceful gospel do I neglect that you think so?"

"Perhaps you are what my father used to call a constitution christian. You remind me of an old lady I once knew, who said her husband was so good she feared he never would be converted. I have heard of a very vehement old gentleman once saying what a capital christian the devil would make if he could only be converted."

"That remark, Beninah, was treating the subject too lightly, if an unbeliever were to say so I should call it profane."

"So should I, but I have heard the old gentleman was as remarkable for his dissipation in youth as for piety in age, this circumstance, if true, accounts for the observation."

"I call you, Beninah, a sincere, believing, practical christian, grafted on a constitutional one."

"You think too kindly of me, Orrah; I have much, much to repent, and much to be forgiven."

"And so have I," added Orrah, with the most earnest solemnity."

Orrah's next object was to induce Beninah to resume her little school—in this she succeeded. She was several years older than Beninah and had great influence over her. Early in July, a fine looking old Frenchman called on Beninah; she told Orrah her father had employed him to give her lessons, and as the old man depended on his own exertions for support she hoped he would meet with patronage. Beninah asked the old man if he was not formerly librarian to the Duke of Panthaves, and if he had not the miniature of the Duchess in the lid of his snuff-box? The old man appeared very much pleased, opened the box, and showed the picture to Beninah.

"It is, indeed, very handsome, but so delicately fair I should hardly take it for the likeness of a French woman."

"She was an English woman, madam."

"Is she still alive?" asked Beninah.

"Probably she is," replied Mr. Lefeve with a sigh; "we were young people together, and when her husband, my friend and patron, perished in the revolution, she fled to her own country."

Beninah had remarked that he spoke English very well for a Frenchman, and this accounted for it. The Duchess spoke English in her family and had an English teacher for her children. Before Mr. Lefeve took his leave, Beninah promised to consider his proposals and let him know in a few days. Orrah was greatly in favor of the plan and determined to take lessons also.

"And we can take our lessons together," said Beninah.

"No, my principal object is to aid the unfortunate emigrant: if he attends us at our respective homes he will of course charge more, and we both can reward him liberally, and you know a man of an independent and well-regulated mind had rather receive money as his due than as bounty."

Orrah was much pleased to see that, although her friend was still melancholy, she took considerable interest in her little school and the study of the French language. Her teacher was a man of intelligence, and though his French vivacity was tempered by misfortune, he still retained enough of it to render him agreeable. Megilvery frequently wrote long and interesting letters to Beninah, which she answered in a cold, constrained manner, but not so laconic as he had specified. He wrote telling her of the arrival of his father and sister. The next letter informed her they feared to brave the cold of a northern winter; he had been with them round by water and had seen them established in Savannah, Georgia, and had returned to spend his winter in Canada. When Megilvery had been gone rather more than a year, Jasper tapped, one morning, at Beninah's door, and said, "here is a letter from Canada for you."

"Did the penny post leave it?"

"No, ma'm, it was brought by a gentleman, who wishes to see you,—he is down stairs."

"What sort of a looking gentleman is he?"

"A very proper looking gentleman I assure you, madam."

"What is his name?"

"I believe it is written on the back of the letter Donhoven."

"Well return," said Beninah, with a languid smile, "and tell this very proper looking gentleman I will see him presently."

Megilvery's letter contained a graphic description of his trip; in conclusion he introduced to her Mr. Donhoven, who he hoped would be a pleasant addition to their little circle. What he wrote was soon read, and as quickly comprehended. When Beninah finished reading the letter she went down not a little disconcerted, thinking she might meet one who knew something of her story, but it was an interview from which there was no retreat. As she entered the room, a genteel-looking stranger rose from his seat and said, "Mrs. Megilvery, I presume?"

"Yes, sir, and I suppose you are Mr. Donhoven, the bearer of this letter from my husband. I hope you left him well?"

"He was quite well, madam, when I left Quebec."

"When does he expect the return of his father and sister?"

"It is, I believe, uncertain; the old gentleman is partial to the South, and with good reason, for he is one of the finest looking men I ever saw of his age."

"Is he as tall as his son?" asked Beninah, because she could think of nothing else to say.

"Yes, he is as tall and nearly as erect, with a full suit of curling, silvery hair, and a full set of teeth, which impart to his countenance a youthful appearance."

In the same spirit of sociablity she next enquired, "how Megilvery amused himself in Quebec?"

"He has some difficult mercantile affairs to arrange, he has lived with a Mr. Gernon, whom he knew in Paris; he has taken great interest in giving his son and daughter lessons in English. I see a picture over the piano which reminds me of one of his favorite amusements, landscape painting.

"I did not know," said Beninah with evident surprise, "he possessed a talent of this sort."

"I do not expect," replied Mr. Donhoven, with a good-humored smile, "that he is a Salvator Rosa, but he certainly has great fondness for the art and a most distinct recollection of that picture which I was taking notice of before you came in the room. His copy is a fancy piece; the landscape is the same. Under the tree where Wolfe expired, there is a stone placed to mark the spot, on this leans a very old Indian talking with great apparent interest to two gentlemen," and pointing to that part of the picture where the routed French appear to be flying.

"I should like to see it," said Beninah, "I am fond of sketching and drawing myself."

"This being a joint production I took possession of it, and when I have the pleasure of calling again I will bring it with me."

"I shall be much obliged to you to do so."

After a visit, protracted somewhat beyond the usual length, Mr. Donhoven made his bow. As the street door closed after him poor Beninah suppressed a sigh. She could not help drawing a comparison between the pleasing stranger and her wayward, melancholy husband, although she was ever ready to admit the intrinsic worth of Megilvery. Left alone she walked to see Mrs. Dorsay; on entering the room she said, "Well, Orrah, what do you think Megilvery has done?"

"Nothing but what is right I dare say," said Orrah; "you know he is my beau-ideal of all that is honorable."

"And mine, too, to the same extent."

"But what has he done? Tell me."

"Well, this morning, a Mr. Donhoven, a gentleman from Quebec, brought me an introductory letter from Megilvery, he stayed at Clermont House more than an hour, and he is certainly the most perfect Adonis I ever saw, the most complete specimen of grace, ease, and elegance. He really looks like one of nature's noblemen."

"He may be all this, Beninah, and yet be Megilvery's inferior in matters by far more important. Lord Byron's Corsair might have been just such a looking gentleman, for any thing we know, and I dare say he was from Medora's admiration of him."

"I hope you do not intend to make a Medora of me and a Corsair of the stranger."

"Oh, no! I only intended to place in a strong point of view the danger of allowing ourselves to be captivated by mere exterior."

"But it certainly has its advantage and will have its weight," said Beninah, "and Megilvery's introducing him is a proof that he is a man of character. I expect he will call again at Clermont House, and when he does I will let you know, I want to know if you will not think of him just as I do."

"I will certainly come," said Orrah, "for I wish to see this paragon."

When Beninah went home she directed Jasper to let Mrs. Dorsay know the next time Mr. Donhoven called.

"You shall be obeyed, madam, said Jasper."

The fourth day after Donhoven's first visit at Clermont House he was again announced. He brought with him a large roll of drawing-paper, and as soon as the salutations of the morning were over, he proceeded to show what he termed Megilvery's fancy-piece. Beninah was surprised at the fidelity of the copy, except with regard to the human figures; every fleecy scattered cloud which floated above was the same also, every rock, tree and shrub; the old Indian was a fine, venerable figure.

"I thought," said Beninah, "you told me Megilvery had recovered his health, and here he is in the back ground looking as pale and thin as on his first arrival from Jamaica."

"I saw him a few days after he came to Quebec; this I drew from memory, it was, however, one of his own fancies."

"Here, too, is Philip; ah! what has become of that faithful squire?"

"He is still with his master."

"Who is this with the white garment confined round his waist with a belt?"

"That is my friend, Mr. Summerson, of Virginia; he has in his hands a violin."

"What could he do with such an instrument on the plains of Abraham, the battle-ground of Wolfe? I suppose the figure with the flute represents yourself?"

"Yes, we took those instruments there to hear the echo."

"I suppose you are a performer on the flute?"

"Yes, it is music of which I am very fond."

"I wish you had brought it with you, there is no music I like so much."

"It is but a few steps, I will send for it; I saw a boy sauntering in the street, I will send him."

"I know him," said Beninah, "he is not trustworthy."

At that moment Jasper presented himself at the door, and reported Mrs. Dorsay not at home.

"There is a servant, Mr. Donhoven, who will do your bidding."

"I will thank you, my good friend, to go to my boarding-house and enquire for Mr. Donhoven's servant, and ask him for his master's ebony flute with five stops."

"Yes," said Jasper, and off he went as if his whole heart was in the business. When he disappeared Donhoven requested Beninah to play. As it was not a habit with her to make any one pay too dearly for her music, she sat down to the piano and had sung nearly through the Exile of Erin before the messenger returned. When the flute was handed him he put it to his lips as an accompaniment for the rest of the song. The ice of ceremony being thus broken, they played many songs in rapid succession. Mrs. Dorsay did not return home for more than an hour after Jasper had delivered his message, and as she intended spending the day with her friend she proceeded to Clermont House, and not calculating on meeting a morning visitor so late in the day, she walked unannounced into the parlor during the zenith of those musical ecstacies. Nothing could exceed her astonishment at the apparent domestication of the stranger except the confusion of Beninah. Mrs. Dorsay was the first to recover herself.

"I did not know, Beninah, you had company; the instruments are in such perfect unison I did not perceive there were two."

As the song was a long one, Beninah had time to recover herself before she reached the conclusion, and as soon as he could do so with propriety, Donhoven took up his hat and bade the ladies good day. As soon as he was gone, Orrah said, "why were you so confused, Beninah, when I came in?"

"I cannot tell, unless it was recollecting what you said the other day about Medora and the Corsair. Why did you look so much surprised, Orrah?"

"I was astonished at the easy, domesticated look of the man. You say he is an Adonis, a complete model of grace and elegance, but I think he is a model of impudence, or how could he contrive, in the second visit, to introduce his music and make a visit three hours long? how unlike the dignified Megilvery. I fear he has not profited by his acquaintance with him."

Beninah displayed the picture, and explained the cause as well as she could of his long stay. Still Orrah was not satisfied.

"There is something wrong somewhere."

"You are not assuming, therefore, he must be to blame."

Beninah proceeded to a warmer vindication of the stranger, and Orrah said, half jest, half earnest, "Well, I see you want a '*Mentoria*,' so I will go home and get my work and await the coming of this comet, for I predict its reappearance at no distant date."

Beninah smiled at the gaiety of Orrah, but that smile concealed an aching heart.

"You ought not," said she, "to put your visit on this ground, for you know you promised to spend this week with me. To-day is Monday, if you had returned with me yesterday, as you should have done, from church, you might have formed a just estimate of Mr. Donhoven."

Orrah was gifted with too much penetration not to be alarmed for the peace of her friend, although she could only venture to treat the subject as a jest. One evening, towards the close of the week, Donhoven came in just before tea; he said he had intended calling in the morning, but some one came in and disappointed him—he did not regret it, as evening visits were usually more social. To this Beninah appeared to assent. Mrs. Dorsay said, as plainly as a look could say, "if you had only been invited." He entered into an animated conversation with the ladies, and seemed so much pleased with talking and hearing them talk, that music was forgotten till quite late in the evening. Mrs. Dorsay asked Beninah to play, it only required a hint for Donhoven to accompany her on the flute; every song she played he could either join in by ear or by note. He took his leave a little after ten. Orrah mused awhile, and then said to Beninah, "Do you know where this man is from?"

"I know nothing of his origin—Megilvery introduced him as a gentleman from Quebec."

"Not of Quebec. Perhaps he is an Englishman?"

"No he is not. Do you remember how severe he was on English travellers this evening? It is part of the English creed," said Orrah, "to believe John Bull, like the king, can do no wrong."

"He does not speak like an Englishman."

"In some parts of England they speak the language worse than it is spoken in any part of the United States. I once knew an English woman, who had resided sometime in the West Indies; she wished to tell me the horses, the hogs, and the hens, all ate of the alligator pear, and were fond of it, but instead of this, she said the 'orses,' the 'ogs,' and the 'ens,' 'hall' 'heat' the 'halligator pear' 'hand' were very fond of 'hit;' and spoke of the beautiful 'hoaks' and 'helms' of England. She was the wife of a physician, and appeared to be polite and well bred. I paid particular attention to the pronunciation of Mr. Donhoven; but I found nothing provincial in it; he pronounced some words like my old friend, Dr. Rush, he says e-state and e-scape and e-stablish."

"Do you admire that style?"

"Yes, very much."

"Well, why do you not adopt it?"

"Because I was grown before I knew the Doctor, and after this period, to change our mode of speaking has the appearance of affectation, and I should never do it unless the way in which I had been taught was defective. If I had been disposed, at that time of life, to have a model for speaking the language elegantly, I should have chosen Dr. Rush, and not only in this, but in all else worthy of imitation."

"If all were of your way of thinking, Orrah, the world would be stationary, not progressive."

"I know," said Orrah, "in my zeal for avoiding affectation I sometimes err. If I had a young person to educate, I should counsel them always to use the most correct standard."

"Perhaps they would disregard your precepts and follow your example."

"There would be no danger of that, provided my example be at war with fashion. Young people are prone to like what is fashionable, and indeed sometimes persons of more advanced years. I know a gentleman, (to be sure he was not a man of letters.) who had always been accustomed to say bile for boil, and brile for broil; by some means he found out he was wrong; so he opened his mouth very wide, boo-eld and briol, on all occasions. And not content with this he made the poor o's do double duty; he said a *point* of water, a *poin* tree, and the *spoile* of a cask. Immeasurable was the laughter his *froid* outlet produced; if he had stuck to his bile and brile no one would have laughed at him. I knew a beau in Maryland who told me a story of a man, who in early life pronounced the word 'girl' *gal*. After he lost his first wife, he learned to say '*girl*;' and after the death of his second wife he improved on this pronunciation by saying '*gurl*.'"

"Why, Orrah, I say gurl."

"Well, it it not affectation in you, Beninah, you were taught to say so, and I say *girl*, and I think I am right, for I do not know how you will make girl spell *gurl*."

"Do you admire the writings of Dr. Rush?"

"Very much, I even read his account of the yellow fever of '93 with great interest, a book you might perhaps think rather out of my line. My intercourse with the Doctor was principally as patient and physician; in this character he was so kind and attentive, that I soon began to believe myself the exclusive object of his care, a wonderful delusion, but still a pleasing one to the distempered fancy of a half deranged invalid."

Several circumstances served to increase Beninah's admiration of Mr. Donhoven; he often met her French teacher at Clermont House; he conversed in that language with so much ease that Orrah began to think he must be a Frenchman; but the German piano tuner thought he must be a German, as he spoke that language with equal fluency. One evening he walked with the ladies to see a fine prospect. As they were standing on the brow of a hill, they saw a carriage approaching them rapidly. In a few seconds Donhoven perceived the horses had taken fright, and the driver soon lost his seat; when the frightened animals were near enough he seized the bridle of one and guided them in the opposite direction from the precipice they were approaching. There were four gentlemen in the carriage, and after thanking Donhoven for his timely aid, one of them mounted the seat of the dethroned driver. As he joined the ladies, Mrs. Dorsay said, "quite a heroic achievement."

"I thought," said he, "heroism was usually the result of deliberation; this was done from the impulse of the moment."

"I do not understand your distinction, and when I write the memoirs of Mr. Donhoven, I shall put it down heroism in the first degree."

Donhoven bowed as Beninah thought no other gentleman could bow, and said, "I shall be fortunate in having so able a chronologer as the 'good Griffith.'"

Orrah was pained to see how much pleasure Beninah took in the Society of Donhoven, though this pleasure was always shaded by melancholy. She determined every hour in the day to mention the subject to her, and yet she deferred it. She had so often seen her the prey to gloom and despondency since her father's death and her ill-timed marriage, that she feared to awaken her from this delusive dream.

Several days after the adventure of the carriage, Donhoven came one evening with some new music: he played much with Beninah on the flute: he staid later than usual. Just before he took leave, Orrah observed him take out his pencil and write on the cover of a music-book. When he was gone she took up the book and read them—

> "Forgive the crime—too late I stayed—
> Unheeded flew the hours;
> For noiseless falls the foot of time,
> That only treads on flowers."

"You do not, Orrah, take these lines to be original."

"Oh, no, I know they are not; but they will answer my purpose quite as well as if they were, as they will be the means of introducing a subject which has been of late one of some anxiety to me. You will pardon what I am going to say, but I think it is due to yourself and to the high-minded Megilvery, that you write and accept his relinquishment, or discontinue your intercourse with this *too* fascinating stranger."

"I do not know how I could well do this; for until the present occasion, he has done nothing Megilvery could disapprove were he here."

"My dear Beninah, is not this equivocal? I believe he is acquainted with your peculiar situation as it regards Megilvery, and you know not what

this may be a prelude to. But I do not urge, or even advise you to give up this agreeable acquaintance; but I am firmly of opinion you ought to do one or the other: crush at once either the hopes of Donhoven or Megilvery."

"Orrah, I have ever considered the bonds which unite me to Megilvery sacred—and I have made them more so by rejecting his generous offer;—it would be cruel and unjust to abandon him, and I cannot do it: I will go where duty calls;—I will go to New York and write to him to meet me there. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly I will; and although I was not sufficiently acquainted with the state of your mind to advise this step, I rejoice that you have taken it: the high worth of Megilvery is well known to us both, and I have no doubt his restoration to health has rendered him a different person. When will you go to New York?"

"The sooner the better. Mr. Donhoven mentioned he should leave town to-morrow or the next day: when he calls again we had better inform him of our intention; for after the cordial manner of our intercourse, it will not look well to have any mystery about the matter."

Mrs. Dorsay had a small country house about a mile from the city;—she told Beninah she would have to go there to make some arrangements for her departure for New York. For the first time in her life Beninah willingly parted with her friend. She wished to be alone, to weep unobserved, and to reason herself into a better frame of mind. She was conscious that every day her feelings had become more and more enlisted in favor of Donhoven. She would have adopted this plan sooner, but she wanted the firmness to act unprompted. She did not believe with Orrah, that Donhoven entertained any partiality for her; but it was her own heart she feared. Music, books, or work afforded no relief. Surely, thought she, when I have taken this irrevocable step, the consciousness of being in the path of duty will impart some comfort. As she anticipated, Donhoven called that evening; the conversation was supported with great difficulty on her part,—at length she told him Mrs. Dorsay and herself intended going in the course of a few days. "I shall write to Mr. Megilvery to meet me there. Have you any commands for him?"

"None," replied Donhoven. "I have been for sometime intending to write to my agent, and if you will allow me the pleasure, I will enclose your letter in my package, in case Mr. Megilvery should not be at Quebec."

"If so," said Beninah, "he can forward my letter; I am much obliged to you, and I will write to-morrow."

"And I will call at five for your letter."

Donhoven took an early leave, and went, much to Beninah's relief and surprise, without asking her to sing.

The next morning she wrote to Megilvery, and she then determined she would not see Donhoven again. At five in the afternoon he called. Beninah rung the bell to which Jasper always answered. She bade him take the letter to Mr. Donhoven, and say to him she hoped he would excuse her, as she was busily engaged preparing for her trip. Jasper returned and said Mr. Donhoven only asked for a few moments' conversation on particular business. Great was the astonishment of Beninah, but there was no retreat. After bathing her face to hide the traces of tears this last act of self-denial had cost her, she went down stairs. When she entered the room, Donhoven, contrary to his usual habit, kept his seat. She approached the sofa, and was going to take one by him, when she observed her own letter broken open and in his hand; the blood rushed to her face, and she said, "Mr. Donhoven, why have you done this? Why have you presumed to break the seal of a letter to my husband?"

Donhoven rose from his seat, took both her cold trembling hands in his, and said, "for the best of all possible reasons—the letter was directed to *me*. I am that husband, and however strange or wonderful you may think it, I am no other than John Donhoven Megilvery."

The blood fled from Beninah's cheeks. She stood mute and motionless with her eyes fixed on the speaker—like one who walks in sleep, "Pale as moonlight on a marble statue." But despair will animate even the most timid heart; her voice was made steady by the intensity of her feelings: she said, "you are not, you cannot be Megilvery."

He drew a miniature from his bosom and said, "do you know this picture?"

"It is the picture of your mother," and she sunk overpowered on the sofa. "Oh! why did you not come as Megilvery;—why have you tortured me almost beyond the power of endurance? unkind, ungenerous Megilvery—and I will add ungrateful Megilvery."

"But, dearest Beninah, recall those cruel words, and in mercy listen to the witness before you condemn the criminal. I knew I was not regarded with affection by you;—I too well knew I had done nothing to deserve it. I did not know the strength of the prejudice that might still exist against me, and even you, Beninah, would have been valueless without a heart. Under these circumstances, I came to try if, in the character of Donhoven, I could, by exerting all my powers, win the treasure the folly and madness of Megilvery had *lost*. Tell me, dear Beninah, if I have succeeded?"

Beninah, whose heart had been long torn by conflicting emotions, and whose feelings for the last half hour had been suppressed by a strong effort, now lost all command of herself and burst into an uncontrollable flood of tears.

Megilvery, who was at present a man of firm-

ness and resolve—not the wasted victim of disease and melancholy—paused a moment, and then said, in a firm voice, "Beninah, an action similar to this has been the prelude to many days of misery to me: tell me, am I doomed to a repetition of them? I am prepared to meet my fate whatever that may be;—anything that awaits me now—anything I may hereafter be called on to suffer, will be peace compared to the remorse, the repentance, the horror and despair that marked the first days of my married life. Speak, dearest Beninah, I implore you."

She uncovered her face, bedewed with tears, and said, "my feelings and duties were then at variance,—they are so no longer."

---

## LINES.

"I love thee as the good love heaven."—*Festus.*

I love thee as the blessed do
Thoughts of the better land;
I love thee as the angels love
Their holy, happy band.

I love thee as the twilight does
The new moon's silver car;
I love thee as the midnight loves
The lonely watching star.

I love thee as the muser does
The sound of distant streams;
I love thee as the weary love
The music heard in dreams.

I love thee as the flowers do
The Summer dews that fall;
I love thee as Spring blossoms love
The kindly sheltering wall.

I love thee as the thirsty earth
Does the gently falling shower;
I love thee as the wild bird loves
Its quiet, shady bower.

I love thee as the waters do
The sun's bright happy beam;
I love thee as the *painter* loves
*The angel of his dream.*

K.

## SOME SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A FASTIDIOUS MAN.

"Il n'y a point d'homme qui n'ait son foible."

—

### CHAPTER III.

*Wherein Captain Pringle tells how he became disgusted with Men, Women and Children.*

I had just returned from Europe. My father's health had become much enfeebled during my absence; and to a disposition naturally imperious and irascible, the irritation of disease added but little amenity. He hailed my return, however, on two accounts; first, because I was his son, and secondly, because he required a sensible object over which to tyrannize, for the great passiveness of my only brother's disposition gave him no satisfactory assurance of the efficacy wherewith he launched his thunder-bolts. I was but little of a woolsack. Unfortunately for my interests, I had inherited much of my father's temperament—the chief legacy—and his blows would often rebound off me in such a way as to put him to his alertness. I can speak of him as he was, and with due historic impartiality; for he was careful never to seduce me into posthumous eulogy of him, by any extraordinary exhibition of kindness to me during his life.

"You are now, Edward, about five-and-twenty years of age," said he to me one evening. "It is high time you were established in life, and as I have, at the utmost, but a short period to live, my chief desire is to see you properly married."

"Married!" echoed I with surprise.

"It would be more becoming in you to receive such annunciation with less emotion."

"Considering it to be of so trifling an import," responded I with unfilial irony.

"And considering also," he retorted with calm sternness, "that, trifling or important, it is my custom to be obeyed. You must make up your mind, sir, to marry immediately."

"Immediately!" I echoed with a rebellious look. "This, then," continued I sarcastically, "I presume is to be the 'Comedy of Matrimony' with the principal character omitted! Would it now be any violation of the parental charter to pause a little, just for the purpose of inquiring whether I am in all respects prepared to consent to be married 'immediately?'"

"By Jove, sir, you are bold! With what a tone and look you king it, too! I suspect, sir, your fort might be found to consist in a graver department of the drama; but take care lest you are brought to enact the 'Tragedy of the Ingrate,' wherein

the principal character exemplifies the consequences of filial disobedience. You have travelled to little purpose, sir, or you would have learned how matrimonial matters are conducted in France."

"I prefer the matrimonial code of my own country," I answered as respectfully as I could, though very much perplexed, "and I am sensible that if French parents consulted the inclinations of their children, that country might boast of more loyal husbands and wives."

"Well, sir," he resumed after a pause, "to come to the subject. You will be ready to accompany me to-morrow. I intend to visit my Bulrush plantation, and as he lives on the adjacent estate"—

"Who is he?"

"Her father!"

"Whose father?"

"Miss Sophronia Gaby's; you are over fond of interrogating, sir; but you are answered now. You must act in this matter as I desire you; for if you show any refractoriness, I'll disinherit you!"

Although I had but little personal acquaintance with Miss Sophronia Gaby, I knew my father well, and trembled at what was to come.

"She is a most estimable young lady, sir," he continued, approaching the door, "a young lady, sir, the charms of whose person are only equalled by the graces of her understanding," and he quitted the apartment.

"What manner of girl is this Miss Sophronia Gaby?" I said to my brother, after disclosing to him that night the scene just described. "Are you acquainted with her?"

"I am, that is, slightly," he answered in his undecided manner.

"The father is a retired merchant, I think, and is reputed wealthy?"

"Very," he absently responded.

"Has she any loveable qualities?"

"O, you cannot help loving her," answered my brother shuddering and burying his face in his hands.

"What!" I mentally exclaimed, "sits the wind in that quarter? You love this girl, then?" said I aloud; but he wept and spoke not. I was pained at witnessing this unmanly exhibition of weakness; but poor James! the pith of his character had never matured. It had been blighted in his boyhood, by the annihilating tyranny of a Jesuits' college where he had been educated.

"Take courage, my dear James," I said, taking his hand in mine. "For although I should be disinherited a thousand times, your happiness shall never be marred by act of mine."

"God bless you, Edward!" was all he could say.

"But does she love you?" I inquired, now interested altogether on his account.

"I—I—think she does," replied he blushingly.

"Hem! But she never confessed so much?" I said with some apprehension on his account; for though a remarkably handsome fellow, he might, I feared, like most young gentlemen in love, never dream of such a thing as disappointment.

"I never asked her yet," was the reply.

"I am going there to-morrow," I remarked after a pause, and rising to leave him.

"But," he asked with a most anxious look and detaining me by the hand, "how can you avoid yielding to father's request—to his command—without sacrificing all your prospects of happiness?"

"I shall think of that; meantime, have no misgiving on my account."

After surveying the Bulrush estate the following day in company with my father, we rode to Hummingbird Hall—your retired merchants are apt to give finical names to things—where I was introduced to Mr. Gulliver Gaby. He impressed me unfavorably at once. I wondered why my father, who was a thorough-bred gentleman, had ever come to like him. His manner was artificial. It strangely combined a love of ostentation with suppleness of character. He stood in awe of my father, and consequently must have secretly disliked him, though his smirking obeisance,—the usual attendant on habitual insincerity,—rendered this dislike invisible to a less acute observer than myself. Notwithstanding his great wealth and great pretensions, I soon discovered that Mr. Gaby essentially belonged to the grosser class.

"Not a *green grocer*, was he?" said I, punning in my absent way. "Excuse me, Captain Pringle," I added, on discovering his offended look, "I really did not mean to offend you."

"After tea at Hummingbird Hall," resumed the military gentleman, after receiving my apology, "I hinted to my father my preference for passing the night with the Gabys, an intimation which he very gladly received.

"That's right, my lad," he observed significantly while squeezing my hand, "Fervor is the most fitting aspect for such occasions. I shall bring old Gulliver home with me to-night in your place, so that—you understand, you dog, eh?" and the old gentleman departed in high glee.

Miss Sophronia Gaby was not handsome. She was tall, however, and erect, with a very demure aspect; and although her countenance was not intellectual, there was about it a tranquil air approaching to serenity, that was far from unattractive. For one of her age—she seemed not over eighteen—there was little of the *mauvaise honte*, while she was equally free from that careless confidence so unpleasant to the eye of the critical of our sex. She was becomingly attired, and the few ornaments she paraded were not misplaced, excepting—execrable taste!—the jewelry on her fingers. "The exterior part of the temple," thought I, "is not very exceptionable; though I could wish the hand and foot on a more diminutive scale, the bust

of greater diameter, and the complexion of a less cold expression.

"You have grown so tall since I went abroad that really, Miss Gaby, I had some difficulty in recognizing you to-day," I observed preliminarily.

"Yes, sir," she passively replied.

"You perceive then that my memory is any thing but complimentary."

"Yes, sir," with the same immobility of look.

Egad! thinks I, she is candid at all events; but I'll try again—

"I fear you are subjecting yourself——" but I was seized with a fit of coughing and had to break off for a moment.

"Yes, sir," she interposed.

"—— to unpleasant penance here in the country, for the happier hours you have passed in the city," finishing my sentence, somewhat surprised at her premature affirmative.

"Ye—a—no, sir."

"Very odd," thought I. "She deems my remarks too frivolous, doubtless, for more lengthened responses," and reflecting on the great wisdom attributed in all ages to a paucity of words, I began to look on Miss Sophronia as a second Minerva.

"The rural Damons of this neighborhood, I fear, are but clumsy worshippers compared to the graceful idolaters who crowded your temple in the city," said I in a Louis-the-fourteenth style of compliment. "If she were Pallas herself," thought I, "that must inspire her with words."

"No, sir," replied she with a cold stare, as if she began to think me a little insane. I confess I was growing embarrassed.

"The shepherd of old," I resumed, coming desperately to the charge again, and borrowing ammunition from Virgil, "after sighing his manhood away hopelessly in the city, found Love at last to be a resident of the hills."

"Yes, sir."

Hem! she is a capital listener. The "charms of her understanding indeed," I mentally repeated, recalling my father's eulogy of her. My father, like all great talkers, judges incorrectly of character, and considers attentive listening unequivocal evidence of superior intellect; and a good listener must answer to the Duc de Sully's definition of a statesman, viz. "there must be little feeling and no passions." Miss Sophronia may probably be as profound as the Pacific, yet must I find soundings somewhere; so, here goes for another heave of the lead.

"But a taste for reading—a fondness for communing with the great intellects of the past and present through the medium of books, must more than atone to you for the absence of the frivolities of the gayer world," and I looked toward the centre-table with the expectation of seeing at least a copy of Thomas a Kempis, or Zimmerman on Solitude; but there was nothing ostensibly literary there, save a newspaper headed "The Evangelical Trumpet."

"No, sir."

"Why," thought I, "this is downright inanity! inexplicable idiocy! Her mind is in primitive blankness—she is but a breathing vegetable! My father is mad; and so is my brother!" But just at that moment, footsteps approached, and an uncouth looking, gangling, grotesquely-garbed figure, about seven feet high, entered, and after cordially shaking hands with Sophronia Gaby, was introduced to me as Mr. Gabriel Guffaw. He was a freckled, flap-eared, shock-headed monster, while his cavernous mouth displayed, at every word addressed to him, two formidable rows of vandyked teeth. His hands, though large and red, and as horney as the hoof of a mule, displayed two costly rings—one on each little finger; his coat, though of superfine texture, was of a nondescript cut, while his pants, which fitted with *natural tightness* to limbs that were lean and knock-kneed, revealed all the native proportions of feet that were intended for the seven-league boots.

A new light seemed to dawn on Miss Gaby. She who retailed to me cold and misplaced monosyllables, became sociable, even cordial, with this Goth. The latter, I saw at a glance, was my brother's competitor, and would be mine if I dared. I felt as many others have felt, who when they perceive admitted to an equality with them persons whom they thoroughly contemn, retire from the contest in disgust. I arose and taking a seat near the table, became apparently merged in the "Evangelical Trumpet."

"And what a funny coat he has on him!" struck on my ear, followed by very decided laughter from the demi-savage and a titter from *her*. I looked up and frowned at him. He, the clothes-horse, was presuming to ridicule my dress—my coat, which was the master piece of the immortal Gizzerman, of London! And she was enjoying his wit! My frown, however, soon quelled their mirth; but a fourth party appeared in the scene. A tall, rather good looking fellow of about five or six and twenty entered, advanced without looking to the right or left, and clasping Sophronia in his arms, impressed a kiss on her willing lips!

"Good heavens!" I inwardly exclaimed, "Do I dream, or behold all this with open eyes?" But judge of my astonishment, when Sophronia presented the insulting barbarian to me as her brother, Mr. Gregory Gaby!

"Brother!" echoed I, with undisguised disgust, as I haughtily touched his proffered hand with the end of my finger. "I should have said you were an accepted lover at least, to judge from your affectionate demonstrations." This, although I intended it as a rebuke to his ill-timed indecency, was received with boisterous merriment. Now nineteen out of every twenty can allege no suffi-

honey; if you go on dis way much longer, 'twill kill mistiss, 'twill actually."

Ashton felt his choler rise: he thought it a high move for old Effy to be reproving him, and he twenty-one. He gave her a menacing look and essayed to speak—but she had been his nurse, or black "mammy," (as he used to call her,) and she had shown him many kindnesses—humored all his childish whims and caprices—and he could not speak roughly to her.

"What complaint has mamma?" asked Ashton of Maria, as she entered the room, accompanied by his father.

"She is threatened with an inflammation of the brain—but she has, at last, fallen asleep, which is a favorable symptom—but it is doubtful whether she will ever recover."

There was a coolness and contempt in his sister's manner, that cut him to the quick, but he said nothing, and she said nothing more. Mr. Peyton was mute; so, I suppose, there never was a more silent repast eaten.

When they left the breakfast-room Ashton laid his hand on the knob of his mother's chamber door, but he was arrested by Maria:

"Don't go in there!" said she, "the doctor has forbidden any company, and *especially you*, as the least excitement would throw her back as bad as ever."

Ashton crept noiselessly to his own room, in a state of mind little to be envied. He tried to read a new novel that he had borrowed the day before, but could not feel interested. He threw it down, and brought up the image of Lucy Osborne to divert his mind, but there was an association of ideas connected with her, which was not very agreeable. He at last threw himself on the bed, as a relief at least to his head-ache.

At dinner there was another silent meeting, and that evening Ashton supped in his chamber.

About the middle of the second day he was permitted to see his mother. The inflammation had subsided, but she was very pale and languid; she held out her hand and faintly articulated, "My son!"

The suffering, patience, and resignation depicted in her countenance, stung him to the heart, more than a thousand reproaches would have done.

From that time she recovered slowly, and Ashton remained in the house the whole week. The fact was, he was afraid to trust himself out, lest he should fall into another scrape.

It was the last day of the year; Mrs. Peyton was nearly well, and Ashton in better spirits. After dinner his father went out; Maria turned into her mother's chamber, and Ashton, for want of something better to do, sauntered into the parlor and sat down by the fire. But, becoming very restless, he began to walk up and down the room, with his eyes fixed on the carpet, apparently lost in deep thought. He had expected and dreaded a severe reproof from his father, but the old man had said never a word. He had also looked for mild censure from Maria, but she, too, remained silent. But his mother! her taciturnity was more astonishing than all.

"I suppose," thought he, "they have given me up to hardness of heart, and blindness of mind. Well! but I hav'nt given myself up, and," punning, "there is another mother in the world, who has not: no! she'll never desert me; and then," he continued, half musingly, "what a fine tea-table-chat this will be, 'till some poor fool does something worse to make them forget it: and if it could be confined to this town it wouldn't be so bad, but it will be carried over to Richmond, and down to Norfolk, and wherever the name of Peyton is known: let me see! how will it tell among strangers? 'Mr. Ashton Peyton, son of Col. Laurens Peyton, a very promising youth, has completely thrown himself away! The other night, to add to his atrocities, he got *dead drunk!*' yes, that's aunt Effy's version of it,—and that is the way it will be, (they all get their news from the negroes.) What else? let's see—'killed his mother'—I know they have her dead and buried by this time, and nobody knows what they'll put to it: and, more than this, every body will believe it. Well! well! what a world is this!" pausing; "after all the world is not so bad; it is generally half right, and, by the piper, some of it is too true to make a joke of. I have disgraced myself to all intents and purposes."

Just at this moment he reached the end of the room, and raising his eyes, came in contact with a large looking-glass, in which he got a pretty good survey of his own person. (We omitted to inform the reader, that Ashton Peyton was a remarkably handsome young man.) "Yes, Mr. Ashton Peyton," he said, addressing his image in the mirror, "you have most certainly disgraced yourself; but, Mr. Ashton Peyton," he continued, looking at himself a little closer, "you are as good-looking a fellow as ever was disgraced, and, I think, rather too good-looking to be entirely thrown away. Aye, and Lucy Osborne thinks so too, and for your sake, my angelic little lady, it shall not be—I will let the world see that you are capable of choosing a husband every way worthy of you."

He took another look at himself, sat down by the fire, and there continued in profound meditation until invited to supper.

His thoughts at that time were many and too various to be recorded, but they were cool, deliberate and right to the point. He spent the remainder of the evening with his mother. There was no company and the family retired to bed early.

At nine o'clock Ashton found himself seated alone, by a large fire, in his own room. He took out his watch and wound it up.

"In three hours," thought he, "a new era will

commence, and I, Ashton Peyton, must begin a new life, but"—and here he pressed his fingers to his head, "how in the name of sense am I to accomplish it? I can't resist temptation; I have tried it now long enough to know that it is impossible. 'Tis strange that a man should be cast thus upon the ocean of life, with neither rudder, pilot nor compass to guide his little bark! And why was I made at all to be the sport of passion and folly? My watch is but a piece of human mechanism, yet it has a main-spring, and surely the more noble structure of the human mind must have an inward principle by which it can be actuated." This brought the architect of the mind to his reflections. Then the stupendous works of creation, in all its ramifications, rose before his imagination, and for the first time, he felt a reverence for that Creator, who had placed him here to be a blessing to himself and others.

"When in this world," mused Ashton, "he calmed the tumultuous waves of the sea, and if he was God, and had so much power, why cannot he regulate the mind of man?"

Why did he use the word *if?*

Just then, the idea crossed the mind of Ashton Peyton that, perhaps, there was no God; but it could not rest there. No, the light of reason and education shone too bright, and the powers of darkness gave back.

"Yes," he mentally exclaimed, "there must be a *God;* I feel it is so! And it is the God of the Bible, for we have no direct account of any other. I see now I had assumed a wrong ground in depending wholly on myself for resistance in temptation. Yes, man must be governed by a power higher than himself, if he do right. But how am I to get this assistance?" Reason and common sense said, "ask for it;" but Ashton felt he was too wicked to pray, and did not know how. He knew but one prayer in the world, and that he had learned to lisp at his mother's knee. It was the Lord's prayer. He pondered it over and over in his mind, weighed every sentence in it, and finally concluded that it comprised *all* man could want.

"Two clauses," he thought, "are enough for my present emergency: '*Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil.*' If I can get these petitions answered, I am safe."

The table beside him was strewed with books: there was Byron, and Bulwer, and Maryatt too, with the new novel before alluded to. There was another book on that table also, the "Book of books," "the good book." Why was that book on Ashton Peyton's table, in such bad company? He was induced to let it stay there, because his mamma had presented it to him, a few years before, with a request that he would read a chapter every day; and, although contrary to his inclinations, he had complied with her request, (when he did not forget it,) out of respect to her, for we said before he had none for its Author. He took it up, and providentially opened at these words: "There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance."

"Well then," he murmured, "perhaps I am not too wicked to pray. He read the chapter throughout, (it was the fifteenth of Luke;) then dropping on his knees repeated the Lord's prayer, not only with his lips, but from the bottom of his heart. He arose, he thought, a better man, at least he felt a great deal better, and enjoyed a hope and confidence which he had never before experienced. He went to bed, slept calmly, and in the morning performed the same devotions, and sallied forth, with fear and trembling to meet his enemy, *the world.* But if he had only known it, he had nothing to fear, for he had cast his trust and confidence on Him, who was able to fight and conquer for him, in all temptations—and Ashton thought they seemed to thicken on him. It was the New-Year holidays, and he refused many an invitation; even Lucy Osborne could not entice him out. Not that he intended to abjure all the amusements of the world, but did not think proper to indulge in them at that time. After awhile he became convinced that he enjoyed the pleasure of sensual delights much better, by using them in moderation, and letting them have only a secondary place in his mind. At last he felt no inclination for excesses of any kind—but enjoyed the blessings bestowed by Heaven with a devout and grateful heart.

* * *

We will pass over a few years, and carry our readers to the pleasant home of Ashton Peyton. He had become the fond husband of his long loved Lucy—and she was happy. A cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, and old Mrs. Peyton was there; her heart swelled with delight as she diverted herself with several interesting children who were playing around her.

"Ashton," said she, "in rearing these sweet little ones, I hope you will not forget my favorite proverb: 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' it is old, but all the better for that."

"You seemed at one time," laughingly replied Ashton, "to have well nigh lost your faith in the maxim, but I told you then, if you would have patience and faith, it would prove itself."

R. W. W.

*Virginia.*

## THE BRASS CANNON

### IN THE ARMORY-YARD AT RICHMOND.

The brass French cannon in the Armory-yard of this city, have never failed to call forth from the admiring beholder, the exclamation, "how came these here?" To this question, so often repeated, those in command at the Armory have been compelled to confess that they "don't know."

Some time since, the present intelligent Commander of the State Guard informed us that he was tired of confessing his ignorance, and was determined to find out the history of the guns, if possible, and courteously invoked our aid. We immediately set some enquiries on foot, but without any satisfactory result. Some stated, or conjectured, that they were brought over by our French allies in the Revolution, and left here by them after the surrender at Yorktown. Others, that they were furnished by a French merchant, Beaumarchais, from whom the State of Virginia made a large purchase of arms, &c.; but we are credibly informed that Beaumarchais' accounts contain no such items.

Whilst we were prosecuting our enquiries, we received from a correspondent a narrative of the recovery of a similar piece of ordnance in York river; and a brief article on the subject appeared in the "Standard" newspaper. At one time we flattered ourselves that a clue to the solution of the question had been found in a passage of Count Dumas's Memoirs of the French Revolution and Empire. * He was one of the aids to Count Rochambeau, who commanded the French forces in the American Revolution; and hence devotes the first part of his work to the war in these Colonies. After speaking of La Fayette, whom he intended to accompany to this country, being detained by the French Government,—who still secretly favored our cause,—he says:

"The war between the two rival maritime powers was imminent, but the preparations were still covered mith a mysterious veil. A train of field artillery intended for the Insurgents, had been prepared at the arsenal of Douay, and was to pass through Dunkirk to be embarked at Ostende. It is well known that there was at that time an English Commissioner at Dunkirk, whose business it was to see that the works and fortifications of that port, which were destroyed according to the most shameful article of the peace of 1763, were not restored. We had been and were still obliged to endure this disgrace, and to conceal from Mr. Frazer the arrival and departure of this artillery. The remonstrances of that officer, if he had been immediately informed of the passage of this train and the place to which it had been sent, would have embarrassed the Commander-in-chief. The Count De Puységur, in order to prevent difficulties, which at least would have been unseasonable, invited Mr. Frazer to dine with him, to meet the principal officers of the garrison. I was deputed to take care that no message should reach the English Commissioner, and to detain him as long as possible, by spinning out the conversation on professional subjects. I acted this mortifying part as well as I could, but with secret vexation. The convoy passed through the town at the beginning of the night and was sent to Ostende. The English Commissioner was, or pretended to be, ignorant of it."

Even should this not lead to the desired discovery, it gives us an interesting account of the efforts of the French to send us succor as early as 1777.

The cannon in our Armory were made at Douay, but long anterior to this period, and are too heavy for field artillery. * From the expression in the above extract, they might then have been only "prepared,' or got ready for our service, though made long before. The question, however, still remains, how came they into the undisputed possession of Virginia? If presented to the "Insurgents," as stated by Count Dumas, they may still have been used in the siege of Yorktown, and thence left on the soil of Virginia, who had them removed to this metropolis.

Though this investigation may not lead to any very signal practical result, it would be gratifying to others as well as ourselves to obtain any information in regard to it; and it is respectfully solicited from those who may have it.

Before proceeding with the narrative of our correspondent, it may be best to give a description of the guns, for the benefit of our readers who have never seen them.

These massive thirty-two pounders, six in number and weighing each five or six thousand pounds, are richly and beautifully wrought, with mottoes, devices, coats of arms, names and titles of noble and distinguished Frenchmen. All these will be more clearly shown by a minute description, making one as far as practicable the model of the whole. Let us begin then with

No. 1. "Le Gourmand." Near its muzzle this impressive name, well indicative of war's voraciousness, is inscribed. Father down is war's royal name,—upon them all,—"Ultima Ratio

* Memoirs of his Own Time; Including the Revolution, the Empire and the Restoration. By Lieut. Gen. Count Mathieu Dumas. 2 vols. vol. I, p. 15.

* There are two brass French field-pieces, six pounders,—corresponding, it is said, with those at the Armory, in the possession of the Fayette Artillery,—Capt. Ellis. We have not seen them yet. One also at Lexington, Va.

REGUM;" and about the middle of the gun, "LE DUC DU LUDE," with what appears to be his coat-of-arms, beautifully carved in relief. Next comes another Latin motto, common to all, and boastful perhaps of their superior excellence, "NEC PLURIBUS IMPAR." Next is a carved face, with wide-flowing hair, followed at a short distance by the Royal Coat-of-Arms of France, with the *Fleur de Lis*, and its other emblazonments. The breech is also richly carved: In two of them,—L'Envieé and Le Militaire,—the breech is wrought into monster human faces, belching the cascable from their mouths; whilst that of another, Le Demoniaque, terminates in a terrific dragon. The Dolphins, (technically,) are wrought into dolphins. Every thing seems to indicate that they were made with great care and at vast expense. Around the butt, is the name of the maker, with the date and place of manufacture. In the one before us, "KELLERI TIGURO. HELVETII. DUACI. 1678."

No. 2. LE SEVERE, also inscribed with the title of Le Duc du Lude, was made at the same time and place and by the same person.

These cannon thus appear to have been manufactured not very long after the death of Turenne, and after the great Condé, his successor on the Rhine, disabled by age and gout, had retired to the solitude of Chantilly. Louis XIV. was then at war with Holland, whose armies were led by William Prince of Orange. After the loss of these two great commanders, the French superiority declined; but when propositions were made to treat for peace, Louis, whose policy was to strike some important blow before negotiating, still took the field in 1678, with formidable preparation. And this year, *Le Gourmand* and *Le Sevére* were made; but the war was ended by the peace of Nemiguen the same year.

No. 3. L'ADVOCAT, bears the title of "LE MARESCHAL DE HUMIERES," and the same maker and place;—but date, 1686.

No. 4. L'ENVIEE, bears the title of "LE MARESCHAL DUC DE HUMIERES." The coat-of-arms seems changed from that on No. 3, owing perhaps to the "Duc" being added to the title since the former was made. The maker's name, &c., "BERENGER DE FALIZE. FECIT. DUACI. 1693."

L'Advocat, [1686,] was a cotemporary of the immediate consequences of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which drove so many of the French to our shores, whither it was destined to follow them. L'Envieé, [1693,] was a contemporary of the battle of Neerwinden, gained by the French over William Prince of Orange.

No. 5. LE DEMONIAQUE, and No. 6. LE MILITAIRE, both bear the title of "LOUIS AUGUSTE DUC DU MAINE," and were also made at Douay, by Berenger;—the former in 1716, and the latter in 1728.

This Duc Du Maine was one of the natural sons of Louis XIV., in whose favor the will of that monarch was made; and was commander of the King's household troops. On the death of Louis, the Parliament annulled his will, appointed the profligate and infidel Philip, Duc of Orleans, Regent, and deprived the Duc Du Maine of his command. He having submitted to all this, his Duchess,—of the blood of the great Condé,—was so transported with fury at his meanness of spirit, that she is said to have slapped him in the face. The Duc Du Maine asked to be discharged from taking care of the person of the young King, Louis XV.; but still kept the superintendence of his education and accepted a place in the Council of Regency. * The name, *Le Demoniaque*, thus associated with his, would better have suited the character generally ascribed to his successful rival, the Regent Duc of Orleans.

In addition to these six cannon, there are two brass mortars,—one for casting stones, (a sort of gun-powder catapult,)—the other for casting shell. The shell-mortar is far superior to the other. Near the muzzle, it has the appropriate motto, worthy of the exultant Mercury, whilst he held the stolen thunderbolt of Jupiter, as yet unconscious of its hidden terrors,—

"NON. SOLIS. RADIOS.
SED. JOVIS. FULMINA. MITTO."

It also bears the title of Le Duc Du Maine, with his coat-of-arms: "De St. Hubert. Fecit. A Rochefort. 1706." It weighs 2018 lbs. and is numbered 36. The stone mortar is much plainer, but has a carving like a coat-of-arms, without a title, and was made at Douay, by Berenger, in 1756. It weighs 1175 lbs. and is marked No. 159. We trust that we shall not be thought to have wasted our interest upon these stalwart warriors of a former and a brilliant epoch. The lapse of more than a century has produced little improvement upon the beauty and skill of their workmanship. It is indeed a matter of surprise how rapidly mankind have ever progressed in the art of war, and in the construction of its implements. Even the barbarous African savages can exhibit admirable instruments of death, whilst every thing else used by them indicates ignorance and degradation.† We might justly claim indulgence for greater enthusiasm than we feel, from all who can sympathize with the attachment which the American woodsman feels for his trusty rifle, to which he is sure to give some appropriate name. We can well imagine how an artillery-man may look with awe

* Justamond's Private Life of Louis XV., vol. I, p. 7. See also Lacretelle, Histoire de France, vol. I.

† We once saw this most strikingly exhibited in a lecture, by the late Rev. Launcelot Minor, Missionary in Africa, who placed side by side their implements of war and peace, and their rude manufactures.

and admiration upon the guns, with which he defends his country and acquires glory. Madame De Larochejacquelein mentions a beautiful incident in that remarkable and heroic war which took place in La Vendée, between the Royalists and Revolutionists, in 1793. "In the evening," says she, "I was surprised to see all the soldiers in the house with me on their knees at prayers, and the streets filled with peasants at their devotions. When they were concluded, they led me out to see their favorite cannon, called *Marie Jeanne*, their first trophy from the Republicans, which after having been retaken, had again fallen into their hands: it was decorated with flowers and ribands, and the peasants embraced it with tears of joy." * It is now high time to give way to our correspondent.

---

## THE LARGE BRASS GUNS IN OUR ARMORY.

The minute history of Virginia has, within a few years past, attracted much attention. The above proposed is not, or should not be, the least interesting subject of investigation.

Most persons visiting our Armory, must have observed there several large brass cannon and mortars. For more than two-thirds of a century these slumberers have excited the special wonder of the young and the admiration of all. Their great size and completeness of finish, lead naturally to an examination of the material, calibre, inscriptions and beautiful devices. All these at once indicate their French origin. But as the style and title of the sovereigns of England was, for many generations, and down to the first of this century, King of Great Britain, France and Ireland, the easy and pardonable credulity of national feeling has probably lead many to the erroneous supposition, that they are the trophies of some well-fought field in "the agony of our country's glory." That they were not among the military stores furnished by the house of Beaumarchais may be pronounced on the authority of a military gentleman, standing high and near our State authorities. He has looked over the accounts of that house and finds no ordnance charged there higher than 18 pounders. Those in the Armory are 32s. Whether they were among the munitions of war sent, secretly for a time, by the French government to our general government, or a specific donation to the State of Virginia, the confusion of the times seems to forbid a clear determination. A memorandum left in the Armory by a former commander of the City Guard † of Richmond, gives the names, weight, calibre, places and dates of casting of these pieces, and states among other things, that they, with the two mortars, also described, were, as he heard when a boy, a present from the King of France to the State of Virginia, which will be rendered highly probable in the sequel. However this may be, by prescription they belong to Virginia. How they came into our possession may probably be interesting to many, and the following narrative is intended to afford the information.

A well sustained tradition informs us that at a critical period of our revolutionary struggle, a corvette under French colors was discovered flying into the Capes of Virginia with all the haste, which hatred to the English and the love of life and liberty could urge, closely pursued by a British squadron, as eager in chase as the other was in flight. Getting within the Capes, the mouth of York river was directly ahead, Hampton-road lay on the larboard, and the wide Chesapeake spread its extended waters on the right. At that period and long after, the two latter waters afforded no refuge for a ship thus beset by foes, and then, might have been in hostile occupation. For this reason, or because the wind was unfavorable to any other course, the Frenchman pressed forwards under full canvass for Yorktown, where the river contracts to about three-fourths of a mile and where a friendly force could interpose, or assist in defence. The ready Frenchman was not disappointed, and the pursuers finding the quarry had evaded their clutch, gave up the chase. The corvette, not yet in safety, sailed up the river to its head, thence up its Southern branch, the Pamunky, to Cumberland, a (then) town of some commerce, about three miles from New Kent Court-House and thirty below Richmond. She carried 22 guns on her batteries, and defended by one on land, still visible a few years since, which commanded a stretch of the river two or three miles long, was in a state of safety against an attack by water. She proceeded to disembark her freight of arms, and for this purpose a flat was placed between the ship and the wharf. Three large brass guns were safely landed, but the fourth by some accident, upset the flat and sunk to the bottom. The particulars as to the rate of the ship and the loss of the gun, rest on the authority of a negro man Dick, the then servant of John Watkins, Esq., the proprietor of the adjacent lands. He was a looker-on of the passing scene up to the loss of the piece. What reliance is to be placed on his account will be seen.

Capt. —— Milestone was born, reared, and has always lived in Hanover, near the Piping-tree, is now infirm from weight of years, and as venerable for probity and truthfulness as for age. He says he was one of the crew of the armed schooner Liberty, Capt. Monroe, which was in service on York river, constantly plying between a French frigate, lying at the head of that stream, commanded by a Capt. Comue, and Yorktown, during the siege. And though he did not see them,

* Quoted in Alison's Europe, vol.I, p. 255.

† This paper was drawn up by the late Capt. Richardson and kindly furnished us by Capt. Dimmock.—*Ed. Mess.*

he always understood and believed there were six or seven cannon and three or four mortars at Cumberland, sent us by the French, and which were afterwards carried up the river to Hanover Town to keep them out of the way of the British. His memory as to the date of the arrival of these guns is confused.

The usual events and vicissitudes of war and peace, down to the close of the great Napoleonic contest in 1815, rolled on, when a flood-tide of growth and prosperity flowed over our country which has known no ebb nor example. The Middle and Southern States gathered golden crops in their rich staples, and the Northern a full reward for their enterprise, skill and industry. Even wars had left their fragments, and Northern frugality gathered them up "that none might be lost."

In the year 1816 or 1817, a sloop, with a diving-bell, was seen in Gloucester harbor opposite Yorktown, hovering over the sunken wrecks of the Charon and other British ships destroyed by the American and French batteries during the siege of Yorktown, busily engaged in fishing up the metalic articles which went into their armament, or structure. This process was a novelty in Virginia, and the narrator, with others, went on board to see the operation. He mentioned to the skipper this tale of a large brass gun having been lost at Cumberland, and in a short time, the little sloop with her diving-bell was there. More than the third of a century had passed away since the loss of the gun. The fickle sail of commerce had spared merely the remains of the town of Cumberland. The late Col. John Dandridge Watkins, the only son of John Watkins, Esq., then deceased, was proprietor of the surrounding land, and the now aged Dick was the leisurely gardener of his younger master and the living chronicle of local events belonging to a passed generation. The skipper applied for permission to search for the gun, which the Colonel readily granted, renouncing all personal claim, but with characteristic candor and sense of justice, told him, if such a gun was there, it belonged to the Commonwealth, and if found, he should give immediate information to the Executive of the State. With the understanding that a signal from the topmast should announce a successful search, the Colonel with his friend, Dr. M. S. Warren, then as now, of James City county, went home to dinner. The old servant was in attendance, no doubt rejoicing in the opportunity to vindicate his often told and often doubted tale. So faithful was his memory, even as to the very spot where the gun fell, the first dip of the bell was over it, and by means of a powerful crane, it was hoisted on deck. The operation was so rapid, that by the time dinner was over at the family residence, the appointed signal was seen from the windows, flying at the mast-head of the sloop.

Dr. W. says, Col. Watkins and himself immediately repaired down to the wharf as the gun was just ascending out of the water. They found it in material, calibre and devices, the same with those in the Armory, which they had seen. Its weight was six thousand and between three and four hundred pounds. What struck them with great force was, that whilst it closely resembled the French pieces referred to, it was cast in a town or city in Sweden, the name of which he does not now remember. These circumstances establish, or render highly probable several facts in this connexion.

1st. There were six or seven cannon and several mortars landed by a French national vessel at Cumberland. 2. That unless all the French pieces of that calibre and period bore the same devices, those in our Armory are they which were landed at Cumberland. And 3rd, It is more than probable they were a present from the Crown of France, as they were sent directly to Virginia in a single vessel of small force, were insufficient to supply a national want, and were not of that description we should purchase, as we required field-pieces more than those suited alone to stationary batteries. In 1780, La Fayette returned from France, bringing the promise of speedy and efficient aid to this country, and it is probable these cannon and mortars were sent in consequence of the influence he exerted, as a specific donation. In 1781, the waters of the Chesapeake were, from the time of Arnold's invasion to the siege of Yorktown, especially James river, under the control of the British shipping. How can we account for the presence of a French *frigate* at the head of York river, spoken of by Capt. Milestone, without supposing she was surprised into such a position by the most difficult circumstances? Certainly her presence there was no part of the plan in the investment of Yorktown, as De Grasse rejected General Washington's proposition, to send a portion of his squadron above that place to assist in the advances, as too hazardous a measure. It is more than probable the frigate spoken of was the corvette which bore the guns and mortars to Cumberland, whose escape was cut off by the mouth of the river being in hostile possession on her return down the river. All will recollect from the history of the times, that it was known to La Fayette, and consequently to Governor Nelson, the purpose of the Commmander-in-chief to march from the Hudson, to strike at Cornwallis, weeks if not months before it was generally understood, and we are not permitted, from the known conduct, energy and enthusiasm of these officers, to suppose they would fail to bring to bear such means as were these guns to give force and efficacy to so important a blow; especially as they could not have anticipated the escape of De Barras from Newport with the transports bearing the artillery. Had the memorandum before referred to been based on specious conjecture, history would have been probably consulted as to the name of the

British frigate said to have been destroyed by these guns, the name Charon and not Shannon would have been applied. No doubt Capt. Richardson misunderstood Gen. La Fayette as to the name. It is a fair conclusion they were employed in the capture of Cornwallis, and a strained conclusion they were *left on* the field either by the English or French forces, as they were seen, by many now living, on the Capitol Square the first of this century, and it would seem absurd to suppose they were moved to that spot by the way of Cumberland, on the Pamunky, when a direct water conveyance could be adopted. In this view it is to be remembered the capture of Yorktown was regarded on both sides the Atlantic, as it was in fact, the signal for a cessation of active hostilities in this country.

The history of the cannon raised at Cumberland in 1816 or 17, so far as it is known, remains to be told.

On the recovery, a despatch was immediately sent by Col. W. to the Governor at Richmond, and the next day, the late Claiborne W. Gooch, Esq., then Adjutant General of Virginia, repaired to Cumberland to claim the gun for the Commonwealth. But the bird had flown. The active and prompt skipper was not to be caught slumbering or doubting over the prize. Under cover of the intervening night, he silently and dishonorably fled. What was to be done? A rare piece of ordnance, worth thousands of dollars, a fortune to the skipper, was an important object to the State. Pursuit was determined on, and no time to be lost. An interesting race now came off: the goal, Yorktown; the prize, a valuable gun. The Adjutant General had to travel 42 miles, and could calculate to half an hour of his arrival. The sloop had about 18 hours the start, but then she had to encounter the more than serpentine winding of Pamunky, through which no wind could enable her to stem a flood-tide, before she reached the head of the bold and beautiful York. Thence in a direct line to Gloucester point, opposite Yorktown, was thirty miles. This, the Dardanelles of the neighboring waters, once passed, the wily skipper might laugh to scorn all pursuit. The result depended on as unstable a contingency as the wind. Away rolled the Adjutant General in reeking haste, and away fled the sloop as an eagle with the prey in his talons. The winds proved not so propitious to the race as the promptitude and celerity of the pursuer. When he arrived at Yorktown, the chase was seen a short distance above that place, under all her canvass, sweeping down for the strait. She lost the race by a few minutes.

A legal process arrested her haste, and caused the prize to press the "yellow sand" of Yorktown beach. Here this beautiful piece of ordnance was examined by the narrator, and found *identical with the brass cannon so long lying in the Armory*, as useless as if in their original ores.

Dr. W. says some 10 or 15 years afterwards he strolled into the Chancery court, in the capitol, and found this subject under investigation.

The adjudication which followed, resulted favorably to the energetic, but unworthy skipper, and the piece was lost to the State.

Conjecture may make the empty inquiry, what has become of it? Is it engaged in piracy, or the punishment of it? Or is it shorn of the honors and horrors of war, and metamorphosed into church-going bells, or more active and silent kettles and other vessels known to the house-wife? Certain it is, that like all other great powers, its destinies are for good or ill, according to the direction given.

T. M.

*Amelia, Jan. 27.*

---

THE CASE AS STATED IN THE RECORD.

Our correspondent, writing from memory and tradition, has fallen into some inaccuracies, which will be best corrected from the record of the suit to which he alludes;—styled

NICHOLAS *vs.* CHASE.

The Record shews that Gilbert Chase of Massachusetts made an agreement with John B. Lyon, patentee of Richard Tripe of Dover, New Hampshire, by which Lyon was to furnish a Diving machine, and Chase a vessel and crew; Chase was to keep a "log-book, or journal of all his proceedings" for Lyon, and to give him one fourth of all goods and wares that might be recovered. With this diving bell and apparatus, he appeared at Cumberland, on the Pamunky river. Why he came there and what followed will be learned from the following letter.

"*Cumberland, New Kent, June 18th*, 1816.

His Excellency

WILSON CARY NICHOLAS,

*Sir:*

A novel incident in my neighborhood induces the present communication.

"A sloop called the Mary Ann of Newport, Capt. Chase, master, came to anchor opposite to my plantation on Saturday evening; bringing in her a Diving bell and other Apparatus for examining the Bottom of the River, claiming to use them under a Patent said to be granted to one Tripe of New Hampshire, and claiming the further privilege of taking up and holding as their property any articles which might be found below low-water mark, to which there was not attached a Buoy, as evidence of some person claiming a property: under a Law of Congress said to be passed in 1806. Not having the Laws of Congress, I have not been able to examine into the fact. On Monday the Capt'n waited on me as proprietor of the adjacent Land and Wharves, and asked leave to make an Exami-

nation for a Brass Cannon and other articles which he had understood from an old servant of mine, (when he was up the River some years past,) were in the River, opposite and near a particular wharf; said to have tumbled into the River, during the Revolutionary War, when an attempt was made to put it on board a Flat, for the purpose of removing it with others higher up the River to Taylor's Ferry, under an apprehension that they might be exposed to the enemy at Cumberland. This circumstance occurred when I was an Infant, and altho' I have some indistinct recollection of having heard it spoken of, I had no confidence in the fact, or knowledge of the spot where the Cannon was said to be lost. My servant had not been as communicative to me as to others, and it seems he was the only person now known of, who was informed of the fact—he is now dead.

"My answer to Capt. Chase was, that I had no distinct knowledge of the fact, that I did not consider I had any exclusive Privilege below low-water mark, and of course that I could have no objection to his making the Examination. But that should he succeed in geting the Cannon, I presumed it would be considered Public Property and that he would have to account for it—To the State or General Government as the property might prove to have belonged. The Capt.'n and his crew set to work and in the course of a few hours succeeded in finding the Cannon and getting it aboard their vessel—it was found at the place described by the servant, and proved to be a Brass Cannon 32 pounder of French character and perfectly sound—no doubt one of those intended to be sent to Taylor's Ferry.—Capt. C. seems to be of the opinion that the Cannon is the property of Himself and Crew, and the patentee of the Bell.

"Not being conversant in such matters and considering that it may be of consequence to the State that the subject should be inquired into, I have deemed it proper to make this communication. The vessel will probably continue here a day or two longer and then move down to Yorktown—I do not apprehend that any improper Attempt will be made to evade the Law that may affect this subject on the part of the Capt. &c., as they appear to be decent, respectable people. It is for the Executive to decide what Course ought to be pursued. The Cannon was found a short distance from the shore in 4 to 5 fathom water. I have employed an Express to carry this letter.

I am respectfully
Yr. Excellency's obt. S't,
Jno. D. Watkins.

Weight of Cannon 5240.
of very handsome appearance."

—

Colonel Watkins, (in his deposition,) says that he read this letter to Capt. Chase, who at his request had come up to his house, to show him some papers, &c. He had employed Capt. Chase some years before to carry a load of wheat to Baltimore, at which time he obtained the information from the servant Dick. With the enterprise characteristic of the "Universal Yankee Nation," he kept this in his mind until all was ripe for action and then he pounced upon his prize. Indeed, one can hardly begrudge him his final success, though Virginia lost so handsome a treasure.

In consequence of Col. Watkins' letter, P. N. Nicholas, Esq., Atto. Gen'l, applied to the Hon. Creed Taylor for an injunction, or writ of *ne exeat*, to prevent the cannon from being carried out of the commonwealth; and the Adjutant General, the late Claiborne W. Gooch, was despatched with the U. S. Marshal to take the matter in hand. What followed is stated by Colo. Gooch, in his deposition.

*Deposition of Claiborne W. Gooch.*

"Sometime in June last, I was requested by the Executive to go to Cumberland in New Kent to claim on behalf of the State, a piece of brass ordnance which Capt. Chase and his crew, of the sloop Mary Anne, had raised out of the Pamunky River. The process on which this suit is founded was placed in my hands with instructions not to have it executed, if I could compromise with Capt. Chase, by giving him a reasonable price for his expence and labor in raising the gun. I was, moreover, instructed to employ him to raise *other pieces* which report said were in the waters of the said River and belonged to the State. On reaching the neighborhood of Cumberland, I was informed that Capt. Chase had set sail the evening before, for Yorktown, contrary to the expectations of many persons in the vicinity of that place, with one of whom I understood he made an engagement, to show where a large brass mortar lay, but the Capt. set sail before the appointed time arrived—from the circumstances I was induced to believe that he intended getting to sea as soon as possible—and finding the wind blew strongly up the river, resolved to proceed to Yorktown, with an expectation of intercepting him at that place. Accordingly I reached York before he did. Upon his arrival, I went on board of his sloop, accompanied by the Marshal of the Williamsburg District and several others. I soon found it needless to attempt a compromise, such as I had been instructed to make; nor would Capt. Chase be employed to make further searches for other cannon. He had no difficulty in telling me, that he had many years ago understood from a negroe that the gun in dispute, was dropped into the water at the particular spot where he found it. That since he obtained this information, he had been in the armory at Richmond and examined the brass cannon there very particularly—and, in reply to my remark, that the cannon was the property of the State, and was, I expected (for I had not then examined,) exactly

like those in the armory—he stated there was *but one* in the armory like it, which he took to be the fellow to it. He said he did not consider that the similarity of the guns, or even the identity of the one in dispute, would avail the State any thing, as the State's right had been forfeited by its continuance so long in the water, without any effort on the part of the State to reclaim it; And that his right was secured to him by an act of Congress, and by the usage of the whole country in relation to property lost in this way. Finding the Captain and his crew growing warm, and seeing that it was impossible to do any thing else, I directed the marshal to serve the process. There was much conversation between the Captain and myself—but the above is the *substance* of what is material, in the controversy.

"The cannon raised by Capt. Chase is about 12 feet long, (I did not measure it but suppose that to be *about* its length.) Its weight is marked on one of the trunnions 5240—and according to the inscriptions on it, was cast in 1686. Upon examining the pieces at the armory, I find that there are no two of them *precisely* alike. The whole of them have a general resemblance. The one in controversy, and I believe two of those at the armory have the words '*Le Mareschal De Humieres*' inscribed upon them, nearly in the same parts of the gun, and very much after the same manner. One of these is '*L' Advocat*,' and was cast in 1686 and weighs 4260, is 10 feet 8½ inches long, from the muzzle to the base ring. It has exactly the same inscription round the *breech* as the one I saw in the possession of Captain Chase. The-coat-of arms on the *first-reinforce* is surmounted by a crown and consists of various implements of war. I do not recollect whether or not the gun in dispute has *this* coat of arms; but I do recollect that the head on the *second-reinforce*, with '*Pluribus nec impar*' inscribed above it, the *Dolphins* and the coat-of-arms on the *chase*, with the inscription '*Ultima ratio regum*' above it, are exactly alike on both guns. The similarity of the *chase-girdles*, or ornaments near the trunnions, and of the *muzzle*, *astragal* and fillets as well as of the cascable, I do not perceive, because I do not recollect these parts of the gun in question. In short, I do not recollect any material difference between these two guns, except that the inscriptions near the muzzle, which I take to be the *names* of the pieces, are different. The one in controversy has '*Le divertissant*' on it, and the one at the armory '*Le Advocat.*' While on board of Capt. Chase's vessel at York, I went into the hold and made the examination of the gun in his possession, which enables me thus to describe it. Besides the gun I have above described, there are five others at the armory; on but one of which is inscribed '*Le Mareschal De Humieres*,'" &c., &c.

Capt. Chase refusing to surrender the gun, his vessel was detained in custody for ten days, until he gave up the gun to the marshal to abide the result of the suit. He employed the late Judge Bouldin as Counsel; and in January 1817, Chancellor Taylor decided that it was "not proved to the satisfaction of the Court that the said cannon was ever the property of the Commonwealth," and the Yankee gained his prize; no inconsiderable one,—worth some thousands of dollars. For a ready clue to these documents, we are indebted to the Hon. P. N. Nicholas, who as attorney general at the time, represented the interests of the Commonwealth.

It still remains in doubt how these guns came to be at Cumberland. Quite early in the time of the Colony, a fort was erected on York River, not far from Cumberland, and it may have been thought advisable to fortify that point during the Revolution; for which purpose these guns procured from the French might have been planted there; and Cornwallis' occupation of Yorktown may have led to their removal to Taylor's Ferry. Or they may have been left there by La Fayette, who just after Cornwallis took possession of Yorktown, left the fork of the Pamunky and Mattapony, and took post in New Kent.

Such cannon as these are may well have been in the possession of a Marquis of France, procuring us succors from his King:—La Fayette had returned from France in 1780 with succor for the Colonies. At the siege of Yorktown, the French had a large quantity of heavy artillery which was brought from Rhode Island in ten transports, under M. De Barras, who was enabled to bring them in without being captured by the English fleet, only because that fleet was engaged, at the time of his arrival, by the French fleet under Count De Grasse. They hardly carried off all this artillery after their brilliant victory. After it the Count De Rochambeau posted his army along the York above Williamsburg, and he may have left the cannon at Cumberland. Why in that case they were removed to Taylor's Ferry cannot be well conjectured. [Ed. Mess.

---

## THE LONELY ISLET.

Lift the oar, as silently
By yon sacred isle we pass;
Know we not if still she sleeps,
Where the wind such whisper keeps
In yon waving grass!
Death's a mocker to delight,—
That we know, and yet,—
There was that in every breath
Of her being, every set
Of her features, fair and whole,—

In the flashing of her eye,
Spirit joyous still, and high,
With a language warm and bright,
Speaking the immortal soul,—
That should mock at death!

Silently! still silently!
Oh! Methinks if it were true,
If, indeed, she sleeps,—
Wakeful never, though the oar
Of the well-beloved one, nigh,
Breaks the water as before;—
When, with but the sea in view,
And the sky-waste, and the shore,—
Or some sinking star that creeps
Between whiles of speech, to show
How sweet lovers tears may flow,—
They together went forgetting
How the moon was near her setting,
Down amid the waters low:—
Then no more should lovely things,
Moon, or star, or zephyr, stoop,—
But a cloud with dusky wings,
Gloom outgiving, still should droop
O'er that islet lone:—
And the long grass, by the breeze,
Sullen rising from the seas,
Should make constant moan!
Silent!—Hark!—that dipping o'er,—
Ah! methinks, it roused a tone,
As of one upon the shore!—
'Twas the wind that swept the grass!—
Silently! still silently,
As the sacred spot we pass.

---

## "Views and Reviews in American History, Literature and Fiction."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the title of a work by Mr. Simms of South Carolina, which appears as the ninth number of Wiley and Putnam's "Library of American Books." Our purpose is by no means to give you a review of this volume, but simply to request the attention of your readers to an allusion which is made to it, by an anonymous writer in your January number, by which its contents are misrepresented in some measure, and from which its character may be misunderstood. The article in question garbles certain sentences from one of the essays in the volume, and places them in a connection and dependency in which they do not appear in the original publication. The fragments thus disposed of are as follows:

"The truth is, the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art." "Reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable. Dates and names, which with the mere chronologist are every thing, with us are nothing." "Hence it is the artist only who is the true historian."

It will scarcely be believed, by the candid reader, that these sentences, thus brought into close connection, are dispersed over three or four closely printed pages, with a large body of matter between them, by which the sense contained in each is necessarily qualified, and the true objects of the writer are justified and made clear. Of course, the correspondent of the Messenger, when he thus dipt at pleasure into the essay, taking and omitting what he thought proper, never fancied that he was doing an improper thing. We are constrained to save his moral at the expense of his understanding. The very first of these selected sentences is garbled—maimed somewhat of its fair proportions. It should read thus:

"The truth is,—an important truth which seems equally to have escaped the sarcastic minister and the learned German, and *which the taste that prefers the ruin to its restoration will be the very last to appreciate*,—the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for the purposes of art! Consists in its proper employment, as so much raw material, in the erection of noble fabrics and lovely forms, to which the fire of genius imparts soul, and which the smile of taste informs with beauty; and which, thus endowed and constituted, are so many temples of mind—so many shrines of purity,—where the big, blind, struggling heart of the multitude may rush in its vacancy and be made to feel;—in its blindness and be made to see;—in its fear, and find countenance;—in its weakness, and be rendered strong;—in the humility of its conscious baseness, and be lifted into gradual excellence and hope! These are the offices of art for which she employs history, and it is these which make her not only the most lovely but the most legitimate daughter of heaven."

This will suffice to show the object of the passage, and, in some degree, of the essay. The member which is italicised above, and which the correspondent of the Messenger seems to have accidentally overlooked, would have shown that the writer was not disposed to deal with the *written*, but the *unwritten history*. The subject immediately under consideration, was our indebtedness to the poet, or the artist, for the restoration of those histories of which we had no remains but such as were ruins; and it claimed for these, when failing to procure the absolute fact, such a version of the history as could be framed by a sound and active judgment, warmed and enlivened by a bold and vigorous imagination. The purpose of the essay is no where to assail or to disparage history. The true is the absolute, and so acknowledged by the writer. The privileges of the artist were asserted only in cases where the historian had failed, and upon which we had no other lights than those of the imagination. The point is illustrated by a re-

ference to the instances of Troy and Carthage. A long passage follows before we come to the *second* sentence which our ingenuous correspondent of the "Messenger," has made to follow directly upon the first. This sentence is preceded, in the original, by a few others, some of which we venture to select.

"*Ruins* speak for themselves, and, *to this extent*, are their own historians. They equally denote the existence and the overthrow,—the was and the is not—and the dry, sapless history tells us nothing, *which can tell us nothing more!* But, musing alone along the plain of the Troad,—or traversing the mountain barriers of Parnes, Ægaleus and Hymettus;—looking down upon the sterile plains of Attica—sterile in soil, but O! how fruitful in soul—or sitting among the dismembered fragments which made the citadel in Carthage,—each man becomes his own historian. Thought, taking the form of conjecture, ascends, by natural stages, into the *obscure and infinite*. Reasoning of what *should have been* from what *is* before us, we gather the *true* from the probable," &c.

Several sentences follow before we reach the third quotation, which our ingenious correspondent has married so intimately with the two preceding; and this in the original is succeeded immediately by a sentence which too clearly explained the meaning of the writer, to render it a necessary selection for this person. We will furnish the sequence.

"Hence, it is the artist only who is the true historian. *It is he who gives shape to the unhewn fact—who yields relation to the scattered fragments,—who unites the parts in coherent dependency, and endows, with life and action, the otherwise motionless automata of history.*"

These extracts ought to suffice to show how egregiously the correspondent of the Messenger has misunderstood the writer from whom he quotes. We hold him innocent of any evil intention. He has been misled by less scrupulous persons. The way was chalked out for him by a writer in the North American Review, who made these very quotations; and our correspondent, who is no doubt very youthful and unsuspecting, never dreamed that he was a man at all; but something nobler, better, and less fallible. Your readers will see by what is shown above, that the author of "Views and Reviews" is dealing, in this essay, wholly with the rights of the artist over the unknown histories. The object of the paper, which was framed out of a series of public lectures, was to indicate the mode of search, after the materials in American History and tradition, for a native fiction. He nowhere claims the right to pervert or to overthrow the chronicles—claims nothing more than to provide where they fail—to supply what is wanting to the fragmentary fact, making of it a beautiful and perfect history in itself. To those who read the essay, as the work of every writer should be read,—with no evil or unfriendly motive,—there will be no possibility of mistaking his object, and no difficulty in comprehending the language in which this object is advocated. Of course we pretend to pass no opinions upon the merit or demerit of this collection of Mr. Simms' essays. He himself, we are very sure, would prefer that his claims should be left to time. But it is well that the people of the South should keep in remembrance that the great body of their literary criticism is derived from the North. In all the South there are but two or three literary journals of any sort, and none of these address themselves particularly to criticism. Our opinions, like our books, are furnished us by those who would prefer that we should never supply ourselves; and the chances are always unequal in the case of a Southern author, who stands almost alone—whom no literary clique or community protects, and who, in addition to the fact that he intrudes upon those who aim at a monopoly of the manufacture, makes himself odious by the intense devotion which he shows to the interests, the institutions, and the histories of his own section. Whatever may be the errors of opinion, of taste and judgment, shown by Mr. Simms in his writings, it is very sure that he has carried into them the feelings, the principles and the character of his people:—their histories and biographies,—their career and performances have furnished his subjects, and it is this very devotion which has contributed to provoke the wrath of most of the critical curs—Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart—of the Eastern Press.

PHILO.

---

## Notices of New Works.

—

### ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS

*Made under the direction of M. F. Maury, Lieut. U. S. Navy, during the year* 1845, *at the U. S. Naval Observatory, Washington.*

The appearance of this volume, the first fruits of the labor of a well-endowed American Observatory, is an important step in the astronomical science of the country. It is to be regarded with the highest interest on two accounts; first, as a satisfactory evidence that the means so munificently supplied by Congress and the Executive have been used with industry and knowledge; and second, as a security for the permanent continuance of the public favor towards an institution fitted to be eminently useful and honorable to the nation. The distinction which Mr. Maury enjoys of being the

first to give to the world a volume of American astronomical observations made with suitable instruments, carries with it its corresponding responsibility. The novelty which belongs to the existence of the observatory, does not, it hardly need be said, attach to the science, nor to the use of the instruments—all of which are individually familiar to our practical astronomers. This responsibility has been fully met. A comparison of these with the Greenwich observations, either for Right Ascensions, or Declinations, or for the determination of the Latitude, is not unfavorable to the American volume. This comparison has frequently been made; not in an invidious spirit at all—but to test our own success by one of the highest standards of accuracy, and it has resulted satisfactorily—satisfactorily, not only in showing the skill of our own observers, but, what is still more gratifying, in proving our ability and our zeal for taking a part in the labors and rewards of this great field of science.

This comparison, to a limited extent, is presented in the course of a critical notice of the volume before us by a writer in the March number of the *American Journal of Arts and Sciences*. His just conclusion is, "that the Astronomers at Washington are *good* as well as *active* observers, and deserve the confidence of the public." We must notice, however, that the manner, if not the spirit of his comparisons, is partial, and the result, though fully warranting the praise awarded to Lieutenant Maury and his assistants, is not so favorably stated as it should be to the labors of the Washington Observatory.

He, for instance, compares the extreme difference to be found in 135 observations of *Polaris* at Washington, with that shown in 45 observations of the same star at Greenwich. A more accurate mean result may be expected from a larger number of observations, but at the same time the chances of greater differences in individual observations are multiplied.

In comparing the mean Declinations of a ursæ majoris he uses the observations of this star at Washington below the pole, where its altitude is between 11° and 12°, and those observations at Greenwich made above the Pole, where its altitude is between 78° and 79° degress. He also obtains extreme differences by adopting observations marked rejected in the book.

Now, although the writer has correctly noted at the bottom of his table of comparisons, that "the number of observations at Washington is the largest," and has not withheld his commendations, yet we are bound to notice what looks like carelessness, at least, if nothing worse. What resembles a disposition to yield reluctantly that support which the Washington observatory, so long as it is competently conducted, is entitled to receive from every man of learning in the country, both as an institution of science and as a national foundation.

The just method of making this comparison is to bring together the observations of stars in equal numbers, having the same zenith distance. This we have done, using the Greenwich volume of 1843. Ten sets, consisting of ten stars each, (except two that had only 7 and 8,) varying in Zenith Distance from 3° to 69°, were taken promiscuously from the two volumes. The mean of the Greenwich differences is 3.″877, that of the Washington differences is 2.″994.

Having proceeded so far in our comments on this writer, we may as well add that the omission of the reduction and comparison of observations of the sun, moon and planets should not, and, we believe, by a candid mind would not be pointed out as a deficiency. The search, it may be apprehended, was directed to discover deficiences, when this is noticed, and all remark upon the admirable discussions of instrumental errors, and of the Latitude, is avoided. For our own part, we should think it most desirable and proper that the observatory should first proceed to establish its Longitude; a satisfactory determination of that in the course of the next ten years will be regarded by astronomers as a good achievement.

It is but just to the superintendent of the Washington Observatory to remark, that his newly created position has been attended with arduous duties both in preparing for and in continuing the regular routine of work. He entered upon his office on the 1st of October, 1844, the building having been reported ready for occupation a short time before. In the beginning it was indispensable to dismount some of the instruments, and clean them from the effects of a cement containing sulphur which had been used in the setting. A corps of young and mostly inexperienced observers was to be trained; the duties of the Observatory were for the first time to be systematically arranged, and such forms and tables were to be prepared as furnish essential facilities in the discussion and reduction of observations. As might be expected, there was occasionally a demand for a higher degree of mechanical skill and contrivance than was easily attainable. As an instance of the ingenuity with which these last difficulties were overcome, we may refer to the account given by Lt. Maury of his insertion of the spider lines in the diaphragm of the eye piece of the prime vertical transit. (Intro. p. 54.)

The Tables are very complete. Those of Refraction are especially worthy of remark.

The discussion of the Latitude of the Observatory as determined by the mural circle, and by the Prime Vertical Transit embraces a range of investigation demanding a high degree of science, and of skill in the use of its means. The result shows an accuracy in the observers, and in the instruments

as creditable as the knowledge displayed in their reduction.

One of these instruments is 45 feet South of the other by actual measurement, and from this the astronomical determinations differ only 13 feet.

The Washington Observatory has already entered upon the great field of labor proposed by Lt. Maury, that of making a correct and comprehensive catalogue of the stars within its reach.

It depends upon Congress to decide whether his other proposition of establishing an American nautical almanac shall be carried out. We trust it will not fail. A sentiment of national pride is enlisted in its favor. We should be able to supply to our wide spread commerce the means of safe navigation from our own Observatory. This will require the organization of a separate bureau of Longitude and Hydrography, to which must be assigned the care and responsibility of making the computations and editing the almanac. This volume of the observations of 1845 supplies to Congress the motive and encouragement for continuing its liberality and support to an institution which, in the hands of the Navy, promises to reflect honor upon the country, and stands as a noble exponent of our scientific and social progress.

---

ILLUMINATED AND ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE. No. 131-2.

Shakespeare's works having been completed, we are here presented with the first part of his biography. The uncertainty which still hangs over many questions that have been raised in the life of the Bard of Avon is most remarkable. It arises from two causes,—from the circumstances which attended his origin and progress to celebrity which prevented much note being taken of matters since deemed important; and from the fact that the extent of his fame has produced a desire for a minuteness of detail in regard to him which would be tolerated or indulged in towards few others. Thus a curiosity has been cherished to know every thing about the house in Henley Street, where he was born, his grammar school, and other localities; and learned investigations pursued whether he was guilty of stealing deer, whether he was at Kenilworth Castle when the Earl of Liecester so magnificently entertained there Queen Elizabeth; whether his wife was of the Luddington or Shottery Hathaways; how much Italian or Latin he knew; whether he wrote such a play in such a year; and whence he derived its germ or basis. These and many other such questions have been raised, discussed and adjudged in various ways, equally satisfactory to their respective advocates. The present state of these enquiries and the best sources of information are shown in the following brief Introduction of the Editor, Mr. Verplanck, to the Biography before us:

"The darkness, uncertainty, and error that long hung around the biography of Shakespeare, and our still very imperfect knowledge of the most interesting parts of his literary and domestic life, in spite of all the more recent discoveries of several acute and indefatigable English antiquarians, present one of the most curious and inexplicable phenomena of literary history. Shakespeare, for the last twenty years of his life, if not much longer, was among the most celebrated men of his day in England, and esteemed by men of all classes in London, and in his native town. As an actor, manager, man of business, as well as an author, he was much in the public view, and his associations must of course have been extensive and various. He was a personal favorite of the great as well as of the public; and as a man certainly of social, perhaps of convivial tastes, he is known to have been in habits of familiar and social pleasure with his brother poets and dramatists. His professional associates, Burbage, Herminge, and Condell, appear to have been on terms of close intimacy and friendship with him: the two last were the first editors of his plays. But we have not only no biography of him, however brief, by any contemporary hand, but the notices of him by the authors of his own age, while sufficient to show the high esteem and admiration in which he was held, are exceedingly slight and unsatisfactory. In the succeeding generation, while many of his cotemporaries were still living, he was by far the most admired of English authors. Among the most fervent of his admirers may be numbered Fuller and Milton, two of the greatest of their times, who may be said to have divided his genius between them—Milton inheriting the high poetical portion, and Fuller the wit, acuteness, originality, and knowledge of mankind. Yet neither they nor any of their cotemporaries add anything to our knowledge of the great Poet, except that Fuller's professed account of him, (Fuller's "Worthies of England,") in addition to his place of birth and burial, and the date of his death, has preserved the memory of the wit-combats between him and Ben Jonson. Nearly a century after his death, in 1709, or not long before, Rowe, with the assistance of Betterton, the actor, then advanced in years, first undertook to collect the traditions of Warwickshire, and of the London stage, to form a regular biography. One would have thought that such a traditional biography of such a man could not but be in substance correct. But some of the anecdotes related by Rowe appeared from the first improbable on the face of them, and others are inconsistent with the facts even then known of the great Poet's literary and dramatic life; while every subsequently discovered and well authenticated fact has tended more or less to shake the authenticity of Rowe's traditions. Still that narrative was for many years received as authentic, and as containing all that could be known of the Poet's life, until the era of Capell and Malone, from whose time down to our own days a minute, laborious, and learned examination of public records, legal proceedings, corporation records, the Stationers' Register, and old contemporary manuscripts, has been carried on, gradually disinterring one insulated fact after another relating to Shakespeare and his family. Of this school Malone was the most efficient and successful inquirer in the last generation, as Mr. Collier has been in our own day. All the facts thus ascertained have been embodied by Mr. Collier in the life prefixed to his late edition of SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

"In order to make the present American edition as complete as may be, it has been thought proper to re-print the old traditional life by Rowe, just as it was read and believed by our ancestors; omitting, however, the comments since added by Stevens and Malone, which appear in most of the modern editions, as that matter is all incorporated in Collier's life. Mr. Colliers's narrative, curiously minute in its reseaches, sometimes digresses into collateral matter that throws no light upon the great dramatist's history; and the biographer's style is often so diffuse as to admit of great compression without any loss. I have, therefore, taken the liberty to abridge Mr. Collier's "Life of Shakespeare, by some omissions of the sort just referred to, and a good deal of compression of language; but have otherwise left him to give his narrative substantially in his own words and to express his own opinions. Some of

these opinions in regard to the succession of the plays, the character and value of some early editions, etc., differ from those of the present editor as expressed elsewhere in this edition. In these two lives, as thus given, the reader will find as well all the facts that have ever been generally believed or plausibly conjectured, as well all that have been certainly ascertained, respecting the life of Shakespeare."

The part before us is copiously and richly illustrated with views of places intimately associated with the poet's career, and portraits of Spenser, Queen Bess, Burbage, Fletcher, Rowe, and Garrick. In 1769 Garrick projected and conducted at Stratford, a jubilee in honor of Shakespeare.

By the association of ideas, speaking of Shakespeare reminds us of a New Romance which has recently appeared in England, by the author of "Shakespeare and his Friends," and other works. It is styled

*Strawberry Hill; An Historical Novel.* 3 vols., and the London Literary Gazette thus speaks of it:

With the pen of a ready and facile writer, the author of these pleasing volumes has undertaken a bold task, no less (in describing the England of more than half a century ago, and its court and upper classes of society) than to present us with Horace Walpole as the hero of a love-romance! What will the contemners of that singular personage say to such a metamorphosis of their dilettante, factitious, superficial, and political gossip? Will they consent to go with the rest of the world, as led through this new Strawberry-Hill edition, and accept its lord at any rate half-way between their estimate of him and the imaginativeness of character belonging to his *Castle of Otranto?* We think the author has shown powers enough to induce them to do so, and for the first time to view Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, as a natural man, gifted with strong feelings, and influenced by varying passions, like other men.

The germ of the story is discovered in an exquisitely beautiful miniature, observed and purchased at the late *virtuoso* sale at Strawberry-Hill. Upon a close inspection, the words, "*Rome*, 1740: *Arabella Falkland to Horace Walpole*," are discovered, and on this is raised the superstructure of the novel. Of the multitude of persons who figure in it, we need only say that they are almost entirely the same of whom we read in the Walpole Works; and that the intrigues for and against Sir Robert's ministry, affairs public and private, transactions from the throne to the lowest circles, and all relations of life are painted in a life-like manner, so as to afford a very lively idea of the period.

---

We have already announced an additional volume to Southey's "Doctor;"—and now extract the following notice of it. There is still material enough for a seventh volume.

*The Doctor, &c.* Vol. VI. London: Longman & Co., 1847.

The Doctor was the waste book into which Southey threw all his idle fancies, stray thoughts, and scraps of unused reading. It is altogether a wonderful mélange—full of wit and imagination, caricature, great knowledge of life, books, science, language; grave, grotesque, recondite by turns—as various as a rainbow; a repository of proverbs, apologies, and opinions, criticisms, character—and yet for all this strange hurly-burly, never obscure, never dull, and always fascinating.

It is not to be expected that a posthumous volume compiled from MS. materials should carry on the design with as much unity as if the hand of the author had presided over its arrangement. Southey's method of proceeding seems to have been this;—loose excerpta and fragments of all sorts were collected first, and when he set about a new volume he culled all he wanted from this rich heap, and then he strung them, with a studious appearance of heedlessness, upon a faint thread of narrative; or, if it may not be called narrative, upon such slight points of connexion as imparted something like consecutiveness to the whole. The incidents and sketches that gave continuity to the interest appear to have been added in last, like the finishing touches of the painter. Now, it is in these touches, if it be wanting in anything, the volume before us is deficient.

But it is unreasonable to conjecture, except from certain indications in the former volume, which look as if he meditated at last the development of a story, how Southey might have gone on with the *Doctor*. He might have given us a whole volume printed in black letter, and dedicated to the Virgin. The plan, or want of plan, was open to anything; and so far as the richness and massiveness of the matter are concerned, this sixth volume yields to none of its predecessors.

It is edited by the Rev. Mr. Warter, the husband of Southey's daughter Edith. To this lady, who was his favorite daughter—his right hand he used to call her—he commenced a little poem, of which, says Mr. Warter, the following lines are probably the last he ever wrote:—

"O daughter dear, who bear'st no longer now
Thy father's name, and for the chalky flats
Of Sussex hast exchanged thy native land
Of lakes and mountains—neither change of place,
Condition and all circumstantial things,
Nor new relations, and excess of cares
Unfelt before, have alienated thee,
Nor weaned thy heart from this beloved spot,
Thy birth-place and so long thy happy home!"

In the distribution of Southey's literary property, the MS. materials for the completion of the *Doctor*, together with other treasures, fell to the share of his daughter Edith. The volume, we are assured, is arranged after the method laid down by the author himself: "but," said Warter, "had Southey lived it was his intention to have advanced a step in the story in this volume; and the inter-chapters, no doubt, would have been enlarged, according to custom."—

*The Atlas.*

---

THE WRITINGS OF WASHINGTON.

Revised and cheap edition; In 12 monthly volumes, 8 vo., with engravings on steel, beautifully printed, bound, and gilt,—Price $1 50 each; of the Writings of Washington: being his correspondence, addresses, messages, and other papers, official and private, selected and published from the original manuscripts, with a life of the author, and notes and illustrations, by Jared Sparks.

"We avail ourselves with great pleasure of this opportunity to commend Mr. Sparks's Life and Writings of Washington to the patronage of our fellow-citizens. His competency as the editor requires no comment of ours; and the rich value and deep interest of his work must appeal at once to the judgment and feelings of every American who reveres the name of the immortal Father of his Country, and would cherish, in the high honor which is due to him and them, the precious lessons he has left us.

DANIEL WEBSTER,
ABBOT LAWRENCE,
JOSEPH STORY,
PELEG SPRAGUE,
EDWARD EVERETT."

*The Lives of Vasco Nunez De Balboa; Hernando Cortes, and Francisco Pizarro. New York, Harper & Brothers: 1847. Drinker & Morris, Richmond, Va.*

This interesting little volume is designed for the young; and, if we mistake not, is one of the series of books formerly published in Boston for common school libraries. The lives of the three adventurers which it contains are among the most thrilling and romantic that can be found.

In reading or writing them there is danger of being led by their great interest into too great extenuation of the courses which they often ran. Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific, will not suffer by comparison with either of his successors, either as to the qualities of a discoverer, or of a man; though his career also must frequently call for unmitigated censure. He was executed, in 1527, the forty-first year of his age, by order of Don Pedrarias Davila, the Spanish Governor at Darien, S. A., on pretence that he was a traitor and had usurped the territory of the Crown.

The Fate of the Early Discoverers of America forms a singular and melancholy chapter.

The mention of the other two names, Cortes and Pizarro, at once calls to mind our Historian of their Times, Mr. Prescott. In relation to his forthcoming work, we are pleased to see the following announcement by the publishers.

### Mr. Prescott's New Work.

Harper & Brothers will speedily publish, in two volumes octavo, embellished with portraits from original paintings, executed in the finest style of art, maps, etc., The history of the Conquest of Peru: with a preliminary view of the civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott, author of "History of the Conquest of Mexico," "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "Biographical and Critical Miscellanies," etc.

This work is arranged on the same general plan with that of the "Conquest of Mexico," to which it naturally forms a counterpart. The introductory book is devoted to an account of the celebrated Inca race; their empire, singular religious establishments, social and military policy, their opulence and splendor in their way of living, their intellectual culture, progress in the mechanic arts, especially architecture; in short, a complete view of the civilization reached by this interesting portion of the great American family, on the discovery of the country by Europeans.

The subsequent narrative will then exhibit the discovery of the country by Pizarro and his followers, their extraordinary adventures in the forests and wild mountain regions of the Cordilleras, their contests with the Peruvians, and their complete subversion of the Indian dynasty; the subsequent feuds among tho conquerors, till the final settlement and pacification of the country under the good President Gasca; a complete picture, in short, of the sanguinary revolution which established the Spanish rule over the ancient empire of the Incas.

The materials for this history are similar to those employed in the composition of the "Conquest of Mexico;" the printed chronicles of that period, with a still greater body of MSS. than that used for the former work. These MSS., consisting of the correspondence and diaries of the Conquerors, dispatches of government, private letters from the Emperor Charles V., municipal records, and official documents of every kind, were collected from the different cities of the Spanish colonial empire, as well as from the archives of the mother country. The collection, which was the result of fifty years' researches by three eminent academicians, was deposited in the archives of the Royal Academy of History at Madrid, and copies under the direction of that body, of which Mr. Prescott is a member, were prepared for him, to which he has further added by documents obtained from the Escurial, and some private sources in Spain.

The historical writings of Mr. Prescott have been too widely circulated in this country, as well as in Europe, to require any especial notice of them from the publishers; since their first appearance they have passed into one or more editions every successive year, while in England and France they have been repeatedly republished, and also translated into German, Italian, and Spanish, in the last of which languages translations have been printed both in Madrid and Mexico. This attention paid to the works by different nations, especially by the Spaniards themselves, is sufficient evidence of their historic accuracy and research, and affords a guarantee for the faithful execution of the present history.

---

1. *Irving's Life of Columbus*, Abridged by the author.

2. *Importance of Practical Education and Useful Knowledge. By Edward Everett.*

3. *The Fireside Friend or Female Student. By Mrs. Phelps, Late Vice-Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, New York.*

4. *Rambles about the Country. By Mrs. E. F. Ellett.*

5. *Scenes in Nature; or "Conversations for Children, on Land and Water."*

These five useful and instructive works, were designed we suppose, as parts of the series of the "Common School Library," published in Boston, by Messrs. Marsh, Capen, Lyon and Webb; and to which we have already alluded in the notice of the Lives of Balboa, Cortes and Pizarro. They now make their appearance from the press of Harper & Brothers, by whom they will be widely diffused over every portion of the country. Though devoted chiefly to the cause of primary education, the books of the "School Library" are often of a high order and from the pens of distinguished authors. In those before us we find that Irving himself thought it no unworthy task to abridge for it his Life of Columbus; so that whilst dedicated to informing the minds of youth, it still retains the beauty and animation of the author's style. Besides the Life of the great navigator, the volume contains a description of the author's visit in 1828 to Palos, whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery. An appendix gives an account of the obsequies of Columbus. A glossary and Index render the work still more complete for the purposes of Education.

The second work on the list is composed of Selections from the discourses of the Hon. Edward Everett, who, after having filled some of the highest political offices of the country, is crowning his career by discharging the arduous and responsible duties of President of Harvard University. Among the topics treated in so masterly a manner, we may ask attention particularly to the "Circumstances Favorable to Literary Improvement in America;" "Education in the West;" and the "Importance of Education in a Republic."

The work of Mrs. Phelps is intended "to awaken the minds of the young to the importance of Education; and to give them just ideas of the nature, design and practical application of the various branches of study pursued in the course of a liberal education."

Mrs. Ellett is well known to our readers as an accomplished and agreeable writer; and if her subject be less didactic, it need not therefore be any the less interesting.

The last volume is the joint production of the Editor,

Dr. Thomas H. Webb of Boston, and Mrs. Marcet, authoress of "Conversations on Chemistry," &c.

We have had the pleasure of receiving these works through *Drinker & Morris.*

---

*Alderbrook. A Collection of Tales, Sketches, &c. from the writings of Fanny Forester. 2 vols. Boston, Ticknor & Co.* 1847.

Few magazine writers have created in the same length of time so wide a sensation as Fanny Forester; and indeed the writings of few of them are fraught with such attraction or possess such marked and delightful character as hers.

Our readers will recollect, that her real name Miss Emily Chubbuck, was lately changed to that of Mrs. Judson, and that with her husband she has gone to devote herself to the labors of a missionary in the far East. These new pursuits, in which may success and happiness attend her, will probably give a new direction to her pen. In the volumes before us the publishers present us, in chaste and beautiful style, the agreeable memorial which, as Fanny Forester, she has left us. Our thanks to Mr. James T. Fields, of Boston, for the work. It may be obtained at our book-stores.

---

*Margaret Percival. By Miss Sewell, author of "Amy Herbert," "Gertrude," &c. 2 vols. D. Appleton & Co. New York,* 1847.

This work is not remarkable for any of the qualities which frequently recommend works of its class,—what are called *style* and the *plot*, or *story*. It is, however, not at all deficient in interest or tastefulness. It is chiefly devoted to portraying the development of the character of Margaret under the trials and difficulties which beset an ardent, dreamy and impulsive nature in its struggles with itself and with the world. In this she is greatly aided by the counsel of her uncle, Mr. Sutherland, who also bestows much pains in instructing her fully in the principles of the Church of England, whose standard he erects very high. With his aid, Margaret is triumphant over every difficulty and evil passion, and comes forth a character of brightness and purity. The work may be of benefit, comfort and encouragement to young women, who feel and suffer as Margaret did; and we are assured it has already been so to some who have read it.

Miss Sewell's writings will prove most acceptable to those who favor the views of the church of England; and to some of them it may appear that she has gone or may go too far. With these matters, in our position as Editor, we cannot intermeddle, though the great interests of Religion should be upheld by every influence that can be exerted in their behalf. We cannot join with those who condemn what are styled "religious novels;" as they may be the means of imparting and enforcing many lasting lessons of piety and virtue.

*Nash & Woodhouse* have the work, which forms No.'s XXIII and XXIV of Appleton's "*Literary Miscellany.*

The same authoress will soon again be before our public, with another work entitled,

"*The Fairy Bower, or the History of a Month,*"—which is said to be a "Tale for young people of high moral tone and great artistic merit."

---

*Froissart Ballads and other Poems. By Philip Pendleton Cooke.*

Our readers will remember that we published one of these ballads, "Geoffrey Tetenoire," in the last number of the Messenger, it having been furnished us by the author, in MS., in advance of the appearance of the neat volume now before us; and most of the "other poems" were first contributed to the Messenger. Some of the ballads are versions of Froissart's Chronicles; others are original and in the spirit of Sir John, from whom and kindred sources, the necessary information, accessories and accompaniments have been derived. We would say more; but do not wish to forestall the judgment which a very competent critic will pronounce in our next number. In the mean time we can at least commend to the perusal of our readers this volume of Mr. Cooke, whom we regard as among the best of our Contributors both in prose and verse. His collection has already triumphantly passed the ordeal of several journals not at all lavish of unmerited commendation.

---

SOUTHERN METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Among the periodical publications claiming our attention is the first number of the new quarterly organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, edited by the Rev. Dr. Bascom and published at Louisville Ky. It sprang from the late unhappy division of the Methodist Church, occasioned by the differences between its Northern and Southern portions on the subject of slavery. If this subject thus agitate and divide Christians, the followers of a Prince of "peace on earth and good will towards men," what shall restrain politicians blinded by the spirit of party; and especially in these days of *Wilmot provisos* and other exhibitions of dangerous intermeddling. The power of the tongue in Congress seems to have too little weight in enforcing the demands of justice to the South, or staying the madness of fanaticism, often clothed in the beautiful garb of philanthropy. We trust that the power of the pen, wielded by the Southern Methodist organ and its coadjutors, may exert a more salutary influence.

It has always appeared to us, that one consideration was enough to deter any one from interfering with the slavery question in this Union, but those who were reckless of all consequences, or were instigated by depraved motives. Grant to the opponents of slavery all they require; and even suppose that their efforts would *finally* benefit the emancipated slaves;—yet how much good to them would be necessay to compensate for the evils of disunion and civil war,—dire evils which would inevitably befal *their own race?* But even the remotest good to the blacks would be problematical and dependent upon the result of the fratricidal struggle which must ensue from a persistence in the course which Abolitionism has too long pursued. The evils to the whites from the prosecution of the schemes of Abolitionism are appalling and almost certain; whilst the benefits to the blacks are distant and uncertain; and oh! the folly, worse than folly,—of running this dread risk of causing woes irremediable to one's country and kindred race, for the bare prospect of benefitting the slaves and vindicating their alleged natural rights!

We have for some time been silent on this subject; but recent occurrences have called forth these remarks.

The leading article in the Review is justly very severe in its strictures upon our popular magazine literature. From the elevated position which the author assumes in relation to his subject, we deem it no slight compliment that he excepts the Messenger from his censure. But for something far more substantial than this evidence of its discrimination, we can commend the Review. Price $3 a year.

## GENERAL COLLECTORS FOR THE MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

Wm. Gouldin, General Agent and Collector for Virginia.

Thomas L. Jones is our General Collector for the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Louisiana.

Israel E. James, is our General Travelling Agent, for the following States, District of Columbia, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas—assisted by James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, R. A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, and John W. Wightman.

Henry M. Lewis, is our General Agent, for Alabama and Tennessee.

C. W. James, is our General Collector, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri; Wisconsin and Iowa—assisted by James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, T. G. Smith, and Frederick J. Hawse. Mr. C. W. James also makes a Fall trip to the Eastern States, and the District of Columbia.

J. F. Johnston, assisted by Eli M. Stevenson, General Collector for Kentucky.

Addison A. Bell, of Ala., is authorised to procure New Subscribers.

J. F. Stanton is authorised to procure New Subscribers for the Messenger, generally.


# STATIONER'S HALL.

**121 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.**

## J. W. RANDOLPH & CO.,

HAVE FOR SALE A LARGE STOCK OF

**LAW, MEDICAL, THEOLOGICAL, SCHOOL, CLASSICAL, FOREIGN**

**AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS;**

**English and American Stationery, Music, Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.**

☞ BOOK-BINDING IN SUPERIOR STYLE. ☜

# BOOK & JOB PRINTI

## OF ALL KINDS.

## WM. MACFARLANE & JOHN W. FERGUS

## Printers of the Southern Literary M

Respectfully announce that they are prepared to execute all kinds of Boo the neatest style, and on the lowest terms. Their stock of Printing Materials i used in publishing the Messenger, which they offer as a specimen of their taste

Subscriptions to the Messenger and orders for work thankfully received and

☞ Office, up stairs, in the "Messenger Law Building," on Franel New Court House. ☜

WILEY AND PUTNAM'S

## LIBRARY OF CHOICE READING.

"BOOKS WHICH ARE BOOKS."

The publishers of the Library of Choice Reading beg leave to call attention to the following books, published in the series, by which it will appear that novelty, variety, and standard merit, have always been preserved, and the promise of the original prospectus faithfully kept. It was proposed to publish "the best books of Travels, Biographies, works of Classic Fiction—where the moral is superior to the mere story, without any sacrifice of the interest—occasional choice volumes of Poetry, Essays, Criticisms, contributions to History, and generally such single volumes, written by men of genius, as will equally delight the scholar and the general reader."

In accordance with the prospectus, the series of publications was commenced in March, 1845, with Eöthen, and has since been rapidly continued, averaging, up to the present date, including the parallel series of American books, *one volume per week.* The reception of these books by the public and the press has been unequivocal in their favor. The series will be continued in the same spirit with which it has been hitherto conducted. Arrangements have been made for new copyright works at home, and for the simultaneous publication, by contract with the English authors, of new books of interest appearing abroad. Several important works are now in preparation.

The two series now include valuable productions by the following authors:—Thomas Carlyle, Wm. Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Professor Wilson, Thomas Hood, John Keats, Charles Lamb, W. M. Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Lord Mahon, Basil Montagu, Mrs. Jameson, Elliott Warburton, Sir Francis Head, Kinglake, Laman Blanchard, La Motte Fouqué, Victor Hugo, Goethe, &c., &c.

The American series contains works by S. Margaret Fuller, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland, Edgar A. Poe, Cornelius Mathews, W. G. Simms, George H. Those wh
J. T. Headley, J. Bayard Taylor, Rev. to some
Caham Kip, James Hall, Rev. George B. too far.
J. G. Whittier, Nathaniel Hawthorne. cannot inte
should be u
their behal

---

what are
ON'S LITERARY MISCELLANY. means of
piety and

*New Series of Choice Books.*

*Nash &*

XXIII and
Gertrude, a Tale. By the author of The same
bert."
with anoth
and 3.—I Promessi Sposi, or The Be- "*The F*
is said to b
Memoirs of an American Lady. By and great a
The Life of F. Schiller. By Thomas

*Froisso* and 7.—Sketches of Modern Literature
*Cooke.* rary Men. By Geo. Gilfillan.

Our r
3 and 9.—History of the English Revolu-
640. By F. Guizot.

Nos. 10, 11, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20.—A General History of Civilization in Europe. By F. Guizot.

No. 12.—The People. By M. Michelet.

No. 13.—The Life of Martin Luther. By M. Michelet.

No. 16.—Something for Everybody. By Robert Carlton.

No. 21.—Amy Herbert, a Tale. By the author of "Gertrude," "Laneton Parsonage," etc.

No. 22.—Two Lives, or to Seem and to Be. By Maria J. McIntosh, author of "Conquest and Self Conquest."

Nos. 23 and 24.—Margaret Percival. By Miss Sewell, author of "Gertrude," &c.

No. 25.—History of the Roman Republic. By M. Michelet.

---

## HARPER'S NEW MISCELLANY.

Choice reading for all classes. Now in course of publication by Harper & Brothers, New York, a series of sterling works in the several departments of general literature,—comprising History, Science, Voyages and Travels, Biography, &c., and including some of the best books of the best authors.—under the general designation of Harper's New Miscellany. Neatly bound. Price only Fifty Cents a Volume.

The above named series comprises a rich collection of the most choice and valuable productions of the day; in the selection of which the utmost care and discrimination have been observed, with the view of rendering this *New Miscellany* unrivalled as well for the intrinsic excellence of its Literature, as the unprecedentedly cheap rate at which the works are presented, and the superior style of their mechanical execution. To all classes of the community this valuable publication addresses its strong claims: to the Clergy, Colleges, Schools and Lyceums, the Family Circle, and Tourists, as well as the Student and the Lover of Literature in all parts of the land.

Nos. 1 and 2.—Prof. Whewell's Elements of Morality and Polity.

No. 3.—Dendy's Philosophy of Mystery.

No. 4.—Holmes's Life and Letters of Mozart.

No. 5.—Dick's Practical Astronomer.

Nos. 6 and 7.—Mackenzie's Life of Paul Jones.

No. 8.—Parrot's Ascent of Mount Ararat.

No. 9.—Remarkable Criminal Trials.

Nos. 10 and 11.—Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist Round the World.

No. 12.—Mrs. Farnham's Life in Prairie Land.

No. 13.—Barrow's Arctic Voyages.

No. 14.—Somerville on the Connection of the Physical Sciences.

No. 15.—The Bible, the Koran, and the Talmud.

No. 16.—Bell's Life of Canning.

No. 17.—Taylor's Modern British Plutarch.

No. 18.—Keppel's Expedition to Borneo.

No. 19.—Schiller's Thirty Years' War.

No. 20.—Moore's Uses of the Body in Relation to the Mind.

No. 21.—Schiller's Revolt of the Netherlands.

Nos. 22 and 23.—Thompson's Philosophy of Magic, Prodigies, &c.

Lowell fund P362:1/2

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN.

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. MAY, 1847. NO. V.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

PAGE

1. Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. Chap. XVI, XVII, XVIII, XIX, and XX.....257
2. Poetry and Religion. No. V. False impressions as to the moral insubordination of Poetical Genius, &c.....277
3. Julia Gonzaga. A Tale of Italy. From the German of Tromlitz. By Mary E. Lee.....281
4. Nine New Poets. 1. R. W. Emerson. 2. William Ellery Channing. 3. Charles T. Brooks. 4. William W. Story. 5. Thomas Buchanan Read. 6. James F. Colman. 7. Frances Elizabeth Browne. 8. Epes Sargent. 9. Harriet Farley.....292

## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES. (CONTINUED.)

PAGE

5. Essays on the Early Language and Literature of England. By H. R.....307
6. John Hunter. A Sketch of an Eccentric Genius and a Distinguished Surgeon. By W. J. B...312
7. The Premature use of Books in the Education of Children. By W. F. B.....315
8. Notices of New Works. Washington and his Generals, &c., &c.....316-320

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

9. Cynosura. By C. C. L.....280
10. Imaginings. By Bracton.....291
11. Clarice.....306
12. Lines on the Death of a Lovely Young Girl. By a Lady of Virginia.....315

## PAYMENTS TO THE LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

Burt, Miss Eliza.....Alabama.....vol 13
Binford, James.....RN.....Virginia.....vol 13
Broaddus, Rev. Wm. F....Kentucky.....vol 12-13
Bates, Asa.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 12-13
Chandler, John A....RN....Virginia.....vol 12
Corke, John.....RN.....Virginia.....vol 12
Dancy, Dr. Charles F. M....Alabama.....vol 13
Dickey, W. J.....IEJ....Florida.....vol 13
Elliott, Wm. H.....Virginia.....vol 13
Ferguson, Samuel....RN.....Virginia.....vol 13
Ferry, George W.....Georgia.....vol 11-12-13
Fluwellen, Dr. A. H....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 13
Green, George F.....Tennessee.....vol 13
Gibson, R. E.....IEJ....Florida.....vol 13
Hobson, Miss Sarah B.....Virginia.....vol 9
Hoggard, Thurmer....RN.....Virginia.....vol 11-12
Hull, Jacob.....RN.....Virginia.....vol 11
Haynes, E. T.....STS.....Virginia.....vol 13
Hairston, P.....Virginia.....vol 13
Holland, Dr. H. D.....IEJ....Florida.....vol 12-13
Hardwicke, John V.....Virginia.....vol 13
Johnston, C. A.....Missouri.....vol 13
Jones, J. R.....IEJ....Georgia....vol 11-12-13
Kennedy, Gilbert.....Ohio.....vol 12
Kain, Wm. A.....IEJ....Florida.....vol 13
Lynch, Eugene.....Maryland.....vol 9
Macfarland, Wm. H.....WG..Virginia.....vol 13
Maris, Wm.....Arkansas.....vol 13
Milton, Col. John.....IEJ ...Florida.....vol 13
Morris, Josiah.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 13
Mhoon, James G.....Alabama.....vol 13
Minor, John.....Virginia.....vol 13
Preston, N.....Indiana.....vol 13
Peabody, Aug.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 11-12-13
Roper, B. E.....Mississippi.....vol 10-11-12-13
Raney, D. G.....IEJ.....Florida.....vol 13
Roockogey, S.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 12
Street, Anthony.....Tennessee.....vol 10-11-12
Scruggs, Mrs. M. L.....Alabama.....vol 13
Taylor, Wm. B.....Tennessee.....vol 13
Wilson, Dr. J. T. J....IEJ....Florida.....vol 12
Yonge, Wm. P.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 13

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

MAY, 1847.

## HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

The retorted menaces of the English made him smother his resentment and dissemble his dark designs under the cloak of friendship. And thus, upon Sir Francis Wyatt's arrival, all suspicion of Indian treachery had died away; the Colonists in fancied security were in general destitute of arms; the plantations lay dispersed as caprice or a rich vein of land allured; their houses everywhere open to the Indians, who fed at their tables and lodged under their roofs. About the middle of March, a messenger being sent upon some occasion to Opechancanough, he entertained him kindly and protested that he held the peace so firm, that "the sky should fall before he broke it." On the 20th of the month the Indians guided some of the English safely through the forest, and to lull all suspicion, they sent one Brown, who was sojourning among them to learn their language, back home to his master. They went so far as even to borrow boats of the whites to cross the river when about holding a council on the meditated massacre. It took place on Friday, the 22nd of March, 1622. On the evening before, and on that morning, the savages as usual came unarmed into the houses of the planters, with fruits, fish, turkies and venison to sell. In some places they actually sate down to breakfast with the English. At about the hour of noon the savages rising suddenly and everywhere at the same time, butchered the colonists with their own implements, sparing neither age, sex nor condition. Three hundred and forty-seven men, women and children fell in a few hours. The infuriated savages wreaked their vengeance even on the dead, dragging and mangling the lifeless bodies, smearing their hands in blood and bearing off the torn and yet palpitating limbs as trophies of a brutal triumph.

Among the victims was master George Thorpe, a kinsman of Sir Thomas Dale, deputy to the College lands and one of the principal men of the colony. * This pious gentleman had labored much for the conversion of the Indians, and had exhibited towards them nothing but kindness. As an instance of this,—they having at one time expressed their fears of the English mastiff dogs, he had caused some of them to be put to death before them, to the great displeasure of their owners. Opechancanough inhabiting a paltry cabin, master Thorpe had built him a handsome house after the English manner. * But these miscreants, equally deaf to the voice of humanity and insensible to the emotions of gratitude, murdered their benefactor with every circumstance of barbarity. He had been warned of his danger by a servant, but making no effort to escape, fell a victim to his misplaced confidence. With him ten others were massacred at Berkeley.

Another of the slain was Captain Nathaniel Powell, one of the first settlers, a brave soldier and who had for a brief interval filled the place of Governor of the Colony. His family fell with him. Another of Captain Smith's old soldiers, Nathaniel Causie, when severely wounded and surrounded by the Indians, slew one of them with an axe, and put the rest to flight. At Warrasqueake, Mr. Baldwin, by repeatedly firing his gun, saved himself and family and divers others. The savages at the same time made an attempt upon the house of a planter, named Harrison (near Baldwin's) where were Thomas Hamer, with six men and eighteen or nineteen women and children. The Indians tried to inveigle Hamer out of the house, by pretending that Opechancanough was hunting in the neighboring woods and desired to have his company. But he not coming out, they set fire to a tobacco-house. The men ran towards the fire and were pursued by the Indians, who pierced them with arrows and beat out their brains. Hamer having finished a letter that he was writing and suspecting no treachery, went out to see what was

* He had been of the King's bedchamber, Stith, p. 211.

† The chief was so charmed with it, especially with the lock and key, that he locked and unlocked the door an hundred times a day.

the matter, when being wounded in the back with an arrow, he returned to the house and barricaded it. Meanwhile Harrison's boy finding his master's gun loaded, fired it at random and the Indians fled. Baldwin still continuing to discharge his gun, Hamer, with twenty-two others, withdrew to his house, leaving their own in flames. Hamer next retired to a new house that he was building and there defending himself with spades, axes and brickbats, escaped the fury of the savages. The master of a vessel lying in the James river, sent a file of musqueteers ashore, who recaptured from the enemy the Merchant's Store-house. In the neighborhood of Martin's Hundred, seventy-three persons were butchered, yet a small family there escaped and heard nothing of the massacre for two days.

Thus fell in so short a space of time one-twelfth part of the colonists, including six members of the council. The destruction might have been universal but for the disclosure of a converted Indian, named Chanco, who, during the night before the massacre, revealed the plot to one Richard Pace, with whom he lived. Pace upon receiving this intelligence, after fortifying his own house, repaired before day to Jamestown and gave the alarm to Sir Francis Wyatt, the Governor. His vigilance saved a large part of the Colony. *

Famine, with its horrors, now threatened to follow in the train of massacre. † The consternation of the survivors so unmanned them, that twenty or thirty days elapsed before any plan of defence was concerted. Many were urgent to abandon the James river and take refuge on the Eastern Shore, where some newly settled plantations had escaped the ravages of this disaster. ‡ At length it was determined to abandon the weaker plantations and to concentrate their numbers in five or six well fortified places, Shirley Hundred, Flower-de-Hundred, Jamestown with Paspahey and the plantations opposite to Kiquotan and Southampton Hundred. A large part of the cattle and effects of the planters thus fell a prey to the enemy. Nevertheless, a planter, "Master Gookins," at Newport's News, refused to surrender his plantation, and held out there with singular spirit. Samuel Jordan, too, with the aid of a few refugees, maintained his ground at Beggars' Bush; * as also did Mr. Edward Hill at Elizabeth City. "Mistrisse *Proctor*, a proper, ciuill, modest gentlewoman," defended herself and family for a month after the massacre, until at last forced to retire by the English officers, who threatened if she refused, to burn her house down, which was done by the Indians shortly after her withdrawal. Captain Newce of Elizabeth City, and his wife, distinguished themselves by their liberality to the sufferers. Several families escaped to the country afterwards known as North Carolina, and settled there. †

When the news of the catastrophe reached England, the king granted the company some unserviceable arms out of the tower, and *lent* them twenty barrels of powder; Lord St. John of Basing, gave sixty coats of Mail; the privy council sent out supplies, and the city of London despatched one hundred settlers. ‡ Captain John Smith undertook, if the company would send him to Virginia with a small force, to reduce the savages to subjection and protect the colony from future assaults. His project, however, failed on account of the dissensions of the company and the niggardly terms which were proposed by the few members found to act.

It is worthy of remark that the event justified the policy of Argall in prohibiting intercourse with the natives. Had that measure been enforced, the massacre would probably have been prevented. But the violence and corruption of such rulers as Argall, serve to disgrace and defeat the best measures; while the virtues of the good are sometimes perverted to canonize the most pernicious.

During these calamitous events that had befallen the colony, Captain Raleigh Crashaw was engaged in a trading cruise up the Potomac. While there, Opechancanough sent two baskets of beads to the chief, or king, of

* Purchas, vol. 4, p. 1788-90. Smith, vol. 2, p. 65-70. A list of the slain may be found on page 75. Eleven were killed at Berkley, two at Westover, five at Macocks, six at Flower-de-Hundred, twenty-one of Sir George Yeardley's people at Weyanoke, &c.

† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 18.

‡ Stith, p. 235.

* Afterwards called "Jordan's Point," and known as the seat of Richard Bland, a revolutionary patriot.

† Martin's History of North Carolina, vol. 1, p. 87.

‡ Smith, vol. 2, p. 79. Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 19. Belknap, vol. 2, p. 185. The king promised to send out four hundred soldiers, but he never sent them.

the Potomacs to bribe him to slay Crashaw and his party, sending him at the same time tidings of the massacre and assurance that, "before the end of two Moones," there would not be an Englishman left in all the country. Japazaws, however, communicated the message to Crashaw, and he, thereupon, sent Opechancanough word, "that he would nakedly fight him, or any of his, with their owne swords." The challenge was declined.

Not long after, Captain Madison, who occupied a fort on the Potomac, suspecting treachery on the part of the tribe there, rashly killed thirty or forty men, women and children, and carried off the Werowance, his son and two of his people prisoners to Jamestown. The captives were, however, in a short time ransomed.

When the corn was ripe, Sir George Yeardley, with three hundred men, invaded the country of the Nansemonds. They setting fire to their cabins and destroying whatever they could not carry away, fled. The English seized their corn and completed the work of devastation. Sailing next to Opechancanough's seat, at the head of York river, Yeardley inflicted the same chastisement on the Pamunkies.* Thus the red men were driven back like hunted wolves from their ancient haunts. While their fate cannot fail to excite compassion, it may be reasonably concluded that the perpetual possession of this country by a few savage tribes, would have been incompatible with the designs of Providence, in promoting the welfare of mankind. A productive soil could make little return to a people almost destitute of the art and the implements of agriculture and habitually indolent. Navigable rivers, the natural channels of commerce, would have failed in their purpose, had they borne no freight but that of the rude canoe. Forests would have slept in gloomy inutility, where the axe was unknown, and the mineral and metallic treasures of the earth would have remained forever entombed. In Virginia, where the aboriginal population was only one to the square mile, they could not be held occupants of the soil. Their title to the narrow portions which they actually occupied, was indisputable. It was, however, found impossible to occupy the open country to which the savages had no just claim, without also exterminating them from those spots, which rightfully belonged to them. This inevitable necessity actuated the pious puritans of Plymouth, as well as the less scrupulous settlers of Jamestown. The unrelenting hostility of the savages, their perfidy, insidiousness and implacability made this sanguinary measure necessary. In Virginia the first settlers, a small company, in an unknown wilderness, were repeatedly assaulted by the red men. Resistance and retaliation were demanded by the natural law of self-defence. Nor were these settlers voluntary immigrants; the bulk of them had been sent over, without regard to their consent, by the king or the Virginia company. Nor did the king or the company authorize any injustice or cruelty to be exercised towards the natives. On the contrary, the colonists, however unfit, were enjoined to introduce Christianity among them and to propitiate their good will by a humane and lenient treatment. Thus Smith and his comrades, so far from being encouraged to maltreat the Indians, were often hampered in the means of a necessary self-defence, by a fear of offending an arbitrary government at home. It is, as has been remarked by Mr. Jefferson,* by no means true, that all the lands were acquired from the natives by the sword, far the greater portion having been purchased by treaty. If it be objected that the consideration was inadequate; the reply is, that a small consideration was sufficient to compensate for a title, which for the most part had little if any validity. And besides, a larger compensation would oftentimes have been thrown away upon men alike destitute of knowledge and of industry. Groping in the dim twilight of nature and slaves of a gross idolatry, their lives were circumscribed within a narrow circle of animal instincts and the necessities of a precarious subsistence. Cunning, bloody and vindictive, engaged in frequent wars, they knew little of that Arcadian innocence and those scenes of Elysian felicity, of which youthful poets so fondly dream. If an occasional exception occurs, it is but a solitary gleam of light shooting across the surrounding gloom. Still we cannot be in-

* "Since the newes of the Massacre in Virginia, though the Indians continue their wonted friendship, yet are wee [of New England] more wary of them then before, for their hands have beene embrued in much English bloud onely by too much confidence but not by force." Purchas, vol. 4, 1840-41.

* In his Notes on Virginia. See also Purchas 5, p. 836.

sensible to the numerous injuries they have suffered, and cannot but regret that their race could never be blended with our own. The Indian is gone; his cry no longer echoes in the woods, nor is the dip of his paddle heard on the water. The wave of extermination urges him onward to the setting sun, and we behold their tribes fading one by one forever from the map of existence.

---

## CHAPTER XVI.

### 1623—1625.

**King James takes measures to annul the Charter of the Virginia Company; Commissioners appointed to enquire into the affairs of the Colony; Commissioners appointed to proceed to Virginia; Assembly petitions the King; Disputes between the Commissioners and the Assembly; Treachery of Sharpless and his punishment; The Charter of the Virginia Company dissolved; Causes of this proceeding; Character of the Company; The Earl of Southampton.**

The court of James I., jealous of the growing power of the Virginia Company and of its too republican spirit, seized upon the occasion of the massacre, to attribute all the calamities of the Colony to its mismanagement and neglect, and thus to frame a pretext for dissolving the charter. [April 1623.] A commission was issued authorizing Sir William Jones, a justice of the common pleas, Sir Nicholas Fortescue, Sir Francis Goston, Sir Richard Sutton, Sir William Pitt, Sir Henry Bourchier and Sir Henry Spilman * to enquire into the affairs of the Colony. By an order of the privy council the records of the company were seized, the deputy treasurer † imprisoned, and on the arrival of a vessel from Virginia, all the papers on board inspected. In October the King declared his intention to grant a new charter modelled after that of 1606. This astounding order was read three times at a meeting of the company, before they could credit their own ears. They then, by an overwhelming vote, refused to relinquish their charter and expressed a determination to defend it. The King, in order to procure additional evidence against the company, appointed five commissioners to make inquiries in Virginia. Of these John Harvey and John Pory arrived in Virginia early in 1624, * Samuel Matthews and Abraham Percy were planters resident in the Colony and the latter a member of the house of burgesses; John Jefferson, another commissioner, did not come over to Virginia, nor did he take any part in the matter, "being a hearty friend to the company." At first the planters deeming it a dispute between the crown and the company, in which *they* were not essentially interested, paid but little attention to it. But two petitions defamatory of the Colony and laudatory of Sir Thomas Smith's arbitrary rule, having come to the knowledge of the assembly, [February 1624,] that body prepared spirited replies and drafted a petition to the King, which, with a letter to the privy council and other papers, were entrusted to Mr. John Pountis, a member of the council. † He, however, died during the voyage to England. The letter to the privy council prayed, "that the governors may not have absolute power and that they might still retain the liberty of popular assem-

* Stith says *Spilman*, Burk Spil*ler*. See Belknap, vol. 2, p. 186, in note.

† Nicholas Ferrer, (in the old books Farrar,) was born in London, [1592,] educated at Cambridge, where he displayed extraordinary talents, acquirements and piety. Upon quitting the University, he made the tour of Europe, winning the esteem of the learned, "passing through many adventures and perils with a heroism of too elevated a kind to be called romantic, the heroism of piety, and maintaining everywhere an immaculate character." Upon his return he was appointed "King's counsel for the Virginia plantation." [1622.] He was chosen deputy treasurer of the Virginia Company, and so remained till its dissolution. [1624.] In the house of commons, he distinguished himself by his opposition to the political corruption of that day, and then "quitted public life at little more than the age of thirty, in obedience to a religious fancy he had long entertained, and formed of his family and relations a sort of little half popish convent, in which he passed the remainder of his life. Belknap, vol. 2, p. 187, in note. Foster's Miscellanies, 368-9.

The following notice of Ferrar's establishment is extracted from Carlyle's "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell," vol. 1, pp. 69-70. "Crossing Huntingdonshire in his way Northward, his majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding, on the Western border of that county. A surprising Establishment now in full flower, wherein above fourscore persons, including domesticks with Ferrar and his Brother, and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy and merely religious duties; employed themselves in 'binding of Prayerbooks,' embroidering of bassocks, in almsgiving also and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up night and day a continual repetition of the English Liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another, as on shipboard and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out."

* Stith, 297. Belknap, p. 2, 189, in note.

† Hening, 1, 120 and 128.

blies, than which nothing could more conduce to the public satisfaction and public utility."

The commissioners refused to exhibit their commission and instructions to the assembly, and the assembly refused them access to its records. Pory, one of the commissioners who had lost his place of Secretary to the company by betraying its secrets to the Earl of Warwick, now suborned Edward Sharpless, clerk of the Virginia council, to expose to him copies of the journal of that body and of the house of Burgesses. Sharpless being detected was sentenced to the pillory with the loss of his ears. * The commissioners made a report against the corporation.

[1624.] James I. dissolved the Virginia Company by a writ of Quo Warranto, † which was determined only upon a technicality in the pleadings. The company had been obnoxious to the ill will of the King on several grounds. The corporation had become a theatre for rearing leaders of the opposition, many of its members being also members of parliament. The company had chosen a treasurer in disregard of the King's nomination, and in electing Carew Raleigh a member they had made allusions to his father Sir Walter which were probably unpalatable to the author of his death. Besides, the King was greedy of power, which he wanted the sense and the virtue to make a good use of and doubtless hoped to find in Virginia a new field for extortions. Fortunately for history the company made a copy of its records, which afterwards fell into the hands of a Virginian. ‡

[1625.] Charles I. succeeding to the crown and principles of his father, took the government of Virginia into his own hands. The company thus extinguished had expended one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in establishing the Colony and transported nine thousand settlers without the aid of government. The number of stockholders, or adventurers, as they were styled, was about one thousand, and the annual value of exports from Virginia was, at the period of the dissolution of the charter, only twenty thousand pounds. The company embraced much of the rank, wealth and talent of the kingdom, near fifty noblemen, several hundred knights and many gentlemen, merchants and citizens. Among the leaders in its courts were Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, Sir Edwin Sandys and Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Dorset, and above all the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare.* Although the company was so enlightened and its conduct enlarged, liberal and disinterested, yet so cumbrous a machine was unfit for the planting of a Colony, and their management, it must be confessed, was often wretched. The judicious Captain Smith seems to have approved of the dissolution of the corporation. He and his companions had been rudely displaced by it. Yet as the act provided no compensation for the enormous expenditure incurred, it can be looked upon as little better than confiscation effected by chicane and tyranny. Nevertheless the result was undoubtedly favorable to the Colony. *

* Stith, 315. Only a piece of one ear was cut off.

† The commissioners were appointed October 24, 1623, and the writ of Quo Warranto issued November 10th of the same year, "when the commissioners were hardly out of sight of England." Belknap, vol. 2, p. 190-1, in note.

‡ Col. Byrd.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### 1625—1630.

Assembly of 1624; Charles I. Commissions Sir Thomas Wyatt Governor; Assemblies not allowed; Royal Government virtually established in Virginia; Other Colonies on the Atlantic Coast; Wyatt returns to England; Succeeded by Yeardley; His Proclamations; His death; Succeeded by Francis West; Letter of Charles I.; De-

* Henry Wriothesley, third Earl of Southampton, [1601,] was connected with the Earl of Essex in his conspiracy to seize the person of Elizabeth. Essex lost his life. Southampton was convicted, attainted and imprisoned during the Queen's life. On the accession of James I. he was liberated and restored, [1603.] He was afterwards made captain of the Isle of Wight and governor of Carisbroke Castle and [1618] a member of the privy council. [1620.] He was chosen Treasurer of the Virginia Company, contrary to the avowed wishes of the king. The Earl, however, held the office till the charter was dissolved and in its meetings, as well as in parliament, opposed the measures of a feeble and corrupt court. He was grandson of Wriothesley, the famous chancellor of Edward VI., father to the excellent and noble Treasurer Southampton, Grandfather to Rachel Lady Russel, and the friend and patron of Shakspeare. In his later years he commanded an English regiment in the Dutch service and died in the Netherlands, [1624.] Belknap, vol. 2, p. 171, in note. The county of Southampton, Va. probably took its name from this Earl.

* This is candidly admitted by that "faithful chronicler" Stith, although no one could be more strenuously opposed to the means employed.

sires an Assembly to be called; Reply of the Assembly; John Pott Governor; Condition of the Colony; Statistics; Diet; Manner of living; Pott superseded by Harvey; Pott convicted of stealing; Harvey's unpopularity.

An Assembly had been held [March 1624,] and its acts are preserved. They are brief and simple, coming directly to the point, without the tautology of modern statutes, and refer mainly to agriculture, the church establishment and defence against the Indians. * [August 1624.] The king granted a commission, re-nominating Sir Thomas Wyatt Governor, appointing a council during pleasure, and purposely omitting all mention of an assembly, thinking, "so popular a course" the chief source of recent troubles. Thus in effect a royal government was established in Virginia. Hitherto she had been subject to a three-fold legislation of the company, the crown and her own president or governor and council. †

* Hening's Statutes, vol. 1, pp. 119-20 and 129-30.

The following is a list of members of this early Assembly:

SIR FRANCIS WYATT, Knt. Governor, &c.

| | |
|---|---|
| Capt. Fran's West. | John Pott. |
| Sir George Yeardley. | Capt. Roger Smith. |
| George Sandys, Treasurer. | Capt. Ralph Hamer. |

and John Pountis, of the Council.

BURGESSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| William Tucker. | Nathaniel Bass. |
| Jabez Whitakers. | John Willcox. |
| William Peeine. | Nicholas Marten. |
| Raleigh Crashaw. | Clement Dilke. |
| Richard Kingsmell. | Isaack Chaplin. |
| Edward Blany. | John Chew. |
| Luke Boyse. | John Utie. |
| John Pollington. | John Southerne. |
| Nathaniel Causey. | Richard Bigge. |
| Robert Adams. | Henry Watkins. |
| Thomas Harris. | Gabriel Holland. |
| Richard Stephens. | Thomas Morlatt. |

R. Hickman, Clerk.

† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 22. Beverley, however, Book 1, p. 47, says expressly that an assembly was allowed. "The country being thus taken into the king's hands, his majesty was pleased to establish the constitution to be a governor, council and *assembly*, and to confirm the former methods and jurisdictions of the several courts, as they had been appointed in the year 1620 and placed the last resort in the *assembly*."

Burk, too, vol. 2, p. 15, although befogged as to the grant of authority to call an assembly, asserts that, "Assemblies convened and deliberated in the usual form, unchecked and uninterrupted by royal interference, from the dissolution of the proprietary government to the period when a regular constitution was sent over with Sir W. Berkeley in 1639." For authority a document in the Appendix is referred to, but it is not to be found there.

The opinions of Chalmers and Hening, confirmed by a corresponding chasm in the records, outweigh the dicta of Beverley and Burk. From 1623 to 1628, there appears no mention on the Statute book, or in the journal of the Virginia Company, of any assembly having been held in the colony and in 1628 appeals were made to the governor and council, whereas they would have been made to the Assembly had it met.

* 1 Hening. p. 3 and 4.

[1625.] The French had at an early date established themselves in Canada; the Dutch were now colonizing New Netherlands; the English were extending their confines in New England and Virginia; while the Spaniards, the first settlers of the coast, still held some feeble posts in Florida.

Wyatt returning to Ireland "to manage his affaires" there, [1626,] was succeeded by Sir George Yeardley. He, during the same year, by proclamation which now usurped the place of law, prohibited the selling of corn to the Indians, made some commercial regulations and directed houses to be palisaded. In the following year, Yeardley dying, was succeeded [November 14th, 1627,] by Francis West.

James I. had made tobacco the subject of extortion and violation of the charter. Charles I., in a letter dated June 16th, 1628, proposed, that a monopoly of the tobacco trade should be granted to him and recommended the culture of several new products, and desired that an assembly should be called to take these matters into consideration.

On the 26th of March ensuing the Assembly replied by demanding a higher price and more favorable conditions than his majesty was disposed to yield. As to the introduction of new staples they explained why that was impracticable. This letter was signed by Francis West Governor, five members of the council and thirty-one members of the house of burgesses.

"Captain Francis West continued Governor till the 5th of March, 1628, and then (he being designed to go for England,) John Pott, Esq., was elected Governor by the Council." *

[1627.] The Governor, Sir George Yeardley, with two or three of the Council, resided for the most part at Jamestown. The rest of the council repaired there as occasion required. There was, however, a general meeting of the Governor and Council, every three months. The population of the colony was estimated at between 1500 and 2000. These inhabited seventeen or eigh-

teen plantations. The greater part of these, "towards the falls," were well fortified against the Indians by means of palisades. The planters living above Jamestown now found means to procure an abundant supply of fish. On the banks of the James, the red men were now seldom seen, their fires in the woods frequently. The number of cattle in Virginia was variously reckoned from 2000 to 5000 head. The stock of goats was large and their increase rapid; the woods were stocked with wild hogs, which were killed and "eaten by the Salvages." There was no family in the colony "so poore" as had not "tame Swine sufficient." Poultry was equally abundant. Bread was plenty and good. For drink the colonists used a home-made ale, "but the better sort are well furnished with Sacke, *Aquavitæ* and good English Beere. The common diet of the servants was "Milke Homini, which is bruized Indian Corne pounded and boiled thicke and milke for the sauce." This dish was in esteem also with the better sort. The planters were generally provided with arms and armour, "and euerie Holy-day everie Plantation doth exercise their men in Armes, by which meanes, hunting and fowling, the most part of them are most excellent markmen." Tobacco was the only crop cultivated for sale. The health of the country was greatly improved by clearing, whereby "the Sunne hath power to exhale up the moyst vapours of the earth." [1629.] Most of the land about Jamestown was cleared of wood; little corn planted; but all the ground "converted into pasture and gardens, wherein doth grow all manner of herbs and roots we have in *England* in abundance, and as good grasse as can be." Here was kept the greater part of the cattle of the colony, the owners being dispersed about on the plantations and returning to Jamestown, as inclination prompted, or at the arrival of shipping come to trade. [1629.] The population of Virginia was supposed to amount to 5000,—the cattle from 2000 to 5000. The colony had a surplus of provisions sufficient to feed 400 more than its own number of inhabitants. Vessels procured supplies there, and the number arrived during this year was 23. Salt fish was procured from New England. Kecoughtan, (Hampton,) supplied peaches. "Mistresse *Pearce*, an honest industrious woman, hath beene there neere twentie yeares and now returned [to England] saith, shee hath a Garden at *James* towne containing three or foure acres, where in one yeare, she hath gathered neere an hundred bushels of excellent figges, and that of her owne provision she can keepe a better house in *Virginia*, than here in *London* for 3 or 400 pounds a yeare yet went thither with little or nothing." The colonists now found the Indian corn so much better for bread than wheat, that they began to quit sowing it.

An assembly met at Jamestown, [October, 16th 1629,] consisting of John Pott, Governor, four councillors and forty-six burgesses returned from twenty-three plantations. Pott was superseded in the same year by Sir John Harvey, * commissioned by the king. Sir John first met the Assembly, March 24th, 1629. The late Governor was, during the following year, Rob-Roy-like convicted of stealing cattle. The ancient records preserve some particulars of the trial:—"July the 9th, 1630.—Dr. John Pott, late Governor, indicted, arraigned and found guilty of stealing cattle; 13 jurors, 3 whereof councellors. This day wholly spent in pleading; next day in unnecessary disputation: Pott endeavoring to prove Mr. Kingswell, (one of the witnesses against him,) an hypocrite, by a story of Gusman of Alfrach the rogue. In regard of his quality and practice, judgment respited till the king's pleasure known; and all the councel became his security." † Sir John Harvey, the new Governor, was one of the Commissioners who had been sent out by the king to Virginia, [1623,] for the purpose of investigating the state of the col-

* So commonly written according to the vulgar contemporaneous pronunciation, but properly *Hervey*. Pott "continued Governor till some time between October and March, 1629, for on the 4th of March the Quarter court ordered an Assembly to be called to meet Sir John Harvey on the 24th, and nothing was done after 8br in Pott's name that can be found." 1 Hen. p. 4.

† 1 Hening, p. 145-146. In the note to p. 145 is an entry from the journal of the proceedings of a Court held at James City, November 16th, 1627. "At this Court the lady Temperance Yeardley came and did fully and absolutely confirme as much as in her lay, the conveyance made by her late Husband, Sir George Yeardley Knt, late Governor deceased, unto Abraham Persey, Esq., for the lands of Flowerdien Hundred, being one thousand acres and of Weanoake on the opposite side of the water being 2200 acres." The name of the Governor's Lady Temperance is Puritanical. Another such was Obedience Robins, a Burgess of "Accowmacke" in 1630. See 1 Hening, p. 149.

ony and of procuring evidence, which might serve to justify the dissolution of the Virginia Company. Harvey had also been a member of the provisional Government, [1625.] Returning now to Virginia, no doubt with embittered recollections of the violent collisions with the Assembly, in which as a commissioner he had been formerly involved, he did not fail to imitate the arbitrary rule that prevailed "at home" and to render himself odious to the Virginians.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### 1630—1636.

George Lord Baltimore visits Virginia; Procures from Charles I. a grant of territory; Acts of Virginia Assembly; Charles I. appoints a Council of Superintendence for Virginia; Acts of Virginia Assembly; George Lord Baltimore dies; The patent of territory devolves upon his son Cecilius Lord Baltimore; He employs his brother Leonard Calvert to found the Colony of Maryland; William Claiborne having settled a trading post on Kent Island, Virginia appeals to the crown against the grant to Baltimore; The decision in favor of Baltimore; Claiborne foments disturbances in Maryland; Convicted of high crimes; Escapes to Virginia; Harvey refuses to surrender him to the proprietary of Maryland; Sends him with witnesses to England for trial; The question again determined in favor of Maryland; Harvey gives away large bodies of Virginia territory; His corrupt and tyrannical administration; Unhappy condition of the Colony; Exasperation of the Virginians; Harvey deposed; Agrees to return to England to answer charges; Charles I. offended re-instates Harvey.

Sir George Calvert, a strenuous defender of the royal prerogative, in 1624 became a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. He was nevertheless shortly afterwards created by James I. Baron of Baltimore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. Finding himself compelled to relinquish a plantation, settled under his auspices in Newfoundland, and being still bent upon seeking a retirement in the new world, for the quiet exercise of his religion, he came over to Virginia early in [1630.] The Assembly was in session at his arrival and proposed to his lordship that he and his followers should take the oaths of supremacy and allegiance. This he declined and the Assembly referred the matter to the king in council. Nor did this wise and estimable nobleman escape personal indignity. In the ancient records is found this singular entry, "*March 25th* 1630. Tho: Tindall to be pillory'd 2 hours for giving my Ld Baltimore the lye and threatening to knock him down."* His lordship, however, finding the Virginians universally averse to the very name of papist, proceeded to the head of the Chesapeake bay and finding an attractive territory on the North side of the Potomac, unoccupied, returned to England and procured from the king a grant of that part of Virginia, afterwards known as Maryland. †

Ministers were ordered in session of March 1630 to "conforme themselves in all thinges, according to the cannons of the church of England." Measures were adopted for the erection of a fort at Point Comfort. New comers were made exempt from military service during the first year after their arrival. Provisions were made against engrossing and forestalling. For the furtherance of the production of pot ashes and salt-petre, experiments were ordered to be made. To prevent a scarcity of corn it was ordered, "that two acres of corne or neere thereabouts, bee planted for every head that worketh in the grounde." Regulations were established for the improvement of the staple of tobacco. An act provided, "that the warr begun uppon the Indians, bee effectually followed and that noe peace bee concluded with them." ‡

The first act of the session of February 1632 provides: "That theire bee a uniformitie throughout this colony both in substance and circumstance to the cannons and constitution of the church of England as neere as may bee, and that every person yeald readie obedience unto them uppon penaltie of the paynes and forfeitures in that case appoynted." Another act directs that "Mynisters shall not give themselves to excesse in drinkinge or riott spending theire tyme idellye by day or night playinge at dice cards or any other unlawfull game;" Another order was, "that all the counsell and burgisses of the

* 1 Hening, p. 552.

† Belknap, 3. 206, 210. Burk, 2, 25. Hawks, 47. These historians date Lord Baltimore's visit to Virginia in 1628, but without citing authority. I rely mainly upon the date of the sentence of Tindall. The old Lord Baltimore visited Virginia only once and it is altogether probable that Tindall was punished immediately upon his assault. See also Beverley, B. 1, 48. Chalmers' Annals, 200–201. Neither of these mention the date in question.

‡ 1 Hening, 149–153.

assembly shall in the morninge be present at devine service in the roome where they sitt at the third beatings of the drum, an hower after sun rise." No person was suffered to "tend" above fourteen leaves nor gather above nine leaves of a tobacco plant, nor to tend "any slipps of old stalkes of tobacco, or any of the second cropps." And it was ordained that all tobacco should be "taken down" before the end of November. No person "shall dare to speake or parlie with any Indians either in the woods or in any plantation, yf if he can possibly avoyd it by any meanes." The spirit of constitutional freedom showed itself in an Act declaring "That the Governor and Counsell shall not lay any taxes or impositions uppon the colony theire land or commodities otherwise than by the authorities of the Grand Assembly to be levyed and ymployed as by the Assembly shall be appoynted." Act XL. provides that "the Governor shall not withdrawe the inhabitants from theire private labours to service of his own uppon any couller whatsoever." In case of emergency "the levyinge of men shall be done by the Governor and whole bodie of the Counsell." "For encouragement of men to plant store of corne the prize shall not be stinted but it shall be free for every man to sell it as deere as he can." "Noe man shall goe to worke in the grounds without theire arms and a centinell uppon them." "There shall be due watch kept by night where neede requires." "No commander of any plantation shall either himselfe or suffer others to spend powder unnecessarilie that is to say in drinkinge or enterteynments." "All men that are fittinge to beare armes shall bringe their peices to the Church." "Noe person within this colony uppon the rumour of supposed charge and alteration shall presume to be disobedient the present government nor servants to theire private officers masters and overseers at their uttermost perills." "That no boats be permitted to goe and trade to Canida or elsewhere that be not of the burthen of ten tunns and have a flush decke or fitted with a gratinge and a tarpaulinge, exceptinge such as be permitted for discovery by a speciall Lycense from the Governor." *

[1632.] Charles I. issued a commission appointing a council of superintendence over Virginia, empowering them to ascertain the state and condition of the colony. The commissioners were Edward Earl of Dorset, Henry Earl of Derby, Dudley viscount Dorchester, Sir John Coke, Sir John Davers, Sir Robert Killegrew, Sir Thomas Rowe, Sir Robert Heath, Sir Kineage Tench, Sir Dudley Diggs, Sir John Holstenholm, Sir Francis Wyatt, Sir John Brooks, Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Tench, John Banks, Esq., Thomas Gibbs, Esq., Samuel Rott, Esq., George Sands, Esq., John Wolstenholm, Esq., Nicholas Ferrar, Esq., Gabriel Barber, and John Ferrar, Esquires.*

The elaborate acts for improving the staple of tobacco and regulating the trade in it evince the increasing importance of that crop. Tithes were imposed and the "twentyeth calfe kidd and pigge graunted unto the Mynister." [1633.] Every 40th man in the neck of land between the James and the York, [then called the Charles,] was directed to repair to the plantation of Dr. John Pott, to be "imployed in buildinge of houses and securing that tract of land lyinge betweene" "Queen's creeke in Charles' river and Archer's Hope creeke in James river." This was Middle Plantation now Williamsburg. All new comers were ordered "to pay 64 lb of Tobacco to the mayntenance of the fort at Poynt Comfort." †

Thus far, under Harvey's administration, the Assembly had met regularly, and several judicious and wholesome acts had been passed.

As early as 1620, John Pory explored the Chesapeake bay and found one hundred English happily settled on its borders, animated with the hope of a very good trade in furs. ‡ "During the years 1627, 28, 29 the Governors of Virginia gave authority to William Clayborne 'Secretary of State of this kingdom,' as that most ancient dominion was then called, to discover the source of the bay

* 1 Hening, 155, 158, 162, 164, 165, 167, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175.

* 2 Burk, 35.

† 1 Hening, 188, 190, 208, 222. The pay of the officers at Point Comfort was at this time.

| | lb. Tobo. | BBls. Corn |
|---|---|---|
| To the Captayne of the ffort | 2000 | 10 |
| " Gunner | 1000 | 6 |
| " Drummer and Porter | 1000 | 6 |
| For 4 other men each of them 500 lb. Tobo. 4 BBls Corn. | 2000 | 16 |
| | 6000 | 38 |

‡ Chalmers' Annals, 206.

of Chesapeake or any part of that government from the 34th to the 41st degree of North latitude." * [May 16th, 1631.] Charles I. granted a license to "our trusty and well-beloved William Clayborne, one of the council and Secretary of State for our colony of Virginia" authorizing him to make discoveries and trade. This license was, by the royal instructions, confirmed by Governor Harvey and Clayborne, shortly afterwards settled a trading post on Kent Island lying in the Chesapeake bay, not far from the present capital Annapolis. A burgess was returned, [1632,] from the Isle of Kent to the Assembly at Jamestown. † [1633.] A warehouse was established "in Southampton river for the inhabitants of Marie's Mount, Elizabeth Citty, Accawmacke and the Isle of Kent." ‡ In the meantime the old Lord Baltimore dying at London [1632,] before his patent was executed, it was confirmed to his son Cecil, or Cecilius. He engaged the services of his brother Leonard Calvert, who accordingly came over, [1633,] accompanied by two hundred Roman Catholic gentlemen and founded the Colony of Maryland. The name was given in honor of Henrietta Maria, queen consort of Charles I. of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France.

Leonard Calvert sailed from Cowes in the Isle of Wight Nov. 22, 1633, St. Cecilia's day. [Feb. 27, 1634.] He and his companions reached Point Comfort, filled with apprehensions of the hostility of the Virginians to their colonial enterprise. Letters, however, from Charles I. and the Chancellor of the Exchequer conciliated Governor Harvey, who hoped by his kindness to the Maryland colonists to ensure the recovery of a large sum of money due him from the royal treasury. Calvert after a hospitable entertainment of eight or nine days, embarked on the 3rd of March for Maryland. Clayborne, who had accompanied Harvey to Point Comfort to see the strangers, did not fail to alarm them by accounts of the hostile spirit that they would find in the Maryland Indians. Calvert on arriving in Maryland was accompanied in his explorations of the country by Capt. Henry Fleet, a Virginian familiar with the settlements and language of the savages. It was under Fleet's direction that Calvert selected the site of St. Mary's, the ancient capital of Maryland, *

The Virginians dissatisfied with the grant to Lord Baltimore remonstrated, [May 1633,] to the king in council against what "will be a general disheartening to them if they shall be divided into several governments." Future events were about to strengthen their sense of the justice of this opposition. [July, 1633.] The case was decided in the Star Chamber, the Privy Council thinking "it fit to leave Lord Baltimore to his patent and the other parties to the course of law according to their desire," recommending at the same time a spirit of amity and "good correspondence" between the planters of the two colonies. So futile a decision could not terminate the contest. Clayborne continued to claim Kent Island and to abnegate the jurisdiction of the infant Maryland. And, [March 14th, 1634,] at a meeting of the Governor and council of Virginia, Clayborne enquired of them how he should demean himself towards Lord Baltimore and his deputies in Maryland who claimed jurisdiction over the Colony at Kent Isle. In answer to this inquiry, the Governor and council declared "that the right of my lord's grant being yet undetermined in England, we are bound in duty and by our oaths to maintain the rights and privileges of this Colony." Nevertheless, "in all humble submission to his majesty's pleasure," they resolved "to keep and observe all good correspondence" with the Maryland new-comers. † [September 1634.] Lord Baltimore gave orders to sieze Clayborne if he did not submit to the proprietary government of Maryland. ‡ Clayborne excited the jealousy of the Indians, persuading them that the "new-comers" were Spaniards and enemies to the Virginians, and he infused his own spirit of insubordination into the inhabitants of Kent Island. He was at length indicted and found guilty of murder, piracy and sedition—constructive crimes

* Chalmers' Annals, p. 227.

† 1 Hening, 154. Chalmers' Annals, 227-229, where Clayborne's license may be found.

‡ Hening, 1, 211.

* White's Relation. 4 Force. White, a Jesuit Missionary, says of Fleet:—"At the first he was very friendly to us; afterwards seduced by the evil counsels of a certain Clayborne, who entertained the most hostile disposition, he stirred up the minds of the Natives against us."

† Chalmers' Annals, 230. Chalmers is more full and satisfactory in his account of Maryland because he had resided there for many years.

‡ Ibid., 210.

inferred from his insubordination. He escaping, however, took refuge in Virginia. His estate was siezed as forfeited.*

Harvey refused to surrender the fugitive Clayborne to the Maryland commissioners, and sent him, if we are to rely on a doubtful relation, to England, accompanied by the witnesses.† If such was the case, there is at least no evidence to be found that he was subjected to any trial.

The grant to Baltimore opened the way for similar grants to other court favorites of lands lying to the North and to the South of Virginia. And while Charles I. was lavishing vast tracts of Virginia territory upon his favorites, Sir John Harvey, in collusion with the royal commissioners, imitated the royal munificence, by giving away large bodies not only of the crown-lands but even such as belonged to private planters. In the contests between Clayborne and the proprietary of Maryland, while the people of Virginia warmly espoused Clayborne's cause, Harvey sided with Baltimore. Harvey proved himself altogether a fit instrument of the administration then tyrannizing in England. He was "severe in his extortions and forfeitures, proud in his councils and unjust and arbitrary in every department of his government." He issued numerous proclamations in derogation of the legislative powers of the Assembly; assessed, levied and held the colonial revenue without check or responsibility; transplanted into Virginia English statutes hitherto unknown; multiplied new penalties and exactions, and under pretence of supplying the deficiency of a scanty salary appropriated fines to his own use. However, the Assembly met regularly and the legislation of the Colony expanded itself.

Nevertheless, the condition of the colony was miserable. Charles wasted her territory and by his ordinances established a grinding monopoly of her tobacco. In those days of prerogative an application to the Commons for redress proved fruitless. [July, 1634.] At length the committee of Council for the colonies compassionating Virginia, transmitted instructions to the Governor and council, saying, "that 'tis not intended that interests which men have settled when you were a corporation, should be impeached; that for the present* they may enjoy their estates with the same freedom and privilege as they did before the recalling of their patents," and authorizing the appropriation of lands to the planters as had been the former custom. Whether these concessions were inadequate in themselves, or were not carried into effect by Harvey, upon the petition of many of the inhabitants, an Assembly was called to meet on the 7th of May, 1635, to hear complaints against that obnoxious governor.† However, on the 28th of April, Harvey was by the council "thrust out of government and Captain John West acts as Governor till the King's pleasure known."‡ The charges alleged against Sir John were his haughtiness, rapacity and cruelty; his contempt of the rights of the colonists and his usurpation of the privileges of the council. The deposed Governor agreeing to embark for London to answer the complaints against him, the Assembly afterwards collected the evidence and deputed two councillors to go out with him to prefer the charges. Charles, offended at the presumption of the council and Assembly, re-instated Sir John, and he resumed his place, [January, 1636.] §

---

## CHAPTER XIX.

### 1636—1649.

Wyatt Governor; Succeeded by Sir William Berkley; The Assembly's Declaration against the restoration of

* Ibid, 211-232. There was "an examination of the King of Patuxent relative to Clayborne's intrigues."

† Burk, 41. Who refers as usual to "Ancient Records." There is reason to doubt the statement, because Chalmers, the best authority in this matter, makes no allusion to it.

* By the words, "for the present," was probably intended "at the present"—"now."

† There being hardly any point in which the people of a State are more sensitive than in regard to territory, it may with good reason be concluded, that one of the chief offences of Harvey was his having sided with Baltimore in his infraction of the Virginia territory. A historian of Virginia has stigmatized Clayborne as an "unprincipled incendiary," and "execrable villain," and after denouncing Sir John Harvey for refusing to surrender the fugitive Clayborne to the demand of the proprietary of Maryland, adds, "But the time was at hand, when this rapacious and tyrannical prefect, [Harvey,] would experience how vain and ineffectual are the projects of tyranny, when opposed to the indignation of freemen." If, however, Clayborne was indeed sent by Harvey to England for trial, nothing could have more inflamed "the indignation of freemen" than such treatment of an intrepid vindicator of their territorial rights. See Burk, vol. 2, pp. 40-41.

‡ Hen. 1, p. 223. Chalmers' Annals, p. 118.

§ Keith, p. 142-3. Beverley B. 1, p. 50. Grahame's Hist. U. S., vol. 1, p. 93.

the Virginia Company and Petition to the King; Reply of Charles I. dated at York; Indian Massacre of 1644; Opechancanough made prisoner; His heroism in misfortune; He is murdered by one of his guards; The civil war in England; Loyalty of Virginia; Clayborne drives Lord Baltimore from Maryland and usurps his government; Opechancanough dies and is succeeded by Necotowance; A treaty effected with him; Its provisions; Divers Acts of Assembly; State of other Colonies on the Atlantic Coast; Charles I. executed; Question relative to the validity of the Colonial Government; Assembly of 1649; Its loyalty.

In 1634 the colony of Virginia had been divided into eight shires, James City, Henrico, Charles City, Elizabeth City, Warwick river, Warrasqueake, Charles River and Accomac. * "During the reign of James I. and a great part of that of his successor, the superintendence of the Colonies was lodged in the privy-council, which will be found to have exercised during those times very extraordinary powers. † "In April, 1630, a commission" for regulating plantations "was granted to the great officers of State, investing them with an authority legislative and executive." ‡

Harvey after his restoration continued to be Governor for about three years. During this period there appears to have been no meeting of the Assembly and of this part of Harvey's administration no record is left.

[July 14th, 1638.] Charles I. addressed a letter to Lord Baltimore, referring to his former letters to "our Governor and Council of Virginia and to others our officers and subjects in these parts, we signified our pleasure that William Clayborne, David Morehead and other planters in the island near Virginia, which they have nominated Kentish-island, should in no sort be interrupted by you, or any other in your right, but rather be encouraged to proceed in so good a work." The king goes on to complain to Baltimore, that his agents, in despite of the royal instructions, had "slain three of our subjects there and by force possessed themselves by night of that island and seized and carried away both the persons and estates of the said planters." Charles concludes by enjoining a strict compliance with his former orders. *

At length, [April 4th, 1639,] the Lords Commissioners of plantations, with Laud Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, held a meeting at Whitehall and finally determined the claims of Clayborne to part of Maryland. This decision was in consequence of a petition presented, [1637,] by Clayborne to the king, claiming by virtue of discovery and settlement Kent Island and "another plantation upon the mouth of a river in the bottom of the said bay, in the Susquesahanough's country," and complaining of the attempts of Lord Baltimore's agents there, to dispossess him and his associates and of outrages committed upon them. The decision was now absolutely in favor of Baltimore. Clayborne despairing of any peaceable redress, began to meditate revenge.

Charles I. had now for many years governed England by prerogative without a parliament. At length his necessities constrained him to convene one, and his apprehensions of that body and the revolt of the Scotch, the other alarming ebullitions of the national discontent, admonished him to mitigate the despotism of his colonial rule. Accordingly, [November, 1639,] the unpopular Harvey was displaced by Sir Francis Wyatt. † Harvey, however, still remained in Virginia a member of the council.

Wyatt gave way, [February, 1642,] to Sir William Berkley, an accomplished cavalier, destined to occupy the helm of Virginia for a very long period and to undergo several extraordinary vicissitudes of fortune. By some salutary regulations, which he introduced shortly after his arrival, and by his honorable character and winning address, he soon rendered himself very acceptable to the Virginians.

[1st of April, 1642.] The Assembly made a declaration against the restoration of the Virginia Company then proposed, denouncing it as having been the source of intolerable calamities to the colony by its illegal proceeding, barbarous punishments and mo-

* 1 Hening, p. 144. The original name Pamaunkee had then been superseded by Charles River, which afterwards gave way to York.

† Chalmers' Annals, in Preface. This work of which only one volume was ever published, is a quarto of about 700 pages.

‡ Ibid.

*Chalmers' Annals. p. 232-3. In 1639 Father John Gravener a Jesuit Missionary resided at Kent Island. White's Relation. Force, vol. 4.

† 1 Hening, p. 4. Burk 2, p. 46 makes Sir William Berkley succeed Harvey.

nopolizings policy. They insisted that its restoration would cause them to degenerate from the condition of their birth-right and convert them from subjects of a monarchy, to the creatures of a popular and tumultuary government, to which they would be obliged to resign their lands held from the crown, which they intimate if necessary would be more fitly resigned to a branch of the royal family than to a corporation. They averred that the revival of the company would prove a death-blow to freedom of trade, the life-blood of a commonwealth. Finally the assembly protested against the restoration of the company, and denounced severe penalties against any who should countenance the scheme. * This remonstrance, together with a petition, being communicated to the King, then at York, he answered it, engaging never to restore the company.

The following is the King's letter:

"C. R.

Trusty and well-beloved we greet you well. Whereas we have received a petition from you, our Governor, council and burgesses of the grand assembly in Virginia, together with a declaration and protestation of the 1st of April, against a petition presented in your names to our House of Commons in this our kingdom, for restoring of the letters patent for the incorporation of the late treasurer and council, contrary to our intent and meaning and against all such as shall go about to alienate you from our immediate protection. And whereas you desire by your petition that we should confirm this your declaration and protestation under our royal signet and transmit the same to that our colony; these are to signify, that your acknowledgments of our great bounty and favors towards you and your so earnest desire to continue under our immediate protection, are very acceptable to us; and that as we had not before the least intention to consent to the introduction of any company over that our colony, so we are by it much confirmed in our former resolutions, as thinking it unfit to change a form of government wherein, (besides many other reasons given and to be given,) our subjects there, (having had so long experience of it,) receive so much content and satisfaction. And this our approbation of your petition and protestation, we have thought fit to transmit unto you, under our royal signet. Given at our Court, at York, the 5th of July, 1642. To our trusty and well-beloved our Governor, Council and Burgesses of the grand assembly of Virginia."*

As early as 1619 a small party of English Puritans had come over to Virginia. A larger number would have followed them, but they were prevented by a royal proclamation. † [1642.] A deputation was sent from some Virginia dissenters to Boston soliciting a supply of pastors from the New England churches. Three clergymen were accordingly sent with letters recommending them to the Governor, Sir William Berkeley. On their arrival in Virginia they began to preach in various parts of the country and the people flocked eagerly to hear them. ‡ [March, 1643.] The Assembly of Virginia passed the following act. "Ffor the preservation of the puritie of doctrine and vnitie of the church, It is enacted that all ministers whatsoever which shall reside in the collony are to be conformable to the orders and constitutions of the Church of England and the laws therein established and not otherwise to be admitted to teach or preach publickly or privatly, And that the Gov. and Counsel do take care that all noncomformists vpon notice of them shall be compelled to depart the collony with all convenience." § Sir William Berkley equally averse to the religious tenets and political principles of the Puritan preachers, issued a proclamation in consonance with this act. "They had little encouragement from the rulers of the place, but they had a kind entertainment with the people." ‖ And "though the State did silence the ministers because they would not conform to the order of England, yet the people resorted to them in private houses to hear them." ¶ In a short time, however, the New England preachers returned to their own country. **

The Indians, whose hatred to the whites had long slumbered, but had never been di-

* Hen. 1, p. 230 et seq. Burk 2, p. 68.

* Chalmers' Annals, p. 133–4.
† Grahame, Amer. Ed. 1, p. 140.
‡ Grahame, Amer. Ed. 1, p. 192.
§ Henig 1, p. 277.
‖ Mather, cited by Hawks, p. 53–54.
¶ Winthrop, cited by Hawks, p. 54.
** Chalmers' Annals, p. 121.

minished, being offended by the encroachments made upon them by some of Sir John Harvey's grants, Opechancanough, headed them in a second massacre. It took place on the 18th of April, 1644. The destruction fell chiefly upon the settlements near the heads of the rivers, especially the York and on the south side of the James. The carnage continued for two days and the number of the slain was estimated at five hundred *

There were not wanting those who suspected that Opechancanough was instigated by some of the English themselves, who informed him of the civil war then raging in England, and of the dissensions that disturbed the colony, and told him "that now was his time or never, to roote out all of the *English.*" Had the Indians followed up their first blow, the Colonists must have been all cut off. But after their first treacherous onslaught, their hearts failed them and they fled affrighted, "many miles distant off the colony: which little space of time gave the *English,* opportunity to gather themselves together, call an Assembly, secure their cattell and to thinke upon some way to defend themselves, if need were and then to offend their enemies, which by the great mercy of God was done." † Opechancanough, the fierce and implacable enemy of the whites, was now nearly a hundred years of age, ‡ and the commanding form which had so often shone in scenes of blood was now worn down with the fatigues of war and bent with the weight of years. Unable to walk, he was carried from place to place by his followers. His flesh was macerated, and his eye-lids so powerless, that he could only see, when they were lifted up by his attendants. Sir William at length with a party of horse, by a rapid march, surprised the superannuated warrior at some distance from his residence. He was carried a prisoner to Jamestown and kindly treated by the Governor. This monarch of the woods retained a spirit unbroken by decrepitude of body or calamities of fortune. Hearing footsteps in the room where he lay, he requested his eye-lids to be raised, when perceiving a crowd of spectators, he called for the governor, and upon his appearance, said to him, "had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkley prisoner, I would have disdained to make a show of him." He *had,* however, "made a show" of Captain Smith. About a fortnight after Opechancanough's capture, one of his guards for some private revenge shot him in the back. Languishing awhile of the wound he died. * His death brought about a peace with the Indians, which endured many years without interruption.

Sir William Berkley left Virginia June, 1644, and returned June, 1645. His place was filled during his absence by Richard Kemp. The spirit of freedom awakened by the voice of the reformation began now to develop itself in England. The arbitrary temper of Charles I. excited the dissatisfaction of the nation and a violent opposition of parliament which exacted his assent to the "petition of right." The popular indignation was carried to the highest pitch by the raising of ship-money. Hampden gloried in a personal resistance of this odious tax. The Puritans were arrayed against the hierarchy, and Scotland was not less embittered against the king by his effort to force the liturgy upon her. [1640.] The necessities of Charles prompted him to call together the Long Parliament. [1641.] Strafford was executed and Laud sent to the tower. [19th of March, 1642.] Charles reached York, and on the 25th of August raised his standard at Nottingham. After a contest of three years Charles was overthrown at Naseby [June 4th, 1645.]

While the civil war was raging in England, Virginia remained loyal. The decrees of the Courts of high commission were the rule of conduct in Virginia, and the authority of Archbishop Laud was as absolute in the Co-

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 51. Burk, v. 2, p. 53 et seq. The circumstances of this massacre are involved in doubt. Beverley fixes the time of its occurrence in 1639, an evident mistake as appears from Burk cited above, and Hening, vol. 1. p. 450:—"That the two-and-twentieth day of March and the eighteenth day of Aprill be yearly kept holie, in comemoration of our deliverance from the Indians, at the bloody massacres the 22nd day of March, 1621, and the eighteenth of Aprill, 1644." See also Hening, v. 1, pp. 289-90-91, and Drake's Book of the Indians, B. 4, pp. 21-22. Mr. Bancroft supposes the number of the slain not to have exceeded 300.

† "New Description of Virginia." Force, vol. 2.

‡ So say the chroniclers of that day, but as he was younger than Powhatan, Opechancanough was probably not ninety at the time of this massacre. Thatcher's Indian Biog., vol. 1, p. 92.

* Beverley, B. 1, p 53. Keith, p. 145-46. Opechancanough was probably buried at Jamestown.

lony as in the Mother County. * Penal acts were passed against the Puritans, although there were none in the colony. [1642.] Stephen Reekes was pilloried for two hours with a label on his back, expressing his offence, fined £50 and imprisoned during pleasure, for saying "that his majesty was at confession with the Lord of Canterbury." † During the troubles in England, the correspondence of the colony was interrupted, the supplies reduced and trade obstructed. The planters looked forward with solicitude to the uncertain issue of such alarming events.‡

In the mean time Lord Baltimore taking advantage of the weakness of the crown, had shown some contempt for its authority and had drawn upon himself the threat of a quo warranto. [1642,] Maryland had been torn by faction and ravaged by Indian incursions. Early in 1645, Clayborne taking advantage of the distractions of the mother country, and animated by a turbulent spirit and by a sense of wrongs long unavenged, at the head of a band of insurgents, expelled Lord Baltimore from Maryland, and seized the reins of government. [August 1646.] Baltimore, who had fled to Virginia, regained command of the province. § Nevertheless Clayborne and his confederates (with but few exceptions) emerged from this singular contest in impunity.

Opechancanough was succeeded by Necotowance, styled "king of the Indians." In October, 1646, a treaty was effected, by which he agreed to hold his authority from the king of England (who however was now bereft of his own) while the assembly engaged to protect him from his enemies, in acknowledgment whereof, Necotowance was to deliver to the governor a yearly tribute of twenty beaver skins at the departure of the wild geese; ‖—the Indians to occupy the country on the north side of York river, and to cede to the English all the country between the York and the James from the falls to Kiquotan;—death for an Indian to be found in this territory unless sent in as a messenger; messengers to be admitted into the colony by means of badges of striped cloth, and in general, felony for a white man to be found on the Indian hunting-ground, which was to extend from the head of Yapin, the Black-water, to the old Mannakin town on the James river; badges to be received at Fort Royal and Fort Henry, alias Appomattox, &c. * Fort Henry had been established not long before this, at the falls of the Appomattox; Fort Charles at the falls of the James; Fort James on the Chickahominy † and Fort Royal, ‡ on the Pamunkey.

[1647.] Certain ministers refusing to read the common prayer upon the Sabbath, were declared not entitled to tythes. § [1645.] An act had been passed to exclude mercenary attornies and [1647] they were expressly prohibited from taking any recompense and the courts were ordered not to allow any professional attornies to appear "in private causes between man and man in the country."‖ [1648.] A guard of ten men was allowed to the governor, to protect him against treachery from the Indians, who visited him under pretence of negotiation, and from the disaffected of "a schismaticall party" in the Colony. ¶

[1648.] "One Captain *Brocas*, a gentleman of the Counsel, a great Traveller, caused a vineyard to be planted and hath most excellent Wine made."

At Christmas, 1647, there were in the James river ten vessels from London, two from Bristol, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England. [1648.] "Mr. Richard Bennet had this yeer out of his Orchard, as many Apples, as he made 20 Butts of excellent Cider." Sir William Berkley, "in his New Orchard, hath 15 hundred fruit-trees, besides his Apricocks, Peaches, Mellicotons, Quinces, Wardens and such like fruit." "Worthy Captaine *Matthews*, an old Planter of above thirty yeers standing, one of the Counsell and a most deserving Commonwealths-man," "hath a fine house and all things answerable to it; he sowes yeerly store of Hempe and Flax, and causes it to be spun; he keeps Weavers and hath a Tan-house,

* See Hawks, p. 51.

† Hening, vol. 1, p. 552. Burk, vol. 2, p. 67, mistakes the date and the culprit's name.

‡ Beverley, B. 1, p. 53.

§ Chalmers's Annals, p. 217.

‖ Cohonk, "the cry of wild geese," was one of the Indian terms for winter.

* Hening, vol. 1, p. 323.

† Under command of Lieutenant Thomas Rolfe, son of Pocahontas. Towards the end of 1641, he had petitioned the governor for permission to visit his *kinsman*, Opechancanough and Cleopatre, sister of his mother. Burk, vol. 2, p. 54.

‡ Hen., vol. 1, p. 527. § Ib. 341. ‖ Ib. 349. ¶ Ib. 354.

causes Leather to be dressed; hath eight Shoemakers employed in their trade; hath forty *Negroe* servants, brings them up to Trades in his house. He yeerly sowes abundance of Wheat, Barley, &c. The Wheat he selleth at four Shillings the bushell; kills store of Beeves and sells them to victuall the ships, when they come thither; hath abundance of Kine, a brave Dairy, Swine, great store and Poltery. He married the Daughter of Sir *Tho. Hinton*, and in a word, keeps a good house, lives bravely and a true lover of *Virginia*; he is worthy of much honour."*

There was, in 1648, a Free-school in Virginia, with 200 acres of land appurtenant, a good house upon it, forty milch cows, &c. It was founded by Mr. Benjamin Symes. It is a pleasure to record the names of such public benefactors. "Other petty schools also we have"—probably such as now are known in Virginia as "old field schools." †

"March 1648, *Nickotowance* came to *James* town, to our noble Governour, *Sir William Bearkley*, with five more petty kings attending him and brought twenty Beaver-skinnes, to be sent to king *Charles*, as he said, for Tribute." About this time the Indians reported to Sir William Berkley, "that within five days journey to the Westward and by South, there is a high mountaine and at foot thereof great Rivers, that run into a great sea; and that there are men that come hither in ships (but not the same as ours be) they weare apparrell and have red caps on their heads and ride on Beasts like our Horses, but have much longer ears." These were probably the Spaniards. Sir William Berkley now prepared to make an exploration with fifty horse and as many foot, * but he was disappointed in this enterprise.

At this period the settlement of all the New England States had been commenced. The Dutch possessed the present States of New York, New Jersey and part of Connecticut and they had already pushed their settlements above Albany. The Swedes occupied the shores of Pennsylvania and Delaware. Maryland was still in her infancy. Virginia was prosperous. The country now known as the Carolinas, belonged to the assignees of Sir Robert Heath, but as yet no advances had been made towards the occupation of it. †

[1648.] Upon complaint of the necessities of the people, occasioned by barren and over-wrought land and want of range for cattle and hogs, permission was granted to remove during the following year to the north side of Charles (York) and Rappahannock rivers. ‡

[30th of January, 1649,] King Charles I. was beheaded. The commonwealth of England now continued till the restoration of Charles II., [1660.] Upon the dissolution of the monarchy there were not wanting those in Virginia, who held that the colonial government being derived from the crown, was now extinct. But the assembly, by an act of October 1649, made it penal to maintain that opinion. The principle, however, was afterwards expressly recognized at the surrender of the colony to Cromwell's fleet [1651.]

An assembly met at Jamestown [October, 1649,] about eight months after the execution of Charles I. The first act amply attests its loyalty; it expresses the profoundest veneration for the deceased king; denounces all aspersions upon his memory as treasonable; declares it treason to doubt the right of prince Charles to succeed to the crown, or to propose a change of government in the

* "A New Description of Virginia," Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2. There was published in 1648, "A Description of the Province of New Albion," the writer styling himself "Beauchamp Plantagenet of Belvil, in New Albion, Esquire." A royalist, flying from the fury of intestine war, he visited America, on behalf of a company of Adventurers, in quest of a place of settlement. In the course of his wanderings, he visited Virginia. At "Newport's News" he received "kind entertainment at Captain *Matthews*, at Master *Fantleroys* and free quarter in all places, finding the *Indian* war ended, first by the valour, courage and hot charge of Captain *Marshall* and valiant Stilwel, and finished by the personall and resolute March and Victory of Sir *William Berkley* Governour, there taking the old King *Ope Chankino* prisoner." "I went to *Chicacen* the North part of *Virginia*, on Pawtomeck river, avoiding it and *Maryland*, which I found healthier and better then *Virginia*, for then it was in war both with she *Sasquehannocks* and all the Eastern Bay *Indians* and a civill war between some revolters, protestants, assisted by 50 plundered *Virginians*, by whom M. *Leonard* Calvert, Governour under his brother the Lord *Baltamore*, was taken prisoner and expelled: and the Isle of *Kent* taken from him also by Captain *Clayborn* of *Virginia*; yet I viewed Kent Isle, too wet and plashy having bad water."—See Description of New Albion, in 2 Force's Hist. Tracts.

† Hening, vol. 1, p. 353.

* Hening, vol. 1, p. 353.

† Martin's Hist. N. C., vol. 1, p. 105-6.

‡ "A New Description of Virginia," Force, vol. 2.

colony, or to doubt the authority of the governor or government. *

[1649.] There were in Virginia, at this period, 15,000 English, and "of Negroes, brought thither, three hundred good servants." The number of cattle was estimated at 20,000, of horses 200, asses 50, sheep 3,000, goats 5,000. Swine, tame and wild, were innumerable. There were "six publike Brewhouses and most brew their own beer strong and good." Fish, fowl, venison, and vegetables were abundant. Indian corn yielded five hundred fold. Bees, wild and domestic, produced plenty of honey and wax. The culture of Indigo and hemp and flax, &c., was commenced. So much tobacco was raised, that the price was only 3 pence per pound. There were 4 wind-mills, 5 water-mills, besides horse-mills and hand-mills. No saw-mill had yet been erected. There came yearly to trade, 30 vessels, navigated with 800 seamen. They brought cargoes of cotton and woollen goods, shoes, stockings, &c. Many of the masters of these vessels and chief mariners, had plantations in the colony. The vessels cleared in March, carrying out tobacco, staves and lumber. Pinnaces, barges and boats were numerous. A thousand colonists were seated "upon the *Accamake* † shore, by Cape *Charles*, (where Captaine *Yeardly* is chief commander,) now called the county of *Northampton*." Bricks were now made in Virginia. "Since the massacre the *Savages* have been driven far away, many destroyed of them, their towns and houses ruinated, their cleer grounds possessed by the English to sow wheat in; and their great king *Opechankenow* (that bloody monster upon 100 years old,) was taken by *Sir William Berkely* the Governour." "They have 20 Churches in *Virginia* and Ministers to each and the Doctrine and Orders after the Church of *England:* the Ministers' Livings are esteemed worth at least 100*l. per annum.*" ‡

* Hening, vol. 1, 358 in note and 359.

† The name of Accomac was changed [1643] to Northampton, but the original name was afterwards restored. 1. Hening. 2 Hening, p. 197.

‡ "A New Description of Virginia," pp. 1-8. Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2.

## CHAPTER XX.

### 1649—1659.

Puritans in Virginia; Col. Norwood's Voyage to Virginia; Despatched to Holland by Sir William Berkley; The Long Parliament prohibits trade and correspondence with Virginia; Capt. Dennis with a small fleet demands the surrender of the Colony; Sir William Berkley prepares for resistance, Is constrained to yield; Articles of Capitulation; Berkley goes into retirement, Provisional Government established; Richard Bennet appointed Governor; Miscellaneous Affairs.

The assembly of dissenters collected by the three missionaries from Massachusetts amounted in 1648 to one hundred and eighteen members. They met with the continual opposition of the government. Mr. Durand, their elder, had already been banished by the Governor, and in this year their pastor, named Harrison, being ordered to depart from the colony, retired to New England. On his arrival there he represented that many of the council were favorably disposed towards the introduction of Puritanism and "one thousand of the people by conjecture" were of a similar mind. *

"It is to be understood that in the time of the late king, *Virginia* being whol for monarchy and the last country belonging to England, that submitted to obedience of the Common-wealth of England. And there was in *Virginia* a certaine people congregated into a Church calling themselves Independents, which daily increasing, several consultations were held by the state of that Coloney how to suppresse and extinguish them, which was daily put in execution; as first, their pastor was banished, next their other teachers, then many by informations clapt up in prison, then generally disarmed, (which was very harsh in such a country, where the heathen live round about them,) by one Colonel *Samuel Matthews*, then a Counsellor in *Virginia*. and since Agent for Virginia to the then parliament—and lastly

* Hawks, 57, citing 2 Savage's Winthrop, p. 334. Dr. Hawks by italicising the words "*by conjecture*," signifies a doubt of the estimate. But when the prevalence of Puritanism in the mother country is recollected and the numerous ties which connected it with the colony and the influential correspondence between them, the wonder is rather that there should have been so few as a thousand "favorably disposed" towards Puritanism and not that there were so many as that number.

in a condition of banishment, so that they knew not in those streights how to dispose of themselves."* A number of these dissenters having gained the consent of Lord Baltimore and his governor of Maryland, retired to Maryland and settled there. Among these one of the principal was Richard Bennet, a merchant and Roundhead. For a time these refugees prospered in their affairs and remained apparently content with their new place of abode, and others induced by their example likewise removed there.

[1648.] Colonel Norwood, a loyal refugee in Holland, formed a scheme with two comrades, Morrison and Fox, cavalier majors, to seek their fortunes in Virginia. [August, 1649.] They accordingly met in London for the purpose of embarking. When they had first agreed upon their plan, Charles I. was a prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. He had since been executed; the royalists saw their last embers of hope extinguished, and Norwood and his friends were eager to escape from the scene of their disasters. At the Royal Exchange, these three forlorn cavaliers engaged a passage to Virginia, in "The *Virginia Merchant*, burthen three hundred tons, of force thirty guns or more." The charge for the passage was "six pounds a head" for themselves and servants. They brought out some goods for the purpose of mercantile adventure. [September 23, 1649.] They embarked in "The *Virginia Merchant*," having on board "three hundred and thirty souls." Touching at Fyal, Col. Norwood and his companions met with a Portuguese Lady "of great note" with her family, returning in an English ship, "The John," from the Brazils to her own country. With her they drank the healths of their kings amidst "thundering peals of cannon." The English gentlemen discovered a striking resemblance between the lady's son and their own prince Charles, which filled them with fond admiration and flattered the vanity of the beautiful Portuguese. Passing within view of the charming Bermuda, "The Virginia Merchant" sailing for Virginia struck upon a breaker, [November 8,] near Cape Hatteras. Narrowly escaping from that peril, she was overtaken by a storm and tossed by "mountainous towring north-west seas." Amid the horrors of the evening scene, Norwood observed innumerable ill-omened porpoises, that "seemed to cover the surface of the sea, as far as our eyes could discern." The vessel at length losing fore-castle and main-mast became a hulk, drifting at the mercy of the elements. Some were swept overboard by the billows that broke over her; the rest suffered the tortures of terror and famine. At last the storm subsiding, the vessel drifted near the coast of the Eastern shore. Here Norwood and a party landing on an island were abandoned by the ship. After enduring the extremities of cold and hunger, of which some died, Norwood and the survivors in the midst of the snow, were rescued by a party of friendly Indians. In the meantime "The Virginia Merchant" having arrived in the James river, a messenger was despatched by Governor Berkley in quest of Norwood and his party. Conducted to the nearest plantations of the Virginians, they were every where entertained with the utmost kindness. Stephen Charlton, * a planter, "would also oblige" Colonel Norwood to put on "a good farmer-like suit of his own wearing cloaths." After visiting Captain Yeardley, (son of Sir George, the former Governor,) the principal person in that quarter of the colony, Norwood crossed the bay in a sloop and landed at "esquire Ludlow's plantation" on York river and next repaired to the neighboring plantation of Captain Wormley, † "of his majesty's council," where he found some of his friends, recently arrived from England, "feasting and carousing." The guests were "Sir Thomas Lundsford, Sir Henry Chickly, [Chicheley,] Sir Philip Honywood and Colonel Hammond." At Jamestown Norwood was cordially welcomed by his relative the Governor, Sir William Berkley, who took him to his house at Greenspring, where he remained for some months. Sir William Berkley "on many occasions shew'd great respect to all the royal party, who made that colony their refuge. His house and purse were open to all that were so qualify'd. To one of my comrades, (major *Fox*,) who had no friend at all to subsist on, he shewed a

* Leah and Rachel, by John Hammond, in Forces' Hist. Tracts, vol. 3. This John Hammond will appear again on a subsequent page.

* Burgess from Northampton in 1652. Hening 1, p. 275.

† Ralph Wormley, Burgess for York at that time. Hening 1, 359.

generosity that was like himself; and to my other, (major *Morrison,*) he was more kind, for he did not only place him in the command of the fort, * which was profitable to him while it held under the king, but did advance him after to the government of the country wherein he got a competent estate." †

[May, 1650.] "The governor," (says Norwood,) "sent me for *Holland,* to find out the king and to sollicite his majesty for the Treasurer's place of *Virginia,* which the Governor took to be void by the delinquency of Claybourne, who had long enjoyed it. He furnished me with a sum of money, to bear the charge of this sollicitation; which took effect, tho' the king was then in *Scotland.*" ‡

Bennet and the other dissenting Virginians, who had settled in Maryland were not long there before they became dissatisfied with the Proprietary government. The authority of Papists was irksome to Puritans and they began to avow their aversion to the oath of fidelity, which the Proprietary government imposed upon them, for by the terms of it, Lord Baltimore affected to usurp almost royal authority, claiming the obsolete privileges of the ancient County-Palatines of Durham, concluding his commissions and writs with "We, us, and Given under our hand and greater seal of Arms in such a yeer of our Dominion." The protestants of Maryland, especially the Puritans, saw in the political complexion of the Commonwealth of England a fair prospect of the speedy subversion of Baltimore's power. Nor were they disappointed in this hope.

[October, 1650.] The Long Parliament passed an ordinance "for prohibiting trade with Barbadoes, Virginia, Bermuda and Antego." This act recited that these colonies were and of right ought to be subject to the authority of parliament, that "divers acts of rebellion" had "been committed by many persons inhabiting Virginia, whereby they have most traitorously usurped a power of government and set up themselves in opposition to this commonwealth." It therefore declared such persons "notorious robbers and traitors," forbade all correspondence or commerce with them and appointed commissioners and despatched Sir George Ayscue with a powerful fleet and army to reduce Barbadoes, Bermuda and Antigua to submission.

[September 26, 1651.] The council of State of whom Bradshaw was President, issued instructions for "Captain Robert Dennis, Mr. Richard Bennet, Mr. Tho Steg * and Capt. William Claiborn, appointed Commissioners for the reducement of Virginia and the inhabitants thereof to their due obedience to the Commonwealth of England." A fleet was put under command of Captain Dennis. The commissioners embarked in the Guinea Frigate. They were empowered "to assure pardon and indemnity to all the Inhabitants of the said Plantations, that shall submit unto the present Government and Authority as it is established in this Commonwealth." "And in case they shall not submit by fair wayes and means, you are to use all acts of hostility that lies in your power, to enforce them and if you shall find the people so to stand out as that you can by no other wayes or meanes reduce them to their due obedience, you or any two or more of you, whereof capt. *Rob. Dennis* to be one, have power to appoint captains and other officers and to raise forces within every of the plantations aforesaid for the furtherance and good of the service and such persons as shall come in unto you and serve as soldiers, if their masters shal stand in opposition to the present Government of this Commonwealth, you or any two or more of you, capt. *Rob. Dennis* to be one, have hereby power to discharge and set free from their masters † all such persons so serving as souldiers. In case of the death or absence of Capt. Dennis, Capt. Edmund Curtis, "commander of the *Guinny* Frigot" was to take his place. ‡

[March, 1652,] Captain Dennis arrived at Jamestown and demanded a surrender of the colony. Sir William Berkley, with the hope of repelling them or of commanding better

* Point Comfort.

† Col. Francis Morrison became Governor in 1661, and held the office about 18 months.

‡ Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 3. Churchill's Voyages.

* A "Mr. Thomas Stagg" was a resident planter of Virginia in 1652. See 1. Hening, p. 375.

† The population of the colony in 1649 was estimated at "about fifteene thousand *English* and of Negroes brought three hundred good servants." "A Perfect Description of Virginia." 2 Force.

‡ "Virginia and Maryland," p. 18-20, Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2.

terms, prepared for a gallant resistance and undertook to strengthen himself, by making use of several Dutch ships, * which happened to be there engaged in a contraband trade, and which he hired for the occasion. There chanced however to be on board of the Parliament's fleet some goods belonging to two members of the Virginia Council. Dennis sent them word that their goods should be forfeited if the colony was not immediately surrendered. The threat kindled dissensions in the council, and the governor found himself constrained to yield on condition of a general amnesty. † The capitulation was ratified [12th of March, 1652.] ‡ It was agreed that the colony should be subject to the Commonwealth of England; that the submission should be considered voluntary, "not forced nor constrained by a conquest vpon the countrey, and that they shall have and enjoy such freedomes and priviledges as belong to the free borne people of England;" the assembly to meet as formerly and transact the affairs of the colony, nothing however to be "done contrarie to the government of the Commonwealth of England;" full indemnity granted for all offences against the parliament of England; Virginia to "have and enioy the antient bounds and lymitts granted by the charters of the former kings and that we shall seek a new charter from the parliament to that purpose, against any that have intrencht vpon the rights thereof;" § "that the priviledge of haveing fiftie acres of land for every person transported in the collony, shall continue as formerly granted;" "that the people of Virginia shall have free trade as the people of England do enjoy to all places and with all nations, according to the lawes of that Commonwealth and that Virginia shall enjoy all priviledges equall with any English plantations in America;" Virginia to "be free from all taxes, customes and impositions whatsoever and none to be imposed on them without consent of the Grand Assembly, and soe that neither ffortes nor castles bee erected, or garrisons maintained without their consent;" no charge to be made upon Virginia on account of "this present ffleet;" the engagement or oath of allegiance to the government of the Commonwealth, to be tendered to all the inhabitants of Virginia; recusants to have "a yeare's time to remove themselves and their estates out of Virginia and in the mean time during the said yeare to have equall justice as formerly;" the use of the book of common prayer to be permitted for one year, with the consent of a majority of the parish, "Provided that those things which relate to kingshipp or that government, be not vsed publiquely, and ministers to be continued in their places," 'they not misdemeaning themselves;' public ammunition, powder and arms to be given up, security being given to make satisfaction for them; goods already "brought hither by the Dutch, to remain unmolested; the quit-rents "granted vnto vs by the late kinge for seaven yeares," to "bee confirmed;" the parliamentary commissioners "engage themselves and the honour of the parliament for the full performance" of the articles; the Governor and Council and Burgesses making the same pledge for the collony. *

On the same day, [March 12th,] some other articles were ratified by the Commissioners and the Governor and Council of State. These articles exempted the Governor and Council from taking the oath of allegiance, for a year and provided that they should not "be censured for praying for or speaking well of the king, for one whole yeare, in their private houses or neighbouring conference;" Sir William Berkley was permitted to send an agent "to give an accompt to his Ma'tie of the surrender of the countrey;" Sir William and the council were allowed to dispose of their estates and transport themselves "whether they please." Protection of his estates and liberty were guaranteed to Sir William Berkley. The Captain of the "fforte" was allowed satisfaction for the building of his house "in fforte Island. †"

* Martin's History of N. C., vol. 1, p. 110. Martin makes the number of ships seven; upon what authority, I know not. One ship only was confiscated.—See 1 Hening, 382-385.

† Beverley, B. 1, p. 54. Keith, p. 147. Chalmers' Annals, p. 123.

‡ (1651,) Old style but properly 1652.

§ This alludes to Lord Baltimore's intrusion into Maryland.

* 1 Hening, p. 363-365.

† The Captain of the fort was Major Fox, the comrade of Norwood; the fort was at Point Comfort.

# POETRY AND RELIGION.

## NO. V.

### FALSE IMPRESSIONS AS TO THE MORAL INSUBORDINATION OF POETICAL GENIUS, AND THE INTELLECTUAL TAMENESS IMPLIED IN SUBJECTION TO CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

Having traced the moral and religious tendency of the poetical element, we now turn to consider the bearing and influence of Christianity, as it affects propitiously the interests of poetry. In entering on this second department of our subject, we encounter, at the outset, a prevalent impression as to the inherent lawlessness of poetical genius. We must first dispose of this prejudice. For whatever demonstrations may be given of the pure and propitious influence of Christianity, they will be insufficient to produce conviction, while this secret obstruction remains in the estimate of poetical character. We have attempted hitherto to distinguish between the legitimate tendency of poetry, and the personal character of poets. And such a distinction is essential to a just and rational consideration of the subject. Poetry may be pure in its essence, although it be occasionally found associated with corrupt materials in the moral character of individuals. These are evidently alien to its spirit. It may be opposed to such qualities, even when it does not overcome them. They may exist in the character of some eminent poets. But yet, in so far as they do exist, they are an incumbrance to the noblest aspirations of poetry, and the poet as such, is eminent in spite of their existence. The fact that the poetical element is sometimes possessed by impure characters, and devoted to immoral purposes, is therefore no evidence of the impure and immoral tendency of the element itself; for such an association is a corruption of its nature, and such an application is a perversion of its office.

But if, on the contrary, the impression to which we refer be founded in truth; if poetry necessarily implies an exemption from the restraints of moral obligation; if it is essential to the exercise of genius, the indispensable prerogative of the poet, a proof of his originality and the effect of his inspiration, that he should not only rise above the common level of mankind, in their views, passions and pursuits, but do violence to the relations of society and disregard the laws of God; then the question as to the beneficial influence of Christianity is foreclosed and forever settled. For whatever may be its effect in forming a saint, it most assuredly, on such a supposition, destroys the poet. The prominent influence of religion on poetry must be exercised through the moral character of the poet, must be displayed in the sentiments and tastes, the aspirations and hopes, which are cherished in his heart, and unfolded in his productions. Doubtless there is a general modification given to every department of literature by the surrounding light of the gospel, which is in a measure independent of honest convictions of its truth and a cordial compliance with its duties; in the elevation and extension of intellectual operations, in the increased dignity of social relations, in the new aspect given to human life, and the new prospect opened beyond the grave. But it is not our purpose to consider at present this indirect and general influence of Christianity. It accomplishes its high design, not merely when it enforces its theory on the intellectual assent of mankind, and moulds the habits and customs of society; but when it impresses its divine image on the moral character; and infuses its pure spirit within the human soul. In the department of poetry especially, the true influence of its inspiration is felt only, when the fire that glows upon its altar at once quickens and purifies the heart. The poet imparts the impress of his own character to his productions. Through the medium of imagination he conveys the sympathies of his moral nature to that of his reader. His language embodies the ideas of emotion that glow in his own breast; and the sphere of his art includes, by necessity, the moral tastes and sentiments that spring from the fountains of his own heart. Whatever influence modifies the moral nature of the poet must therefore affect, in a signal manner, the character of his productions. As the chords of his inward spirit are shattered by the violence of passion, or attuned to the harmony of moral excellence; so must his heart give corresponding utterance to the discordant notes of vice, or the enchanting melody of virtue. If purity enhances the charm of beauty, if truth and moral dignity add to the elevation of sublimity, if the pure motives and high aspirations of Christianity impart harmony and majesty to the mental and moral nature of man; then the conclusion is inevitable, that the unsullied sacredness of religion, when attached to the personal character, quickens the vigor of poetical genius, and beautifies, adorns, and elevates its productions. Such is a rational deduction from premises which are generally admitted. But notwithstanding this, there is a prevalent impression, as to the inherent waywardness of genius, and the depressing influence of Christian principle on all the finer faculties of the human soul. It is seldom announced as a positive opinion. It is rather a vague impression, a smothered prejudice, disguised in its manifestation, but still as strongly influential among certain circles of authorship, as the most established maxim of truth. Undefined in its shape, the reasons for its entertainment unexamined, and the tendency of its results unquestioned: it is as firmly retained, as it is blindly adopted, and as efficient in

its influence, as it is baseless in its authority. It is surprising with what reckless inconsideration even intelligent and gifted minds assume impressions, and cherish views and feelings on such a subject. They adopt a hasty prejudice, without regarding its relations to acknowledged truth, or considering the consequences that flow from its admission. It retains a secret sway over their minds, even when it stands at positive variance with the whole order of truth, to which they are accustomed to yield unhesitating assent. Many cherish the impression to which we refer, who admit the existence of God, the moral obligations of his law, and the sacred claims of religion. But the impression is at positive variance with all these high realities; for if immorality and irreligion be essential to poetical genius, if it be the indispensable prerogative of the poet that he should "neither fear God, nor regard man," then we must conclude either, that there is no God, and that the universe, radiant with the images and vocal with the notes of poetry, sprang into existence by accident, and moves on with all its events in a whirl of chance—or that He formed the most gifted of his creatures to wander erratic and aimless, to bring dishonor on Himself, to introduce disorder into His government and spread moral pestilence and death amongst mankind—or that poetry is essentially evil, and that the poet is, by the very constitution of his nature, an outcast from Heaven, degraded in his position, disordered in his faculties, desolating in his career, sunk beneath the dignity of reason and the harmony of rectitude, that the glory of his genius arises from the glimmer of fancy and the phrenzy of passion; and that he passes away like a meteor streaming on the troubled air, and vanishing in darkness. But neither conclusion is embraced by those, who yet cherish an impression, in which one or the other is involved by a necessary inference. They are not atheists, nor infidels, nor despisers of poetry. They admit the high authority of religion and the sacred obligations of rectitude. They admire poetry as the highest offspring of the human mind, and hail the poet as a prodigy of genius, endowed with "a capacious soul," and possessing "the vision and the faculty divine." But yet to be a poet, he must disregard the dictates of reason, be blind to the light of truth, violate the obligations of morality, and spurn away the relations of society. These are the necessary conditions of his eminence. Such the inevitable scope of his unfettered genius. Morality and religion belong to ordinary mortals. Compliance with rectitude implies intellectual tameness; and Christianity fetters the wings of an aspiring mind. Such trammels are unworthy the nature of the poet, who excites wonder and imparts entertainment and rapture by his lofty endowments. *His* mission demands that he should shock mankind by his example, defile the world by his productions, and offend Heaven by his impiety! What shadow of reason can exist for an opinion involving consequences so absurd and monstrous? What pretext, or show of plausibility, can be conceived for an impression, thus at war with the first principles of reason, and the established order of the universe? When reduced to the alternative, (as we are by the evident issues of the case.) of rejecting religious truth and moral obligation, or of denouncing poetry, as the offspring of evil and the source of disorder and ruin, who can hesitate—we do not ask, as to which term of the alternative he shall embrace? But who can hesitate in adopting the conclusion, that the supposition as to the inherent lawlessness of genius is groundless and false; that the legitimate and necessary sphere of poetry does not conflict with truth, reason, and religion; that the moral recklessness of the poet, so far from being essential to his character, and an evidence of his greatness, is a corruption of his nature, and an incumbrance to his faculties! Surely those facts must be misconceived, those examples must be misapplied, which the history of perverted talent, alas! too frequently presents, if they are so interpreted, as to support an impression in conflict with the plainest deductions of reason!

But leaving this high ground of authority, on which the question at issue may be maintained to the satisfaction of every reflecting mind, let us notice some of the sources of this delusion, and examine the validity of some of the pretexts which impart to it an air of plausibility. Encouragement is given to this impression, from the number of such examples in the known character of poets. But the frequent association of immorality and irreligion, with rare gifts of genius, affords no proof of the *necessary* union of such qualities, unless they be found to be *universally* in conjunction, and unless moreover the moral state of the world be shown to be exempt from *all other* sources of corruption, but the formation of poetry. But neither of these conditions can be affirmed. Dark and mournful as are the annals of Genius, frequent and fearful as have been the instances in which the highest gifts of the Creator have been desecrated to impiety, and perverted to the misery of their possessor and the injury of society; yet there are names, not a few, which shine forth in the lustre of unsullied fame, and there are examples, by no means rare, in which the loftiest endowments of nature have been consecrated to the service of religion and signalized by the integrity of virtue. Such characters must forever shame the scorn, if not silence the cavillings of those who would degrade truth and dishonor God, in order to exalt themselves. They impress the conviction that moral pollution is not essential to intellectual greatness, and that the discordant waywardness of crime forms no necessary accompaniment of the elegance of taste, or the harmony of

poetry. They prove incontestably, that whatever impurities may defile the character of some men of genius, they must be traced to some foreign source—some dark foundation of depravity in the moral nature of man. Indeed there is no more impressive evidence of the present fallen and corrupt state of humanity, than the ruinous perversion of its highest faculties, so frequently displayed in the history of Genius. One would suppose that the loftier the mental eminence, the clearer must be the discernment of moral rectitude; and that in proportion to the superior gifts and faculties with which man is endowed by the Creator, must be felt a stronger obligation to love and reverence their unseen Author, and to use them in subservience to His glory and the good of His creatures. But how often are such obligations perverted so as to become stimulants to false pride, and incentives to reckless impiety. There must be some secret current of alienation, some corrupt tendency in the moral nature, which, in order to gratify its taste and give scope to its impetuosity, thus counteracts the guidance and nullifies the control of a brilliant intellect over the heart and life; which, in order to feed a diseased appetite and flatter a blind vanity, forces genius itself to glory in the presumption of ignorance, and triumph in the antics of folly!

Admiration and humility are the fruit of the highest intelligence in man. Admiration of the visible glory of the universe, rising upward into adoration of the invisible glory of its Author, veiled behind the material drapery of His works. And humility, springing from the overwhelming contrast between that glory and the attitude of the beholder, between the immensity of the Creator and the insignificance of the creature—a contrast that widens in proportion, as man rises in the faculties of his nature: for the circumference of his vision extends as he reaches a higher point of observation. The conscious possession of genius involves no necessity of self-idolatry or atheistic pride. The lofty sphere of an original and gifted intellect demands no conflict with truth, no defiance of moral obligation, no reckless abandonment to frantic impulses in a career of insubordination—in an eccentric orbit, apart from the established order of nature. There is nothing in the altitude or compass of the most enlarged and towering mental capacity to prompt its possessor either to rise in proud presumption above the prerogative of God, or to sink in sensual passion beneath the sphere of a brute. It is no inherent law of the mental organization, but the counteracting force of a pitiable moral perversity, which unites these opposite extremes of arrogance and debasement in the personal character of so many pretenders to genius, and occasionally, too, of some highly gifted intellects, whose superior endowments would seem to demand an exemption from so base an enthrallment. Vain boast of originality and independence! Singular eccentricity of genius, indeed! One would suppose that it would at least be consistent with itself, if inconsistent with all things else. The eccentricity that springs from a superior nature, even if erratic in its career, should, we think, be uniformly aspiring in its tendency. And while it boasts of seraph wings to mount into the air, it is surely surprising that it should at the same time manifest a tendency to crawl in the dust! Whence this compromise of antipathies! Is virtue so prevalent and vice so rare, that the only prospect of singularity lies within the territory of the latter? Is piety so common-place and social purity so uniform, that the only proof of originality consists in simultaneously rising above the faith of the one, and sinking beneath the sphere of the other? And must a genius, towering beyond the level of ordinary minds, become a heterogeneous compound of the ethereal and the sensual; and resemble nothing else under heaven, unless it be that strange visitant which came, commissioned as a curse, to smite the Israelites—a fiery serpent with wings? Alas! the actual results of human depravity bear a striking analogy to the scriptural account of its origin. The various forms of moral perversity display the image of the great prototype of evil. When Satan entered Paradise to beguile our first parents, he did not present himself in his native form. He disguised his real essence and assumed the visible shape of a serpent. His image in Paradise has been perpetuated in the history of our fallen race; and man, in his wayward impiety, displays a strange combination of the lofty pride of a demon with the grovelling tendency of a reptile.

But this absurd impression is maintained on another ground. We are referred to the peculiar constitutional organization of the poet. There is discovered, it is thought, some inherent necessity of sinning in what is termed, "the poetical temperament." This view is held by many who still profess a firm conviction of the truth of religion and a high regard for the obligations of morality as applicable to society at large. But the poet is an exception to the general rule. His genius belongs to a higher sphere, and must come under a different regimen. His impulsive nature demands excess. His winged spirit forbids restraint. Convulsive irregularity, impetuous waywardness, and reckless impiety are the necessary features of his earthly history—the inevitable consequences of the lodgment of his rare spirit in so incommodious a tenement as the body, and its residence in so humble a sphere as the earth. Those actions which would be censurable as gross vices in others, are excusable in him, when designated by a milder epithet, as "the infirmities of genius." As in the exercise of his art he is allowed a poetic license to violate the laws of grammar, so in the conduct of his life, he demands an equal privilege to disregard the

laws of God. Society must patiently endure his eccentricities. The rigor of a censorious criticism must not be applied to his character. Immorality and irreligion are the conditions of his greatness. The abandonment of his life is a necessary sacrifice to his genius, and the degradation of his nature is the price of his fame. He must consume himself in order to give light to others. The beauty of his genius may well hide the deformities of his character. The glory of his fame redeems the impurity of his life. And the brilliant and tasteful delight which he leaves as a legacy in the productions of his pen, more than repays the world for the moral injury inflicted by his example! Such is a sample of the reasoning frequently employed on this subject. Before attempting to expose the secret fallacy involved in this hypothesis, we shall conclude the present article by suggesting briefly two considerations which, in the full extent of their bearing and significance, we shall reserve for a future examination. First, can the personal character of the poet be viewed as totally distinct from the moral tendency of his productions? He writes from the fulness of his own heart. His eminence arises from the sincerity and depth of the sentiments which expand his breast and inspire his verse. Will not the stream partake of the character of the fountain? Will not a kindred tone, a corresponding cast and coloring be imparted to his effusions, which, if evil, will only dazzle to mislead, and charm to corrupt? In addition to this moral image of the author's character, which naturally impresses itself on his writings, is not a reference to his private history uniformly associated with his book in the mind of the reader; so that the example of his life stands as a silent commentary on the volumes he has given to the world! But could these associations be kept asunder, how far shall the, at best, neutral moral influences, and the high literary merit of his productions be considered as a recompense for the solitary influence of his corrupt example on the world! It is a question worthy of thought, whether some men of genius have not injured mankind more by a knowledge of their personal history, than by the diffused contamination of their writings. How many Byronisms in fashionable life as well as in modern literature, may be traced backward to the fantastic cut of an original pattern!

Again, supposing the lenient judgment of human society to be satisfied by such considerations, is there not a higher tribunal before which man must appear? And will the decision *there* be swayed by the literary entertainment his genius may have afforded mankind, to acquit of personal guilt the impurity of his life and the contagion of his example? Or is earthly fame *the only* reward of the poet? Or is that final reward, whose issues are immortal, to be granted, in his instance, on some new and special condition as the high prerogative of genius, in virtue of its rare gifts and faculties? But, with the possession of such gifts, is there not increased obligation, and with their abuse, is there not aggravated guilt?

W. C. S.

*Virginia.*

---

## CYNOSURA.

I.

There is a star that ne'er declines,
Where'er the earth may roll;
By day, by night, unmoved it shines,
The star of the changeless pole.

II.

Though lost in sunbeams' nearer blaze,
It oft eludes our sight;
We know it pours its steady rays,
E'en where it gems the night.

III.

Though other stars more brightly glow,
To beckon us on high,
Of all the orbs the heavens that strow,
To that still turns the eye.

IV.

And so most dear of human hearts,
The steadfast found, and true,
That never from its moorings starts,
Though hid sometimes from view.

V.

'Tis sweet, with certain trust to turn,
An answering look to meet,—
Sweet, like the pole-star's beam, to learn
One heart unchanged will beat.

C. C. L.

*Syracuse, April*, 1847.

# JULIA GONZAGA.

## A TALE OF ITALY.

—

[*From the German of Tromlitz.*]

—

### CHAPTER I.

Like some splendid meteor, which, sweeping through the space of the heavens, casts in shadow the stars and even the disc of the moon, so shone out Julia Gonzaga, the most faultlessly beautiful of all the women of the century in which she lived. The fame of her loveliness resounded not only in Italy, but throughout Europe; along the sandy shores of Africa, where reigned the savage Barbarossa, and even entered the closed portal of the seraglio of Constantinople. Poets, of every nation sung her praises in canzonets and sonnets; the German minnesingers warmed themselves in the fire of her eyes; and we are indebted to this charming woman, a pattern alike of virtue as of beauty, for many of the touching effusions which have reached us from that period.

Married in her seventeenth year to Vespasian Colonna, Duke of Trajetto and Count of Fondi, an old, but noble prince, and separated by this alliance from the object of her first love, Giovanni d' Arienzo, a young nobleman of Campania, she bestowed her entire faith on her husband; confided to him her inmost thoughts, and not even concealed from him the history of her early attachment. Uniting to this stainless virtue and matchless beauty an earnest passion in the pursuit of the fine arts, the lady Julia became the centre sun of Rome and Naples; warriors, savans, statesmen and artists sought admittance at her court, and while by some secret spell she knew how to enchain the hearts of men, her own sex, without seeking to rival, regarded her with emotions of love and admiration; in truth, she was one of those perfect characters, which appear, perhaps, but once in a century, and her portrait is still preserved in Rome, where she is represented standing before a casket of jewels, dressed in splendid costume as for the masquerade; but although the painter has succeeded in imparting to the canvass the features in their faultless beauty, it is only the poet, who, dipping his pencil in the radiant colors of imagination, is able to impart a life-like ideal.

Though busied during his whole life in a family compact against the pope, Vespasian Colonna still loved his wife most tenderly; devoted to her every moment of leisure, and regarded her with fervent admiration; yet the applause of the world, the flatteries of poetry, the reverential respect of learned men, even her husband's ardent affection, could not always satisfy the restless yearnings of the youthful Julia. Often, in the midst of the feasts given on her account; amid the circles of the wise and witty, came a consciousness of an inner want, an unsatisfied yearning. The incense, scattered in her path, filled her with disgust, and a secret voice seemed ever whispering, "there is sweeter perfume than all this; one breath from the blossom of early love is far more rife with fragrance." But such demoniac suggestions ever fell on a deaf ear; for virtue and honor had closed her heart against every tender impression, though often unconsciously to herself, memory would recall the image of her first love, the young and talented Giovanni, whom she had not seen since her ill-matched union, till at times, as sitting in her lonely, but beautiful garden at Fondi, she seemed to hear his melodious voice, enchanting her inmost spirit, she would drive the dangerous illusion from her soul, or if it remained awhile, it exerted over her the same pure and sinless influence, as the image of some guardian saint, before whom the maiden kneels in devotion, shutting out, in her veneration, all earthly love from her bosom. In truth, her early attachment to Giovanni formed a sort of anchor, against which the allurements of life beat ineffectually, and at such periods of dangerous feeling, she would hasten to her retreat at Fondi, and amid its cultivated shades, would arouse the nobler powers of her soul; search closer into her past conduct, and form those holy resolutions which ever proved a safe-guard when she returned to court.

Just now she was particularly desirous of leaving Rome, since the marked attentions of the young Cardinal Hyppolyte de Medicis, had become so painfully oppressive, that she felt it her duty to avoid his society, by withdrawing from the gay circle of the court.

On bidding a brief farewell to her husband, the worthy Colonna, she observed something peculiar in his manner, as with a smile, he said, "It is not right yourself and your ladies should live at Fondi in such complete seclusion, I will add a cavalier to your train, who, as I am sure, will prove an acquisition. He sings delightfully, plays well on the lute, writes verses, and is withal a man of singular modesty."

Surprised at her husband's proposal, Julia made several enquiries, but in vain, respecting this unknown knight; till, when the noble Colonna jestingly evaded each, she exclaimed, "Ah! I believe it is none other than yourself whom we are to expect at Fondi, since you still occasionally perform on the lute, your voice has been highly cultivated, and I am aware that in by-gone days you were no mean poet. Can it be that my husband has sketched his own portrait. Ah! I know none who would prove so welcome a visiter."

"Dearest! for this once you are mistaken," replied Colonna tenderly; "business will not allow me to follow you to your retreat;" and without further satisfying her curiosity, he urged the immediate departure of herself and her most intimate friend, Leonora Orbito, along with their train of knights and ladies.

—

## CHAPTER II.

Separated from the sea by a thick grove of trees, and stretching at the foot of the encircling mountains, the town of Fondi, with its spacious castle, had been for many years a favorite residence of Colonna's grandfather, Prosper Colonna, and of his uncle, Marcus Colonna, and even the reigning Duke delighted to hasten there in his rare intervals of leisure; while many were the treasures which he lavished upon its beautiful villa.

As Julia entered her private sparments at Fondi, and throwing aside her travelling mantle, took her seat at one of the spacious windows, she sighed softly, as she said to Leonora, "thank heaven! that I am once more at liberty to act and speak without restraint. Oh! how I have longed for this visit."

"Or rather to fly from the young Cardinal, Hyppolyte de Medicis," observed her young companion jestingly.

"Do not speak about that man," rejoined the Duchess with a disturbed air. "And yet it was not altogether the Cardinal who was the cause of my present retirement from court; but an indescribable yearning, for which I cannot account."

"I am full of curiosity," carelessly observed Leonora, "to see the stranger whom the Duke has promised to add to our train. Who knows but that he may rouse you from the apathy which so often hangs upon you; an apathy, which even poor Giovanni, peace to his soul! if he lives not now, could not boast of having shaken."

Julia did not answer, although her countenance grew earnest with thought; while conscious that she had touched a forbidden string, Leonora ventured no farther trifling.

* * * *

Weeks went by, and yet the promised cavalier did not appear, though the Duke constantly mentioned him in his letters, announcing his speedy arrival. Julia was really vexed when she found how little she could restrain her curiosity, or with what eagerness she saw the arrival of every new comer, fancying that each might be the person designated; although she was compelled to own that she expected little pleasure from the unknown visitor.

One day, as she sat in her sheltered bower, she was startled by the noise of horses' hoofs in the court-yard, and her heart beat high, when a servant entering, respectfully announced the arrival of a young knight, bearing letters from the Duke, her husband, and requesting an interview.

"His name?" enquired the Duchess.

"He would not inform me," answered the servant, "but replied that he would declare it when allowed to present you the packet from his Highness."

"Then lead him to me," commanded Julia, as without farther questioning she left the bower. "Probably he is the person whom my husband proposed sending; but a young man!" she mentally added; "would he have been so urgent in requesting me to receive him with cordiality! Who can he be?"

Hardly had she reached the reception-room, when the door was thrown open, and a youth attired in black approached towards her. His mein betokened one of high birth, although his step was uncertain and almost tottering, and his head so bowed on his breast, that the features could scarcely be discerned. As he drew nearer, however, he looked up and revealed a face, (ah! how well remembered by the Duchess,) who stood before him with trembling limbs and a countenance pale with alarm, till without uttering a word, she beckoned him to leave her presence. With a glance, in which were mingled sorrow and respect, the stranger bowed low, and laying the letter on the base of a marble column, turned to depart, but urged, as by some sudden impulse, the Duchess sprang forward as if to recall him, while the name, "Giovanni," stole in low, mournful accents from her pallid lips. Spellbound, as by some enchantment, he stayed his steps, and advancing once more towards the Duchess, seemed to wait her pleasure, while he silently handed her the letter.

"You come at my husband's bidding," murmured Julia, "then are you welcome to my home;" and breaking the seal she read its contents and further added, "the Duke desires that you should enter my service as an attendant cavalier to employ your musical talents to wile away my hours of ennui. Since Colonna's least wish is to me a command, I tender you a willing welcome, though I have few duties to impose on you. The chief of all is, that you should ever preserve towards me a respectful dignity; encroach as little as possible on my hours of retirement, and throw the veil of oblivion over all our past intimacy. By so doing, you will ensure my constant gratitude;" with these words she once more waved her hand, bidding him retire.

—

## CHAPTER III.

In what perplexity did the unhappy Duchess find herself, as seated alone she reflected what could possibly induce her husband to send one,

with whose former relations towards her she had herself made him acquainted; or what proof did he anticipate from such a renewal of their intercourse. As she paced the terrace, wrapt in painful thought, she was roused from her reverie by the approach of Leonora. "Julia," said she, "Giovanni d' Arienzo sends you this letter through me, and entreats me, by my early friendship for him, to win it your notice."

Silently the Duchess received the letter, but when in the superscription she recognized the hand-writing, her calmness forsook her, and she murmured in broken tones, "Break the seal for me; let me hear its contents: I cannot read it for myself."

Leonora took the sheet, and read as follows:—"Noble lady! four years have elapsed since I last saw you. Alas! what I sought in that period I have not found—forgetfulness, or death. Fate, not my own will, recalls me to my father-land, and a singular concatenation of events leads me against my will to enter your service. Be not angry, then, that I have unbound the heavy chain which oppressed me; that I have returned from my voluntary exile and appear before you once more; neither fear that I shall ever prove troublesome, for my self-esteem is too strong and my respect for you too great, to allow me to forget myself so far. I ask but this enjoyment, that of remaining, though unnoticed, near you, and when at evening you hear my lute in the distance, regard not the words of the song, but listen only to the melody of its notes, should they prove pleasing to your ear. Only bid me not be silent! only be not angry with me!"

"And can you refuse his small request, Julia," asked Leonora; "would you wound the feelings of this man, who, when your father's decree forced you to accept the hand of the noble Colonna, immediately bade farewell to the land of his birth, and in voluntary exile among the wilds of Hungary, fought in the Emperor's ranks, seeking in the excitements of war to overcome a passion which could not but cause misery to you both. Be angry with him!"

"No!" replied the Duchess, "he deserves no blame at my hand, yet I cannot but grieve that my husband has sent him hither. What proofs can he want of my entire constancy? Why should he thus insult my pride? I, who have never once yielded to any soft impressions since I stood with him before the altar."

"Julia," exclaimed her companion, "I cannot understand how you can remain thus cold and unmoved, at this moment, when after long separation, you again meet with the object of your early and only love."

"Cold—unmoved! think you so," rejoined the young Duchess, as with a sudden movement. She seized the maiden's hand, and pressed it nervously against her throbbing heart. "Feel how my heart beats, you cannot count its pulsation, yet should I yield to my agitated feelings? No! I am proud that my reason yet preserves its sway; nay, not my reason only, but duty still more commands me thus to act. For does not my aged husband regard me as his brightest jewel? a jewel so far as honor and integrity are concerned, the severest critic can discover no blemish; and shall I deceive his trust, his noble confidence, or shall I relinquish what is most precious to woman, my own self-respect?"

"The thought be far from me," exclaimed Leonora, "yet, until this moment, I have looked on you but as a beautiful marble statue, a being gifted with every grace, save the tender girdle of love. Now that you have unfolded to me your heart, now that you show yourself a woman, a noble, beautiful, but sensitive woman, I no longer ask you to retain Giovanni in your service. Why should he remain? Why should you be subjected to this continual conflict of feeling? No! no, let him immediately depart."

"Nay, rather let him stay," rejoined the Duchess, "for if viewed in proper light, his vicinity must prove my good. By dismissing from my service one who has been so especially recommended by my husband, may not Colonna suspect that I had not strength and firmness sufficient to withstand the allurements of my early love."

"Beware, Julia, how you act," exclaimed her friend, "the enthusiasm of passion is a dangerous rock, against which the vessel of virtue has been too often wrecked; and your happiness may be destroyed by this renewal of intimacy, ere you are aware of danger."

"Fear not for me," replied the Duchess with dignity, "my heart would not shame me, even for its secret thoughts, subjected to the scrutiny of the most severe inquisitor. But let us return to the castle, for who knows but that the overpowering odor of these orange trees, so laden with bloom, may weaken my firmness of purpose, as they have my corporeal senses," and taking her friend's arm, they retired from the garden.

—

## CHAPTER IV.

At constant enmity, as he was with the house of Medici, it was not without anxiety that Vespasian Colonna had observed the admiration which the Cardinal's nephew expressed towards his youthful wife; and although he did not, in the least, suspect Julia's faithfulness towards himself, yet he could not but fear that her happiness might fall a snare to the crafty designs of the handsome youth. He was yet more strengthened in this feeling on receiving an anonymous letter, in which the early attachment of his wife to Giovanni d' Arienzo was referred to, and which further mentioned that the said Arienzo had returned with his regiment to

Naples, having asked a furlough to allow a visit to his home. It was clear that this insidious letter came from the Cardinal Hippolyte, who, on learning of Julia's previous departure for Fondi, on the intended day, had inquired how far distant from that town was Teano, Giovanni's native place, and which he proposed visiting.

It was touching Vespasian at his most sensitive point, and for awhile he was undetermined whether to treat the young man's malicious insinuation with quiet contempt, or openly to humiliate him in his treacherous designs. His pride determined the latter course. Scarcely had his wife set off on her journey, than he despatched a messenger to Teano, inviting Giovanni to visit him at Rome; and although the invitation seemed to the latter strange and attended with danger, yet aware of the noble and ingenuous nature of Vespasian, Giovanni promptly answered the summons and set off for Rome, where he was most warmly welcomed and entertained by his noble host, to the astonishment of his courtier train, who were aware of his former attachment to the young and lovely Duchess.

After a sojourn of some days, past amid the festivities and amusements of court, the Duke expressed the wish that Arienzo would oblige him by setting off for Fondi, to enter his wife's service. Filled with astonishment at the proposal, Giovanni sought to excuse himself from the painful task, but when the ingenuous Colonna informed him that his consort had long before made him aware of her early attachment, and showed him the anonymous letter, whose base hints could only be discomfitted by the Duchess having an opportunity afforded her of proving her faithfulness to her husband by her demeanor towards Giovanni, the agitated youth hesitated no longer, but determined to break his vow of seeing her no more, in his desire of doing her this service; and on the following day it was formally announced at court that he was about to enter her train; news which drew from Hyppolyte such loud expressions of surprise, as caused Colonna no further to donbt but that he was the author of the anonymous epistle.

Aware of his wife's delicacy of feeling, he did not, however, name the Cavalier in his letter announcing his coming, while the youth himself left Rome with the firm resolution of hiding every emotion, and of conducting himself with the utmost circumspection towards his mistress; though little did he imagine how hard would be the task, till he stood before her and gazed on that beauty which had now become matured to perfection. He rejoiced to find in her favorite companion the amiable Leonora, who, judging from her former friendly feelings, would, he believed, assist him in this difficult service of love and honor. Firm in the truth which she owed her aged husband, Julia, on her part, checked every remembrance of her early attachment, and so far sought to repress her feelings, that often, when on some beautiful moonlight evening she sat in her balcony and caught Giovanni's manly voice, as he sung to the accompaniment of his lute, she would suddenly spring up, as though detected in a culprit act, and retire to a distant apartment, where no note of the melody could reach; till aware of the painful struggle, Leonora Orbito besought her to dismiss him on some pretext from her service.

## CHAPTER V.

One morning, as they sat at their embroidery in Julia's boudoir, the noise of horses' hoofs was heard in the court-yard, and a servant announced that the Cardinal Hippolyte de Medici had stopped at Fondi, on his journey from Rome to Naples, to pay his respects to its noble mistress, and to deliver a letter from her husband.

Knowing the coldness which existed between the houses of Colonna and Medici, Julia was greatly surprised by this visit; but though the Cardinal was particularly disagreeable to her, she felt that politeness forbade that she should refuse to admit him, and he was introduced into the drawing-room, where she received him with courteous but dignified demeanor. After a few moments, during which the Cardinal contrived to repeat the latest news of the Capitol, and informed the ladies of the warlike preparations, which had been made at sea by the Emperor Solyman, through whose aid the notorious Barbarossa was then ravaging the Mediterranean, and had already landed in Calabria, the Duchess asked permission to retire and peruse her husband's letter, where she expected to find some reference to this visitor, but strange to say, the Duke did not even name him, and as the dinner hour had arrived, Julia, though most unwillingly, felt herself constrained to invite him to partake of the meal, an invitation, which he accepted with evident pleasure, since besides the enjoyment of the ladies' society, as he said, it would afford him opportunity for becoming further acquainted with a young cavalier whom he had met some weeks previous at the Colonna palace.

"Whom do you refer to?" enquired the Duchess, who had not learned of Giovanni's late visit at court.

"To no other than the accomplished Giovanni d' Arienzo," replied Medicis;" who, as the Duke informed me, had become a knight in your service," and as he spoke, his eye rested inquiringly on Julia's face, who although conscious of a slight blush, unhesitatingly replied, "Yes! you have only done him justice when you term him accomplished. It will afford me pleasure to bring you together today;" and as the Major-domo just then entered to announce that dinner was served, Julia turned to him, saying, "my respects to Signor Arienzo, and

say that I shall be happy to see him at table. The Cardinal Hyppolyte de Medicis wishes his better acquaintance."

"Let me tender you my thanks, Madame, for this mark of attention," courteously observed her visitor, as the domestic withdrew, "though, indeed, I would not have trespassed so far, had I not supposed that the gentleman of your train enjoyed the pleasure of seeing you at least at table."

"Such is my usual practice in Rome," replied the Duchess, "but not here, where I chiefly retire to enjoy social ease among my most intimate friends, and to lay aside the restraints of court-life; though I must acknowledge that Signor Arienzo is one among those who are capable of adding greatly to my pleasures, since he is a proficient in music, an art of which, as you are aware, I am passionately fond."

"He is an old acquaintance of yours?" next inquired the Cardinal with an unembarrassed air.

"He is so," returned Julia, "and as we had not met since my marriage, it was quite an agreeable surprise, when in my new Cavalier I found an early friend. But have the goodness to accompany me to dinner, which now waits us; and without further attempt at conversation, Hyppolyte presented an arm to each of the ladies, and in a few moments they were seated at table, where were covers for five, for the Cardinal's attendant, a young Roman of the Ghizi House, also took his place at the board.

Soon the conversation became general, for as if conjecturing the motive of Hyppolyte's visit, Giovanni preserved the utmost self-possession, and even met the eyes of his mistress without apparent effort, when, as if to show her freedom from embarrassment, Julia would occasionally address him personally, till satisfied of her entire indifference to every one save her aged consort, the discomfitted Cardinal took an early departure, under pretext that he wished to arrive at Gaeta before evening.

"This woman is truly angelic," he mentally exclaimed, as he rode away from the Villa, "and were I not assured that she had formerly yielded to love in its fullest extent, I should almost believe her incapable of all earthly emotion: now I am forced to acknowledge that she is perfectly devoted to her husband. Yet what shame, that heaven should create such a model of beauty to bestow it on an old and almost decrepid man! that nature should disclose such a faultless flower, to waste its sweetness in retirement! On! on! let me hasten, nor remain longer in the circle of her enchantments."

—

## CHAPTER VI.

During the remainder of the day, the Duchess could employ herself in no other way than in conjecturing Colonna's motive in choosing the Cardinal as the bearer of his letter to herself. She felt that he must have some plan in thus affording the youth an opportunity of seeing her; and what other could it be than to allow the crafty Hyppolyte to watch her in her domestic intercouse with Arienzo.

"Dismiss him immediately," exclaimed Leonora, as she took part in her friend's anxious feelings. "Why should you be unnecessarily subjected to this continual mental conflict? Why be compelled to hold companionship with one whose presence must prove dangerous to your peace?"

"No!" replied Julia in a firm tone, "though my heart should break in the effort, yet shall my husband's will be obeyed. What if he desires to prove my virtue, shall I declare myself unequal to the test? Ah! you would say that it has been already fully tried, but believe me, Leonora, it is not amid the splendors of a court, where admirers flit like moths round a candle in the circle of beauty, that woman's strength is completely proved; but rather in such a scene of retirement as this, where fancy dips her pencil in glowing colors, to revivify the picture of the past; where the soft breeze of evening as it steals over beds of perfume, fills the soul with indescribable yearnings; where music possesses double influence; ah! it is in such a spot, that one must strive most to come off victor in the conflict."

"Dearest friend," rejoined Leonora, as she tenderly embraced the Duchess, "do not trust your youthful heart too far! What need is there that you should have ever before you the image of the one now lost to you forever? And even if you are willing to suffer for the sake of the noble Colonna's happiness, still have you the right of exacting a like sacrifice from Giovanni? Do not his heart's wounds bleed doubly here, in the presence of the being he once loved so passionately? Nay, dismiss him immediately, nor doom him longer to endure this torture, else I shall think you have some other motive in detaining him than mere respect to your husband's wishes."

"True, ingenuous Leonora," exclaimed Julia, "you have probed deep into my heart, and I will no longer conceal its secrets, even though you may deem me foolishly superstitious. Know, then, that several years ago I dwelt as a happy maiden at my father's beautiful villa, where the first blossom of my heart's love was just unfolding beneath the full sunshine of Giovanni's affection. On one particular evening, when I had given myself to the witcheries of the hour, until all nature seemed to glow with sympathy, and the blue sea, the cloudless skies, the perfumed air, each returned an echo to my joyousness, an old, emaciated woman suddenly appeared before me, and without uttering a word, extended her bony hand as asking alms. Touched by her apparent destitution, which formed such a

contrast with my own prosperous condition, I lavished on her the contents of my purse, and in kind tones enquired where she resided, and what further I could do for her."

"'I have no home, no kindred,' she replied, 'but you have been generous to the wretched wanderer, and in return for your good deed Heaven will bestow on you many precious gifts; beauty and innocence, rank and talents; though alas!' she added as she took my hand in hers, and examined its open palm, 'one drop of bitter sorrow will mingle in your full cup of joy, for he, whom you now love, shall give you up without proving unfaithful: he shall forsake you, even while he would yield his life in your service. Yet no!' she added, 'he will not desert you forever, but will return again to your side, and then beware! beware, lady! how you drive him away; for trust me, beautiful maiden, he will only return to prove your guardian angel,' and without further disclosure, she disappeared behind the shrubbery. Amid the blandishments of court life, beloved by the good Colonna, regarded with devotion by my friends, almost bewildered by the flatteries of the crowd, I had almost forgotten the gypsey's prediction, and it was not until Giovanni returned, and you urged his dismissal from my service, that I recalled those mysterious words, 'beware how you drive him away, for in remaining he will prove your guardian angel.' And now, Leonora, you may count me superstitious, that smile tells me that you do, but just at this time I do not feel willing to dismiss him. Fate whispers me to allow him to remain; however, this much will I promise, that in the first moment which threatens danger to my peace, I will follow your well-meant counsel; I will bid him farewell forever."

"Then am I satisfied," replied Leonora, "although I cannot but think it superstitious in you to allow the words of an old gypsey to produce such an impression on your mind. No doubt she had learned something of your attachment to Arienzo, and aware of the distance which existed between you in point of rank, hung her predictions on its possible issue."

"It may be so," replied the Duchess with an unbelieving smile, "yet so long as duty and reason do not forbid, I cannot resolve to dismiss Giovanni. Yet again I promise, that with the first consciousness of danger, I shall not hesitate to do as you advise," and with these words she bade good night to her friend.

—

## CHAPTER VII.

It may be readily imagined that the Duchess felt anxious and disquieted after her late conversation with Leonora. The thought that she was the cause of any secret suffering to Giovanni, awakened grief in her sensitive mind; the occupations which usually afforded her so much pleasure were now altogether wearisome, for she dared not venture to look at the picture which stood half finished on the easel, since in the features of her beautiful ideal she seemed to discover Arienzo's likeness, and even in the Hebe, which was represented in gorgeous colors in her tapestry frame, as filling her vase with nectar from a golden evening cloud, Julia fancied she saw a resemblance to the beloved.

With the first shadows of night she sought the retirement of the garden, where, with careless hand, she broke the blossoms from the luxuriant orange trees, threw away their golden fruit, and pulled the choicest flowers from their stems, only to cast them indifferently aside, until one rose, of remarkable beauty, attracted her notice, and saving it from the fate of its companions, she inhaled its perfume, as she continued to rove towards a distant and unfrequented part of the garden, where, beside a rocky grotto, shaded by large plane trees, a gurgling stream emptied its cascade into a marble basin. With her mind entirely occupied with the half formed decision of dismissing Giovanni, for the sake of his own peace, from her train, Julia trod with downcast eyes over the flowery lawn, which spread around the grotto, and had already entered its close recess ere she discovered the object of her thoughts, stretched in slumber on the mossy ground, while in one hand he clasped a faded knot of ribbon, which she recognized as a little ornament he had playfully stolen from her in happier days. Surprised and agitated, she endeavored to retrace her footsteps, but Fate seemed to hold her spell-bound, while, with clasped hands, she stood watching that countenance, whose peaceful and resigned expression told of inner truth and purity. Tears streamed down her cheeks as she marked the careful grasp with which he held the tarnished ribbon, the only treasure which remained to him of those former days, till, as if fancying that she ought not to allow him this last relic, she stretched out her hand, as if to take possession, when, irresolute in her purpose, the rose fell against his cheek, and ere she could escape, he sprang up and met with astonishment her bewildered gaze.

For a moment the Duchess was unable to articulate, but with an effort, recovering her composure, she said, "Arienzo let me take this opportunity to bid you farewell. I thank you for your devoted services, but to-morrow you must depart from Fondi."

Giovanni's face became pale as death, as seizing the beautiful rose, he knelt at Julia's feet, exclaiming, "I will do as you command! It is indeed time that I should depart! I feel that I can endure no longer! But may I preserve this rose? May I retain it as a precious testimonial of your approval?"

"Keep it as a token of my continual friendship, and be assured of my constant esteem, my lively

gratitude," murmured the Duchess with a glance which spoke volumes, as she turned and left the grotto.

"Alas! it is no dream," exclaimed the unhappy youth as he pressed the flower with fervor to his lips. "The sentence is spoken and I must depart from here. Ah! why do I live?" he continued, "why does not death come to my release? Idle folly thus to cherish her least gifts, the offerings of compassion rather than of sympathy, when I have nothing more to hope for, when I have been driven from the paradise of my youth to stand friendless amid the empty desert of the world, and in deep agitation he wandered through the alleys of the deserted garden."

On entering her suite of apartments the Duchess found Leonora already equipped for a pilgrimage to the hermitage of Ceretello, but fearful that she may have left Giovanni too abruptly, she informed her of their recent interview, and entreated her to see them on her account ere she departed.

"Comfort him with kind words of sympathy," she exclaimed, "seek to discover the state of his circumstances, so that the noble Colonna or myself may devise some plan for secretly assisting him; tell him that throughout life Julia Gonzaga will count him among her dearest friends. Nay! I understand your questioning look, Leonora, but believe me my integrity still remains unshaken, my heart is strong in its firm resolve, and it is only for his sake that I have arrived at this speedy resolution."

True to her promise Leonora sought an interview with the unhappy youth, who assured her of the readiness with which he obeyed his mistress' commands, at the same time offering his hearty thanks for her constant friendship, and bidding her farewell, since he intended leaving Fondi on the following morning.

—

## CHAPTER VIII.

Scarcely had Leonora departed from the villa, which was situated in the suburbs of the beautiful town of Fondi, when a mounted cavalier arrived in great haste, and requesting an interview with the Duchess, presented a letter from his master, the Cardinal Hyppolyte de Medicis, in which he informed her that the savage Barbaroesa had already landed with his fleet at Naples and Procida, where he was laying all waste with fire and sword. He earnestly advised her to remain no longer at Fondi, which lay directly on the sea, but to retire to Rome or some other inland city.

Although this news agitated Julia not a little, yet believing that the Cardinal wished to prove her courage when there was really no immediate danger, she determined to wait the advice of the duke himself, and accordingly despatched a gentleman of her train to the Capitol, from whence he was to return as soon as possible, since, should the Turkish fleet land near Fondi, she believed that she would have time to hasten to Porto Corvo.

Towards evening the weather became suddenly obscured, the stars could only be seen here and there twinkling behind the dark masses of clouds; drops of rain began to fall; thunder rolled in the distance, while the forked lightning shot, at times, above the horizon. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, however, Giovanni's lute might be heard breathing its pensive melodies, as if on this last evening he resolved that nothing should drive him from his accustomed place beneath his mistress' window, but that he would remain faithful to his duty to the end. Fearful of the approaching storm, the Duchess sent one of her maidens to bid him cease his minstrelsy, and to seek the shelter of his own apartments, and hardly had the young girl delivered the message, than the music was stopped, the lay remained unfinished, though Giovanni felt it impossible to retire from a scene so exactly in keeping with his own feelings, for within him all was dark and dreary as outward nature, while the distant lightning resembled the momentary glances which sometimes brightened the obscurity of his path.

"How like my fate has been this changeful day," he exclaimed, "its morning kindled by a sun as glorious and beautiful as the golden orb so lately set; its evening obscured by darkness as heavy and foreboding as yonder clouds that veil the starry vault. Why have I thus long remained here? Why thus early awakened from my sweet dream of hope? Yet no! I will not murmur, since I have fulfilled my duty towards her; since I have won her peace at the sacrifice of my own. The noble Colonna no longer needs my services, the fleets of the infidels swarm our sea, and the Emperor Charles will no doubt send an armada against them; I will take part in the dangerous service, and who knows but that the treacherous element may grant me that quiet grave which has been denied by the unpitying earth. To-morrow, at break of day, I will set off for Naples, since here it is vain to seek the peace after which I have so long sighed."

In the midst of his painful reflections, Giovanni was suddenly startled by a confused noise as of the voices of a multitude heard at intervals between the roaring of the wind and the torrents of rain. Climbing to the top of the high wall which separated the villa from the sea, he soon discovered a dark mass of armed men moving stealthily from the adjacent shore. Presently the tramp of horses was heard, and by the flashes of lightning he saw that a Turkish vessel lay then in cove, and that the Musselmen were already within the city. In a moment he remembered the news which had fallen from the Cardinal concerning their arrival at Naples and the adjoining islands, he felt there

was no time to be lost, and springing from the wall he rushed into the castle, called to his attendant to saddle two horses with speed, flew up the winding stairs and through the long suite of apartments running along the gallery until a dim light led him to the chamber which the Duchess usually occupied. Terror and despair gave him strength, as bursting in he seized Julia as she lay in deep slumber on her velvet couch, and with a strong arm bore her rapidly down the stairs, while in passing, he gave the alarm to the occupants of the various chambers, crying out, "up! away! the Infidels have surprised us!" then as the Duchess sought to remain with her maidens, he cried supplicatingly, "trust to me, Julia! trust to Giovanni, it is your only way of deliverance."

Amid the noise and darkness one of the saddled horses had escaped from the attendant, but springing upon the remaining charger, Giovanni placed the Duchess before him, for terror had almost deprived her of consciousness, and pressing through the wide gateway which luckily yet remained unclosed by the porter, he galloped over the open plain, while close behind them might be heard the wild cry of "God and Allah!" as the Infidels rode through the streets putting to flight the terrified inhabitants; till presently gaining sight of the fugitives by means of a flash of lightning, a small party forsook their companions and came at full gallop in their rear.

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed the terrified Duchess, "I hear the tread of their horses more distinctly every moment. Hasten! hasten! Giovanni, save me from destruction."

"Alas!" exclaimed the cavalier, "the speed at which they advance almost takes from me the possibility of flight, but if no other mode of deliverance presents itself, I can but lift you from your saddle, so that you may secrete yourself amid these mountain passes, while they will assuredly follow in my track. Nay! be not anxious concerning me," he added, as Julia seemed to shudder at the thought of his certain peril. "Alas, lady! what happier fate is left me than to die in your deliverance;" and driving his spurs into the horse's flanks, he hastened his progress towards a turn of the road where Julia might escape unnoticed.

"Surely there is no time to be lost; your horse is evidently weary, and the Infidels are just behind us; therefore let us take this opportunity to fly to the woods, for in truth, Giovanni, I cannot leave you to run the risk of being overtaken, and plead your protection amid this dreary forest;" so saying, with wonderful collectedness, the Duchess leapt from the saddle, and assisted by her companion, took refuge in a ravine, which lay upon the road-side, while the noble steed, freed from his burden, dashed like lightning before his pursuers, who in the darkness did not discover this plan of escape, but followed the courser at full speed. A moment more would have proved too late.

—

## CHAPTER IX.

It was not long, however, that the delicately reared Duchess could continue her painful journey; every step over the flinty rocks caused the blood to flow from her naked feet, and soon exhausted with fatigue, she declared herself unable to proceed further; but near as she was to the scene of danger, Giovanni entreated her to support her courage until they could discover some cavern among the mountains, where they might find shelter from the pelting rain which fell in torrents.

"Be not angry with me," he exclaimed, "but since your precious life runs a fearful risk, permit me to bear you in my arms along this dark and devious pathway. Yield to a dying man this last request, for I feel that from this night the sun of my life is set. To-morrow will separate me from you forever."

"True and noble soul," exclaimed Julia, moved to deep emotion, "with the most perfect trust I yield to your guidance, for I feel unable to proceed farther without assistance," and silently, yet with an expression of profound respect, Arienzo raised his exhausted companion from the ground and bore her as rapidly as his strength allowed into the recesses of the mountains.

"Ah! surely I am familiar with this spot," exclaimed Julia with animation, as just then a vivid flash of lightning revealed four large chesnut trees of peculiar size and beauty, which formed a thick screen over a huge cliff of projecting rock. "If I am not mistaken, we will find behind those trees a spacious cavern, which I have often noticed when riding through these woods. Hasten, Giovanni," added she, springing from his arms, "explore the ground around us, for in truth I am shivering with cold and exposure, and cannot longer bear this pitiless storm."

Commending her to the care of Heaven, her companion set off on his tour of discovery, and in a few minutes joyfully returned to conduct her to the desired shelter.

What a singular freak of fortune! Exhausted with fatigue, dripping and shivering, that this lady, who was the idol of Italy, should have to seek shelter in a gloomy cavern from the frightful tempest; that she, before whom crowds of courtiers bowed in homage, and who would have sacrificed their lives in her defence, now lay deserted by all save the only man who had ever caused her heart to beat with true emotion. Thus does fate destroy the sure schemes of men, uniting more closely those who believed themselves separated forever.

Only a few minutes had elapsed since their en-

trance into the cavern, when suddenly they were startled by loud and tumultuous voices of men, who, speaking the language of the country, revealed that they were robbers, probably seeking to conceal themselves from the sudden incursion of the Turks. Hastily conducting the terrified Julia to the interior of the cavern and beseeching her to preserve her fortitude, Giovanni advanced with drawn sword to the entrance, where had arrived already a dozen furious looking men, the foremost of whom demanded in loud tones the cause of his intrusion into their den, and bade him make way immediately and allow them to enter. Aware of the impossibility of keeping his ground against so many armed banditti, Giovanni briefly informed them of his night's adventure, and besought of them as Christians aid and protection for a noble lady who had just escaped from the Infidels and had taken shelter in the cavern.

"And who are you, bold fellow, who thus demand our assistance?" asked the captain of the band; "women, particularly beautiful ones, are the best of booty, since they usually bring us a handsome ransom, but it is seldom that we are asked to take part in their defence. Quick, Andreas," said he, "light a torch and let us look about us."

In a moment the person addressed presented the Captain with a blazing flambeau, but ere Giovanni would allow him to advance, he laid his hand on the robber's shoulder, exclaiming in confident tones, "first promise to protect the lady, and I, on my part, will pay you two thousand doubloons when you have conducted her to a place of safety. If you refuse, your sword shall settle the matter."

"And who can assure me of your two thousand doubloons;" asked the robber, with a satirical laugh. "Nay! nay! let us first see our booty, and then we will determine her just value."

"She stands before you," cried the Duchess in calm, clear tones, as wrapped in Arienzo's crimson mantle, she advanced with regal tread to the very centre of the group. "I am Julia Gonzaga, Duchess of Trajetta, who never makes a promise that she does not fulfil."

"Noble lady!" exclaimed the robber, as kneeling respectfully before her, he gazed for a moment on her surpassing loveliness, "noble lady! I have heard men speak of the beautiful Julia Gonzaga, and now I do not doubt but that she and no other stands before me!"

"What a splendid prize," muttered one of the robbers; "the noble Colonna would assuredly pay ten thousand doubloons for her ransom, and even should we find it more convenient to bargain with Barbarossa, he would no doubt furnish us with full purses."

"Be silent! voracious villain!" muttered the Captain; "let it not be thought that even a robber band is incapable of respect and generosity towards a woman, and such a woman as this lady! No, comrades, there is probably not one among you who cannot tell of some kind charity which she may have exercised towards your poor wives and children, since her whole life, as you are aware, has been passed in performing acts of clemency and mercy;" then turning to the Duchess, he added, "most gracious lady! accept of our promise, and although robbers, it is an oath that has never been broken, to pledge ourselves as your protectors, and to do for you to the utmost, even though we lose our lives in the struggle. Should the Infidels yet remain in the country to-morrow, we pray you to allow us to conduct you farther into the recesses of these mountains, since even here you may not be perfectly secure. And now, comrades," he continued, as he turned with a low reverence from the grateful Julia, "let us hasten to locate ourselves beneath the dome of Heaven, since this night our rude cavern will be blest by so beautiful a visitant. Francesca," cried he to his young wife, who had timidly stood in the back ground, "hasten! prepare a good bed, hang up your curtains, and kindle a fire, so that the Duchess may refresh herself after her perilous journey. For you, young sir," turning to Giovanni, "you must assist us to keep watch through the coming hours, and in case of need do the best with your good sword."

Giovanni, who had remained in silent admiration of Julia's firm demeanor, now advanced towards her, and pressing her extended hand to his lips, murmured in almost inarticulate accents, "farewell, lady! God be with you! farewell for ever."

"Will you leave me, Giovanni!—would you forsake me to the care of this robber band!" whispered the Duchess in tones of deep anxiety.

"Nay! beloved Julia," he rejoined, "I will remain in your vicinity—I will watch over you until you reach a place of security. Then it is best, far best, that I should tear myself from your presence forever," and ere the agitated Julia could reply, he had retreated through the entrance and taken his post with the hardy band beneath the spreading shelter of the chesnut trees.

—

## CHAPTER X.

Scarcely had the men deserted the cavern, when the young and slender Francesca perceiving Julia's need of dry clothing, opened her leathern knapsack and selecting the best articles of dress, proffered them modestly for her use, till as the Duchess stood before her, clad in the fanciful costume of a peasant maiden, Francesca loudly expressed her admiration of her beauty; then preparing the couch with dextrous neatness, she soon prevailed on her to rest her weary limbs, and the last sound which fell on Julia's tired senses, was the soft mo-

notonous cadence of the brigand's wife, as she dried the garments at the blazing fire.

In the meanwhile, Giovanni paced slowly before the cavern; the events of the past night had awakened new and alarming emotions in his bosom; and though happy in the thought that he had proved Julia Gonzaga's deliverer, he felt it impossible to remain longer in her vicinity; the cry of long subdued love in loud and startling accents pressed its claims; and carried away by his excess of feeling, he exclaimed, "now welcome death, whenever it approaches! I have enjoyed the highest blessedness of life, I have saved her for whom alone I have been willing to live, no richer pleasure yet remains to me, and I yearn to meet my fate whatever it may prove."

"Hasten up yonder cliff," called out the Captain of the robbers, interrupting Giovanni's secret emotions; "when the morning dawns, you can look from there on the valley which extends to the sea, and can inform us whether the Infidels have yet returned to their ships. In truth, I hope that they will remain no longer on our shores. For me, I must stay below and preserve order among my men, so hasten! and ascend alone, young sir; methinks the dawn will soon appear."

With willing steps, Arienzo followed the leader's bidding, and took his seat on the steep rock, awaiting the approach of morning. The storm had already ceased its violence; quick flashes of lightning were now only seen in the Western horizon; and amid the floating masses of cloud, the pale stars looked out, shedding a softened radiance; while in the Eastern heavens, the early dawn extended its feeble light every moment, making day more visible, until at length the loose clouds, which rested in the East, begun to grow rosy as the lily cheek of the maiden, when it blushes beneath the first kiss of love; the whole orient seemed clad in ruby-colored flames; the sun rose majestically from his ocean couch, extending countless rays over the mirror-like sea, and Day in her full glory was born.

Alas! that morning light brought no comfort to the hapless Giovanni, and it was not until his eye turned in the direction of the beautiful town of Fondi, that he forgot his own sorrow in its evident devastation. Dark volumes of smoke rose from its deserted walls, revealing the ruin to which it had been devoted; while at full sail might be seen the vessels of the Infidels, which had left the coast some hours before, save one, which lay at anchor at Sperlong, waiting for the booty which was hourly expected along with the bold pirate Barbarossa, who gnashing his teeth with rage, lingered amid the confines of Fondi, till hopeless of getting possession of its best treasure, the peerless Duchess, he turned with curses and imprecations to take his place among his lawless crew.

The loss of Julia Gonzaga was indeed a bitter disappointment, since attracted by the report of her beauty the Sultan Solyman had commanded his Admiral, Barbarossa, to get possession of the lady and to bring her to Stamboul, even though the blood of thousands of his subjects should flow in the conflict. Thanks to a good Providence! Love had rescued the Dove from the talons of the Vulture; the Duchess was saved to her country and her friends; and only empty treasure remained to satisfy the cravings of the rapacious Barbarossa, who, as if in revenge for her timely deliverance, set fire to Sperlong, and her favorite retreat of Fondi.

—

## CHAPTER XI.

When the last Turk had left the town, and their vessels were seen making way from the adjacent coast, Giovanni, along with several of the robbers, set off for Fondi, to discover the true state of affairs. They found the place almost deserted; few human beings were to be seen amid its ruins, where the flames were raging fearfully. On their return, however, they met with several fugitives in the forest, who proved to be cavaliers in the service of the Duchess; to these Giovanni related the adventures of the night, and confided the care of their beloved mistress; then watching from a high cliff which overlooked the cavern, he assured himself of Julia's entire safety in the arrival of these faithful servants, and with an expression of grief and despair, which revealed the conflict of his spirits, he exclaimed, "farewell! farewell forever!" and disappeared amid the forest.

Moved to deep sorrow by the picture which her knights presented of the fate of Fondi, Julia determined to visit the place ere she set off for Ponto Corvo. Seated in a litter, formed of interlaced branches, and accompanied by her own knights and several of the robber band, who, whether moved by her dignity, or the prospect of her handsome ransom, watched over her with the most deferential care. The Duchess soon reached the devastated town. Alas! it was a scene of ruin, for few of its inhabitants had escaped from the sword, or from slavery; the flames still raged fiercely, so as to prevent the possibility of being extinguished, and only their remoteness from the other buildings had yet prevented the castle and one of the churches from becoming a prey to the devouring element. Within the former, however, all was entirely destroyed. The fine old pictures were torn from the walls; its noble statues crushed to pieces; even the tombs of Marcus and Prosper Colonna had been broken open and their bones scattered recklessly around. But it was the sight of the few living inmates of the place that awakened Julia's deepest commiseration. There might be seen an orphan child, weeping over the corpse of its mur-

dered parents; there the mother lamenting her lost daughter, the wife her husband, or the brother his sister; in truth, there were none who were not in that fearful night bereaved of some object of tender affection. With streaming eyes the Duchess passed from one to another of the hapless groups, seeking to proffer assistance and consolation; but alas! what could a woman's feeble arm perform against the decrees of mighty Fate? Her heart too was bleeding with sorrow, since besides the distress caused by Giovanni's disappearance, she had lost many of her attached servants, though thanks to Heaven! the most faithful was still left her in her friend Leonora Orbito, who had that morning received the news of the destruction of Fondi, and wretched concerning the Duchess, had hastened to Ponte Corvo, which, as she judged rightly, would prove the nearest asylum. Their meeting was full of painful feeling, and when Leonora learned that Giovanni had been Julia's deliverer, she earnestly enquired, "where is he? let me thank him in person."

"He has gone! he has left me for ever!" exclaimed the Duchess vainly seeking to prevent a gush of tears; "no one has seen him since this morning, he has escaped from my overflowing gratitude; yet ah! his remembrance will ever live in my heart; I will ever cherish for him the deepest respect, the warmest friendship, the most devoted ——;" here Julia paused suddenly, while a crimson blush suffused her pallid features.

—

## CHAPTER XII.

In the course of a few months after the above mentioned incidents, the aged Colonna yielded to the course of nature and expired, breathing blessings on the wife, who had remained faithful to him through so many trying circumstances. Free to follow her heart's strongest impulse, the youthful widow now made enquiry concerning her preserver, but could only learn, from his parents, that immediately after quitting her service, he had left Italy in a vessel bound for Tunis, and had not allowed them to hope any speedy return.

Although many princes and noblemen sued for her hand, yet in her regret of the good Colonna, and in her anxiety concerning Giovanni, Julia scarcely gave ear to their proposals, but for her device employed a garland of Amaranth, with this inscription, "*Non Moritura*," as if to preserve in her own mind a constant remembrance of the dead, and perhaps, a faithful devotion to the living.

Six years past by, when as she one evening sat with Leonora, in her favorite grotto, where she had bestowed the last token of her regard on Giovanni, in the fragrant rose which she gave him at parting, a servant entered, bearing a small packet, which, as he said, had been handed him by a foreign looking person, who had departed immediately on presenting it. With trembling fingers she tore open the sheet, and became pale as death as she gazed on the contents; a faded wreath of amaranth, in the middle of which lay the knot of ribbon, and the withered rose, while beneath was written in indistinct characters, as by one just expiring, "*Non Moritura*:" Alas! she needed no further explanation of his fate; for Julia felt that only in death would he have relinquished these her precious gifts.

"Ah! how worthless seemed all the gifts of fortune," she exclaimed after a long pause, during which tears rained in torrents down her pallid face. "I have enjoyed to the utmost all that woman generally considers most worthy of envy. The lay of the poet has been called forth by these now faded features: men of learning have bowed before my spirit, as at a holy shrine; wealth has lavished upon me its never failing treasures; I owned a husband who, by his generous devotion, showed that he regarded me as his idol; but, alas! in this full cup of fortune was mingled one bitter drop, which poisoned for me the whole intoxicating draft; and in the midst of my splendid career, even when I felt myself at the summit of glory, I was poor as the poorest beggar, for alas! the love that could alone lend enchantment to every pleasure, was denied to me for ever; and although I was the sun in whose rays crowds hovered and gained warmth, yet my own heart remained as cold as though its pulsations had ceased entirely. Yes, dear Leonora, the Gypsey's words were true, when she foretold that one dark cloud of sorrow, and ah! have I not learned by my own sad experience, *that the happiness of earth is never unalloyed.*"

MARY E. LEE.

*Charleston, S. C.*

---

## IMAGININGS.

"Earth hath bubbles as the waters have,
And these are of them."

I stand upon a mountain's brow,
Whose head the dark trees shroud;
Adown its side, a wild stream leaps,
With music sweet and loud:
A deep glen stretches to the right,
Before, a peaceful vale,
And o'er my head, with canvass spread,
The stately cloud-ships sail.

Gracefully at the mountain's foot,
A broad stream sweeps away,
And on its waves, like many stars,

The sunbeams dance and play;
The hills prolong the boatman's song,
As o'er that burnish'd wave,
He bears the fruit which mother earth
His honest labors gave.

Afar the humble farm-house stands,
Embower'd in green trees;
In many a field the golden crop
Is waving in the breeze;
The drowsy oxen seek repose
Beneath the cooling shade,
While on the green, the flocks are seen
To crop the tender blade.

While thus entranced, I view the scene,
Whose beauty fills my soul—
Far from the din—the noise of men,
And from the world's control—
I feel that I forever here,
In dreamy mood could roam,
With nature for my only friend—
Her temple for my home.

Where yonder tall cliff frowning looks
O'er rocks and trees below,
About whose form the wild vine clings,
And wild flowers sweetly blow,
There half secluded from the view,
Within a quiet spot,
A blest retreat, for fancy meet,
Should be my mountain cot.

And I would have upon a shelf,
Some books of choicest lore—
Bright gems of thought by genius wrought,
From nature's boundless store—
There "sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,"
With Milton at his side,
Like kings of old, in cloth and gold,
Should high o'er all preside.

And I would have to ride at morn,
A steed of gallant mien;
With high arch'd neck and eagle eye,
And coat of glossiest sheen—
While o'er the hills I'd speed to meet
The morning's earliest beams,
My mind to me, a realm should be,
My subjects, airy dreams.

And I would lie, with rod and line,
Upon the banks so green,—
Not quite awake, nor yet asleep,
But somewhere just between;—
And waiting then with curious art,
The finny tribe to snare,
On upward wing my thoughts would spring,
Like wild birds in the air.

And when the day, with parting ray,
Throws wide her golden vest,
And upward springs the broad, red moon
To light the sun to rest,
Then wrapt in many an olden dream,
Upon the waves I'd glide,
And watch afar each trembling star
Look down upon the tide.

Thus bright as childhood's sunny dream,
Should flow life's sparkling wave—
No dread unrest, to rend the breast—
No sorrows stern to brave:—
The rocks, the stream, the morning's beam,
The starry smiles of night,
Should waken ever in my heart
The spirit of delight.

BRACTON.

*Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va.*

From North Amer. Review see p. 522

## NINE NEW POETS.

1. *Poems.* By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16 mo. pp. 251.
2. *Poems.* By WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING. Second Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16 mo. pp. 160.
3. *Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets.* By CHARLES T. BROOKS. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 16 mo. pp. 151.
4. *Poems.* By WILLIAM W. STORY. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 16 mo. pp. 249.
5. *Poems.* By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1847. 16 mo. pp. 124.
6. *The Island Bride, and other Poems.* By JAMES F. COLMAN. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1846. 16 mo. pp. 164.
7. *Poems.* By FRANCES ELIZABETH BROWNE. Cambridge: Metcalf & Co. 1846. 16 mo. pp. 155.
8. *Songs of the Sea, with other Poems.* By EPES SARGENT. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1847. 18 mo. pp. 208.
9. *Shells from the Strand of the Sea of Genius.* By HARRIET FARLEY. First Series. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1947. 12 mo. pp. 300.

One of our critical brethren across the ocean, some years ago, observing the almost countless multitude of books already in being, and the constantly increasing productiveness of the press, remarked in rather a plaintive way, that unless some short-hand process was speedily invented, the art of reading must be given up in despair. The apprehension was not wholly groundless, though it seems exaggerated, for it proceeds on the supposition that books are printed only in order that they

may be read; while it is evident that many books are printed now-a-days without the slightest expectation that they will be read by anybody. As faithful reviewers, bound to watch the proceedings of authors, pretty much as Mr. Flamstead was appointed to look after the stars, we are supposed to know more than most people about "new publications," and to be able to give seasonable notice when any thing remarkable appears above the literary horizon. We are proxies for the public, who now do much of their reading at second hand, and trust to newspapers, magazines, and reviews, for an estimate of books which they are too poor to purchase, or too indolent to peruse.

The office is at all times a sufficiently onerous one; but at certain periods of the year, it becomes quite intolerable. At the beginning of winter, for instance, there is some demand for pretty gift-books, as acceptable presents for Christmas and the New Year. Dainty little volumes, with hot-pressed leaves and vellum-colored, or arabesque covers, slip in among new work-boxes, droll bronze figures, and articles of *papeterie* and *bijouterie*, (we must have French names for our bawbles,) as appropriate ornaments for the centre-table. No one thinks of reading the books, any more than of using the work-boxes. Only the patient and conscientious reviewer is expected to tell the public if there is any thing entertaining in them. As so little inquiry is made respecting the contents of the volumes, amateur authors gladly avail themselves of the opportunity to inflict their wares upon the public. Essays, tales, sketches, travels, treatises upon moral law, and "elements" of every science make their appearance almost by hundreds, to deck the bookseller's counters for a week, and his shelves for a century. Great as the demand may be, the supply is still greater.

We are at first disposed to pity the publishers who have hazarded their capital in an enterprise so unpromising. But the worthy bibliopolists need no commiseration; they are far too shrewd to encounter any such peril. Formerly, it was the fashion for the publishers to pay the authors; now, the rule is inverted, and the authors alone pay, and very round sums, too, for the use of a publisher's name, and for the privilege of appearing before the public. Most writers now-a-days belong to the *dilettanti* society, and the frequency of their appearance is measured not so much by the extent of their reputations, as by the length of their purses. This change of practice was very necessary; otherwise, the glut in the book-market would have bankrupted "the trade" long ago. Authors have fairly turned the tables on their old tyrants; Grub Street now rules Paternoster Row, instead of being its ill-paid menial and slave.

In this crowd of seekers after literary immortality, the poets, of course, are not found wanting. They make their appearance in flocks at this propitious season, just as the wild geese, with dissonant clang, wing their way southward at the beginning of winter. Here are nine young disciples of Apollo,—just the number of the Muses,—whom we have the pleasure of introducing to the public, with their maiden publications in their hands, and glowing with the blush of ingenuous shame and ambition. One or two of them, perhaps, are old sinners; but the greater number are evidently just caught. They are in the agonies of a first appearance, and undergoing as much perturbation as a young legislator when he makes his maiden speech. Our good city of Boston may well be called "the literary metropolis" of America; we doubt whether any other city in the world ever turned so large a brood of poets out of the nest in one season. Some crusty old fellows may perhaps exclaim with Pope,—

"All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out!"

But they will do wrong to be surly about the matter. *They* are not obliged to read all these volumes, which contain, according to a rough computation, about eighteen hundred pages of rhyme and blank verse; that task falls only on the hapless reviewer, and he will doubtless be alone in the performance of it. He has enjoyed some reputation for the power of rapid perusal and omnivorous digestion, and this is certainly an occasion to put his abilities to the test.

With a view not more to our own ease and comfort, than to the welfare and future renown of these callow poets, we would earnestly entreat them to pay a little more heed to the difference between quality and quantity. One cannot make himself more sure to sink in the sea of oblivion, than by tying a heavy load of his own works about his neck; all the corks and bladders he can muster,—newspaper puffs, the flattery of admiring relatives and friends, and the applause of a little coterie,—will never save him. His epitaph in our literary annals will be, that he put to sea with a weighty cargo of poetry, and was never heard of more. All the poems of Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith united would hardly fill a volume as large as the least of those now before us; but each of these great names has already survived one century, and not a leaf of their laurels has faded. If either of them had begun his career with the publication of a book like one of these, containing an indefinite number of songs, miscellanies, lyrics, and sonnets, his fame would not have survived his funeral. The satirist laughs at the poet

"Who strains from hard-bound brains six lines a year;"

but his own glory would now shine all the brighter, if he had not heaped so many verses upon it. We maintain, that the class of poets whom he sneers at ought to receive all encouragement. There are

not many such in our day; the disorder under which our contemporaries suffer is of a different character.

A knack at versification, a tolerable command of poetical diction, and a store of well-used images are now very common endowments; hardly any one can pride himself over his neighbors in the possession of them. Rhyming is as easy as punning, to one who will allow his thoughts to run more by the associations of sound than of sense. The universality of these gifts, if all persons were equally ambitious, might produce very serious consequences; our literature would be drowned by an inundation of poetry. We should all be so busy in writing verses, that nobody would have leisure to read them; or if they did, they would be very caustic critics, for it was long ago remarked, that "poetry is like brown bread, since those who make it at home never like what they meet with elsewhere." Sometime in the course of his life, under the influence of love, madness, or some other calamity, almost every one is silly enough to sin in rhyme.

"Scribimus indocti, doctique, poemata passim."

But not every one is so foolish as to publish his sins to the world. With more prudence than ambition, he first consigns them to the depths of his writing-desk, and afterwards to the flames. The world would not have suffered an irreparable loss, if a large portion of the poetical vagaries now before it in print had undergone the same fate.

Old John Locke—rather a prosaic and plain spoken character it is true—declared many years ago that there are no mines of gold or silver in Parnassus. "It is a pleasant air, but a barren soil; and there are very few instances of those who have added to their patrimony by any thing they have reaped from thence." Fame is the only commodity that can now be gathered on the sacred mount; and we have great fears, too, that nearly the whole of this crop has been reaped and appropriated. There are so many seekers after it, that they jostle one another, and, in almost every case, come back empty-handed. Amateur poets, especially, who dabble in rhyme only for their own amusement and the profit of the booksellers, cannot hope to glean much in a field, the resources of which are so carefully husbanded. "The mob of gentlemen who write with ease" has continued to increase in number ever since the days of Pope; too indolent and independent to seek the favor of the public on which they are not obliged to depend, all their talent passes off in a languid and washy facility of versification, which can gain no applause beyond the circle of their spinster cousins and maiden aunts. The privations, the throes, and the rewards of genius are equally unknown to them.

But it is time to look more particularly at the merits of this batch of poets. At the head of the list stands Mr. Emerson, whose mystical effusions have been for some years the delight of a large and increasing circle of young people, and the despair of the critics. He is a chartered libertine, who has long exercised his prerogative of writing enigmas both in prose and verse, sometimes with meaning in them, and sometimes without,—more frequently without. Many of his fragments in verse—if *verse* it can be called, which puts at defiance all the laws of rhythm, metre, grammar, and common sense—were originally published in The Dial, *lucus a non lucendo*, a strange periodical work, which is now withdrawn from sunlight into the utter darkness that it always coveted. These fragments, with some new matter, are now first collected in a separate volume, and published, as we believed, with a sly purpose on the part of the author to quiz his own admirers. His prose essays, on their first appearance, were received with about equal admiration and amazement; always enigmatical and frequently absurd in doctrine and sentiment, they also contained flashes of better things. Quaint and pithy apothegms, dry and humorous satire, studied oddities of expression, which made an old thought appear almost as good as a new one, and frequent felicities of poetical and picturesque diction, were the redeeming qualities that compensated the reader for toiling through many pages filled with a mere hubbub and jumble of words. Startling and offensive opinions, drawn mostly from systems of metaphysics that were long ago exploded and forgotten, were either darkly hinted at, or baldly stated without a word of explanation or defence. Poet and mystic, humorist and heretic, the writer seemed, on the one side, to aim at a revival of Heraclitus and Plotinus, and on the other, to be an imitator of Rabelais and Sterne. A few touches of recondite learning, obviously more fantastic than profound, added to the singularity of the compound which he presented to the public. He probably accomplished his first purpose, when his essays simply made people stare,—

"While some pronounced him wondrous wise,
And some declared him mad."

But it is only in his prose that Mr. Emerson is a poet; this volume of professed poetry contains the most prosaic and unintelligible stuff that it has ever been our fortune to encounter. The book opens, very appropriately, with a piece called *The Sphinx*. We are no Œdipus, and cannot expound one of the riddles contained in it; but some of our readers may be more successful, and a specimen of it shall therefore be placed before them. It matters not what portion is extracted, for the poem may be read backwards quite as intelligibly as forwards, and no mortal can trace the slightest connection between the verses.

"The fiend that man harries
Is love of the Best;

Yawns the pit of the Dragon,
Lit by rays from the Blest.
The Lethe of nature
Can't trance him again,
Whose soul sees the perfect,
Which his eyes seek in vain.

"Profounder, profounder,
Man's spirit must dive;
*To his aye-rolling orbit*
*No goal will arrive;*
The heavens that now draw him
With sweetness untold,
Once found,—for new heavens
He spurneth the old."

We pause here to ask if, in the Italicized lines, the epithet "aye-rolling" is not a misprint for *eye-rolling*. We never heard of an *ever-rolling* orbit, inasmuch as the orbit usually remains still, and the object, or body, rolls in it. "The eye rolling in its orbit" is a phrase intelligible enough by itself, though it has no imaginable relation here with the context. Then, again, it is not strange that "no goal will arrive;" goals do not usually arrive, but remain fixed; they are the points arrived at.

"Pride ruined the angels,
Their shame them restores;
And the joy that is sweetest
Lurks in stings of remorse.
Have I a lover
Who is noble and free?—
I would he were nobler
Than to love me.

"*Eterne alternation,*
*Now follows, now flies;*
And under pain, pleasure,—
Under pleasure, pain lies.
Love works at the centre,
Heart-heaving alway;
Forth speed the strong pulses
To the borders of day.

"Dull Sphinx, Jove keep thy five wits!"

Amen! We will quote no farther here, lest we should entirely lose ours. An "alternation," that "now follows, now flies," is an idea profound enough to puzzle the wits of most philosophers.

We cite one other stanza from a different page, as it shows what improvements the poem has undergone in the process of incubation.

"Uprose the merry Sphinx,
And crouched no more in stone;
*She melted into purple cloud,*
*She silvered in the moon;*
She spired into a yellow flame;
She flowered in blossoms red;
She flowed into a foaming wave;
She stood Monadnoc's head."

We have not The Dial at hand for reference; but if memory serves us aright, in the poem as first published, instead of the lines here printed in Italics, we had the following:—

"She jumped into a barberry bush,
She jumped into the moon."

This original reading seems to be preferable, as it is more simple and graphic; but the poet probably struck it out, lest he should appear indebted to the highly imaginative lines of Mother Goose,—

"Hey, diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon."

The Sphinx concludes her oracles with this tempting declaration:—

"Thorough a thousand voices
Spoke the universal dame:
'Who telleth one of my meanings,
Is master of all I am.'"

We doubt whether the fulfilment of this promise will ever be claimed by any body; certainly not by us, for we do not know what is meant by a "universal" old lady.

As original in his choice of subjects as in his mode of treating them, Mr. Emerson has some dainty lines addressed to the humble bee. We can quote only the two concluding stanzas, which show the minuteness and delicacy of the poet's observation of nature.

"Aught unsavory or clean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilbery bells,
Maple-sap, and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern, and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's tongue,
And brier roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

"Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous."

Mr. Emerson delights to build a poem on some nearly forgotten anecdote, or myth, or recorded saying of the wise and great, either in ancient times or the Middle Ages. A sort of misty reference to this theme appears here and there in the verses, and if the reader is lucky enough to remember the anecdote, he may flatter himself that he can see a glimpse of meaning in them. But if unlearned or forgetful, no reference, no direct statement, no charitable foot-note, gives him the least hint of the writer's purpose; all is dark as Ere-

bus. Sometimes, an uncouth Sanscrit, Greek, or German compound word stands as the title of a few verses, and answers the poet's object to puzzle his readers quite delightfully. The contrivance is ingenious, and shows how highly obscurity is prized, and that a book of poetry may almost attain the dignity of a child's book of riddles.

Thus, some lines headed *Alphonso of Castile* seem to be founded on the saying recorded of this king, ironically surnamed "The Wise," that if the Almighty had consulted him at the creation, he would have made a much better universe. A few lines may be quoted from this poem, as a specimen of Mr. Emerson's more familiar style. It begins in this original manner :—

> "I Alphonso, live and learn,
> Seeing Nature go astern.
> Things deteriorate in kind;
> Lemons run to leaves and rind;
> Meagre crop of figs and limes;
> Shorter days and harder times."

After enumerating many other evils and imperfections, equally important in character, the king proceeds to give his advice to the gods in the following choice expressions :—

> "Hear you, then, celestial fellows!
> Fits not to be overzealous;
> Steads not to work on the clean jump,
> Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump.
> Men and gods are *too extense;*
> Could you slacken and condense?
> Your rank overgrowths reduce
> Till your kinds abound with juice?"

The poet probably meant to be satirical, referring to the pragmatical and conceited tone of many foolish busybodies in the affairs of this world. The purpose was well enough; we can only call attention to the neatness and elegance of the machinery contrived for this object, and to the poignancy of his wit.

Another string of rhymes, entitled *Mithridates*, seems to be founded on the old myth respecting that monarch, that having discovered a sure antidote, he was able to subsist entirely on the most active poisons. After babbling for a time about dogwood, hemlock, "the prussic juice," and upas boughs, the poet breaks out into the following witty and coherent apostrophe :—

> "O doleful ghosts, and goblins merry!
> O all you virtues, methods, mights,
> Means, appliances, delights,
> Reputed wrongs and braggart rights,
> Smug routine, and things allowed,
> Minorities, things under cloud!
> Hither! take me, use me, fill me,
> Vein and artery, though ye kill me!
> *God! I will not be an owl,*
> But sun me in the Capitol."

We commend Mr. Emerson's intention not to be an owl, though when he utters such dismal screeches as these, one may doubt whether the transformation has not already been effected. We never before felt the whole force of Horace's exclamation, *aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* Is the man sane who can deliberately commit to print this fantastic nonsense?

Another of these effusions is called *Hamatreya.* The word sounds like Sanscrit; we frankly confess our ignorance of its meaning, and have not time to hunt through lexicons and Encyclopædias, from one of which it was probably fished up, for a solution of the enigma. The reader may discover Mr. Emerson's drift, if he can, in the following introductory lines.

> "Minott, Lee, Willard, Hosmer, Meriam, Flint
> Possessed the land which rendered to their toil
> Hay, corn, roots, hemp, flax, apples, wool, and wood.
> Each of these landlords walked amidst his farm,
> Saying, 'T is mine, my children's, and my name's:
> How sweet the west wind sounds in my own trees!
> How graceful climb those shadows on my hill!
> I fancy these pure waters and the flags
> Know me, as does my dog: we sympathize;
> And, I affirm, my actions smack of the soil.'"

We have not room to quote the whole of this delectable stuff. After proceeding for a while, in a similar strain, the poet breaks out into what he calls the Earth-Song. "Hear what the earth says."

> "Mine and yours;
> Mine, not yours.
> Earth endures;
> Stars abide—
> Shine down in the old sea;
> Old are the shores;
> But where are old men?
> I who have seen much,
> Such have I never seen.
>
> "The lawyer's deed
> Ran sure,
> In tail,
> To them, and to their heirs
> Who shall succeed,
> Without fail,
> Forevermore.
>
> "Here is the land,
> Shaggy with wood,
> With its old valley,
> Mound, and flood.
> But the heritors?
> Fled like the flood's foam,—
> The lawyer, and the laws,
> And the kingdom,
> Clean swept herefrom."

Those who think this Earth-Song is unparalleled are mistaken; we can produce a very similar passage in prose, which the poet possibly had in view, and endeavored to imitate. That witty buffoon, Foote, happening to hear a person boast of the facility with which he could commit any passage to memory, undertook to write a few lines which

the other would not be able to remember accurately, even after repeated perusal. The challenge was accepted, and Foote immediately produced the following, which we will match, for coherency of ideas, with any thing that Mr. Emerson has ever written.

"And she went into the garden to cut a cabbage to make an apple pie; and a she-bear, walking up the street, pops his head into the shop,—What! No soap! and he died; and she very imprudently married the barber, and at the wedding were the Hoblillies and the Jobillies, and the great Panjandrum, with the little button at top, and they all danced till the gunpowder ran out the heels of their boots."

We mean to be fair with the poet. Having read attentively—*horresco referens!*—the whole book, we affirm that the specimens now laid before our readers fairly represent far the larger portion of it. Here and there a gleam of light intrudes, and we find brief but striking indications of the talent and feeling which Mr. Emerson unquestionably possesses. But the effect is almost instantly marred by some mystical nonsense, some silly pedantry, an intolerable hitch in rhythm or grammar, or an incredible flatness and meanness of expression. In one of the longer poems, *Monadnoc*, one may cull a few single lines, and occasionally a couplet, or a quatrain, of great poetic beauty. But these are like a few costly spices flung into a tub full of dirty and greasy water; they are polluted by the medium in which they float, and one cannot pick them out without soiling his fingers. Here is a couplet containing one of the best, and one of the worst, lines in the piece. The poet, addressing the mountain, exclaims with inimitable bathos,—

> "Ages are thy days,
> *Thou grand expresser of the present tense!*"

The greater part of the poem is made up of such senseless jingle as this:—

> "For the world was built in order,
> And the atoms march in tune;
> Rhyme the pipe, and Time the warder,
> *Cannot forget the sun, the moon.*
> Orb and atom forth they prance,
> When they hear from far the rune;
> None so backward in the troop,
> When the music and the dance
> *Reach his* place and *circumstance*,
> But knows the *sun-creating sound*,
> And, though a *pyramid, will bound.*"

We can find no nominative to "cannot forget," there is no word to rhyme with "troop," and, in the last four lines, subject and object are mingled in inextricable confusion. Mr. Emerson is evidently one of those poets,

> "Who, free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,
> Break Priscian's head and Pegasus's neck."

The following pretty and graceful lines form the only entire piece in the book.

> "O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
> Were kindled in the upper skies
> At the same torch that lighted mine;
> For so I must interpret still
> Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
> A sympathy divine.
>
> "Ah! let me blameless gaze upon
> Features that seem at heart my own;
> Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
> Who charm the more their glance forbids,
> Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
> With fire that draws while it repels."

The publication of a volume of such poetry at the present day is a strange phenomenon; but a stranger, still, is the eagerness with which it is received by quite a large circle of neophytes, who look down with pitying contempt on all those who cannot share their admiration of its contents. It is stereotyped, and we hear that one or two thousand copies of it have been sold. How far the taste may be perverted by fashion, prejudice, or the influences of a *clique* or school, it is impossible to say; but there must be limits to all corruptions of it which come short of insanity. It is possible to profess admiration which one does not feel; or for the faculties to be so impaired by disease as to become insensible to their appropriate gratifications. The ear may lose its perception of the finest harmonies, the olfactory nerve may no longer be gratified by the most delicious perfumes; these would be mere defects, a loss of the sources of great enjoyment. But we cannot conceive of enjoyments being created of an opposite character. The ear cannot be trained to receive pleasure from discords, nor the sense of smell to enjoy a stench. As with the pleasures of sense, so is it with intellectual gratifications. We may never have acquired a relish for them, or we may lose it by neglect. But one cannot change the nature of things, and derive positive pleasure from that which is distasteful and odious by its original constitution. Incoherency of thought and studied obscurity of expression, an unmeaning jumble of words and a heap of vulgar and incongruous images, cannot, as such, be agreeable objects to contemplate. If praised by a sect, it must be because each one relies on the opinion of his fellows, so that there is not one independent judgment among them. If the hierophant of the sect be a shrewd humorist, it is most likely that he is mocking the weakness of his admirers.

We pass on to the second Muse on our list. After turning over the leaves of Mr. Channing's volume, one is tempted to exclaim,—Why, this is more excellent foolery than the other. His poetry is a feeble and diluted copy of Mr. Emerson's,—not so mystical and incoherent, but far more childish and insipid. The two publications come together very naturally, as cause and effect; the one

sights and sounds of the external world. He could truly say,

> "Thou knowest my praise of nature most sincere,
> And that my raptures are not conjured up,
> To serve occasions of poetic pomp."

We can walk with him under his "favorite elms," and enjoy his visits to "the timorous hare,"

> "Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,"

and to "the stock-dove unalarmed," that "sits cooing in the pine-tree," and stints not "his long love-ditty" at the gentle poet's near approach. We may well exclaim,

> "Happy who walks with him! whom what he finds
> Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
> Or what he views of beautiful or grand
> In nature, from the broad, majestic oak,
> To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
> Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

But a later race of poets have so profaned these beauties of the outward universe by their puling raptures, their indiscriminate and idolatrous worship, and their heathenish philosophy, that we almost sicken at any allusion to them in verse. One of these modern bards, hovering between mysticism and silliness in his lackadaisical ecstasies, cannot be more aptly hit off than by Dame Quickly in her account of the fat knight's death-bed:—"After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." Mr. Wordsworth has the questionable honor of leading the way to this exaggerated and fantastic manner, and of perverting the love of nature from its proper tendency to see everywhere "the unambiguous footsteps of a God" into a mere cover and pretence for some paltry dreams drawn from the old Pythagorean philosophy. He has carried the "worship" of nature to an unreasonable and ridiculous excess, and fallen into "dizzy raptures," not only over what is beautiful and grand in the outward world, but over low and disgusting objects, which no poetry can elevate above their intrinsic meanness and vulgarity. Still, he often adorns his vagaries with so much magnificence of diction and splendor of imagery,—widely departing, it is true, from his own theory, by the very richness of these ornaments,—that we can pardon the overstrained fancies which he renders thus gorgeous and imposing. We are content to hear him say,

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

But to the crowd of his servile imitators, who have all his rant, and none of his imagination, all his mysticism, and none of his genius, no such indulgence can be extended. It passeth human patience to see one of these Noodles get down on his knees before a pigweed, and remain there mute with admiration, or staring open-mouthed after a bumblebee, and calling it "Yellow-breeched philosopher." If their disorder had not passed the use of medicine, we would counsel them to go and study Cowper's Task, and learn to be ashamed of their mystic ravings and transcendental silliness.

But we must go back and take leave of Mr. Channing, or rather allow him to take leave of us: for in some very truculent stanzas at the close of his volume, he has bravely thrown down his gauntlet in the face of the whole critical fraternity. The lines are founded on the old myth about Keats being killed by an article in the Quarterly. We wish another hero had been chosen, as the name of this one is rather unmanageable in verse, and betrays into sad perplexities those who are not familiar with the mysteries of the plural number and the possessive case. We pass over some stanzas about critics who "pluck courage from the Bravo's knife, and stick their victims in small streets by dark," and come to the following:

> "And most of all let them kill Keats alway,
> Or him that can be killed, as sure as steel,
> For many Keats's creep about our day,
> Who would not furnish Heroes half a meal.
>
> "Who writes by Fate the critics shall not kill,
> Nor all the assassins in the great review,
> Who writes by luck his blood some Hack shall spill,
> Some Ghost whom a Musquito might run through.
>
> "Of Keats' poetry I have small taste,
> But trust some Critics still are in the field,
> Whose well-puffed Pills are not composed of paste,
> Whose swords of lath with wisdom they do wield.
>
> "For me, I trust they will not spare one line,
> Or else in frozen silence may abide,
> Pray may they hack like butchers at all mine,
> And kill me like that Keats if it betide."

Mr. Channing need not be alarmed; we are fully satisfied that he is not a Keats, and that the utmost malice of the critics cannot harm him.

Our readers may think we have given to these two volumes of "poems" more importance than they deserve; and we should think so too, but for evidence that is at hand of the extravagant admiration which they have excited in certain quarters. On our table are Miss Fuller's recently published volumes, entitled "Papers on Literature and Art," made up of articles mostly critical in their character, which had previously appeared in the magazines and newspapers of the day. One of her essays, on "American Literature," gives a fair specimen of the taste and opinions of that school to which the fair writer belongs, and which is far from being insignificant in point of numbers. Her criticisms are very brief, but comprehensive, and uttered certainly with no lack of confidence. Of Bryant she observes, that "his range is not great

nor his genius fertile;" Halleck and Willis "are poets of society;" and Dana "has written so little that he would hardly be seen in a more thickly garnished galaxy."

"Longfellow is artificial and imitative. He borrows incessantly, and mixes what he borrows, so that it does not appear to the best advantage. He is very faulty in using broken or mixed metaphors. The ethical part of his writing has a hollow, second-hand sound. He has, however, elegance, a love of the beautiful, and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it. His verse breathes at times much sweetness; and if not allowed to supersede what is better, may promote a taste for good poetry. Though imitative he is not mechanical.

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends, and the disgust of more, is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poesy. His interests in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in himself; his great facility at versification has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him.

"*R. W. Emerson, in melody, in subtle beauty of thought and expression, takes the highest rank upon this list.* But his poems are mostly philosophical, which is not the truest kind of poetry. They want the simple force of nature and passion, and, *while they charm the ear and interest the mind*, fail to wake far-off echoes in the heart. The imagery wears a symbolical air, and serves rather as illustration than to delight us by fresh and glowing forms of life.

"*We must here mention one whom the country has not yet learned to honor*, perhaps never may, for he wants artistic skill to give complete form to his inspiration. This is William Ellery Channing, nephew and namesake of Dr. C., a volume of whose poems,* published three or four years ago in Boston, remains unknown, except to a few friends, nor, if known, would they probably excite sympathy, as those which have been published in the periodicals have failed to do so. *Yet some of the purest tones of the lyre are his, the finest inspirations as to the feelings and passions of men, deep spiritual insight, and an entire originality in the use of his means.*"—Vol. ii., pp. 132, 133.

The volume by the Rev. Charles T. Brooks is so unpretending in character as to be sure of a kind, if not a grateful reception. It consists solely of translations, the writer being content to act as the herald of other men's thoughts, instead of foisting upon the public his own. His modesty appears not only in the general scheme of his publication, but in the preface, which is written with playful simplicity and frankness, and expresses only the diffident hope, "that this little book may prove light enough for a winter holiday, and weighty enough to last through the next summer." As most of our contemporary bards seem to consider a kind of dog-faced impudence as a necessary attendant of genius, it is pleasant to see them tacitly rebuked by the example of one of their brethren, who is too kind-hearted to inflict a direct castigation upon them. We are not sure but that Mr. Brooks has erred by excess of humility, and by too high an estimate of the merits of his rivals or predecessors. He has done sundry German bards the honor of translating their effusions, when we are quite satisfied that he could have written better poems of his own. His versions are usually spirited and rhythmical, and so far as we have had opportunity to compare them with the originals, they appear tolerably faithful. He does not follow, it is true, the *fac-simile* plan of translation, now so much in vogue, which only reminds one of the story told of a Chinese artist, who, being engaged to reproduce a fine and costly piece of porcelain to which some accident had happened, followed his instructions so literally as to copy with great skill and labor a crack which extended nearly the whole length of his model.

When the Russian princess, Maria Paulowna, came as a bride to Weimar, in 1804, Schiller undertook to prepare a poetical greeting for her, by writing a little lyric drama, which was represented at the Court Theatre of that Lilliputian duchy. It was a pretty allegory, called The Homage of the Arts, much resembling in form the Masques that were fashionable under the Tudors and the Stuarts. Some peasants appear in the act of transplanting an orange-tree, richly laden with fruit, and surrounded by maidens and children, who hold it steady with wreaths of flowers. They sing verses congratulating this tree:—

> "Child of softer, sunnier bowers,
> In these natal fields of ours,
> Here, henceforth, thy home shall be."

As the tree, or rather the lady, came from St. Petersburg, which is many degrees nearer the north pole than Weimar, we think there was some poetical license in speaking of those "sunnier bowers;" but for this Schiller is not responsible, as he only calls it a tree "aus der fremden Zone," *from a foreign zone*. But he does term it an *orange* tree, and as the lady had received the education of a princess, he probably considered her as a hot-house plant; Mr. Brooks, we suppose, by "softer, sunnier bowers," intended to signify a Russian conservatory. Presently, the Genius of Beauty descends, attended by seven goddesses of Art, three of whom, the poet is careful to tell us, are for the plastic arts, and four for the rhetorical and musical ones. Each of these comes forward and addresses a short poetical compliment to the princess. Two of these speeches may be taken as a sample of Schiller's manner, and of his translator's skill.

* The fair critic here alludes to the *First Series* of Channing's poems. We have been reviewing the *Second Series*, which is thought to excel its predecessor.

"GENIUS [turning toward the Princess].

"Beauty's creative Genius stands before thee,
Attended by the Arts, a sister-band.
'T is we who crown all human works with glory,—
Palace and altar own our voice and hand.
We dwelt long since with thy imperial name,
And she, the lofty one who gave thee birth,
Herself the holy sacrificial flame
Tends with pure hand on her domestic hearth.
She bade us follow thee with this our greeting,—
Our smile alone earth's proudest bliss completing.

"ARCHITECTURE [with a mural crown on her head, and a golden ship in her hand].

"Enthroned by Neva's banks, I graced thy home;
Thy world-renowned ancestor called me forth;
At his behest I built a second Rome,
The imperial seat and mistress of the North.
A paradise of stateliness, astounding,
Arose beneath my magic wand, one day;
And now life's gay and busy din is sounding
Where yesterday but gloomy fog-banks lay;
Her bristling naval armaments gigantic
Drive back old Belt to his sea-palace, frantic."

Schiller did well to compose this poetical trifle for the sake of complimenting his princely patrons, though the flattery appears *un peu lourd* for the nineteenth century,—a rather ponderous specimen of German fancy. But he probably attached little value to it, and it was unwise in him or his literary executors to include it in the edition of his works. What has procured for this Russo-Germanic orange-tree the honor of being again transplanted, and to our republican soil too, is more than we can imagine. We should as soon think of bringing over a German *Eilwagen*.

Similar remarks might be made about many of the shorter pieces in this volume, which are hardly worth cutting out of the corner of a newspaper, even if they could ever have effected a lodgment there. Why translate what is of little or no value in the original? Many of them are from Freiligrath, a German poet of our own day, who, probably because he thinks the sunny climes of Italy and Greece, and even the far Orient, have now been sufficiently berhymed, has chosen to lay the scene of his poetry in Africa, and stuffs his verses *ad nauseam* with camels and palm-trees, lions and tigers, giraffs and hippopotamuses. There is something peculiarly Teutonic in such a fancy. We shall next hear of a pudding-headed German poet in New Holland, making rhymes about ornithorhynchi and kangaroos.

Mr. Story has narrowly escaped being a poet; but it is one of those cases in which a miss is as good as a mile. He has great facility and smoothness of versification, considerable fancy, and an almost unlimited command of poetical expression. But he is quite deficient in strong feeling and a creative imagination. We find abundance of sentiment, and occasionally some tenderness; but no powerful and vivid emotion, no passion, and consequently, nothing of the rapture and energy divine which belong to the true poet. His perception of the beautiful, both in nature and art, is delicate and tasteful, but is expressed in a form somewhat too abstract and æsthetic, too elaborately cultivated and disciplined by rule, to be ever mistaken for the spontaneous and fervid admiration of the naturally gifted mind. The contents of his volume appear not so much like poems, as like studies in the art of poetry. We do not mean that they show excessive labor; quite the contrary; Mr. Story's extraordinary fluency has rather betrayed him into great carelessness. He has a torrent of words and images ready to be poured out upon any topic; but he exercises little discrimination, and seeks to produce effect more by redoubling his strokes than by aiming a single decisive blow. He is constantly striking quite near the mark, but never actually hitting it. And one quickly sees that he is not much in earnest in the affair; he is exercising himself rather for his own amusement, than with a view of kindling emotion or imparting delight to others. His verses show a fanciful exuberance of matter, but no inspiration.

An instinctive perception of the limits of his powers has led to a very fortunate choice of subjects for two of the longer pieces in the book. These are entitled Music, and The Painter's Dream; they contain descriptive catalogues in verse of the great painters and composers, with an attempt to set forth and analyze the effects produced by their respective arts. The idea is not a novel one, but it affords fine scope for a cultivated taste, and a studied appreciation of the beauties of art; and the characteristics of the several schools are brought out with some discrimination and effect in Mr. Story's luscious and redundant style. He is more successful with music than with the sister art, probably because he has more familiar acquaintance with the masterpieces of the great composers than with the productions of the old painters. We have room to quote only this fanciful description of a grand and intricate musical composition as performed in full orchestra.

"Hark! the whole orchèstra is in motion,
And before its tongue the once blank air
Trembleth like a moving, musical ocean,
All alive with longing and with prayer.
Now the mass of music is advancing
Like a huge white cloud across the blue,—
With its domes and spires in sunlight glancing,
Shifting as the swift winds hurry through.
Now it surgeth onward like the ocean,
Bursting in wild foam along the shore,
Hurrying on in vehement, restless motion,
Crowding back in spray and wild uproar.
Now ascending, higher still it ranges,
And the far-off music of the spheres
With angelic tones and interchanges
Pierce the labyrinths of these human ears.
From the soul swarm forth its fair creations,
Infinite seekings, vague and undefined,

Thousand outward-stretching aspirations,
Wooed like blossoms by the soft spring wind."

Mr. Story's great fault arises from his extraordinary copiousness of expression, leading to a vague and rambling diffuseness, which obscures and weakens his finest conceptions. He is by no means a lover of mysticism, but the poetry and the meaning of his verses are often effectually shrouded from view under a mere fog of words. Can any one, for instance, find rhyme or reason in the following?

"Imagination must abide content in nature's limit,—the Ideal give its heart to the Real; the highest artist owneth her actual limitation, and builds the triumph of his art in them."

But change the collocation a little, without altering one of the words, and we have this stanza.

"Content in nature's limit,
Must abide Imagination,—
The Ideal to the Real give its heart;
The highest artist owneth
Her actual limitation,
And in them builds the triumph of his art."

This may be called the typographical art of poetry.

Mr. Story's most ambitious efforts are his least successful ones; he is daring enough, but has not sufficient strength of pinion to sustain him in a long and lofty flight. The idea of *The Island Home* requires the poem to be of "imagination all compact;" but it is so unequally executed, that a portion of it reads like the journal of an unlucky fishing excursion, and the remainder like a fanciful allegory adumbrating some passage of human life. *The Mistake* is an humbler effort, and consequently a far more pleasing one; it betrays very plainly a study of Tennyson's *Talking Oak* and *Locksley Hall;* but it is prettily versified, and some of the stanzas tingle with earnestness, as if the poem were built on reality instead of fiction. *Marian and Geraldine* is a study after specimens by the same master; it is a mere echo of the Claribels, Lilians, Madelines, and Arianas of the same fantastic poet. Mr. Story's "fatal facility" of verse easily lapses into imitation. When he imps his wings for a nobler flight, as in *Prometheus*, *The Exhumation of Napoleon*, and *Niagara*, the result is an entire failure. The lines addressed to "the thundering cataract" begin in this wise:

Like *hell-hounds* from their slumber waking,
And panting madly for their prey,
Their whitening *manes* in fury shaking,
And howling down their rocky way,
From Erie's sleep in rushing rapids breaking,
Storms down Niagara*ay*."

Horses, not hounds, have manes, though considering the peculiar locality of the breed here referred to, there is no telling what infernal appendages they may have had about them. Such lines are mere sound and fury, signifying nothing; they are in Mr. Forcible Feeble's most characteristic style. What follows is little better.

"Thy hoary locks thou shakest wildly forth,
And scarless, in eternal youth, dost rage."

We must pass very hurriedly over the remainder of our tuneful Nine. Mr. Read is an artist, a young sculptor, whose earlier designs were of great promise, and are said to have been very skilfully transferred to the marble. We can readily believe it, for his verses show taste and feeling, with occasional gleams of fancy; and he seldom offends, even when he fails to please. But they are mere sketches, evidently committed to paper only in the hours of relaxation, when his hand was weary of holding the chisel. It was a hazardous undertaking to gather them from the magazines and newspapers, in which they probably first saw the light, and to send them forth to the world in this collected form as as if to challenge comparison and criticism. For the most part, they are mere copies, reflections in water, of the more popular effusions of favorite contemporary poets. Mr. Read is not a conscious plagiarist: if he had thought that a single line or image on his page was not his own, he would probably have blotted it out. But remnants and shadows of songs which he had loved appear to have haunted his memory, and to have become in a short time so incorporated with his own fancies, that he could no longer distinguish them; so that when he comes to hammer out a poem on his own anvil, the result is a strange compound, which is neither his own property nor that of any body else. Thus, Miss Barrett's fine poem of *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* has given birth to Mr. Read's *Christine*, in which the sentiment, the leading idea, the metre, the plot, the characters, are all, *mutatis mutandis*, borrowed from the English exemplar. But the first few couplets show that Mr. Read sometimes mingles very pretty fancies with his illegal acquisitions. Yet we are not sure that even these fancies are his own; we have a dim recollection of having seen something very like them elsewhere. The story is "supposed to be related by a young sculptor on the hill-side, between Florence and Fesolé."

"Come, my friend, and in the silence and the shadow wrapt apart,
I will loose the golden claspings of this sacred tome,—the heart.

"By the bole of yonder cypress, under branches spread like eaves,
We will sit *where wavering sunshine weaves a romance in the leaves.*

"Here by gentle airs of story shall our dreaming minds be swayed,
"And our spirits hang vibrating, like the sunshine with the shade."

Mr. Longfellow asks his lady-love to read to him.

"Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

This is pretty and musical, and conveys rather a striking image; Mr. Read thus appropriates and mars it:—

"Ye mighty masters of the song sublime,
Who, phantom-like, with large unwavering eyes,
Stalk down the solemn wilderness of time."

Miss Barrett's *Vision of Poets* suggested to Mr. Read *The Bards*, supplying not only the manner and form, but many of the more striking expressions in it. As some of the stanzas are quite successfuly executed, we will quote a few of them as specimens of his best manner.

"Old Homer's song in mighty undulations,
Comes surging, ceaseless, up the oblivious main;—
I hear the rivers from succeeding nations
Go answering down again:—

"Hear Virgil's stream in changeful currents strolling,
And Tasso's sweeping round through Palestine;
And Dante's deep and solemn river rolling
Through groves of midnight pine.

"I hear the iron Norseman's numbers ringing
Through frozen Norway, like a herald's horn;
And like a lark, hear glorious Chaucer singing
Away in England's morn:—

. . . . .

"The world-wide Shakspeare—the imperial Spenser,
Whose shafts of song o'ertop the angels' seats;—
While delicate, as from a silver censer,
Float the sweet dreams of Keats!

"Nor these alone; for, through the growing present,
Westward the starry path of Poesy lies,—
Her glorious spirit, like the evening crescent,
Comes rounding up the skies."

The sixth Muse on our list is that of Mr. James F. Colman. He writes in a modest and sensible tone, putting forward no offensive pretensions, and not aiming to startle his readers by any eccentricities of thought or expression. His poems have no conspicuous merits, and no glaring faults; and we are quite reluctant to confess, that their only fault is that of being oppressively wearisome and dull. The patience of Job would hardly suffice for the perusal of *The Island Bride*, which is a narrative poem, consisting of nine mortal cantos, each containing on an average about thirty Spenserian stanzas. We have no particular complaint to make of this operose undertaking; in Dogberry's phrase, "it is quite tolerable, and not to be endured." His rhymes are unexceptionable, his diction good, the versification smooth and uniform, and a bountiful array of the commonplaces of poetry appears on every page. Nearly all his stanzas are quite as good as half of those—the inferior half, it is true—in the first two cantos of Childe Harold. But it is unfortunate for Mr. Colman that he he has provoked this comparison, for we sadly miss *the other half*. He has availed himself very liberally of the license granted by Horace,—

"Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum;"

but has quite forgotten a subsequent remark of the same critic, though it has been so often quoted, about a certain class of poets whom neither gods, men, nor booksellers will tolerate.

It is of no sort of importance what part of the poem we quote, in order to give our readers a taste of Mr. Colman's quality; for it would be difficult to find a work of equal length so uniform in its excellence. If we had found any better stanzas than the following, we should have given them the preference for citation; and our readers may be assured that the remainder of the poem is quite as good as this sample. We take at random the opening of the first canto, from which it will appear that the writer has been studying Byron very diligently; it is much to his credit, that he has left out of his own work all traces of the noble bard's wickedness and misanthropy, and rather unlucky for him, that he has omitted most of the poetry along with it.

"O, surely never superstition took,
Fair Greece, more gentle lineaments than thine!
In every sculptured god's calm, earnest look
Trace we a spirit only not divine;
Thy sweet congenial credence did entwine
Round each cold image, loveless and alone,
Its tendrils,—as the fragrant clinging vine
With purple petals paints the pallid stone,
And to the lifeless form lends beauty not its own.

"It lulled the yearnings of the human soul—
Which ever would itself assimilate
To the far orbs that o'er earth's changes roll,
Unquenched by the vicissitudes of fate—
On its half-human breast; and, with full freight
Of odorous flower-buds, threw its arms around
The restless heart, which ever craves to mate
Itself with immortality, and, bound
To earth by earthly ties, still struggles from the ground."

The minor poems at the end of the book are somewhat better; that is, they do not leave the readers' mind in that state of languid quiescence which creeps over one after accomplishing a heavy task. There are some vigorous lines among those "suggested at the White Mountains," and some tender images and pleasing description in *Summer Musings* and *Mater Dolorosa;* but neither of them rises so much above elegant mediocrity as to tempt us to enlarge our quotations. The *Stanzas written after the Departure of an Atlantic Steamer* are the best in the volume, though it is a misfortune that

they remind one so plainly of Charles Sprague's glorious *Shakspeare Ode;* but Mr. Colman borrows nothing.

The seventh Muse has inspired a lady, and we are of opinion that we shall best manifest our deference for the sex by passing over her effusions very hurriedly. Mrs. Browne is an Englishwoman, who can probably allege the old excuse for her appearance in public,—

"Obliged by hunger, or request of friends."

She has certainly a kind heart, and is disposed to commemorate in undying verse the virtues of some of these importunate friends, who might otherwise have remained unknown to fame. How grateful they are likely to feel for the compliment may be judged from the following stanza, taken from a little poem on the death of the Dowager Lady Powerscourt.

"She who gains a heavenly crown
Earthly honors meekly wore,
Gladly laid the burden down,—
*Powerscourt was the name she bore.*"

This is quite enough. It is but a brick from the lady's edifice, but an architectural survey of it could not convey a more faithful idea of the whole structure.

Mr. Sargeant has gained some reputation as a song-writer and dramatist, which is not likely to be either enhanced or diminished by the publication of his collected poems. Some of his shorter lyrics are dashed off with great freedom and spirit, though they would suffer by comparison with the bold and fanciful strains of Barry Cornwall, after which they are evidently modelled. Many of them have been successfully wedded to music, which is a good proof of the writer's skill in numbers. Mr. Sargeant's ear is quite correct, and he has a fine flow of animated versification, which, with a manly tone of genial sentiment, and occasional delicacy and tenderness, has somewhat blinded the eyes of readers to his rather meagre fancy and lack of original thought. He probably lays no claim to the higher honors of poesy, and we are free, therefore, to give him the tribute that is really due to the simplicity and transparency of his diction, and the melody of his rhymes. He does not labor to be either imaginative or profound, and therefore never sinks into bathos or obscurity. The contents of the volume are very unequal, many of the pieces being occasional in character, and written at long intervals,—for song appears to be his amusement and not his vocation.

We cannot say much for the dramatic fragments; the dialogue is lively, and the conversational tone is well preserved, but these merits cannot conceal a great lack of invention and poverty of thought. The names and garb of the personages introduced are Italian or Greek; but this theatrical disguise cannot conceal their Yankee origin, and their talk smacks of modern newspapers. *Adelaide's Triumph* is the most pleasing among the occasional poems; the story is an old one, but it is prettily versified, in a vein of pure sentiment, and with some pathetic effect. *The Martyr of the Arena* is but partially successful, and *Gonello* is an utter failure. There is something in the Whistlecraft and Beppo style and stanza which is very attractive to young men about town, and to poets of society; but to imitate them is hazardous, for without an exuberance of wit and fancy, they are flatter than stale beer.

It is a pity that Miss Farley was so ill-advised as to adopt for her volume one of those coxcombical titles which the bad taste of Mr. Willis has brought into fashion. Nothing could be more inappropriate, considering the modest character of its contents, and the peculiar claims that it presents for a kind reception from the public. All that was wanted to secure immediate attention was a simple announcement of the fact, that Miss Farley was the editor of the Lowell Offering, and one of the most successful contributors to it; and that, encouraged by the favorable notice which has been taken of that periodical, both in this country and in Europe, she has collected from it, and published in a separate volume, her own fugitive pieces, both in prose and verse. The book, therefore, does not properly come under our cognizance at the present time, as two-thirds of its contents are in sober prose. But we wished to assist in making its publication more widely known, so that the public may be able to form some estimate of the character and attainments of the females who are employed in the mills at Lowell. It shows what use was made of her *leisure* by one who spent twelve hours a day at the loom.

The appearance of the Lowell Offering was regarded as a strange phenomenon in England; but it excited comparatively little surprise here, where the blessings of education are so widely diffused, and a higher rate of wages, with a more earnest desire for independence, induces many to devote themselves to manual labor who are well qualified for a more ambitious, but less lucrative, calling. A farmer's daughter finds that she can earn more money by employment in a cotton factory, than by teaching a country district school; and as nearly all distinctions of class are merely nominal in this country, it is not strange that she should choose the shortest road to independence. It will be her own fault, if she is not quite as much respected in the mill as in the schoolhouse. Miss Farley's book shows more talent certainly, but not a higher degree of cultivation, or a wider range of reading, than is quite common among her associates in labor. She writes with facility and correctness, showing a tolerable command of expression, and an instinctive good taste. Her poems are smoothly versified

and display considerable fancy and humor, with frequent indications of deep feeling. She is evidently most familiar with Burns and Mrs. Hemans, and two of her imitations of the former, *The Mouse's Visit*, and the *Lines addressed to the Comet of* 1843, in the manner of the *Address to the De'il*, are quite successful. Certainly, the perusal of her volume was the least disagreeable portion of our task, when we undertook to give our readers some account of nine new poets.

---

## CLARICE.

I.

Maidens there are of grace and light,
Who, when ye dream about the sky,
Come ever smiling, strangely bright,
Between the fancy and the eye;
Ye feel them sweet to soul and sight,
And sadden as ye see them fly.

II.

And she was one of those that grew
The image kindred to the theme;
Still present to the mind and view,
Though still as something in a dream;
I loved her beauties ere I knew,
So well my thoughts did they beseem.

III.

Not long the heart an ideal thrills,
Lacks comfort from the thing it woos;
For still the generous nature wills,
That he shall find who still pursues;
The glad soul which a fancy fills
Soon shapes the creature it must choose.

IV.

True to my fancy thus she grew,
The living thing that was my thought;
The spirit of grace, the woman too,
That dreams had found for me unsought;
If doubt declared the dream untrue,
Her smile the perfect faith soon taught.

V.

And ever still, in hours of gloom,
She brought me glimpses of her skies;
Her presence freshened earth with bloom,
And heaven lay starlike in her eyes;
How should I vex me with the doom,
Still wrought by evil destinies.

VI.

Ah! hers were spells we may not feign,
Born at her birth and fashion'd so,
Ye may not teach, or falsely train,
By all th' experience taught below;
To me they brought exceeding gain,
But work'd her gentle spirit wo!

VII.

For to the delicate heart that takes
Its nurture from another's eyes,
There's danger when the breeze but shakes
The lily, in the lake that lies;—
She weeps, lest love his perch forsakes,
And dies with dread, lest rapture dies.

VIII.

The smile, that, like a forest bird,
Starts up with sudden song to cheer;—
The sadden'd tone, that, sudden heard,
Sounds strange and cold upon the ear;—
The hasty glance, th' impatient word,
These ever thrill'd her with a fear.

IX.

And pleasure's self was like a pain
So keenly felt was every bliss;
Even though convulsive throbb'd the brain,
Lest life should bring no more like this;
The very love she lived to gain,
Brought death when bonded in its kiss.

X.

She perished in her innocent youth,
As well beseems the creature made,
Like her, all tenderness and truth,
Of such pure light, of such soft shade,—
So full of fear, and faith, and ruth,
And born for love, of love afraid.

ESSAYS ON THE

# EARLY LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

## No. I.

## PREFACE.

The earliest English author ever published, or commonly read, in the United States, is Shakespeare. Few even among scholars have paid much attention to the language and literature of the mother country, before the age of the great poet. Even Chaucer, the greatest humorist among the British poets, has few readers; because his language is antiquated, and his versification, to an unskilful reader, seems irregular and inharmonious. All else in the ante-Shakespearean ages is as little known to the American *public*, as the literature of China or Arabia. A few may have read the earlier pieces in the collections of Percy and Ellis:—but we suspect that most owners of these books, turn away from all that require the help of a glossary. As to the Anglo-Saxon language and literature—we may consider them as almost wholly unknown among us. The few curious diggers into this neglected mine, generally choose to keep their acquisitions to themselves; because it is almost imposeible to make them attractive to ordinary readers. We do not hope, in our brief notice of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature, to interest any, except those who feel a curiosity to know something about the mother tongue of our English, and something about the literature that has lain buried in it for eight or nine hundred years. It may also gratify some readers to mark the steps by which our modern English emerged, gradually, from age to age, out of the old Saxon; and how men expressed themselves in poetry and in prose, before Shakespeare sang and Bacon philosophized.

### *Introductory Notice of the Affinities of the English Language.*

The English belongs to the stock of languages called Indo-European, which have been spoken, time out of mind, from the farthest borders of India to the Western shores of Europe. Philologers have ascertained beyond question, that the ancient languages of Hindostan, of Persia, and of nearly all Europe, bore to one another so close an affinity, both in the form of their radical words and in their grammatical structure, as to show that they were all branches of one primitive language. These ancient languages are, the Sanscrit of Hindostan; the Zend of Persia; the Sclavonic of North Eastern Europe; the Gothic—including the Scandinavian and Teutonic branches—of North Western Europe; the Celtic of the West; and the Greek and Latin of the South. From these ancient languages have sprung, with a few exceptions, the dialects now spoken throughout these extensive parts of the earth. It is sufficient to say in particular, that the Russians, Poles and Bohemians speak Sclavonian dialects; the Swedes, Danes, Norwegians and Icelanders, Scandinavian dialects of the Gothic; the Germans, Dutch and English, Teutonic dialects of the Gothic; the Welch, Scottish Highlanders, primitive Irish, and peasants of Brittany in France, speak Celtic dialects; while the Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese and French, speak corrupted Latin; and the modern Greeks retain, with no essential alteration, the noble language of Demosthenes and Plato.

We should like to satisfy the reader, by sufficient examples, that all these languages bear infallible marks of their affinity. But we must limit ourselves to a few examples of a few languages, including our English. Before we present them, we have some further remarks to make.

While the Indo-European languages exhibit many points of agreement with one another, they differ essentially from all other languages. The Shemitic nations—the Hebrews, Syrians, Chaldeans, Arabians, Egyptian Copts, Abyssinians, Phenicians, and Carthaginians—proved their descent from a common ancestry, by the affinity and peculiar characteristics of their dialects. The Thibetians, Chinese, Burmans and Siamese, constitute another grand division of the human race, speaking different dialects of a peculiar monosyllabical language. But we must hasten to our Teutonic family.

Readers who have not attended to these investigations, may be surprised and gratified to see evidence of affinity between the Greek, Latin, German and Saxon English. Before we present a few specimens of their agreement, we must remark, that to come at the primary or radical form of a word, we must, in the first place, cast off the terminal syllables, which in Latin, Greek and other languages, have been added to form cases, numbers and persons; and in the second place, we must make allowance for those changes in both vowels and consonants, which occur, sooner or later, in the pronunciation of all languages; related vowels, and related consonants sliding one into another, in divers ways according to circumstances; yet leaving generally the essence, or clearly marked traces, of the original sound. In the following specimens we have expressed the Greek and German words with letters of our Roman-English alphabet. We have also *italicised* those words which disagree essentially with correspondent words in the other languages. We forgot to remark before, that in Latin and Greek, a letter is sometimes dropped in the nominative, but appears in the genitive case. This we have restored in our specimens.

| *English.* | *Anglo-Saxon.* | *German.* | *Latin.* | *Greek* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Man, | Man, | Man, | Homon, | *Anthrop, Aner,* |
| Eye, | Eage, Ege, | Auge, Augel, | Oculi, | Opthalm, |
| Ear, | Eare, | Ohr, | Aur, | *Ouats, Outs,* |
| Nose, | Naese, | Nas, | Nas, | *Rhins,* |
| Knee, | Cneow, | Knie, | Genu, | Gonu, |
| Mouse, | Mus, | Maus, | Mus, | Mus, |
| Acre (plough-land) | Aecer, | Acker, | Ager, | Ager, |
| Mill, | Mylen, | Muele, | Mola, | Mule. |
| Wind, | Wind, | Wind, or Vind, | Vent, | *Aet, Anem,* |
| Star, | Steorra, | Stern, | Stella, | Aster, |
| Red Rose, | Reod, or Red Rose, | Roth Rose, | Ruf Rosa, | Eruthr Rodon, |
| Much, Muckle, | Mycle, | Michel (old Ger.) | *Magn,* | Megal, |
| All, Whole, | Eall, | All, | *Tot,* | Hol, |
| Eat, | Aet, | Ess, | Ed, | Ed, |
| Reach, | Raec, | Reich, Reck, | (Por) reg, | Oreg, |
| Stand, Stan, | Stand, | Steh, | Sta, | Sta, |
| Upper, | Ufer, | Oeber, | Super, | Huper. |
| Of, Off, | Of, | Af, Ab, | Ab, | Ap, Aph, |
| I, (pronoun,) | Ic, | Ich, | Ego, | Ego, |
| Thou, | Thu, | Du, | Tu, | Su, (Aeol. tu,) |
| One, | An, Ain, | Ein, | Un, | En, Ein, |
| Two, | Twa, | Tswo, Tswe, | Duo, Duae, | Duo, |
| Three, | Thri, | Drei, | Tre, | Tre. |

These few specimens of very common words, are sufficient to prove the relationship of the five languages. The list might be greatly extended. We might also point out a relationship in the inflections of verbs: but we must proceed to our main object,—the history of the English language and literature, before the age of Shakespeare.

—

*The Anglo-Saxon Language and Literature.*

The primitive inhabitants of the British Islands were Celts, who spoke the British or Welch dialect in the South, the Gaelic in the North, and the Irish in Ireland. The Romans after they had long possessed the island of Britain up to the line of the Forth and the Clyde, finally withdrew from it in the early part of the fifth century, and left the now degenerate Britons a prey to the fierce Caledonians of the North, and to bands of Saxon marauders from the coast of Germany. The latter soon obtained settlements in the island, as allies of the Britons. Their numbers rapidly increased; and then came their neighbors the Angles, who were far less numerous in Germany than the Saxons, and settled next to them towards the North. From allies these strangers soon became masters of the Britons, and gradually drove them into the mountains of Wales. The Angles having at last migrated bodily from their native swamps and sands, were able to fill up the country from the neighborhood of the Thames to the neighborhood of the Caledonian Highlands. From them and a mixture of Danes, who in their turn attacked, plundered and settled, are descended the Northern English and the Lowland Scotch, whose broad, strong country dialects, are much more like the language of their marauding forefathers, than is the classical English of the present day. The Saxons who filled the valley of the Thames and the country south of it, differed so little in language and manners from their German kindred in the North, that they all easily coalesced, and were as one people called Anglo-Saxons. But the superior numbers of the Angles, with their Danish intermixture, finally gave the name of English to the people and of England to the country as far as the Tweed; beyond which the Scots maintained a sturdy independence against the Norman conquerors of England.

But it was not the dialect of the Angles that became the language of Anglo-Saxon literature. Towards the close of the 9th century, king Alfred introduced the cultivation of Anglo-Saxon literature. He used the West-Saxon, his native dialect, which then became the chief vehicle of literary composition, though specimens of writings in other dialects are yet extant: for we must observe that Saxons of different tribes settled in England, and the several districts of the country, being divided into independent, and often hostile kingdoms, came from these several causes to have some diversity of dialects, the remains of which, modified by a long course of ages, still appear in the several counties of England.

The Anglo-Saxon literature was never very extensive, nor was it of high merit, either in poetry or in prose. Before Alfred's time, the songs of the minstrels constituted nearly its whole amount. Alfred himself, as he was about the first, so he was perhaps the best prose writer in the language. But his works consisted chiefly of translations from the Latin of Boethius and of Bede. The character of the Anglo-Saxon was similar to that of its offspring, our old vernacular English, being distinguished more for its strength than its graceful elegance, and more for its copiousness than its flexibility.

The chief reason, next to the barbarism of the people, why Anglo-Saxon literature was not sooner and more highly cultivated was, that the clergy, who possessed nearly all the little learning of the country, generally chose to write in Latin, the classical language of the schools. What they composed in the popular language, consisted of translations of the Scriptures and homilies for the religious instruction of the people. These, with some copies of Saxon laws, a few miscellaneous pieces, and the Saxon Chronicle, continued to about the middle of the 12th century, constitute nearly the whole remainder of Anglo-Saxon prose literature. There may be buried in the dust of the old English libraries other prose works of the Anglo-Saxon period. If so, they have escaped the notice of the chief writers in England, who have, in these latter days, undertaken to inform us on the subject.

The Anglo-Saxon poetry began, as before remarked, with the minstrels, who chaunted from house to house the achievements of heroes, and the praises, first of the heathen Gods, and, after the nation was converted to christianity, of the true God. The earliest extant poem in the language is called Beowulf, whose adventures it recites. It is thought to have been composed in the sixth century. Among the christian poets of after times, Cædmon was the most famous. He was a monk and died about the year 680. His poems consist chiefly of metrical paraphrases of Scripture history, beginning with the creation and the fall of man, then taking up the history of Daniel, and terminating with what are now mere fragments concerning our Saviour's life, death, descent into Hades, resurrection and ascension.

Cædmon did not confine himself to the simple facts of the sacred history, but exercised his imagination in filling up and embellishing the narrative. Like Milton, though long before him, he describes the fall of Satan and his angels in connection with the fall of man. He put into the mouth of Satan, when in hell he had recovered from the first shock of his overthrow, a speech, that, according to the opinion of Wright, in his life of Cædmon, * "bears a remarkable analogy to the similar speech of the fallen angel in the first book of Paradise Lost." We admit the "analogy," but we deny the "similarity" so far as language and sentiment are concerned. It is, however, a fact worthy of being more generally known, that Cædmon, a countryman of Milton, had, almost 1,000 years before him, composed, in Anglo-Saxon, a poem similar in its plan to the Paradise Lost, though of course far inferior in its execution.

We must not omit to mention that the story of King Lear and his daughters, on which Shakspeare founded one of his noblest tragedies, was one of the themes of Anglo-Saxon minstrelsy. Thorpe in his Analecta Anglo-Saxonica has given us the original story in two forms, the one in the old pure Saxon and the other of later date, when the language had become what is called Semi-Saxon.

The Anglo-Saxon poetry is very different in structure and in style from either modern or ancient classical poetry. It partakes of the old Gothic and Scandinavian form of poetical composition, though less regular and artificial in its structure than the more refined productions of the Scandinavian muse. It has no rhyme, no regular measure or versification, but is composed of short lines of no definite quantity or number of syllables, and framed to please the composer's ear, without regard to specific rule or measure. In this particular it resembles the Hebrew poetry, and was doubtless sung by the minstrels in the same chanting way of utterance.

The only artifice in the structure of this poetry is a peculiar sort of alliteration. The lines being taken in pairs, the rule was, that two principal words in the first and one in the second should begin with the same letter. But the rule was not always strictly observed. As to the poetical style of expression, it consisted chiefly in an elaborate condensation and pomposity of diction, and multiplied periphrases for the same thing. To condense and strengthen the expression, articles, pronouns and other little words, were sparingly employed, and compound words were frequently used. The only figure of speech that was much sought after was the metaphor, which is peculiarly adapted by its energetic brevity for such a style of poetry.

On the whole we confess that after having tasted and tasted the choice specimens given us by the admirers of this poetry, we cannot urge our admiration up to the pitch demanded by a few enthusiastic delvers into this long-neglected field of Saxon-English literature. On the whole, it seems to us to be characterized by the primitive rudeness and poverty of thought, common to illiterate and semi-barbarous nations. Its elaborate grandiloquence strives in vain to hide these defects. Yet there are, beyond question, some passages of great power and beauty to be found. By way of specimen, we give first a passage from Cædmon, in which the reader will see the swelling diction and periphrastic variations of the same idea spoken of above. We shall then give another specimen distinguished by force and originality of thought. We annex a literal English translation.

*Specimen* 1. *From Cædmon.*

Nu we sceolan herian
*Heofon-rices weard,*
*Metodes* mihte,
And his mod-gethone,
*Wera wuldor-faeder!*
Swa he wundra ge-hwaes,
*Ece drihten,*

* Biographia Brittania Litteraria, vol. 1.

Oord onstealde.
He aerest ge-scéop
Eorthan bearnum
Heofon to hrofe.
*Halig Scippend!*
Tha middan geard;
*Mon-cynnes weard,*
*Ece drihten,*
Aefter teode
Firum foldan,
*Frea Almihtig!*

—

Now we shall praise
*Heaven-kingdom's Guardian,*
*The Creator's* might,
And his mind's-thought,
*Man's glory-father!*
As he of wonders all,
*Eternal Lord,*
The beginning formed.
He first shaped
For earth's children
Heaven for a roof,
*Holy Creator!*
Then mid earth;
*Mankind's Guardian,*
*Eternal Lord,*
Afterwards produced
For men the ground,
*Master almighty!*

The *italicised* lines show that out of 18 lines no less than 7½ are periphrastic expressions for the Divine Being.

The following noble specimen was written at a much later date, when the language had become semi-Saxon—that is, about the year 1150, or 80 years after the Norman conquest. We quote only so much of the piece as may show the changes of the language from Cædmon's time and its nearer resemblance to modern English. Cædmon wrote about 500 years before the anonymous author of this piece. It is entitled The Grave, and seems to have been left unfinished by the author.

*Specimen* 2. *Anonymous.*

The was bold gebyld
Er thu iboren were;
The wes molde imynt
Er thu of moder come.
Ac hit nes no idiht,
Ne theo deopness imeten;
Nes gyt iloced,
Hu long hit the were.
Nu me the bringœth
Ther thu beon scealt:
Nu me sceal the meten,
And tha mold seoththa.

Ne beeth no thin hus
Healice itinbred—
The rof beeth ibyld
Thire broste ful neh;
Swa thu scealt on mold
Wunian ful cald:
Dimme and deorcœ—
Dureleas is that hus,
And dearc it is withinnen.
Thaer thu best feste bedytt,
And Dæth hefth tha caege.

—

For thee was a house built
Ere thou born wert;
For thee was a mould (ground) appointed,
Ere thou of mother camest.
But it is not prepared,
Nor the deepness meted;
Nor is yet seen (looked out)
How long it for thee were (should be.)
Now I thee bring,
Where thou shalt be:
Now I shall thee measure,
And the mould afterwards.

Now beeth not thy house
Highly built (timbered)—
The roof beeth built
Thy breast full nigh;
So thou shalt in the mould
Dwell full cold;
Dim and dark—
Doorless in that house,
And dark it is within.
There thou beest fast inlockt,
And Death hath the key.

As ancient poetry appears to great disadvantage in a literal translation, we offer the following modern version of the same lines, with the addition of a thought or two from the original piece.

*The Grave. From the Anglo-Saxon.*

1. For thee before thy mother bore thee,
   Was a house designed:
   Its place is in the mould before thee,
   As thou soon shalt find.

2. But the spot where it shall be,
   Hath never been located;
   The length and depth are yet to see,
   For they have not been meted.

3. Come now with me, and thou shalt ken
   The spot designed of old:
   I'll take thy measure first, and then
   The measure of the mould.

4. Thou seest what a narrow bound
   Shall be thy dwelling place;
   The walls shall touch thee all around,
   The roof shall touch thy face.

5. And cold and dark forever more
   Thy earthy house shall be;
   And lockéd fast shall be the door,
   And Death shall keep the key.

6. And there, except the loathsome worm,
   No visiter shall come;
   No friend shall ask thy wasting form
   How thou dost like thy home.

Notwithstanding a certain unskilfulness of expression, and the too frequent repetition of the same idea, in the original lines, the conceptions are powerfully poetical, and if the Anglo-Saxon

literature contained many pieces of the same quality, it would be more worthy than it now is for its own sake, of being studied.

Dry as the subject may be to some readers, we must beg leave to introduce a short specimen of Dano-English prose. It is a gloss or translation from Latin into the Northern English dialect of a part of the parable of the Sower. It was made about the year 900, and being designed for popular instruction, may be considered as a fair specimen of the dialect then spoken by the people in the North of England. The reader cannot fail to observe its resemblance to our Saxon-English of the present day. We have added a literal interlinear translation.

*Specimen* 3. *Dano-English Gloss.*

Mark iv. 3. Heono, eode the sedere to sawenne.
Behold, went forth the seeder to sow.
4. and miththa geseuw, sum feoll ymb tha
and whilst (he) sowed, some fell about the
stret, and cwomon flegendo and eton thaet.
highway (street,) and came fowls and ate that.
5. Sum ec feoll of staener, ther ne
Some eke (also) fell on stones, where (it) not
haefde eorthu michel; and hraethe upp arisen
had earth much; and straightway up arisen
waes, for thon niefde heanisse eorthes.
was, for that (it) not had highness of earth.
6. and tha arisen waes sunna, gedrugade, &c.
and when arisen was the sun, was dryed up, &c.

On comparing this gloss with another, made about the same time in the Saxon of the South of England, we find a small difference of dialect, but so little as to show, that the different parts of England then differed no more in speech than they now do; perhaps not so much.

We have given a poetical specimen of semi-Saxon, composed in the twelfth century. We shall now give a prose specimen from the Saxon Chronicle for the year 1135, about 65 years after the Normans had taken possession of the kingdom;—also with an interlinear translation.

*Specimen* 4. *From the Saxon Chronicle.*

Anno MCXXXV. On this gere for se King
(Translation.) In this year went the King
Henri ofer sae aet te Lammasse; and thaet other
Henry over sea at the Lammass; and the next
dei, tha he lai an slep in scip; tha thestrede
day, when he lay asleep in ship; then darkened
the daei ouer all landes, and uuard the sunne swilc
the day over all landes, and was the sun so
als it uuare thre-niht-ald mone, and sterres abutan
as it were a three-night-old moon, and stars about
him at middaei. Wurthen men swithe of
him at midday. Men were very much
wundred and of dred, and saeden thaet micel
astonished and terrified, and said that a great
thing sculde cumme her efter; swa dide; for thaet
thing should come thereafter; as did; for that
ilc gaer warth the king ded, thaet other daei
same year was the king dead, the next day
efter S. Andreas masse daei, &c.
after St. Andrew's mass day, &c.

Bosworth, who quotes this passage in the preface to his Anglo Saxon Dictionary, says, that it shows how much the language had been corrupted in its idiom, inflections and orthography. Saxon nouns and articles, like those of other Indo-European tongues, were anciently declined by cases. These cases were gradually dropped, after the Norman and Anglo-Saxon population of England began to mingle and associate with each other. At first contempt on the part of the conquerors, and resentment on that of the conquered, as well as their differences of language and manners, precluded all friendly intercourse. But after a while the farmers and trades-people of both languages found it convenient, if not necessary, to deal with each other. To do this, however, they must have a common language; and the Saxon being the language of the great body of the people, became, as it naturally would, the medium of communication. Its inflections and idioms being the most difficult to acquire, were by degrees laid aside, and the sounds and spelling somewhat altered, to make them easier to Norman tongues and eyes. So it happened with the Latin, when the Northern barbarians settled in Italy, Spain, and France. Only in France, especially in its Northern parts, the German conquerors were so large a part of the combined population, that they infused a considerable part of their own language into the new speech that resulted from the national mixture. The Norman French was a triple compound; for while the basis was Latin, and the first admixture German Frankish, a second, but small admixture, was caused by the settlement, in this part of France, of many Scandinavian Northmen, from whom the province derived its name of Normandy.

Many Norman words came ultimately to be incorporated with the Saxon, in forming our modern English. But this was not the case at first. The popular language that grew out of the intercourse between the Norman and Saxon people, was almost purely of Saxon origin. We reserve to our next number an account of the introduction of Norman words into the language. To show the state of the language about the year 1180, we shall quote a passage from the Ormulum, "a metrical paraphrase of the Gospels and Acts, in lines of 15 syllables, written in semi-Saxon by an ecclesiastic named Orm, probably in the North of England." "Mr. Thorpe observes that the author seems to have been a critic in his mother tongue; and from his idea of *doubling the consonant after a short vowel*, we are enabled to form some tolerably accurate notions as to the pronunciation of our forefathers. Orm's dialect merits, if any, to be called Dano-Saxon."—(See Thorpe's Analecta and Bosworth's Preface.)

*Specimen 5. From the Ormulum.*

THE MARRIAGE OF CANA.

*Dano-Saxon.*

Uppo the thridde dagg bilamp, swa sum the Godd spell kithethth.
That i the land off Galile was ane bridalé garrkedd.
And it was garrkedd in an tun that wass Caná gehetan.
And Cristess moderr Margé wass att tatt bridáless saeté.
And Crist wass cleppedd till thatt hus with hisé lerninng-cnihhtess.
And teggre win was drunnkenn swa thaett ther nass tha na maré, &c.

*English.*

Upon the third day happenéd, as say some of the Gospels,
That in the land of Galilee a bridal was preparéd.
It was preparéd in a town that Cana (then) was calléd.
And Christes mother Mary was at that (same) bridal's seat (too.)
And Christ was calléd to that house with (all of) his disciples.
And (when) their wine was drunken so that there was then no more, &c.

The words of the translation that are put in parentheses, serve no other purpose than to fill up the measure of the verse according to the original.

Here we find for the first time in English poetry, a systematic versification; each verse having a definite number of accented and unaccented syllables, like our modern poetry. The old alliterative system was dropped, but as yet no rhyme appears. This ornament of our modern poetry was invented by the Troubadours before the time of Charlemagne, and was introduced into England by the Normans. Robert of Gloucester, whose Chronicle we shall notice in our next number, was the first, so far as we know, who used rhyme in the English language. He wrote about a century after Orm, and about a century before Chaucer, who first united the three great requisites of polished English poetry, a regular syllabic measure, rhyme and a harmonious modulation. But if the reader has, in perusing the above specimen of the Ormulum, caught the true accent, he will acknowledge that the rude English of the twelfth century, in its transition state, and as yet unmixed with foreign words, was susceptible of a modulation not inharmonious; especially when he considers that the Northern dialect of Orm was broader in sound than the Southern, and therefore less agreeable to our Southern ears.

In our next number we hope to impose a less onerous tax upon the patience of our readers, as we shall have reached an age in English literary history, when the language began to assume a modern and more intelligible form.

*Virginia.* H. R.

## JOHN HUNTER.

### A SKETCH OF AN ECCENTRIC GENIUS AND A DISTINGUISHED SURGEON.

John Hunter was born at Long Calderwood, a short distance from Glasgow, on the 14th of February, 1728. Deprived of his father at the age of ten, and having a very indulgent mother, his early education was neglected. Indeed, he had very little disposition either in youth, manhood, or old age, to pay any attention to books. In early life he was excessively fond of sport and of any thing in which he could display manual dexterity, and it appears that these traits of character adhered to him during life.

At the age of twenty he left his native place and repaired to London, where he put himself under the care of his brother, Dr. William Hunter, whose well-earned fame was spreading far and wide, and whose high standing seemed to give a new and vigorous impulse to the mind of John. We are informed by a cotemporary of this great man, that after entering upon his duties as a pupil, "no long time elapsed before his skill was put to the test in preparing for the lecture a dissection of the muscles of the arm. It is probable that Will. Hunter had not, as yet, formed a very high estimate of his hitherto idle brother, and little foresaw that he was ere long to eclipse his preceptor. He was, however, so well pleased with his pupil's first essay, that he soon after entrusted him with a similar part, of which the blood vessels were injected. In this the young student again succeeded so well as to obtain much praise for his dexterity from his brother, who foretold that he would soon become a good anatomist, and promised that he should never want employment."

About eight months after his arrival in London, by the exertion of his brother William, he gained admittance as a pupil at the Chelsea Hospital, under the celebrated Cheselden, who, at that time, was perhaps the first surgeon in the world. Here he attended during the summer months of 1749-50, while his winters were occupied in dissecting for his brother. In 1751 Cheselden resigned his office in consequence of bad health, and Hunter entered at St. Bartholomews, under the direction of the distinguished Pott.

At the death of Cheselden, in 1752, Pott soon placed himself at the head of the Surgical profession in Great Britain, but his student was destined to eclipse him, as will appear in the sequel.

In 1754, Hunter having determined to devote himself to surgery, entered as Surgeon's pupil at St. George's Hospital, where he attended regularly in the summer, while, as usual, he devoted himself closely during the winter to his dissections.

In this year he became connected with his brother in his anatomical school, and delivered a part of the lectures. As a dissecter he was without dispute superior to his brother, but as a lecturer William was superior to John. Indeed John Hunter never became popular as a lecturer. His style was coarse and his manner uncouth; and it is a remarkable fact, that notwithstanding the eminence to which he attained in his profession, he never attracted a large audience to his lecture-room.

In 1760 he received the appointment of Staff Surgeon in the army, and held the office until 1763, at which time he located himself permanently in London. During his services as surgeon in the army he made many observations on gun-shot wounds, and experiments on lizards and snakes.

After his location in the great metropolis he commenced a course of lectures on Surgery and Anatomy, but his audience scarcely ever exceeded twenty. It was a trying time for the young surgeon. His competitors were Pott, Bromfield, Sir Cæsar Hawkins, Sharp and Warner—all gentlemen of education and refinement. Hunter had neither. His elementary education was very imperfect, and in manner he was rude, undignified, and profane. But he was unceasing in his devotions to his favorite pursuits. He was not content with resting upon the knowledge of the anatomists and surgeons who preceded him, or of those who lived in his own era. His restless spirit and searching intellect sought for a better exposition of the curious operations of the animal fabric than had ever been given. Nor was he to be discouraged by the sight of empty benches. His zeal increased with obstacles. The charnel house was his home. He cared not for lecture-room eloquence, or for elegant acquirements of any kind whatever. He had projected a most magnificent scheme, and he was resolved to devote himself unremittingly to its consummation. This scheme was no other than the formation of the vast museum which now bears his name, and which, without dispute, is superior to any collection of the kind in the world. His time and money were completely invested in the enterprise. It was the daily object of his head and heart, and the records of science no where exhibit such an instance of enthusiam as was displayed in the prosecution of this great work. As soon as he accumulated fees to any considerable amount, he spent the whole for specimens. Indeed, he often borrowed from his friends for this purpose. "Pray George," said he, one day, to Mr. G. Nicol, "have you got any money in your pocket?" Mr. N. replied, "Yes." "Have you got five guineas? because, if you have, and will lend it to me, you shall go halves." "Halves in what?" inquired his friend. "Why halves in a magnificent tiger which is now dying in Castle street." Mr. Nicol loaned the money and Hunter got the tiger; but whether George went halves or not is not recorded.

In addition to his labors in Zoology, Hunter was engaged in surgical and pathological researches, and without detriment to others we may truly affirm that he is to be regarded as the father of modern surgery. All who are acquainted with his work on the blood and his views upon inflammation, will at once see the justice of this remark.

In 1767 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

In 1768, at the age of 40, he was elected Surgeon of St. George's Hospital, and was thus ensured the means of making his talents known and affording facilities for instruction to his pupils.

Amongst those who became inmates of Hunter's house as private pupils, was our distinguished Doctor Physic. It is recorded that when the father of young Physic took his son to Hunter, he inquired of the great Surgeon what books he must purchase. Hunter, in a very serious air, took him to his dissecting-rooms and pointing to about a dozen dead men, said, "Here, sir, here are the books your son must study."

Hunter's philosophy, as exhibited in his lectures and papers for the Royal Society, was strictly Baconian. He paid little regard to mere opinions. He had little respect for speculations and theories, no matter by whom projected. His book knowledge, as we have said, was very limited. He observed closely, and drew all his inferences from visible, tangible facts. He never allowed himself to rest contented with a superficial examination of any subject. His productions always evinced depth and comprehension of research. Originality was displayed in every sentence he wrote, in every lecture he delivered.

"He commenced his labors in the dissecting-room generally before six in the morning, and remained there until nine, when he breakfasted. After breakfast he saw patients at his own house until twelve, when he made it a point to set forth on his rounds even though persons might be waiting for the purpose of seeing him. He dined at four, and was a very moderate eater. After dinner he was accustomed to sleep for an hour, and his evenings were spent either in preparing or delivering lectures—in dictating to an amanuensis the records of particular cases, of which he kept a regular entry; or, in a similar manner, committing to paper the substance of any work on which he might be engaged." He continued his labors until one or two o'clock, in the mornin long after his family had retired.

About the year 1776, he commenced a correspondence with Jenner, the discoverer of the vaccine matter, and one of his favorite pupils.

The following will serve as a specimen of his style:

"Dear Jenner,

"You must think me very fond of fish when you send me cheese as much fishified as possible; however, it is an excellent cheese, and every country has laid claim to its birth.

"I have but one order to send you, and that is to send me every thing you can get, either animal, vegetable, or mineral, and the compound of the two, either animal or vegetable mineralized.

"I would have you do nothing with the boy but dress him superficially; these funguses will die and be d—d to them and drop off.

"Have you large trees of different kinds that you can make free with? If you have, I can put you upon a set of experiments with regard to the heat of vegetables.

"Have you eaves where bats go to at night? If you have, I will put you upon a set of experiments concerning the heat of them at different seasons. I should have been extremely happy to have had a visit from Lord Berkly.

Ever yours, JOHN HUNTER."

This correspondence with Jenner was continued until the close of the year 1790, shortly before Hunter's death. It related almost entirely to enquiries concerning the habits of a number of animals, such as the cuckoo, the bat, the hedgehog and the porpoise; and in ascertaining their instincts, manners and customs, Jenner was of great service to his old preceptor.

In 1781, he was elected a member of the Royal Society of Belles Lettres at Gottenburg, and in 1783, of the Royal Society of Medicine and the Royal Academy of Surgery of Paris. The same year he built his Museum, which cost him about fifteen thousand dollars. This sum, however, is small in comparison to the cost of his specimens, which at one time were estimated at $350,000.

The ardent desire of Hunter to obtain rare specimens was well exemplified at the time of Obrien's death. This famous Irish giant had been for a long time in a declining state of health, and Hunter sent his man to watch for his exit, and, if possible, obtain the body. Obrien heard of their manœuvring, and left strict orders to have his body watched until a leaden coffin could be made in which the corpse was to be enclosed, and the whole sunk into the sea. Accordingly, upon his death, watches were set, but Hunter, by his agent, succeeded in bribing Obrien's friends by paying the sum of five hundred pounds. The skeleton of Obrien now stands at the head of the Osteological division of the Hunterian Museum.

Upon the death of Pott, in December, 1788, Hunter was, by universal consent, placed at the head of the surgical profession in Great Britain. His health had been delicate for some four or five years. He suffered greatly with an affection of the heart, until at length it became so indomitable, that when under a paroxysm, he was utterly unfit for any social or professional duty.

In 1792 Hunter contributed his last paper to the Philosophical Transactions. This contained his observations on the hive bee, continued, with various interruptions, during a period of twenty years.

Shortly after this he transferred his lectureship to his brother-in-law, Sir Everard Home. To him also he committed his manuscripts, which, it appears, were destroyed, and in all probability, by the hand of this man, who, doubtless, after committing extensive plagiarism upon the works of his great master and brother-in-law, endeavored to conceal his crime by demolishing the original. After this transfer Hunter commenced the publication of his work on Inflammation and Gun-shot wounds, which did not get through the press until after his death. Commendation of this work is unnecessary. The dissemination of the views contained therein created a new epoch in surgery; and from that day to the present, this branch of the profession has made a steady and rapid advancement.

In the early part of 1793, some difficulty occurred between Mr. Hunter and his colleagues of St. George's Hospital, respecting the fees of pupils and their admittance into the institution. On the 10th of October, the board of Governors met to take the matter into consideration, when Hunter appeared before them laboring under great mental agitation. "In the course of his remarks he made some observations, which one of his colleagues thought it necessary instantly and flatly to contradict. Hunter immediately ceased speaking, retired from the table, and struggling to suppress the tumult of his passion, hurried instantly to the adjoining room, which he had scarcely reached, when, with a deep groan, he fell lifeless into the arms of Dr. Robertson, one of the physicians of the hospital, who chanced to be present." This put an end to the meeting.

His body was interred in a private manner in the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, accompanied by a few of his medical friends. He died in his 65th year.

In his will, Hunter expressed a desire that his Museum should be offered first to the British government, and in case they should refuse to purchase it, he directed it to be sold to a foreign State.

In 1796, Parliament appropriated £15,000 for its purchase, a paltry sum indeed for such a magnificent collection. The whole was then offered to the College of Physicians, but they declined accepting it, and it was then taken by the Corporation of Surgeons on favorable terms.

This Museum contained, at the death of Hunter, some 15,000 specimens in anatomy, human, comparative and morbid. It has been greatly increased since his death, and it will stand in the Me-

tropolis of England, a monument of the mighty genius and industry of its illustrious founder.

W. J. B.

*Franklin, Tenn.*

---

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

I.

Chant the reqniem for the Dead,
The beautiful and young!
For *her* whose spirit pure has fled
To realms from whence it sprung.

II.

Tell of the virtues she possessed,
Who on the bier lies low;
With cold clasp'd hands upon that breast,
Which ever felt for wo.

III.

Soothe ye her parents' dire despair,
To such misfortune doomed!
Then chant the requiem as ye bear
Their loved one to the tomb!

IV.

Oh! she was beauteous as the rose,
And joyous as the doe
That lightly bounds o'er Alpine snows,
Beneath the bright sun's glow.

V.

Pure she was as a crystal rill
Within its banks of flowers;
Sweet as the fragrance they distill
Around the richest bowers!

VI.

Ah gently lay her in the grave,
With solemn rite and prayer:—
*He* who has *ta'en* is *He* who *gave*,
Murmur we may not dare!

VII.

Then chant the requiem for the dead,
The beautiful and young!—
To Heaven the sainted soul has fled,
The realm from whence it sprung!

## THE PREMATURE USE OF BOOKS IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY W. F. B., FORMERLY OF VIRGINIA.

Among the advances which the present enterprising age has made, upon that which has just gone by, none has excited more interest than the facilities furnished for cultivating the youthful mind in literature and science. The American press teems with books "adapted to the capacity of the young; while children, even at the age of five or six years, are by thousands engaged in the study of subjects, which only a few years since were regarded as belonging to a maturer age, and to a higher grade of education. Meanwhile, our young men and maidens are no better educated than our grandfathers and grandmothers were; and indeed, making due allowances for the advances which science itself has made, a comparison of real scholarship between this generation, and that which preceded it, must make us blush in view of *our* inferiority. If more of the field of learning has been explored, it has been explored with far less care, and the several objects of interest which this field furnishes, have been noted with far less exactness. Who can deny that while a much largar number have acquired a *smattering* in almost every thing that can be gathered from books, few, very few comparatively, are *sound scholars* in any thing?

The writer of this article, after long experience in the arduous work of a Preceptor, has come to the conclusion, that the great error of the age consists in the *premature use of books*, in the work of education. It will be admitted by all, that nothing contributes more to make a man a scholar, than to acquire a habit of *thinking* closely upon every subject submitted to his investigation. Whatever, therefore, tends to prevent the acquisition of such a habit, cannot fail to be injurious: and just such is the tendency of books put into the hands of a *child*, whose mind is making its first efforts to acquire knowledge. Without being either able or willing to think for himself, the child is taught that he must rely on the statements of the author he reads: and very soon he acquires a habit of leaning upon his author, which no after expostulations of his parents or teachers can overcome. He has found it a convenience to have others think for him, and nothing will induce him afterwards to engage in the onerous work of thinking for himself.

In accordance with the rail-road system of education, which distinguishes the present age, we are furnished in almost every department of literature with text-books, "suited to the capacity of children." Children are studying all the *Natural* sciences, and quite a respectable portion of the *exact*, with a proficiency which astonishes the multitude,

and impresses many fond parents with the belief that their children are *prodigies* in the world of letters. In most cases, however, if we may judge of the future by our past experience, we shall in a few years hear these self-same parents lamenting that their sanguine hopes have not been realized. In many cases, it will be said that the children have strangely declined in their studies, that they have actually retrograded in point of science; and their parents, abandoning, with a heavy heart, all hope of making them scholars, will cease to exert themselves farther, and seek by some other means to secure to them a position in life of respectability and usefulness; and thus at the very time of life, when the mind, sufficiently matured, is qualified to cultivate the field of letters, and would, under proper management, soon master the entire *Cyclopædia*, it either is withdrawn from the field altogether, or if permitted to cultivate it at all, its fixed habits of ease and indolence will be found so unfriendly to the enterprise before it, as to put success almost out of the question.

Now, the reform I would propose is this. Let boys be employed until they are eight or ten years old in spinning the top, driving the hoop, &c., for amusement and exercise. Let them ride horses, chase hares, catch fish, make miniature mills, wagons, steamboats, &c., not forgetting to include as much manual labor as would be necessary to cultivate, each in his own name, a choice corner in the vegetable garden. By such means health would be promoted, the physical constitution developed, and habits will be formed of industry and painstaking, that cannot fail to be useful in all after life. At the age of eight or ten years, the boy will begin to *desire* the information which he perceives that his seniors derive from books. Then give him a book, and teach him how to use it. He will use it as a help, to enable him to understand what his own powers, unassisted, cannot master Instead of being the obsequious retainer of every sentiment his books may propose, he will make his books his servants, to aid him in the great work of cultivating his mind; a work which he has found to require much labor and toil.

In like manner, let the little girl be employed in dressing her doll, arranging her mimic dining-table, taking care of her miniature China-set, &c., for amusement; not neglecting to sweep her room, spread her bed, knit her stockings, and perform various other duties appertaining to her place in the domestic circle. The effect will be the same, as a similar course will produce in the other sex. It will be found that books being given her at the right time of life, she will take hold of them advantageously, contract a real fondness for them, and become a student for life.

The writer of this article is aware that many who read it will consider him as "behind the age" in regard to mental improvement. He, however, gives the result of his own reflections and observations in the premises. That this doctrine is sound, he has not a particle of doubt. One confirmation of its correctness it may be worth while to adduce. Why is it that many of our most illustrious statesmen and of our most profound scholars and philosophers are *self-made* men? Have they made themselves men without the aid of books, being *prodigies?* No, verily, they have made themselves what they are, by using books to advantage. In early life they were not "*trained*" by the "schoolmaster." Their minds were left unfettered by artificial rules for mental development; and when they found an opportunity to enter the fields of science, all ready for the harvest, they were physically and mentally strong enough to reap the precious fruit. So would it be with thousands of others, if the premature use of books were abandoned. The people of the United States are paying thousands of dollars to *Teachers*, for no other end, than to make it impossible, in very many cases, that their children ever can become thorough scholars.

*Versailles, Ky., April*, 1847.

---

## Notices of New Works.

WASHINGTON AND HIS GENERALS. By J. T. HEADLEY. 2 vols. Baker & Scribner. New York: 1847. Vol. I.

When this work was first announced, it must have been regarded by every one as very fortunate for its author that his patriotism, or whatever feeling, had suggested it to his mind. Had there been any doubt of the success of a work with such a title, from any tolerable hand, there could hardly be when it was to come from the pen of the author of "Napoleon and his Marshals," a book, which, whatever be its faults and inaccuracies, is fraught with thrilling interest, and will make a more vivid and lasting impression, than many works of far greater ability and discrimination.

But there was good reason to fear that the necessary differences in the subject would cause "Washington and his Generals" to fall far short in grandeur and interest of "Napoleon and his Marshals." We do not find this to be the case; though there are slight indications that Mr. Headley has used his pen with some effort to make the most of his theme. Of this, however, there was really no necessity; for the truly heroic and the morally sublime abound in the achievements of our Revolution as much as in any series of events that have ever transpired on this world's theatre;—perhaps more. For these, Mr. Headley seems to

have a no less appreciation, than of the mighty contests which shook the whole of Europe in the time of Napoleon. His enthusiasm and undoubted patriotism have been elevated by his theme, and have even placed Washington and his Generals on a higher eminence than the warriors whom he lately celebrated. Washington's great *wisdom* and self-control, checking a naturally impulsive nature, and forcing him, for the good of his country and the more certain realization of permanent success, to measures of cautious prudence, have lost him some reputation for what is so loudly applauded as military GENIUS. Washington's wisdom embraced this much lauded genius to a *very high degree;* but his other great qualities so rose to an equality with it as to prevent its overshadowing them.

Strange is it, that men have ever most intensely admired the predominance of the intellectual, though its fruits have been most bitter. In their fields and with their means, with less virtue than he possessed, but with the same genius, Washington with his worthies would have achieved as much brilliant glory as Napoleon and his Marshals, or any other illustrious warriors.

We are glad to see views which we have defended against professed ardent admirers of Washington, espoused and eloquently enforced by Mr. Headley. He says,

"Hence, in contemplating the *man alone*, one finds in him every characteristic belonging to a military leader of the highest rank. In comparison with the renowned warriors of Europe, he fails only in the number and brilliancy of his victories."

"Great pitched battles, in which the eye is dazzled by the movements of two vast armies, and the senses stunned by the din and uproar of two hundred thousand men mixed in mortal combat, often fix forever in public estimation the fame of a leader, while the same end reached without this tumult excites no astonishment or applause."

"I have often thought that had Washington been a less able general, or had the enemy been in less fear of him, his military career would have been far more brilliant. For then he would have been incessantly pushed inland, and battle given him on any terms, and fierce fights and dazzling exploits have kept the country in a glow,—and he, as it suited him best, been in constant action."

And again, after describing his situation and resources, he says,

"Now, placed in such a position, crippled by such obstacles, there is no way in which a man like Washington can develop all his resources and energy, but by bursting his toils with a strong effort and vaulting to supreme power. This, his integrity and patriotism would not allow him to do, and so he suffered, and endured, and delayed, and instead of putting forth his efforts in his own and the best way, often exerted them in the way marked out by others. As the war advanced, he became more unshackled, and then moved steadily on to victory and an honorable peace."

After the brilliant successes in the Jerseys, he says,

"Thus, in *three weeks' time*, did Washington gain two battles, and drive the British from every post they had taken on the Delaware, and wrest the whole province of New Jersey from their grasp. With a small and dispirited army, part of which he had prevailed on to remain only six weeks longer, in the midst of general discouragement and gloom, he suddenly stopped retreating, and, breaking into a furious offensive, fell like successive thunder-claps on the overwhelming and victorious enemy. Eluding their most skilfully-laid plans, breaking whole regiments to pieces by his furious onsets, and wresting post after post from their grasp, he rolled their strong columns back at every point, while his little army shouted victory, that thrilled the length and breadth of the land. The cloud that had gathered thicker and darker every hour around our cause, suddenly rent, and the light of hope and joy shone down on the nation. The British generals were amazed at their sudden overthrow, while Europe sent up a shout of applause to the genius who had wrought these miracles, and baptized him the *American Fabius*. When his name was uttered, tears of joy and exultation fell, and not a prayer went heavenward but bore it in strong supplication to the God of battles. Patient, watchful, provoked into no rashness, frightened into no delay, cautious in his approach, bold and desperate in the onset, calm and collected in retreat, he moves at the head of his brave but ill-furnished and distracted army like a pillar of fire."

We like the emphasis which Mr. Headley gives to Washington's moral elevation, and to the manifest interposition of a Kind Providence in our struggle for Independence. We hope to be pardoned for one more extract, in which the missions of Washington and Napoleon are contrasted. We confess, however, that we have never been able fully to sympathize with Mr. Headley in his opinions of Napoleon and his career: In our admiration of Washington, there is no hesitation, no qualification, and scarcely any limit.

"No one, in tracing the history of our struggle, can deny that Providence watched over our interests, and gave us the only man who could have conducted the car of the Revolution to the goal it finally reached. Our revolution brought to a speedy crisis the one that must sooner or later have convulsed France. One was as much needed as the other, and has been productive of equal good. But in tracing the progress of each, how striking is the contrast between the instruments employed—Napoleon and Washington. Heaven and earth are not wider apart than were their moral characters, yet both were sent of Heaven to perform a great work. God acts on more enlarged plans than the bigoted and ignorant have any conception of, and adapts his instruments to the work he wishes to accomplish. To effect the regeneration of a comparatively religious, virtuous and intelligent people, no better man could have been selected than Washington. To rend asunder the feudal system of Europe, which stretched like an iron frame-work over the people, and had rusted

so long in its place, that no slow corrosion or steadily wasting power could affect its firmness, there could have been found no better than Bonaparte. Their missions were as different as their characters. Had Bonaparte been put in the place of Washington, he would have overthrown the Congress, as he did the Directory, and taking supreme power into his hands, developed the resources, and kindled the enthusiasm of this country with such astonishing rapidity, that the war would scarcely have begun ere it was ended. But a vast and powerful monarchy instead of a republic, would have occupied this continent. Had Washington been put in the place of Bonaparte, his transcendent virtues and unswerving integrity would not have prevailed against the tyranny of faction, and a prison would have received him, as it did Lafayette. Both were children of a revolution, both rose to the chief command of the army, and eventually to the head of the nation. One led his country step by step to freedom and prosperity, the other arrested at once, and with a strong hand, the earthquake that was rocking France asunder, and sent it rolling under the thrones of Europe. The office of one was to defend and build up Liberty, that of the other to break down the prison walls in which it lay a captive, and rend asunder its century-bound fetters. To suppose that France could have been managed as America was, by any human hand, shows an ignorance as blind as it is culpable. That, and every other country of Europe will have to pass through successive stages before they can reach the point at which our revolution commenced. Here Liberty needed virtue and patriotism, as well as strength—on the continent it needed simple *power*, concentrated and terrible power. Europe at this day trembles over that volcano Napoleon kindled, and the next eruption will finish what he begun. Thus does Heaven, selecting its own instruments, break up the systems of oppression men deemed eternal, and out of the power and ambition, as well as out of the virtues of men, work the welfare of our race."

Putnam, Montgomery, Arnold, Stark, Schuyler, Gates, Wayne, with portraits;—Steuben, Conway, Mifflin, Ward and Heath are the Major Generals grouped in this volume around the "Father of his Country." The author has in it confined his attention to the Major Generals, who correspond with the Marshals in France. Whilst we have dwelt with pleasure and delight upon the gallant and patriotic services of those who so nobly acted their parts, and with indignation against the nefarious and ambitious schemes of Gates, Conway and Mifflin, we have been particularly impressed with the sketch of Arnold, whom the author seems to have handled with bold impartiality. Different treatment might have made the traitor Arnold what Washington saw his abilities fitted him to be,—an efficient prop of the American cause. But his own conduct and deficiencies brought this treatment in a measure upon him. Even the Fame of Gates at Saratoga pales before the reckless daring of the disobedient Arnold. "Doomed by an inefficient commander to remain inactive," whilst those whom he had led at Quebec, at Champlain, and at Ridgefield were rushing to the field, Arnold was driven almost to madness. Regardless of orders, he sprang upon his war horse and "launched like a thunderbolt away."

"He was mounted on a beautiful dark Spanish mare, named Warren after the hero of Bunker Hill, worthy such a rider, and which bore him like the wind into the battle.

"It was told to Gates that Arnold had gone to the field, and he immediately sent Col. Armstrong after him. But Arnold expecting this, and determined not to be called back as he had been before, spurred furiously amid the ranks, and as the former approached him galloped into the vollies, and thus the chase was kept up for half an hour, until at length Armstrong gave it up, and the fierce chieftain had it all his own way. Goaded by rage and disappointment almost into insanity, he evidently was resolved to throw away his life, and end at once his troubles and his career. Where the shot fell thickest, there that black steed was seen plunging through the smoke, and where death reaped down the brave fastest, there his shout was heard ringing over the din and tumult. He was no longer the cool and skilful officer, but the headlong warrior reckless of life. His splendid horse was flecked with foam, and it seemed impossible that his rider could long survive amid the fire through which he so wildly galloped. Some of the officers thought him intoxicated, so furious and vehement were his movements, and so thrilling his shout, as with his sword sweeping in fiery circles about his head he summoned his followers to the charge. Once, wishing to go from one extremity of the line to the other, instead of passing behind his troops, he wheeled in front and galloped the whole distance through the cross-fire of the combatants, while a long huzza followed him. Holding the highest rank on the field, his orders were obeyed, except when too desperate for the bravest to fulfil—and receiving no orders himself, he conducted the whole battle. His frenzied manner, exciting appeals, and fearful daring, infused new spirit into the troops, and they charged after him, shouting like madmen. So perfectly beside himself was he with excitement, that he dashed up to an officer who did not lead on his men as he wished, and opened his head with his sword. He was every where present, and pushed the first line of the enemy so vigorously that it at length gave way. Burgoyne moving up his right wing to cover its retreat, he hurled three regiments with such terrible impetuosity upon it, that it also broke and fled. While the British officers were making desperate efforts in other parts of the field to stay the reversed tide of battle, he pressed on after Burgoyne—storming over the batteries, and clearing every obstacle, till at length he forced him and the whole army back into their camp. Not satisfied with this, he prepared to storm the camp also. But once behind their intrenchments, the British rallied and fought with the fury of men struggling for life. The grape-shot and balls swept every inch of the ground, and it rained an iron tempest on the American ranks, but nothing could resist their fiery valor. On, on they swept in the track of their leader, carrying every thing before them. The sun had now sunk in the west, and night was drawing its mantle over the scene. Arnold, enraged at the obsti-

nacy of the enemy, and resolved to make one more desperate effort for a complete victory, rallied a few of his bravest troops about him, and rousing them by his enthusiastic appeals, led them to a last charge on the camp itself. '*You*, said he to one, 'was with me at Quebec, *you* in the wilderness, and *you* on Champlain—Follow me!' His sword was seen glancing like a beam of light along their serried array—the next moment he galloped in front and riding right gallantly at their head through the devouring fire, broke with a clatter and a crash into the very sally-port of the enemy, where horse and rider sunk together to the earth—the good steed dead, and Arnold beneath him, with his leg shattered to pieces, the same leg that was broken at the storming of Quebec.

"This ended the fight, and the wounded hero was borne pale and bleeding from the field of his fame only to awaken to chagrin and disappointment. There is but little doubt, that when he violated his orders and galloped to the field, he had made up his mind to bury his sorrows and disappointments in a bloody grave. Would that he had succeeded, and saved himself from the curse of his countrymen and the scorn of the world!"

One more extract from Mr. Headley's sketch of Arnold's "character," will be the last.

"Arnold's treason has sunk in oblivion all his noble deeds—covered his career with infamy, and fixed a deep and damning curse on his name. Men turn abhorrent from his grave—friends and foes speak of him alike with scorn, and children learn to shudder at the name of Benedict Arnold. This is all right and just, but there is another lesson beside the guilt of treason to be learned from his history—that it is no less dangerous than criminal, to let party spirit or personal friendship, promote the less deserving over their superiors in rank. The enemies of Arnold have a heavy account to render for their injustice, and our Congress would do well to take warning from their example.

"That his character was radically defective no one can doubt. His betrayal of his country is sufficient proof that his principles were corrupt, and his revenge unsparing and fiendish. Of a proud and determined spirit—full of resolution and will, he was never made to bend. The storm that struck him must leave him standing or utterly wrecked. Submission was a word he never learned, and a virtue he never practised, neither in the battle field nor in the state. This quality made him restless in combat, but made him also desperate under restraints which he deemed unjust. He was a man of decided genius—sudden and daring in his plans, and brilliant in their execution. As an officer he possessed great merit, and Washington knew it, and hence constantly interposed the shield of his person between him and his enemies. Like Bonaparte he wanted *power and skill* at the head of his armies. Impelled by broader and nobler views than Congress, and governed by a juster spirit, he would, if left to himself, have bound Arnold to the cause of freedom with cords of iron. He would not have visited too severely on him his extravagances, or held him too closely accountable for the use of his power. Knowing him to be impetuous and headlong, nay, arrogant and overbearing, and often unscrupulous, he would have curbed him by remonstrance rather than by disgrace, and directed all those vast energies so eager for action on the foes of his country."

We have on former occasions pointed out some of Mr. Headley's faults and inaccuracies. These a writer who has so much practice should learn to correct. In the volume before us are some, of which we will notice a few. He says that the American war embraces "more of the romantic and heroic *of* any that ever transpired," &c. More *of* any! He speaks of a battle being "delivered;" for which he may possibly have authority. The charge of repetition, which has sometimes been brought improperly against him, applies with some justice to parts of the work before us, and might have been avoided; though he thinks he has avoided it as much as possible. But all Mr. Headley's works have to us been highly interesting and never fail of their general effect.

The second volume of Washington and his Generals will be issued in May, and will contain sketches of the more prominent Brigadier Generals. *Drinker & Morris* have the work.

---

THE HARPERS

Are continuing their valuable and very handsomely executed *Illustrated Pictorial History of England*;—having reached the 19th number; which, with the rest, and also part of the work in a bound volume, can be obtained of *Drinker & Morris*.

They have completed their *Illuminated Shakespeare*, which will be a credit to the topographical and graving art of the country.

They have just issued in very handsome style, that admirable standard work,

HALLAM'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the time of Henry VII. to the accession of George III., a most valuable fund of knowledge for the Statesman, the Jurist and the general student of History. Unless we could lay some of the contents of such a work before our readers, which its voluminous extent and our small space render impracticable, its bare announcement is the best service we can render them, or the enterprising publishers. The reputation of the author, so favorably associated with the most interesting, profound and useful subjects of enquiry of the present day, and the merits of the work will ensure it a sure and steadily increasing demand. *Drinker & Morris* have it.

---

We are indebted to Messrs. Little & Brown, of Boston, for vols. XI and XII of their most excellent series of *American Biography, edited by Prof. Sparks*, and written often by our most masterly pens.

Vol. XI contains the *Life of Commodore Decatur*. By *A. Slidell Mackenzie*,—well qualified for the task undertaken, and which he has accomplished with credit to himself and in a manner that was due to the distinguished Dead, whose life he has handed down to posterity.

That the Navy should produce such men, and then contain those well fitted to celebrate their deeds, can not fail to have the happiest influence upon the service; inciting its members to noble and gallant achievements, that may recommend them to the Historic Muse; and inspiring them with a desire also to weave the bright flowers of Literature in their chaplets of Fame.

Vol. XII contains the *Life of Commodore Preble*. By *Lorenzo Sabine*, of Maine; and of *William Penn*. By *George E. Ellis*, author of several other contributions to the series. Commodore Preble has been termed "The Father of the American Navy." He not only overcame the ridicule with which our Navy was treated abroad,—his own Flag-ship having been contemptuously styled a "bunch of pine boards,"—but brought it into credit and honor, by his gallant bearing and important services in the

## ITEMS OF LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The American Art-Union, we learn from the President of the Institution, Prosper M. Wetmore, Esq., has decided upon an appropriation for a medal, to be executed by C. C. Wright, Esq., to be struck and distributed with the prizes at the close of the year. A head of Washington Allston is talked of.

The N.Y. Historical Society, at its last monthly meeting, April 6th, decided upon the publication of a monthly bulletin of the proceedings, to be prepared by George H. Moore, Esq., the acting librarian. It cannot fail to be of use to the Society, and a powerful reminder, as it is put in the hands of the members at their meetings, of the propriety of doing something worth reading. This month's bulletin will be perfectly satisfactory. A paper on Libraries in the United States, was received from Mr. Ludewig, who has already rendered important bibliographical services to the country, from which it appears there are two hundred and fifty-eight public libraries in twenty-seven of the States; Massachusetts and Ohio each possessing twenty-four, Pennsylvania thirty-two, and New York forty. A thousand dollars has been raised for the use of the Library of the Society, by subscriptions for Life Membership. The separate Fire Proof Building is still under discussion. A paper was read by the Rev. J. T. Headley, on "the Three Epochs of the Revolution," including sketches of the Battles of Trenton and Monmouth. We are indebted to the courtesy of the Chairman of the Executive Committee, for a copy of the Proceedings of the Society for the year 1846. It is as usual a volume of interest; embracing a general review of the business of the Society, the report of the Librarian, list of donations and purchases for the Library, and the various papers read in the course of the year. The latter embraces a Memoir of the Expedition which resulted in the Burning of Schenectady, by Rev. Mr. Van Rensselaer, of Albany; notices of antique earthen vessels found in the low tumuli of Florida, by Henry R. Schoolcraft; Mr. Gibb's Observations tending to show that Columbus first landed on Turk's Island, and not on San Salvador; a Review of the recent progress of Geography and Ethnology throughout the world, by John R. Bartlett, a learned and interesting *resumé*, bringing together in a convenient shape, matter not easily accessible in other forms, with much that is original, and the addition of several valuable bibliographical pages. The volume also presents the anniversary address, which on the last occasion was delivered by Mr. Schoolcraft. The volume may be purchased at a slight expense from the assistant librarian, University Buildings, and also of Henry Kernot, 630 Broadway.

The Young men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati has reached its thirteenth year.

The Association has provided itself with a suite of superb rooms at an expense of ten thousand dollars, which sum has been collected and paid. The library contains nearly five thousand volumes, and connected with it is a reading-room abundantly supplied with newspapers and other periodicals. Adjoining the library rooms is a most spacious and elegant hall capable of containing from twenty-five hundred to three thousand persons, in which, during the past season, a course of lectures was delivered, which, after deducting all expenses, yielded the Association a profit of three hundred and fifty dollars.

Lord Brongham, it is reported, is about to publish a translation of Dante—an exercise of his younger days.

The Percy Society have commenced the publication of Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, with illustrations, notes by Thos. Wright.

Messrs. Wiley and Putnam have ready the *seventh* part of the Heroines of Shakespeare, with beautifully engraved portraits, by Heath of Lady Percy, Lady Grey and Julia; Part *six* includes Mopsa, Olivia and Anne Page, with letter press from the original plays.

Messrs. W. & P. have in press, the second and concluding volume of Goethe's Autobiography.

The 'Whittington Club'—JERROLD *President*—held a soirée at the London Tavern a few days since. Between 1,300 and 1,400 persons were present; a large number of ladies graced the assembly. Mary Howitt is Vice-President of the Society. Speeches, songs, music, dancing, etc., were the amusements of the evening. Jerrold, Howitt, Dr. Bowring, and others, made speeches. Some three or four hundred ladies belong to the Club, the object of which is mutual improvement.

"At a sale of valuable Books lately in London, the fourteenth copy known to exist of the Mazarin Bible, generally ascribed to the press of Guttenberg, was purchased for £500 sterling, per account as we find it in the *Courier des Etats Unis*, for the *American Museum* at Washington. This we suppose to mean the Smithsonian Institute, and if so, we should be disposed to condemn so large an expenditure for a mere fancy copy, from means so bequeathed with such magnificence and comprehensive benevolence for the 'diffusion of knowledge among men.'

Messrs. Carey and Hart have just issued parts V. and VI. of Montholon's 'Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena;' also a new volume of the 'Humorous American Works,' profusely illustrated by Darley, entitled, 'Streaks of Squatter Life and Far-West Scenes.' The author is John S. Robb, Esq., of St. Louis, Mo. Also, D'Israeli's new novel of 'Tancred.'

The Harpers intend to reproduce the richly embellished edition of Lane's translation of "The Thousand and one Nights," or "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," with all the engravings—more than six hundred in number.—They have also in press "Brewster's Life of Newton; "Southey's Essays;" "Barrow's Autobiography; "Encyclopædia of the Fine Arts; "De Tocqueville on Reign of Louis XV;" "Zamba;" "Year Book of Missions;" "Parnoe's Louis XIV;" "Homes and Haunts of the Poets;" "Rambles in Sweden;" "Jesse's Literary Memorials of London;" "West's "Visit to Ireland;" "Castles in the air;" "Mrs. Marsh's New Novel;" "Secret History of the Court of George IV;" "Redding's Life of Campbell;" "Margaret Graham, by James;" "Youthful Life and Pictures of Travel;" "Thomson's Memoirs of Lady Landon;" "Schimitz's History of Rome;" "Hunt's Men, Women, and Books;" "Craik's Female Examples, &c;" "Student of Salamanca;" "Willengen's Mind and Matter;" "The Protégé, by Mrs. Ponsonby."

P352.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. JUNE, 1847. NO. VI.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.


PAGE

1. Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. Chap. XXI, XXII, XXIII, XXIV, and XXV.....321
2. The Fortunes of Esther, the Jewess. A Tale...345
3. The Legal Profession. By the Editor.....356
4. How they Manage Matters in the Model Republic.....360
5. Living Novelists.....367
6. Essays on the Early Language and Literature of England. By H. R.....373
7. Notices of New Works. A System of Logic Ratiocinative. Stevens' History of Georgia. Griswold's Prose Writers of America. Books of Travels, &c., &c.....381-384


## ORIGINAL POETRY.


PAGE

8. Winter and Spring.....341
9. The Book of Nature. By J. M. Legaré.....342
10. To the Turtle-Dove. By J. A. T.....343
11. Consolations of the Church. By Mrs. E. J. Eames.....343
12. Stanzas. By J.....343
13. A Morn in Paradise. By Elora.....344
14. Sleep. By Effie.....344
15. The Girdled Oak. By W. N. Stanton.....356
16. Lightning. By S. S. Bradford.....359
17. Stanzas. "Eyes, eyes, beautiful Eyes!".....380


## PAYMENTS TO THE LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Allen, Jos | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Anderson, J. R | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Allen, W. C | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| Brown, Lt. E | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Branch, D. M | WG | Virginia | vol 12 |
| Blake, S. R | Georgia | | vol 12-13 |
| Bransford, Fred | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Beale, Dr. Jas | Virginia | | vol 9-10-11-12 |
| Conway, B. F. T | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Cumming, Jos. | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Caskie, James | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| Daniel, Dr. W. C | Georgia | | Pd. to May, 1847. |
| Dunlop, James | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Fauntleroy, J. M | Virginia | | vol 9-10-11-12-13 |
| Gwathmey, R | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Gwathmey, Mrs. H. B | Virginia | | vol 10-11-12-13 |
| Gray, James | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Halstead, Dr. J. S | Kentucky | | vol 12-13 |
| Hobson, J. C | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Heath, Jas. E | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Hurt, Josephus | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Jackson, Dr. John | Kentucky | | vol 9-10-11 |
| Johnson, Chapman | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| James, Fleming | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Leigh, Miss Catharine | Mississippi | | vol 13 |
| Lyons, James | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Lanier, S. C | Georgia | | vol 12-13 |
| Leigh, B. W | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Lamar, Miss F. M | Georgia | | vol 10-11-12 |
| Lamar, Dr. T. R | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Lowther, Wm | Georgia | | vol 12-13 |
| Maney, Judge T | Tennessee | | Pd. to May 1847. |
| Minor, Dr. Jefferson | Virginia | | Pd. to Sep. 1847. |
| Myers, G. A | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Mims, W. D | Georgia | | vol 9-10-11 |
| Myers, Col. S. S. | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| McNemarra, H. C | WG | Virginia | vol 10-11-12-13 |
| Munford, Col. John D | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Munford, G. W | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Madison, W. A | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Nelson, Dr. Thos | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Pickett, James | Kentucky | | vol 12-13 |
| Patton, J. M | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Pannell, W | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Peeples, H. W | Kentucky | | vol 13 |
| Quarles, Henry | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Ruffin, W. H | Missouri | | vol 12-13 |
| Rogers, W. V | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Rutherfoord, Col. John | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Robinson, Poitiaux | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Ross, J. B | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Rhodes, Holden | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Rowlett, Rev. T. W | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Robinson, Conway | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Stubbs, T. P | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Strother, W. P | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Scott, James | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Seddon, Hon. J. A | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Stanard, R | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Taylor, Dr. E. T | Georgia | | vol 12-13 |
| Townes & Powell | WG | Virginia | Pd. to end of vol 13 |
| Thompson, Wm | Kentucky | | vol 13 |
| Virginia Library | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Webb, Lewis | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Warner, Dr. A. L | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Watson, Dr. George | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

JUNE, 1847.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

A general amnesty was granted to all the inhabitants. In case Sir William or his Councillors should "goe for London, or other place in England, that they or anie of them shall bee free from any trouble or hindrance of arrests, or such like in England, and that they may follow their occasions, for the space of six monthes, after their arrivall." *

It would seem that some important articles of surrender were not ratified by the Long Parliament. The 4th was "that Virginia shall have and enjoy the antient bounds and lymitts granted by the charters of the former kings, and that we shall seek a new charter from the Parliament to that purpose against any that intrencht against the rights thereof." This article was referred [August 1652,] to the committee of the Navy to consider what patent was fit to be granted to the inhabitants of Virginia. The 7th article was "That the people of Virginia have free trade as the people of England do enjoy to all places and with all nations according to the lawes of that commonwealth, and that Virginia shall enjoy all priviledges equall with any English plantations in America. The latter clause was referred to the same committee. The 8th article was, "That Virginia shall be free from all taxes, customes and impositions whatsoever and none to be imposed on them without consent of the Grand Assembly, and soe that neither ffortes nor castles bee erected or garrisons maintained, without their consent." This was also referred to the Navy committee, together with several papers relative to the disputes between Virginia and Maryland, &c. The committee made a report, [December 31st, 1652.] which however seems wholly confined to the question of boundary and the contest with Lord Baltimore. In the ensuing July the Long Parliament was dissolved. *

The articles of capitulation were subscribed by Richard Bennet, William Clayborne and Edmund Curtis, commissioners in behalf of the parliament. Bennet, a merchant, and Roundhead, driven from Virginia by the intolerance of Sir William Berkley's administration, had taken refuge in Maryland. Having gone out thence to England, his puritanical principles and knowledge of the colonies of Virginia and Maryland had recommended him for the place of commissioner. Clayborne, too, who had former-

* "Virginia and Maryland," note to p. 20, in Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2. Mr. Force whose laborious researches have brought to light such a magazine of curious and instructive historical materials, appears to have been the first to draw attention to the "non-ratification" of these articles. He is however not quite accurate in saying, that "the fourth, seventh and eighth were not confirmed," for the 4th granting free trade, *was* in the main substance confirmed, only the latter clause which was pleonastick and of minor consequence was not ratified. The omission of all notice of the latter clause of the 7th and of the 8th article, in the committee's report, is unaccountable.

Mr. Force says "Three of the articles," "were not confirmed" and therefore did not receive "the last formal and final and definitive ratification," which Burk (2. 92) supposes they did." Burk however here referred only to the ratification by the parties at Jamestown and had no reference to the ulterior confirmation by the Commonwealth of England.

‡ Hening, vol. 1, p. 365-367.

ly been obliged to fly to England, and whose office of treasurer of Virginia, Sir William Berkley had held to be forfeited by delinquency and which the fugitive Charles had bestowed on Colonel Norwood—this impetuous and indomitable Clayborne was another of the commissioners, sent to reduce the colonies within the Chesapeake bay. A new era was now opened in these two colonies and the prominent parts which Bennet and Clayborne were destined to perform in this novel scene, exhibit a signal example of the vicissitudes of human fortune.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### 1652—1660.

Bennet and Clayborne reduce Maryland under Cromwell's authority; Cromwell's Letter; Digges elected Governor; Bennet returns to England, the Colony's Agent; Col. Edward Hill defeated by the Ricahecrians; Totopotomoi with greater part of his warriors slain; All Freemen allowed to vote; Samuel Matthews chosen Governor; Digges sent out as colleague of Bennet; Matthews orders a dissolution of the Assembly. The Assembly resists; Former elections of Governor and appointments of Councillors annulled; Matthews re-elected; Appointed agent conjointly with Bennet and Digges; Death of Oliver Cromwell; Succeeded by his son Richard; The government of Virginia under the Commonwealth of England.

Shortly after the surrender of "the Ancient Dominion of Virginia," Bennet and Clayborne, Commissioners, embarking in the Guinea frigate, proceeded with that ship alone, to reduce Maryland. After effecting a reduction of the province, the Commissioners, with singular moderation, agreed to a compromise with those who held the proprietary government under Lord Baltimore. Stone the Governor and the Council, (part papists, none well affected to the Commonwealth of England,) were allowed, (until further instructions should be received,) to hold their places on condition of issuing writs "in the Name of the Keepers of the Liberty of England." *

Sir William Berkley, upon the surrender of the colony, betook himself into retirement, in Virginia, where he remained free from every molestation and his house continued to be a hospitable place of resort for refugee cavaliers.

[April 30th, 1652.] Bennet and Clayborne, Commissioners, together with the Burgesses of Virginia, organized a Provisional Government, subject to the control of the Commonwealth of England. Richard Bennet, a Roundhead, was made Governor, and William Clayborne Secretary of State for the colony. * The council appointed, consisted of "Capt. John West, Coll. Sam. Matthews, Coll. Nathaniel Littleton, Coll. Argall Yeardley, Coll. Tho. Pettus, Coll. Hump. Higginson, Coll. George Ludlow, Col. Wm. Barnett, Capt. Bridges ffreeman, Capt. Tho. Harwood, Major Wm. Taylor, Capt. ffrancis Eppes and Liev'tt Coll. John Cheesman." The Governor, Secretary and Council "are to have such power and authorities and to act from time to time, as by the Grand Assembly shall be appointed and granted." †

The governor and councillors were allowed to be ex-officio members of the assembly. [May 5th, 1652.] The assembly claiming the right to appoint all officers for the colony, yet for the present in token of their confidence in the commissioners, referred all the appointments not already made to the governor and them. ‡ And this act was renewed in the next year. The oath administered to the burgesses was;—"you shall swear to act as a burgess for the place you serve for in this assembly, with the best of your judgment and advice for the general good, not mingling with it any particular or private interest." At the commencement of the session of November, 1652, Mr. John Hammond returned a Burgess from the Isle of Wight, was expelled from the assembly, as being "notoriously knowne a scandalous person and a frequent disturber of the peace of the country, by libell and other illegall practices." Hammond, who had passed nineteen years in Virginia, now retired to Maryland. § He was the author of the pamphlet "Leah and Rachel." At the same time with Hammond, the Assembly expelled James Pyland, another Bur-

* Virginia and Maryland," p. 11-34. Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2. Chalmers' Annals, 221-222.

* 1 Hening, p. 371.
† Idem, p. 372.
‡ Idem, p. 372.
§ 1 Hening p. 374.

gess of the Isle of Wight, and it was ordered "that he stand comitted to answer such things as shall be objected against him, as an abettor of Mr. Thomas Woodward, in his mutinous and rebellious declaration. And concerning his the said Mr. Pyland blasphemous catechisme." *

[1653.] There were now fourteen counties in Virginia, viz:—Henrico, Charles City, James City, Surry, Isle of Wight, Nansemond, Lower Norfolk, Elizabeth City, Warwick, York, Northampton, Northumberland, Gloucester and Lancaster. † The number of Burgesses in this year was 34. Upon the meeting of the Assembly, [July, 5th,] some difference occurred between the Governor and the House, relative to the election of Speaker. The affair, however, was compromised, and Bennet seems to have enjoyed the confidence of the Virginians. Several malecontents were punished for speaking contemptuously of the Provisional Government and for refusing to pay the "castle duties." ‡

Owing to the war between Holland and the Protector, Sir William Berkley had not yet been able to depart from Virginia, in conformity with the Convention of 1651, and he therefore now became subject to arrest. But the Assembly passed an act stating, "that as the war between England and Holland had prevented the confirmation of the Convention of 1651 in England, or the coming of a ship out of Holland and the said Sir William Berkeley desires a longer time, viz:—eight months from the date hereof, to procure a ship out of Flanders, in respect of the war with Holland and that he be custom free for such tobacco as he shall lade in her;—it is condescended, that his said request shall be granted." * Some seditious disturbances having taken place in Northampton, on the Eastern Shore, it was found necessary for the Governor and the Secretary, with a party of gentlemen, to repair thither for the purpose of restoring order. Edmund Scarborough was a ring-leader in these disorders.

In this year land was granted to Roger Green and others, living in Nansemond county, for exploring and settling the country bordering on the Moratuck or Roanoke † and Chowan rivers. In the preceding year, Col. William Clayborne and Capt. Henry Fleet were authorized to make discoveries to the South and West. ‡ "Diverse gentlemen" were, [1653,] permitted to "discover the Mountains." §

At the meeting of the assembly, [1654,] William Hatcher, being convicted of having called Colonel Edward Hill, speaker of the House, "an atheist and blasphemer," was compelled to make acknowledgment of his offence upon his knees, before Colonel Hill and the assembly. This Hatcher appears to have been a burgess of Henrico in 1652. ‖ More than twenty years afterwards, in his old age, he was fined eight thousand pounds of pork, for the use of the king's soldiers, on account of mutinous words uttered shortly after Bacon's rebellion. ¶

[April 20th, 1653.] Cromwell dissolved the Long Parliament, and on the 16th of December in the same year became "Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Scotland and Ireland."

In the meantime, Stone, (who since June 28th, 1652, had continued in the place of Governor of Maryland,) in consonance with the instructions of Lord Baltimore, violated the terms of the compromise arranged with Bennet and Clayborne, in behalf of the Parliament. These commissioners addressed a letter to Stone proposing an interview. He made a rude reply and indulged in this

* Idem, p. 374-375.

† James City, Henrico, Charles City, Elizabeth City, Warwick River, Warrasqueake, Charles River, and Accowmack were the 8 original counties formed in 1634. 1 Hening, p. 224. Warrasqueake was changed to Isle of Wight in 1637, and first represented 1643—Id. p. 239. The name of Charles River was changed to York, and of Warwick River to Warwick in 1643—Id. 249. The boundaries of Upper and Lower Norfolk were fixed in 1642—Id. p. 247. Name of Upper Norfolk changed to Nansimum afterwards Nansemond, 1646—Id. p. 321. Northumberland first mentioned, 1645—Id. p. 362. Westmoreland, 1663—Id. p. 381. Surrey, Gloucester and Lancaster, 1652—Id. p. 373, 374. New Kent first represented 1654. Taken from upper part of York county—Id. p. 387. Rappahannock formed from upper part of Lancaster, 1656—Id. p. 427.

‡ 1 Hening, p. 379. Burk 2, p. 96-96.

* Burk 2, p. 99-100. Hening 1, p. 384.

† This River was called Moratuck or Moratock above the falls, Roanoke below. Roanoke signified "shell:" Roanoke and Wampum-peake were terms for Indian shell-money.

‡ 1 Hening, p. 377.

§ Idem, p. 381.

‖ Hening, vol. 1, p. 369.

¶ Hening, vol. 2, p. 551.

expression, "We in plain terms say we suppose you to be Wolves in Sheep's clothing." Bennet and Clayborne, now "by authority derived from his Highness the Lord Protector," siezed the government of the province and intrusted it to a board of ten Commissioners. * When Lord Baltimore received intelligence of it, he wrote, [Nov., 1654,] to Stone reproaching him with cowardice and peremptorily commanded him to recover the colony by force of arms. "Stone and all *Maryland* fall to arms and disarm and plunder those that would not accept the aforesaid oath" of allegiance to Baltimore. Maryland contained many emigrants from Virginia of Puritan principles. These dwelt mainly on the banks of the Severn and the Patuxent and on the Isle of Kent. They were disaffected to the Proprietary government and protested that they had removed to Maryland, under the express engagement of Stone, that they should be exempt from the obnoxious oath. Part of the recusants now took up arms and civil war desolated the infant Maryland. At length, in an action, Stone and his people were utterly defeated. "There were near double the number in Prisoners to the Victors; twenty slain, many wounded, and all the place strewed with Papist beads where they fled." †

Thus Maryland became subject to the Protectorate.

Among the prisoners was the Governor, Stone, who had been "shot in many places." Several of the prisoners were condemned to death by a court martial. Four of the principal, one of them a councillor, were executed on the spot. Stone likewise sentenced, owed his escape to the intercession "of some women" and the interposition of some of Bennet and Clayborne's people. ‡ John Hammond, (the same that had been two years before expelled from the Virginia Assembly,) one of the condemned, fled in disguise and escaped to England in the ship Crescent. *

The administration of the Commissioners was rigorous. Religious freedom was allowed by the assembly to all except papists. Such were likewise Milton's views of toleration. † Cromwell soaring higher commanded the commissioners "not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil government." And remembering Lord Baltimore's ready submission to his authority, restored him to the command of the province. The following letter was written by the Protector to curb the violent contest of Virginia and Maryland respecting their boundary.

"To the Commissioners of Maryland.

Whitehall, 26th September, 1655.

Sirs,

It seems to us by yours of the 29th of June, and by the relation we received by Colonel Bennet, that some mistake or scruple hath arisen concerning the sense of our Letters of the 12th of January last—as if by our Letters we had intimated that we should have a stop put to the proceedings of those commissioners who were authorized to settle the civil government of Maryland. Which was not at all intended by us; nor so much as proposed to us by those who made addresses to us to obtain our said Letter. But our intention, (as our said Letter doth plainly import,) was only to prevent and forbid any force or violence to be offered by either of the Plantations of Virginia or Maryland from one to the other upon the differences concerning their bounds. The said differences being then under the consideration of Ourself and Council here. Which for your more full satisfaction we have thought fit to signify to you; and rest

your loving friend,

OLIVER P." §

* "Virginia and Maryland," Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 2.

† It was the custom of the Maryland Romanists to celebrate, July 31st, the anniversary of St. Ignatius Maryland's patron Saint by a salute of cannon. [1656.] On August 1st, the day following the anniversary, "certain soldiers, unjust plunderers, Englishmen indeed by birth, of the heterodox faith, "aroused by the nocturnal report of the cannon, issued from their fort 5 miles distant, rushed upon the habitations of the Papists, broke into them and plundered whatever there was there of arms or powder. White's Relation. Force, vol. 4.

‡ "Leah and Rachel." Force's Hist. Tracts, vol. 3. Chalmers' Political Annals, p. 222.

* The Master of this vessel was "amersed" "in deep penalties by the Virginia Assembly, for carrying off Hammond, without a pass." Leah and Rachel, p. 29. Force's Hist. Tracts. vol. 3. "But the conditions being treacherously violated, four of the captives and three of them Catholics were pierced with leaden balls." The Jesuit fathers hotly pursued escaped to Virginia, where they inhabited "a mean hut, low and depressed, not much unlike a cistern or even the tomb in which that great defender of the faith, St. Athanasius, lay concealed for many years." White's Relation. Force, vol. 4.

† Milton's Prose Works, vol. 2, p. 346.

‡ Carlyle's Cromwell, vol. 2, p. 182.

[March, 30th, 1655.] Edward Digges was elected Governor. * He succeeded Bennet who had held the office from the 30th of April, 1652, and who was now appointed the colony's agent at London. [1656.] Six or seven hundred Ricahecrian Indians came down from the mountains and seated themselves near the falls of James river. Colonel Edward Hill, the elder, with a body of men was ordered to dislodge them. He was reinforced by Totopotomoi, † chief of Pamunkey, with one hundred of his tribe. Hill was defeated and Totopotomoi with the greater part of his warriors slain. ‡ Hill, on account of his misconduct in this affair, was compelled to pay the cost of the expedition and disfranchised. § In this year an act was passed allowing all free men the right of voting for burgesses, on the ground that "it is something hard and unagreeable to reason that any persons shall pay equall taxes and yet have no votes in elections." ‖ So republican was the elective franchise in Virginia near two centuries ago! [1656.] Colonel Thomas Dew, of Nansemond county, sometime before Speaker of the House and others were authorized to explore the country between Cape Hatteras and Cape Fear. The county of Nansemond had long abounded with non-conformists. ¶ [March 13, 1658,] Samuel Matthews was elected Governor in the place of Digges, who was sent out to assist Bennet in the agency at London early in 1656. Matthews was "an old planter of nearly forty years standing," had been a member of the council, [1624,] and now "a most deserving commonwealth's man, kept a good house, lived bravely and was a true lover of Virginia." * The burgesses now rescinded the order admitting the governor and council as members of their House and voted an adjournment. Matthews, on the 1st of April, declared a dissolution of the assembly. The house resisted it and after an oath of secrecy, the members were enjoined not to betray their trust by submission. The Governor yielded, reserving an appeal to the Protector. The burgesses now voted the governor's answer unsatisfactory and he revoked the order of dissolution, still referring the decision to Cromwell. The House now appointed a committee of which John Carter, of Lancaster, was chief, and made a declaration of popular sovereignty. The former elections of governor and appointments of councillors were decreed to be void, and Matthews was re-elected and invested "with all the just rights and privileges belonging to the Governour and Captaine-Generall of Virginia." The Governor acquiesced, and took a new oath just prescribed. The council was organized anew. † The legislative records do not develop the particular ground on which the previous elections of governor and appointments of councillors under the provisional government were annulled. From the exclusion of the executive functionaries from the House, it might be inferred that this annulment was grounded upon a jealousy of officers being members of the body that elected them. Yet this objection could not hold good against Bennet, the first of the three Governors, and his council, as they had been expressly allowed, [1652,] to be ex-officio members of the house of burgesses.

Matthews, Governor elect, (having been re-elected in 1659,) was shortly after commissioned to support the interests of Virginia in London conjointly with Bennet and Digges. ‡ By a singular coincidence the three governors were thus transferred from

* Hening, vol. 1, p. 408 in note.

† There is a creek in Hanover called Totopotomoy.

"The mighty TOTTIPOTIMOY
Sent to our elders an envoy
Complaining sorely of the breach
Of league held forth by brother Patch."
*Hudibras, cited in Thatcher's Indian Biography, vol. I, p. 103.*

‡ It seems not improbable that Bloody Run, near Richmond, derived its name from this battle, instead of the one in which Bacon was afterwards engaged, with which tradition has connected this rivulet.

§ Burk 2, p. 107.

‖ Hening, vol. 1, p. 403.

¶ Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 134.

* Bancroft, vol. 1, p. 226, citing Mass. Hist. Coll. Burk, vol. 2, p. 112, says "of the transactions from this period, [1656,] to the restoration, [1660,] there is an entire chasm in the records." According to Hening, on the contrary, vol. 1, p. 429 in note, "in no portion of the colonial records under the commonwealth are the materials so copious as from 1656 to 1660."

† Bancroft, vol. 1, p. 226. Hen. vol 1, p. 504-5.

‡ The letters addressed to Cromwell, and to Thurlow, Secretary of State, together with instructions to Matthews and Digges may be found in Burk, vol. 2, p. 116-17. For the re-election of Matthews see Hen., vol. 1, p. 529.

the miniature capital of Virginia and found themselves together near the court of "his highnesse," the Lord Protector. [March, 1659.] A letter dated at Whitehall, September 7th, 1658, was received at Jamestown, addressed to the governor and council, (although none appear to have been appointed since the departure of Matthews,) announcing the demise on the 3rd of that month of his highness, Oliver Cromwell Lord Protector of England and the succession of his eldest son Richard to the protectorate. The letter was subscribed by Henry Lawrence, president of the council. Upon its being read before the assembly a resolution was passed fully recognizing Richard Cromwell as successor and an address sent to "his highnesse." So much truth is there in Mr. Jefferson's remark, that Virginia, "in the contest with the House of Stuart, only accompanied the footsteps of the mother country." * The letter of Lawrence mentioned that the late Protector, considering the loose and unsettled state of the government in Virginia, had been engaged in measures for re-organizing it, which had been interrupted by his death. The government of Virginia, under the Commonwealth of England, was mild and just. While Cromwell's sceptre commanded the respect of the world, he exhibited generous and politic leniency towards the infant and loyal colony. She enjoyed during this interval free trade, legislative independence and internal peace. The governors were men who by their virtues and moderation won the confidence and affections of the people. No extravagance, rapacity, or extortion, could be alleged against the administration. Intolerance and persecution were unknown, with the single exception of a rigorous act banishing the quakers. † But rapine, extravagance, extortion, intolerance and persecution were all soon to be revived under the auspices of the Stuarts.

* Preface to T. M's account of Bacon's rebellion in Kercheval's Hist. of Valley of Va., p. 21.

† Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to the second series of the "Tales of my Landlord," exclaims: "For O ye powers of logic! when the prelatists and the Presbyterians of old times went by the ears together in this unlucky country, my ancestor (venerated be his memory!) was one of the people called Quakers and suffered severe handling on either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person." Such was the fortune of the Quakers in Virginia.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### 1660—1669.

Richard Cromwell resigns the Protectorate; Supreme power claimed by the Assembly; Sir William Berkley elected Governor by the Assembly; Errors of Historians on this subject; Circumstances of Berkley's election; Stuyvesant's Letter; Charles sends a commission to Berkley from Breda; Berkley's reply; The Church in Virginia; Assembly of 1661; Intelligence received of the Restoration of Charles II.; Assembly sends an address to the King; Demonstrations of Loyalty; Enormous emoluments of the Governor; Altered tone of the Assembly; Power of Taxation vested for three years in the Governor and Council; General Act relating to the Indians; Miscellaneous affairs; Sir William Berkley appointed to superintend the establishment of a Colony on the borders or Albemarle Sound; Batte's Expedition across the mountains; Number of the Indians; Greenspring settled on Sir Wm. Berkley.

[1659.] The tenure of the office of Councillors was fixed for life and they were to be nominated by the Governor and confirmed by the Burgesses. Richard Cromwell resigned the protectorate in March, 1660.—Matthews, governor elect, had died in the January previous. England was without a monarch; Virginia without a governor. Here was a two-fold interregnum. The assembly convening on the 13th of March, 1660, declared by their first act, that as there was then in England "noe resident absolute and generall confessed power," therefore the supreme government of the colony should rest in the assembly.

By the second act, Sir William Berkley was appointed governor, and it was ordered that all writs should issue in the name of the assembly. The governor was restricted from dissolving the assembly without its consent.

No fact in our history has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than this reappointment of Sir William Berkley, before the restoration of Charles II. If we were to believe the fanciful statements of historians, who from age to age have blindly followed each other in fabulous tradition, wilful perversion, or erroneous conjecture, Sir William was hurried from retirement by a torrent of popular enthusiasm, made governor by acclamation, and the standard of Charles II. boldly erected in the colony several months be-

fore the restoration, and thus the Virginians as they had been the last of the king's subjects who renounced their allegiance, so they were the first who returned to it! * But as has been seen, Sir William was elected, not by a tumultuary assemblage of the people, but by the assembly; the royal standard was not raised upon the occasion, nor was the king proclaimed. Sir William, however, made no secret of his loyalty. He spoke of the late king as, "my most gracious master, king Charles, of ever blessed memory," and as "my ever honoured Master," who "was put to a violent death." Alluding to the surrender of the Colony, he said, the Parliament "sent a small power to force my submission to them, which finding me defenceless, was quietly (God pardon me) effected." Of the several parliaments and the protectorate he remarked, "And, I believe, Mr. Speaker, you think, if my voice had been prevalent in most of their elections, I would not voluntarily have made choice of them for my Supreames. But, Mr. Speaker, all this I have said, is onely to make this truth apparent to you, that in and under all these mutable governments of divers natures and constitutions, I have lived most resigningly submissive. But, Mr. Speaker, it is one dutie to live obedient to a government and another of a very different nature, to command under it."

The assembly repeatedly declared, that there was then "no generall confessed power" in England; in a word, that it was an interregnum. The fictions which history has recorded on this head, are as idle as the tales of oriental romance. †

The assembly having proffered the office of Governor to Sir William Berkley, he on the 19th of March, 1660, made a reply, in which he said:—"I doe therefore in the presence of God and you, make this safe protestation for us all, that if any supreame settled power appeares, I will imediately lay down my comission, but will live most submissively obedient to any power God shall set over me, as the experience of eight years have shewed I have done." *

Sir William was elected on the 21st of the same month, about two months before the restoration of Charles II. Yet the word king, or majesty, occurs no where in the legislative records, from the commencement of the Commonwealth in England, until the 11th of October, 1660—more than four months after the restoration. † Virginia was indeed loyal, but she was too feeble to express her loyalty.

When Argall, in 1614, ‡ returning from his half-piratical excursion against the French, at Port Royal, entered the waters of New York, he found three or four huts, erected by Dutch mariners and fishermen on the island of Manhattan. In near a half century that had now elapsed, the colony there had grown to an importance that justified diplomatic correspondence. In the Spring of 1660, Nicholas Varleth and Brian Newton were sent by governor Stuyvesant, from Fort Amsterdam to Virginia, for the purpose of forming a league, acknowledging the Dutch title to New York. Sir William made an artful evasion in the following letter.

"Sir,—I have received the letter you were pleased to send me by Mr. Mills his vessel, and shall be ever ready to comply with you, in all acts of neighbourly friendship and amity; but truly sir, you desire me to do that concerning your letter and claims to land in the Northern part of America, which I am incapable to do; for I am but a servant of the assembly's; neither do they arrogate any power to themselves, farther than the miserable distractions of England force them to.

* Robertson's History of America, vol. 4, p 230. Beverley, B. 1, p. 55. Chalmers' Annals, p. 124. Burk, vol. 2, p. 120. See also Hening, vol. 1, p. 526. Hening corrected these errors and his correction has been indubitably confirmed. An error in history is like sheep jumping over a bridge. If one goes, the rest all follow.

† Beverley probably originated this tissue of fictions. Chalmers' ought to have known better, for he had access to the English archives.

* Southern Literary Messenger for January, 1845, where may be found Sir William's curious speech on this occasion and king Charles the second's commission to him. These documents were published by the indefatigable antiquary, Peter Force, Esq.

"The Councill's Assent to the choice of Sir William Berkley.

"Wee doe unanimously concur in the election of William Berkeley to be the present Governour of this Colony.

March 21st. 1659 [1660.]

| | |
|---|---|
| Rich. Bennet, | Tho. Claiborne, |
| W. Bernard, | Edw. Hill, |
| John Walker, | Tho. Dewe, |
| Geo. Reade, | Edw. Carter, |
| Tho. Pettus, | Tho. Swann, |
| | Augustin Warner." |

† Hening, vol. 2, p. 9, in note.

‡ Stith, p. 133. Bancroft, vol. 1, p. 148, and vol. 2, p. 272, makes this date 1613.

For when God shall be pleased in his mercy to take away and dissipate the unnatural divisions of their native country, they will immediately return to their own professed obedience. What then they should do in matters of contract, donation and confession of right, would have little strength or signification; much more presumptive and impertinent would it be in me to do it without their knowledge or assent. We shall very shortly meet again, and then if to them you signify your desires, I shall labour all I can to get you a satisfactory answer.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

WILLIAM BERKLEY."

*Virginia, Aug.* 20, 1660.

Peter Stuyvesant, the last of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, within a few years was dispossessed by an English squadron. This letter of Sir William Berkley was written nearly three months *after* the restoration, and yet he alludes to the English government as still in a state of interregnum, and writes not one word in recognition of his majesty, Charles II.

The restored Charles transmitted a new commission, dated July 31, 1660, at Westminster to his faithful adherent, Berkley. His letter of acknowledgment written March 18th. 1661, is full of extravagant loyalty. He apologizes for having accepted office from the Assembly thus: "it was noe more may it please your Majestie, than to leape over the fold to save your Majesties fflock, when your Majesties enemies of that fold had barred up the lawfull entrance into it and enclosed the Wolves of Scisme and rebellion ready to devour all within it," &c. *

[1661.] The settlements of Virginia extended from the Potomac to the Chowan, besides the isolated Accomac. There were fifty Parishes. The plantations lay dispersed along the banks of rivers and creeks, those on the James stretching above a hundred miles into the interior. Each Parish extended many miles in length along the river's side, but in breadth ran back only a mile. This was the average breadth of the plantations, their length varying from half a mile to three miles or more. The fifty parishes comprehending an area supposed to be equal to one half of England, it was inevitable that many of the inhabitants lived very remote from the parish church. Many parishes indeed as yet were destitute of churches and glebes. Not more than ten parishes were supplied with ministers. * Where there were ministers, worship was usually held once on Sunday. But the remote parishioners seldom attended. The planters, whether from indifference or from the want of means, were negligent in the building of churches. "And hence it" was "that through the licentious lives of many of them the Christian Religion" was "dishonoured and the Name of God" "blasphemed among the Heathen, who" were "near them and oft among them and consequently their Conversion hindered." †

The general want of schools, likewise owing to the sparseness of the population, was "most of all bewailed of Parents" in Virginia. The want of schools was more deplored than the want of churches. The children of Virginia, naturally "of beautiful and comely persons and generally of more ingenious spirits than" those "in *England,*" were doomed to grow up "unserviceable for any great employments in Church or State."

As a principal remedy for these ills, the establishment of Towns was recommended. It was further proposed, to erect schools in the colony, and for the supply of Ministers, to establish Virginia Fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge, with an engagement to serve the Church in Virginia for seven years. A further part of this plan was to send over a Bishop, "so soon as there shall be a City for his See." These recommendations, however, although urged [September 2, 1661,] with forcible arguments upon the attention of the

* See Sir William Berkley's Speeches on this occasion, the Council's assent to his election, the new commission and Sir William's answer, published by Peter Force, Esq., in the Sou. Lit. Messenger for January, 1845.

* Some of these were far from being exemplary. "They then began to provide and send home for Gospel Ministers and largely contributed for their maintenance; But *Virginia* savouring not handsomely in *England* very few of good conversation would adventure thither (as thinking it a place wherein surely the fear of God was not,) yet many came, such as were Black Coats and could babble in a Pulpet, roare in a Tavern, exact from their Parishioners and rather by their dissolutenesse destroy than feed their flocks." Leah and Rachel. 3 Force.

† Virginia's Cure, 6, in 3rd Force.

Bishop of London, seem, from whatever cause, to have proved abortive. *

The assembly of March 23rd, 1661, consisted in the main of new members. Another session was held in October of the same year, and it contained still fewer of the members who had held seats during the Commonwealth. Intelligence of the restoration of Charles 2nd, had already reached Virginia and was joyfully received. An address was sent to the king, praying a pardon to the inhabitants of the country for having yielded to a force which they could not resist! Forty-four thousand pounds of tobacco were appropriated to Major General Hammond and Colonel Guy Molesworth, for being "employed" "in the address." Sir Henry Moody was despatched as ambassador "to the Manados" (New York.) The assembly strove to display its loyalty by bountiful appropriations to the governor and the leading royalists. The restoration in England was perfectly reflected by the restoration in Virginia. The necessity of circumstances had made the government of the colony republican. For a short time Sir William Berkely had been identified with this system. He and the new assembly were now eagerly running in an opposite tack and were impatient to wipe away all traces of their late forced disobedience and involuntary recognition of the popular sovereignty.

Sir William Berkeley was sent to England, agent to defend the colony, against the Virginia Company, which was still laboring to resume its sway.† He embarked in May, 1661, and returned in the fall of 1662. ‡— His pay, on account of this embassy, was two hundred thousand pounds of tobacco. Besides this amount he received sixty thousand pounds of tobacco for his services as governor. The whole of his emoluments thus amounted to the enormous quantity of seven hundred and forty-three hogsheads of three hundred and fifty pounds, * and worth upwards of nine thousand dollars.

The assembly's tone was now altered; during the commonwealth, Oliver Cromwell had been addressed as "his Highness," and the burgesses had subscribed themselves "his most humble, most devoted servants." Nor had Richard Cromwell been treated with less respectful submission. But now the following language was employed:—"Whereas, our late surrender and submission to that execrable power, that soe bloodyly massacred the late king Charles the 1st, of ever blessed and glorious memory, hath made us by acknowledging them, guilty of their crimes, to shew our serious and hearty repentance and detestation of that barbarous act, *Bee it enacted* that the 30th of January, the day the said king was beheaded, be annually solemnized with fasting and prayers, that our sorrowes may expiate our crime and our teares wash away our guilt." †

The place of Berkeley was filled during his absence by Colonel Francis Morrison, elected Governor and Captain General by the Council.

The 29th of May, the birth-day of Charles II., was made an anniversary holiday. The navigation act was now in full force in Virginia. The price of tobacco fell very low, while the cost of imported goods was enhanced. ‡ An act prohibiting the importation of luxuries seems to have been negatived by the governor. § It was ordered that "no person hereafter shall trade with the Indians, for any bever, otter or any other furres, unlesse he first obteine a commission from the governour." This act gave great offence to the people. It was in effect an

* "Virginia's Cure" (3rd Force.) This pamphlet, printed at London, 1662, was drawn up by a clergyman, whose initials, R. G., only are given. From his intimate acquaintance with the condition of Virginia, it is to be inferred that he had resided here. "Virginia's Cure" is written with uncommon perspicuity and vigor, and in a spirit of earnest benevolence.

† While he was in England, the Assembly sent to him a copy of the revised Laws in order that he should procure their ratification. Hening, vol 2, pp. 147-148.

‡ Hening, vol. 2, pp. 7 and 17. Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 197, seems to have misconceived the object of Sir William's mission: "The apprehensions of Virginia were awakened by the establishment of the colonial monopoly in the navigation act, and the assembly alarmed at this open violation of the natural and prescriptive "freedoms" of the colony, appointed Sir William Berkeley its agent to present the grievances of Virginia and procure their redress." It is true, however, that Sir William, from interest or patriotism, or both, was strenuously opposed to the commercial monopoly. If however Berkley, while Colonial Agent, exerted himself in opposition to the Navigation Act, his efforts were altogether fruitless. Grahame, vol. 1, p. 95, says that Virginia "warmly remonstrated" against the Act.

* The average weight of a Hogshead of Tobacco at this period, was about 350 pounds. Hening, vol. 1, p. 435.

† Hening, vol. 2, p. 24.

‡ Bancroft, vol. 2, pp. 178-199.

§ Hening, vol. 2, p. 18. The conjecture is Mr. Jefferson's.

indirect monopoly of the fur trade. By a still more high-handed measure, the governor and council were empowered to lay taxes for three years, unless in the mean time some urgent occasion should necessitate the calling together of the assembly. Thus the power of taxation, the main safeguard of freedom, was given to the executive. Major John Bond, a magistrate, was disfranchised "for factious and schismaticall demeanors."* Some independent spirit, however, gleamed in a resolution, declaring that the king's pardon did not extend to a penalty for planting tobacco contrary to law.† An act making provision for a college, seems to have remained a dead letter; others equally futile were enacted in ensuing sessions. Colonel William Clayborne, Secretary of State, was displaced by Thomas Ludwell, commissioned by the king. In a revision of the laws, it was ordered, that all acts which "might keep in memory our inforced deviation from his majestie's obedience," should be "repealed and expunged."‡ Although there were not ministers in above one-fifth of the parishes, yet the laws demanded strict conformity and required all to contribute to the established church. The vestry was now invested with the power of perpetuating its own body, by filling vacancies themselves.§ The assembly declared a determination to adhere, as near as "the capacity and constitution" of the country would admit, "to those excellent and often refined laws of England."‖ The burgesses declare that "they have set down certain rules to be observed in the government of the church, until God shall please to turn his majesty's pious thoughts" towards them and "provide a better supply of ministers."¶

The "pious thoughts" of Charles II. (if he ever had any) were never turned to this remote corner of his empire. The magistrates, hitherto called commissioners, were now styled "justices of the peace," and their courts, "county courts."* A duty was laid on rum, because it "had by experience been found to bring diseases and death to diverse people." An impost first established during the commonwealth,† was still levied on every hogshead of tobacco exported. This became a fixed source of revenue and rendered the executive independent of the legislature.

The numerous acts relating to the Indians were reduced into one; prohibiting the English from purchasing Indian lands; securing their persons and property; preventing encroachments on their territory; ordering the English seated near to assist them in fencing their corn-fields; licensing them to oyster, fish, hunt and gather the natural fruits of the country; prohibiting trade with them without license, or imprisonment of an Indian king without special warrant; bounds to be annually defined; badges of silver and copper plate to be furnished to Indian kings; no Indian to enter the English confines without a badge, under penalty of imprisonment, till ransomed by one hundred arms length of roanoke, (Indian shell-money;) Indian kings, tributary to the English, to give alarm of approach of hostile Indians; Indians not to be sold as slaves, &c.‡

Wahanganoche, king of Potomac, charged with treason and murder by Captain Charles Brent, before the assembly, was acquitted, and Brent, with others concerned, was ordered to pay Wahanganoche a certain sum of roanoke and some match-coats. The offenders were moreover disfranchised and held to security for their good behavior.§

In December, 1662, the assembly declared that "many schismaticall persons out of their aversenesse to the orthodox established religion, or out of the new-fangled conceits of their owne hereticall inventions, refuse to have their children baptised" and imposed on such a fine of two thousand pounds of tobacco.‖ The General Court of Boston, in

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 39.
† Ibid, vol. 2, p. 36.
‡ Hening, vol. 2, p. 42.
§ Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 201. Hening, vol. 2, p. 44.
‖ Chalmers' Introduction to a History of the Revolt of the American Colonies, vol. 1, p. 101. Hening, vol. 2, p. 43.
¶ [1661.] The Rev. Philip Mallory was sent out to England to solicit the cause of the Church in Virginia. 2. Hening, p. 34. Vestries were ordered to procure subscriptions for the support of the Ministry.—Ib. p. 37.

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 59.
† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 101.
‡ Hening, vol. 2, p. 138.
§ Hening, vol. 1, pp. 149 150.
‖ Hening, vol. 2, p. 166. Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 202 in note, concludes that these persons were Baptists and adds, "Anabaptists are again named. Hen., vol. 2, p. 198." But here the Anabaptist was a quaker. Baptists it is true, reject infant Baptism; but they who reject infant Baptism are not necessarily Baptists. The Baptists of Virginia, at an early day, "disclaimed all connection with the Anabaptists." See Semple's Virginia Baptists, p. 21.

New England, having discharged a servant belonging to William Drummond, an inhabitant of Virginia, the assembly ordered reprisal to be made on the property of some person residing at Boston.

An act passed during the commonwealth for the suppression of the sect of Quakers, was now made still more rigorous. Persons attending their meetings were fined, for the first offence, 200lbs. of tobacco, for the second, 500lbs., for the third, banished. *

Mr. Durand, elder of a Puritan "very orthodox church," in Nansemond county, had been banished from Virginia, by Sir William Berkley, in 1648. [1662.] The Yeopim Indians granted to "George Durant" the neck of land in North Carolina, which still bears his name. He was probably the exile. April 1, 1663, George Cathmaid claimed a large grant of land upon the borders of Albemarle Sound, in reward for having colonized sixty-seven persons in that province. In the same year, Berkeley was commissioned to institute a government over this newly settled region, which in honor of general Monk, now made Duke of Albemarle, received the name which time has transferred to the sound. †

[1663.] The Assembly of Virginia defined the boundary between Virginia and Maryland and ordered Colonel Edward Scarburgh, Surveyor General, "to improve his best abilities in all other his majesty's concernes of land relating to Virginia, especially that to the northward of fforty degrees of latitude, being the utmost bounds of the said Lord Baltimore's grant." ‡

[1666.] Maryland and North Carolina consenting to a "stint," as it was then styled, the assembly of Virginia ordered a total cessation of the cultivation of tobacco during the following year. §

[1667.] Sir William Berkeley sent out a company of fourteen English and as many Indians, under command of Captain Henry Batt, to explore the Indian country. Setting out from the Appomattox river, in seven days they reached the foot of the mountains. The first ridge was not very high or steep; but after crossing that, they encountered others that seemed to touch the clouds and so steep that in a day's march, they could not advance more than three miles in a direct line. They found extensive valleys of richest verdure, abounding with turkies, deer, elk and buffalo, gentle and undisturbed as yet by the fear of man. Grapes were seen of the size of plums. After passing over the mountains, they came upon a delightful level country and discovered a rivulet that flowed to the Westward. Following it for some days, they reached old fields and cabins recently occupied by the natives. Batt left toys in them. Not far from these cabins, at some marshes, the Indian guides halted and refused to go any further, saying that not far off dwelt a powerful tribe that never suffered strangers that discovered their towns to escape. Batt was compelled to return. Upon receiving his report, Sir William Berkeley resolved to make an exploration himself. But his project was frustrated by the troubles that shortly after fell upon the country. *

About this time, each county of Virginia was required to provide a weaver and a loom. †

The thirty tribes of Indians comprised within the Powhatan confederacy, south of the Potomac, at the time of the first landing at Jamestown, is conjecturally estimated at about eight thousand, being one to the square mile. ‡ [1669.] The number of warriors belonging to tribes tributary to Virginia, was seven hundred and twenty-five and their proportion to the entire population being reckoned as three to ten, their aggregate number was about 2,400. Thus in about sixty years, the diminution of their numbers amounted to about five thousand, six hundred. Of these, part had perished from disease, intemperance, famine and war; the rest had been driven back into the wilderness beyond the frontier.

The lands at Green Spring, near Jamestown, were now settled on Sir William Berkeley, the preamble to the act of conveyance reciting among his merits, "the great paines hee hath taken and hazards hee hath runne even of his life, in the government and pre-

* Hening, vol. 2, pp. 180-183. Campbell, p. 68-69-97.
† Bancroft, vol. 2, pp. 134-135.
‡ 2. Hening, pp. 183-4.
§ Account of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia Gazette.

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 64.
† Hening, vol. 2, p. 238.
‡ Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, p. 97. Hening, vol. 2, pp. 274-275. Bancroft, vol. 1, p. 180. Supposing that the population of the mountain country was rather sparser than that of the lowlands, the whole number of the natives within the limits of the present territory of Virginia, by a rough conjecture, may be estimated at forty thousand.

servation of the country from many attempts of the Indians, and alsoe in preserving us in our due allegiance to his majestie's royall father of blessed memory, and his now most sacred majestie against all attempts long after all his majestie's other dominions, were subjected to the tyranny of the late usurpers and alsoe seriously considering, that the said Sir William Berkeley hath in all the time of his government under his most sacred majestie and his royall father, made it his onely care to keep his majestie's country in a due obedience to our rightfull and lawfull soveraigne," &c.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### 1670—1675.

Sir William Berkley's reply to enquiries of the Lord Commissioners; The government of Virginia; The Militia; Forts; Indians; Boundary of Virginia; Commodities raised; Population; Health; Trade; Restrictions on it; Governor's Salary; Quit-rents; Parishes; Free schools and Printing; Charles grants the territory of Virginia to Arlington and Culpepper; Revolt threatened in 1674; Indian incursions; Berkley's imbecility; Other grievances of the Planters; They appoint Agents to lay their complaints before the King; New restrictions on trade; Spirit of the Virginians; Elements of disaffection; Three ominous presages.

[1670.] The lords commissioners of foreign plantations forwarded enquiries to Sir William Berkeley respecting Virginia, and he answered them in the following year, presenting a satisfactory statistical account of the colony. The executive consisted of a governor and sixteen councillors, who held from the king a commission to hear and determine all causes above fifteen pounds. Causes of less amount were tried by county courts, of which there were twenty. The assembly met every year, composed of two burgesses from each county. Appeals lay to the assembly. That body levied the taxes. This power, however, was delegated for some years to the executive. The legislative and executive powers rested in the governor, council, assembly and subordinate officers. The secretary of the colony sent the acts of assembly to the Lord Chancellor or one of the principal secretaries in England. All freemen were bound to muster monthly in their own counties, and the force of the colony amounted to upwards of eight thousand horsemen. There were two forts on the James and one on each of the three rivers, Rappahannock, York and Potomac. The number of cannon was thirty. The Indians were in perfect subjection. The Eastern boundary of Virginia, on the sea coast, had been reduced from ten degrees, to half of a degree. Tobacco was the only commodity of any great value; exotic mulberry trees had been planted, and some attempts made to manufacture silk. There was plenty of timber; of iron ore but little discovered. The whole population was 40,000; of which were 2,000 negro slaves, * 6,000 white servants. The average annual importation of servants, was about 1,500; most of them English, a few Scotch, fewer Irish, and not above two or three ships with negroes in seven years. New plantations were found sickly, and in such, four-fifths of the new settlers died. Eighty vessels came yearly from England and Ireland for tobacco. A few small vessels came from New England. Virginia had not more than two vessels and they not over twenty tons. Sir William Berkeley complains bitterly of the act of parliament, restricting the trade of Virginia to the British kingdom;—a policy at once injurious to both parties. He adds that, "This is the cause, why no small or great vessels are built here; for we are most obedient to all laws, while the New England men break through and men trade to any place that their interest lead them." The only duty levied was two shillings on every hogshead of tobacco exported. Out of this revenue, the king allowed the governor £1,000, to which the assembly added £200. Yet Sir William complains, "I can knowingly affirm, that there is no government of ten years settlement, but has thrice as much allowed him. But I am supported by my hopes, that his gracious majesty will one day consider me." The king had no revenue in the colony except quit-rents. Every man instructed his children himself according to his ability. There were forty-eight parishes and "our ministers are well paid and by my consent should be better, if they would pray oftener and preach less. But as of all other commodi-

* They had increased one hundred fold in fifty years, since 1620, when the first twenty were imported.

ties so of this, the worst are sent us and we have had few that we could boast of, since the persecution in Cromwell's tyranny drove divers men hither. But I thank God, there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

The restoration, "the worst of all governments," had resulted in establishing an arbitrary and oppressive administration in Virginia, in church and state. But as if the wantonness of re-instated tyranny rioted in boundless license, new outrages were at hand. [1673.] Charles made grants to the Earl of Arlington and Lord Culpepper embracing the entire territory of Virginia. The patents entitled them to all rents and escheats, with power to convey all vacant lands, nominate sheriffs, escheators, surveyors, &c., present to all churches and endow them with lands, to form countries, parishes, &c. The grants to these noblemen were limited to the term of thirty-one years, and yet they were preposterously authorized to make conveyances in fee simple.* Henry, Earl of Arlington, the best bred person in the royal court, was allied to the monarch as father-in-law to the king's son, by Lady Castlemaine. The able but artful and rapacious Culpepper was one of the Lord's Commissioners for trade and plantations.† The Virginians grew so impatient under these multiplied grievances, that a revolt was near bursting forth in 1674, but it was suppressed by the advice "of some discreet persons." This movement, however, was not without effect; the justices of the peace were ordered to levy no more taxes for their own emolument.‡ [1675.] The Indian savages having renewed their bloody incursions upon the frontier, war was declared against them, five hundred men, under Sir Henry Chicheley, ordered to march to the frontier, and eight forts to be garrisoned.§

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 519.

† Bancroft, vol. 2., p. 209.

‡ Ibid. p. 214, and Hening, vol. 1., pp. 315, 316.

§ There was at this period a garrison near the falls of James river, at Captain Byrd's, or a fort opposite at Newlett's or Howlett's, and another near the falls of the Appomattox, at Major General Wood's, "or over against him at one fort or defensible place at *fleets*, of which fort major Peter Jones" was "captain or chiefe commander." Hening, vol. 1, p. 328.

The march of the troops was, however, countermanded by the governor, but upon what sufficient grounds he never could explain. The danger now became so wide-spread and imminent, that all persons were required to go armed to church, and court, and days of fasting and humiliation were appointed. The people now urgently petitioned the Governor that they might be permitted to march against the savages and offered to enlist as volunteers at their own expense.* Sir William rejected their petitions with high displeasure. The minds of the planters were exasperated. The navigation act had reduced the price of tobacco very low, by prohibiting foreign goods from being imported into the colony, unless first landed in England and shipped by Englishmen, in English vessels, and by monopolizing the trade of the colony. The low price of tobacco had driven the planters to seek a violent remedy, by destroying the crop in the fields, called "plant cutting." To secure the trade of Virginia, the English government undertook to establish certain ports of entry and to erect towns, "where nature had said there should be none." The scheme failed; yet not without exacerbating the public discontents. They were further aggravated by the dividing the colony away among court favorites, by grants covering not only wild lands, but private plantations long settled and improved. To resist these enormities, it was found necessary to appoint, in September of this year, agents to visit England and lay their complaints before the king. Their expenses† were provided for by taxes, that fell heaviest on the poorer class of people. These agents, Francis Morryson, Thomas Ludwell, and Robert Smith, solicited "that Virginia shall no more be transferred in parcels to Individuals, but may remain forever dependent on the crown of England; that the public officers should be obliged to reside within the colony; that no tax shall be laid on the inhabitants, except by the assembly." This petition affords a singular commentary on the panegyrics, recently lavished by these loyal Virginians upon his "most sacred majestie," who repaid their fervid loyalty by an unrelenting system of oppression. Parliament

* Account of Bacon's Rebellion in Virginia Gazette.

† These included douceurs to be given to courtiers, for without money "it was certain nothing could be effected at the venal court of Charles II." Account in Va. Gazette.

now claimed and exercised the power of taxing both the imports and exports of the colonies, and Virginia deprecated an assumption which, after the lapse of a century, she found it necessary to resist. The act of 25 Car. 11. for better securing the plantation trade, laid duties on the commerce between one colony and another, and the revenue thus derived was absorbed by the officers who collected it. In the midst of these complicated oppressions, the commissioners, smitten with a slavish loyalty, supplicated the king to make Sir William Berkeley governor for life. The people of Virginia, groaning under these accumulated grievances and tortured by so many cruel apprehensions, began to meditate violent measures of relief. Some of the feudal institutions of England—those ancient buttresses of tyranny had no existence here. Principles, proper to the mother country, lost their force in America, and others, conformable to a new position, gradually usurped their place. Men, transplanted to a new hemisphere, changed their sentiments as well as their clime. Thus, even in Virginia, the most Anglican and loyal of the colonies, a spirit of freedom and independence naturally infused itself into the breasts of the planters. An ocean separated them from England and attenuated the terror of a distant sceptre. The supremacy of law being yet not firmly established, especially in the border country, "a wild spirit of justice" had arisen, which was apt to decline into a contempt of authority and licentious insubordination. Added to this, the colony contained some disorderly materials; dissolute adventurers, convicts, male-content Cromwellian soldiers reduced to bondage, victims of civil war ripe for revolt and who found an avenue of hope only in intestine convulsions. A spark only was wanting to kindle these combustible materials. The horrid massacres of former years made the colonists sensitive to alarms and impatient of indifference to their fearful apprehensions. The fatigues, privations and hardships of a pioneer life inspired fortitude; while frequent conflict with a savage foe confirmed courage. The wild magnificence of nature, the fresh luxuriance of a virgin soil, gloomy forests, mighty rivers and hoary mountains—all these could not fail to kindle emotions in the human breast consonant with the spirit of liberty. In fine, disaffection was emboldened by the civil dissensions of England, which now threatened the stability of the throne of the second Charles.

"About the year 1675 [says an old writer] appear'd three prodigies in that country, which, from th' attending disasters, were look'd upon as ominous presages. The one was a large comet every evening for a week or more at South-west; thirty five degrees high, streaming like a horse-taile westwards, untill it reach'd (almost) the horison and setting towards the North-west. Another was fflights of pigions, in bredth nigh a quarter of the mid-hemisphere and of their length was no visible end; whose weights brake down the limbs of large trees whereon these rested at nights of which the ffowlers shot abundance and eat 'em; this sight put the old planters under the more portentous apprehensions because the like was seen (as they said) in the year 1640, when th' Indians committed the last massacre, but not after, until that present year 1675. The third strange appearance was swarms of fflyes, about an inch long and big as the top of a man's little finger, rising out of spigot holes in the earth, which eat the new sprouted leaves from the tops of the trees, without other harm and in a month left us." *

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### 1675—1676.

Siege of Piscataway; Col. John Washington; Six of the Indians slain; The fort evacuated; The Indians murder the inhabitants of the frontier; Servant and overseer of Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., slain; His indignation; Alarming Condition of the country; The people take up arms in their own defence; Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., chosen leader; His character; He harangues the Insurgents; Solicits a commission of General from Sir William Berkeley; Berkeley proclaims the insurgents rebels and with a party of mounted gentlemen pursues them; The planters of the lower country now revolt; The Forts dismantled; The Rebellion not the result of personal pique or ambition in Bacon; He marches into the wilderness; Massacre of friendly Indians; Bacon returns; Is elected a Burgess; Arrested; Governor Berkeley releases him on his parole; The Assembly meets; Bacon confesses his crimes and sues for pardon; He is restored to his seat in the Council and his friends are released; Nathaniel Bacon, senior; Berkeley issues secret warrants for the arrest of the younger Bacon.

* T. M's Account in Kercheval's Hist. of the Valley.

In the year 1675 a herdsman named Robert Hen, together with an Indian, was slain by a party of the tribe of Doegs in the county of Northumberland. * Colonel Mason and Captain Brent, with some militia, pursuing the offenders beyond the frontier of Maryland, slaughtered indiscriminately a number of them, and of the Susquehanoughs, a friendly tribe. These latter recently driven by the Senecas, a tribe of the five nations † from their own country at the head of the Chesapeake bay, now sought refuge in a fort of the Piscataways, another friendly tribe near the head of the Potomac. This fort was besieged by a thousand militia raised on both sides of that river. They were commanded by Colonel John Washington of Westmoreland county, Virginia—the great grandfather of George Washington. Col. John Washington had arrived in the colony about the year 1658. Not long after, being, as has been conjectured, a surveyor, he had made locations of lands, which, however. were set aside, until the Indians, to whom these lands had been assigned, should vacate them. [1667.] He was a member of the house of burgesses.‡ To return to the siege; six of the Indian chiefs sent out from the fort on a parley were shot down by the militia. The savages now made a desperate resistance, subsisting partly on horses captured from the whites, and at the end of six weeks, seventy-five warriors, with their women and children, pressed by famine, evacuated the fort in the night, marching off by the light of the moon, making the welkin ring with yells of defiance, and putting to death ten of the militia found asleep. The savages making their way by the head waters of the Potomac, Rappahannock, York, and James, murdered such of the inhabitants as they met, to the number of sixty—sacrificing ten ordinary victims for each one of the chiefs that they had lost. They now sent a message to the governor by an English interpreter declaring themselves ready for peace or for war. *

At the falls of the James they had slain a servant of Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., and his overseer, to whom he was much attached. † He vowed to avenge their blood. In that period of apprehension and alarm, the more exposed and defenceless families deserting their homes, took shelter in houses of greater numbers and fortified them with palisades and redoubts. Neighbors banding together passed in co-operating parties from plantation to plantation, taking arms with them into the fields where they labored, and posting sentinels to give warning of the insidious foe. No man ventured out of doors unarmed. The Indians, in small parties, stealing with furtive glance through the shade of the forest, the noiseless tread of the moccasin scarce stirring a leaf, prowled around like panthers in quest of prey. At length the people at the head of the James and the York, exasperated by the wrongs of a government so vigorous in oppression and so imbecile for defence, and alarmed at the slaughter of their neighbors,—often murdered with circumstances of cruel torture and barbarity,—rose tumultuously in their own defence and chose Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., for their leader. Educated at the inns of Court in England, possessed of a competent fortune, young, bold and ambitious; of an attractive person, fascinating manners, and commanding eloquence, he was the most accomplished gentleman of his age in Virginia. It was now less than three years since his arrival in the colony, ‡ and his genius had already raised him to a seat in the council, and his manners had

* For the following details see generally T. M's account to be found Kercheval's Hist. of the Valley, p. 22. Hen. vol. 2, p. 341-543. Beverley, B. 1, p. 65. Keith, p. 156. Breviarie and Conclusion, Burk, vol. 2, p. 250. And Account of Bacon's Rebellion in Va. Gazette for the year. And 1 Force's Hist. Tracts.

† Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 215, et seq. Chalmers' Annals, pp. 332, 335, 348, 350.

‡ Burk, vol. 2, p. 144. See also "An account of our late troubles in Virginia, written in 1676, by Mrs. An. Cotton, of Q. Creeke," p. 3, in Force's Historical Tracts, vol. 1. This curious document was published from the original manuscript in the Richmond Enquirer, of 12th Sept., 1804. T. M's account, no less interesting, was republished in the same paper. It may also be found in the Religious and Literary Magazine, edited by Rev. Dr. John H. Rice. The discrepancies between the several relations can hardly be reconciled.

* "Narrative of the Indian and civil wars in Virginia in the year 1675 and 1676," p. 1 in Force's' Hist. Tracts, vol. 1. This account is evidently, in the main, if not altogether, by the same hand with the letter bearing the signature of Mrs. An. Cotton. Several passages are identical. These documents display genius and satirical wit.

† Bacon himself resided at Curle's on the James river. Account in Va. Gazette.

‡ "He settled at Curle's upon James River in the midst of those people who were the greatest sufferers from the depredations of the Indians and he himself frequently felt the effects of their inroads."—Acct. in Va. Gazette.

won for him an extensive popularity. Bacon called to the command, harangued the insurgent planters on the horrors of Indian massacre—the imbecility of the government and all their grievances. He avowed that he accepted the command, only to serve them and the country; for which he was ready to endure the severest trials and encounter the most formidable dangers, and he pledged himself never to lay down his arms until he had executed vengeance on the Indian savages and redressed all the wrongs of his countrymen. His accents found an echo in every breast and the insurgent planters, fired with contagious enthusiasm, vowed unanimous devotion to him. Bacon, thus joined by "many gentlemen of good condition," mustered in 20 days 500 men. * He now endeavored to obtain from the Governor a commission of General, with authority to lead out his followers, at their own expense, against the Indians. He then stood so high in the council, that Sir William Berkeley found it imprudent to return a downright refusal, and he concluded to temporize. However, some of the leading men about Sir William fomented the differences between him and Bacon, having "his merits in mistrust as a luminary that threatened to eclipse their rising glories." † The governor's answer was sent by some of his friends, who endeavored to persuade Bacon to disband. But he refused.

Thereupon, the governor, on the 29th of May, issued a proclamation, declaring rebels all who should fail to return ‡ within a certain time and starting from Middle Plantation, (now Williamsburg,) with a party of mounted gentlemen, followed after Bacon to the falls of James river, but returned without effecting anything. During the Governor's absence, the planters of the lower country rose in open revolt and declared against the frontier forts as a useless and intolerable burthen. The repugnance always displayed in Virginia to them, was probably heightened by a secret apprehension, lest these means of defence might be made use of, as the instruments of despotism. To restore quiet the forts were dismantled; the assembly, the odious "Long Parliament" of Virginia, was dissolved, and writs for a new election issued. This revolt in the lower country, with which Bacon had no immediate connection, demonstrates how widely the leaven of rebellion, as it was styled, pervaded the body of the people and how unfounded is the notion, that it was the result of personal pique or ambition in Bacon. Had he never set his foot on the soil of Virginia, there can be little doubt but that a rebellion would have occurred at this time. There was no man in the colony with a brighter prospect before him than Bacon; nor could he have engaged in the popular movement, without a sacrifice of selfish considerations, and imminent risk. * The movement was revolutionary,—a miniature prototype of the revolution of 1688, in England, and of 1776, in Virginia itself.

Meanwhile the men of property in Bacon's little army, fearful of a confiscation, deserted their leader and returned to their homes. But Bacon, with fifty-seven men, penetrated into the Indian country, until his provisions were nearly exhausted, without discovering the enemy. At length a tribe of friendly Mannakin Indians were found entrenched within a pallisaded fort. Bacon endeavoring to procure provisions from them was refused, and one of his men being killed by a random shot, suspecting treachery, he stormed the fort, burnt it and the cabins, and with a loss of only three of his party, put to death one hundred and fifty Indians. † It is difficult to credit, and impossible to justify this massacre. Bacon, with his company, now returned home and he was shortly after elected one of the burgesses for the county of Henrico. Brewse or Bruce, his colleague and a captain of the Insurgents, was not

* Acct. in Va. Gazette.

† Narrative of the Indian and civil wars, p. 10. This circumstance may recall to mind the conduct of some of the leaders in Virginia, who, a hundred years afterwards, drove Patrick Henry from the army.

‡ According to "Narrative of the Indian and Civil Wars," p. 10. Bacon, *before* the murder of his overseer, had been refused the commission and had sworn passionately that upon the next murder he should hear of, he would march against the Indians, "commission or no commission." And when *one* of his own family was butchered, "he got together about seventy or ninety persons, most good housekeepers, well-armed," &c. Burk, vol. 2, p. 164, makes their number "near 600 men," and refers to ancient (MS.) records.

* Burk, vol. 2, p. 160.

† According to "Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars," p. 11. Bacon blew up their Magazine of arms and gunpowder. See also account in Virginia Gazette.

less odious to the governor. * Bacon upon his election, going down the James river, with a party of his friends, was met by an armed vessel, ordered on board of her and arrested by Major Howe, high sheriff of Jamestown, † who conveyed him to the governor at that place, by whom he was accosted thus :—

"Mr. Bacon, you had forgot to be a gentleman."

*Bacon.* "No, may it please your honour."

*Governor.* "Then I'll take your parol," which he did and gave him his liberty. A number of his companions who had been arrested with him, were still kept in irons.

On the 5th of June, 1676, the new assembly met in the chamber over the general court, and having chosen a speaker, the governor sent for them down and addressed them in a brief abrupt speech on the Indian disturbances, and in allusion to the chiefs who had been slain, exclaimed: "If they had killed my grandfather and my grandmother, my father and mother and all my friends, yet if they had come to treat of peace, they ought to have gone in peace." After a little interval, he rose again and said: "If there be joy in the presence of the Angels over one sinner that repenteth, there is joy now, for we have a penitent sinner come before us :—call Mr. Bacon." Bacon now appearing, was compelled upon one knee, at the bar of the house, to confess his crimes and beg pardon of God, the king and governor, in the following words: *

"I, Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., of Henrico county, in Virginia, doe hereby most readily, freely and most humbly acknowledge that I am, and have been guilty of diverse late unlawfull, mutinous and rebellious practices, contrary to my duty to his most sacred majestie's governour and this country, by beating up of drums; raiseing of men in armes; marching with them into severall parts of his most sacred majestie's colony, not only without order and commission, but contrary to the express orders and commands of the Right Hon. Sir William Berkeley, Knt., his majesties most worthy governor and Captain General of Virginia. And I do further acknowledge, that the said honorable governour hath been very favorable to me, by his several reiterated gracious offers of pardon, thereby to reclaime me from the persecution of those my unjust proceedings, (whose noble and generous mercy and clemency I can never sufficiently acknowledge,) and for the resettlement of this whole country in peace and quietnesse. And I doe hereby, upon my knees, most humbly begg of Almighty God and of his majestie's said governour, that upon this my most harty and unfeigned acknowledgment of my said miscarriages and unwarrantable practices, he will please to grant me his gracious pardon and indempnity, humbly desireing also the honourable councell of state, by whose goodnesse I am also much obleged and the honourable burgesses of the present grand assembly to interceed and mediate with his honour, to grant me such pardon. And I doe hereby promise, upon the word and faith of a christian and of a gentleman, that upon such pardon granted me, as I shall ever acknowledge so great a favour, soe I will alwaies bear true faith and allegiance to his most sacred majestie and demeane myself dutifully, faithfully and peacably to the government and the laws of this country, and am most ready and willing to enter into bond of two thousand pounds stirling, and for security thereof, bind my whole estate in Virginia to the country, for my good and quiett behaviour for one whole yeare, from this date, and doe promise and obleige myself to continue my said duty and allegiance at all times after-

* It was afterwards charged by the King's commissioners that the malecontents returned freemen (not being freeholders) for burgesses. Breviarie and Conclusion, 2. Burk, p. 251. The charge was well founded.

† Beverley, B. 1, p. 71, gives another version: "Matters did not succeed there to Mr. Bacon's satisfaction, wherefore he expressed himself a little too freely. For which, being suspended from the council, he went away again in a huff, with his sloop and followers. The governor filled a long-boat with men and pursued the sloop so close, that colonel Bacon removed into his boat to make more haste. But the governor had sent up by land to the ships at Sandy Point, where he was stopped and sent down again." Keith, p. 158, follows Beverley. The Breviarie and Conclusion, Burk, vol. 2, p. 250, gives still a different account: "At the meeting of the new assembly. Bacon comes down to Jamestown in a sloop and armed men in her; is shot at and forced to fly up the river; is pursued and taken prisoner by Capt. Thomas Gardner and delivered up to the governor."

T. M's account, followed in the text, seems the more probable, since he was a burgess present in Jamestown about the time of Bacon's capture. The account in the Virginia Gazette follows the Breviarie and Conclusion. According to "Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars," Bacon was captured in his own sloop lying at Jamestown.

* Hening, vol. 2, pp. 543-544.

wards. In testimony of this my free and harty recognition, I have hereunto subscribed my name this ninth day of June, 1676.

NATH. BACON."

The intercession of the council was as follows: "Wee of his majestie's councell of the State of Virginia, doe hereby desire according to Mr. Bacon's request, the right honourable the governor to grant the said Mr. Bacon his freedom. Dated the 9th of June, 1676.

| | |
|---|---|
| Phill. Ludwell, | Hen. Chicheley, |
| James Bray, | Nath'l Bacon, |
| Wm. Cole, | Thos. Beale, |
| Ra. Wormeley, | Tho. Ballard, |
| | Jo. Bridger." |

When Bacon had made his acknowledgment, the governor exclaimed, "God forgive you, I forgive you," repeating the words thrice. Col. Cole of the council added, "and all that were with him;" "yea," echoed the governor, "and all that were with him," for there were then twenty persons or more in irons, who had been arrested in company of Bacon, when he was coming down the river. Sir William Berkeley now starting up from his chair, for the third time, exclaimed, "Mr. Bacon if you will live civilly but till next Quarter court, Il'e promise to restore you againe to yo'r place there," (pointing with his hand to Mr. Bacon's seat,) he having been of the council before those troubles, although he had been only a few years in Virginia and having been deposed by the governor's proclamation. However, instead of being obliged to wait till the quarterly court, Bacon was restored to his seat in the council on that very day. Intelligence of it was hailed with joyful acclamations by the people in Jamestown. This took place on Saturday. Bacon was also promised a commission to go out against the Indians, to be delivered him on the Monday following; * but being delayed or disappointed, a few days after, (the assembly being engaged in taking measures against the Indians,) he escaped from Jamestown. He conceived the governor's pretended generosity to be only a lure to keep him out of his seat in the house o. burgesses and to quiet the people of the upper country, who were hastening down to Jamestown, to avenge all wrongs done to him or his friends. *

There was in the council at this time one Colonel Nathaniel Bacon, a near relative of Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., who was not yet thirty years of age. The elder Bacon was a wealthy politic old man, childless, and intending to make his name-sake and kinsman his heir. It was by the pressing solicitations of this old gentleman, as was believed, that young Bacon was reluctantly prevailed upon to repeat at the bar of the house the recantation written by the old gentleman. And it was he, as was supposed, who gave timely warning to the young Bacon to flee for his life. Three or four days after his first arrest, many country people from the heads of the rivers, appeared in Jamestown; but finding Bacon restored to his place in the council and his companions at liberty, they returned home satisfied. In a short time, however, the wavering, temporizing old governor seeing all quiet, issued secret warrants to sieze him again, intending probably to raise the militia and prevent a rescue.

## CHAPTER XXV.

### 1676.

Bacon with an armed force enters Jamestown; Extorts a Commission from the Governor; Proceedings of the Assembly; Bacon marches against the Pamunkies. Berkeley summons the Gloucester militia; Bacon countermarches upon the Governor; He escapes to Accomac; Bacon encamps at Middle Plantation; Calls a Convention; Oath prescribed to be taken by the inhabitants; Sarah Drummond; Giles Bland seizes an armed vessel and sails for Accomac; His capture; Berkley returns and takes possession of Jamestown; Bacon exterminates the Indians on the frontier.

Within three or four days after Bacon's hegira, news reached Jamestown, that he was thirty miles above, on the James river, at the head of four hundred men. Sir William Berkeley now summoned the York trainbands to defend Jamestown. Only one hundred obeyed the summons, and they arrived too late and one half of them were favorable to Bacon. Expresses almost hourly brought

* Breviarie and Conclusion, Burk, vol. 2, p. 259. Mrs. Ann Cotton's letter. Compare Chalmers' Annals, p. 332-3.

* According to Mrs. Cotton's letter, Bacon obtained leave of absence to visit his wife: "sick as he pretended." But from T. M's account and others this appears to be erroneous.

intelligence of his approach. In less than four days, at two o'clock, P. M., he marched into Jamestown unresisted, and drew up his force, (now numbering six hundred men,) horse and foot, in battle array on the green, in front of the State-house. In half an hour the drum beat, as was the custom, for the assembly to meet, and in less than thirty minutes, Bacon advanced with a file of fusileers on either hand, near to the corner of the State-house, where he was met by the governor and council. The governor baring his breast, cried out, "here! shoot me,—fore God fair mark, shoot," frequently repeating the words. Bacon replied: "No, may it please yo'r hono'r, we will not hurt a hair of yo'r head, nor of any other man's; we are come for a co'mission to save our lives from th' Indians, which you have so often promised and now we *will* have it before we go." Bacon was walking to and fro between the files of his men, holding his left arm akimbo, "with outragious postures," and gesticulating violently with his right. Sir William Berkeley was no less agitated. After a few moments he withdrew to his private apartment, at the other end of the State-house, the members of the council accompanying him. Bacon followed, frequently hurrying his hand from his sword-hilt to his hat and exclaiming, "Damn my bloud, I'le kill govern'r, councill, assembly and all, and then I'le sheath my sword in my own heart's bloud!" It was understood that he had given private orders to his men, that upon the signal of his drawing his sword, they should fire. The fusileers with cocked guns pointed at a window of the assembly-chamber, crowded with faces, repeated in threatening tones, "We *will* have it, we *will* have it"—meaning the commission of General for Bacon. One of the burgesses, waiving his handkerchief, cried out: "You shall have it—you shall have it," when uncocking their guns they shouldered them and stood still, till Bacon returning, they rejoined the main body. In about an hour after, Bacon re-entered the assembly-chamber and demanded a commission, authorizing him to march out against the Indians. Godwin, the Speaker, * who was a Baconian, remaining silent in the chair, a burgess named Bruce † (or Brewse,) a colleague of Bacon, alone found courage to answer, "twas not in our province or power nor of any other save the king's vice-gerent, our govern'r." Bacon nevertheless still warmly urged his demand, and harangued the body for near half an hour, on the Indian disturbances; the condition of the public revenues; the exhorbitant taxes, abuses and corruptions of the administration, and all the grievances of their miserable country. Having concluded and finding "no other answer, he went away dissatisfied."

The assembly went on to provide for the Indian war, and made Bacon General and Commander-in-chief, which was ratified by the governor. "An act of indemnity was also passed to Bacon and his party for committing this force and a high applausive letter was writ in favor of Bacon's designs and proceedings to the king's majesty, signed by the governor, council and assembly." * Sir William Berkeley at the same time addressed a letter to king Charles II., writing, "I have above 30 years governed the most flourishing country the sun ever shone over, but am now encompassed with rebellion like waters, in every respect like to that of Massanello, except their leader." † Some of the burgesses also wrote to his majesty, setting forth the circumstances of the outbreak.

The amnesty extended from the 1st of March to the 25th of June, 1676, and excepted only offences against the law concerning the Indian trade. ‡ The assembly, however, did not restrict itself to measures favorable to Bacon. It adopted a middle ground between him and the governor. On the one hand, Bacon, according to the letter of the law at least, had been guilty of rebellion and he had so acknowledged. Yet he was not more guilty than the majority of the people of the colony, and probably not more so than a majority of the assembly itself. And the popular movement seemed justified by a necessary self-defence and an intolerable accumulation of public grievances. On

* 2. Hening, p. 606.

† Brewse, according to Breviarie and Conclusion, in Burk, vol. 2. p. 250. Blayton, according to T. M.

* Breviarie and Conclusion. Burk, vol. 2, p. 251.

† Massaniello, or Thomas Anello, a fisherman of Naples, born 1623 Exasperated by the oppressive taxes laid by Austria upon his countrymen, at the head of two thousand young men, armed with canes, he overthrew the viceroy; seized upon the supreme power, and after holding it some years, fell by the hands of assassins in 1647. Lempriere's Biog. Dictionary.

‡ Hen., vol. 2. p. 263.

the other hand, Sir William Berkeley had violated a solemn engagement to grant the commission. Added to these considerations it did not escape the notice of the assembly that the term of ten years, for which Sir William Berkeley had been appointed, had expired, and this circumstance, although it might not be held absolutely to terminate his authority, served at the least to attenuate its weight. The assembly pursued a line of compromise, with a view at once to vindicate the supremacy of law; to heal the wounded pride of the governor; to protect the country; to screen Bacon and his confederates from punishment and to reform the abuses of the government.

It is remarkable that the resolutions instructing the Virginia delegates in congress to declare the colonies free and independent, were passed in June, 1776, and that the assembly, under Bacon's influence, met in June, 1676. *

The first act of the session declared war against the Indians,—ordering a levy of one thousand men and authorizing General Bacon to receive volunteers, and if their number proved sufficient, to dispense with the regular force. An act was then passed for the suppressing of tumults; the preamble reciting, that there had "bin many unlawful tumults, routs and riotts in divers parts of this country," and that "certain ill-disposed and disaffected people of late gathered and may again gather themselves together by beate of drumme and otherwise, in a most apparent rebellious manner." "The act for regulating of officers and offices" shows how many abuses and how much rapacity had crept into the administration. The democratic spirit of this assembly displayed itself in a law, "enabling freemen to vote for burgesses," and another making the church vestries eligible by the freemen of each parish once in three years. An act for suppressing "ordinaries," or taverns, expresses a sense of the evils of intemperance. Col. Edward Hill and Lieutenant John Stith, of Charles City, were disabled from holding office in that county, for having fomented misunderstandings between the governor and the people of Charles City and Henrico counties, and having been instrumental in levying exhorbitant taxes. *

In token of the excitement and suspicion then prevailing in the assembly, it was observed that some of the members wore distinctive badges.

In a few days, however, the assembly was dissolved by the Governor, who seeing how great Bacon's influence was, apprehended only further mischief from their proceedings. A number of the burgesses intending to depart on the morrow, having met in the evening to take leave of each other, General Bacon, as he now came to be styled, entered the room with a handfull of papers and looking around, enquired, "which of these gentlemen shall I interest to write a few words for me?" All present looking aside, being unwilling to interfere, Lawrence, Bacon's friend pointing to one of the company, (the author of T. M's account, †) said "that gentleman writes very well," and he, undertaking to excuse himself, Bacon, bowing low, said, "pray sir, do me the honor to write a line for me," and he consenting, was detained during the whole night filling up commissions obtained from the governor and signed by him. These commissions Bacon filled almost altogether with the names of the regular militia officers of the country, the first men in the colony in fortune, rank and influence.

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 342.

* Ib. vol 2. pp. 352-353-356-364.

† I have in vain endeavored to ascertain the name of this person. He appears to have been a planter.

## WINTER AND SPRING.

Winter is gone, and May, Queen of the Year, must in a few days resign her Crown of Flowers:—the following poems are not, therefore, as seasonable as we might have made them; but as none will require poetry either to be written or published according to the Calendar, we have no doubt they will still prove acceptable to our readers. The ode of Earl Conrad is taken from a note, by the translator, to Sismondi's "Historical view of the Literature of the South of Europe;" and was long since intended to usher in, instead of bidding adieu to "merry, merry May;" but was forgotten. It was written several centuries ago.

—

### WINTER.

BY LANGDON.

Each season hath its beauties. Genial Spring
Decks the green earth with flowers: Bright Summer casts
From earth to heaven her arch of heav'nly hue;
And Autumn 'neath the dusk and mellow air
Her mantle of inimitable dyes
Weaves over hedge and hill. Thou, too, stern King,
Proud monarch of the snow-wreath'd diadem,
With wizard art and icy wand, dost charm
The subjects of thy ruthless tyranny—
Thou know'st with sudden ecstasy to thrill
The spirits of thy pris'ners.
Lucid morn
Dawns sometimes lovely on a night of storm
Horrid with sleet and snow. Forth issuing,
We boldly seek the keen external air,
And the crisp surface crackles to the step
That bears us onward, gayly wandering.
On the charm'd eye with sudden beauty bursts
A glorious vison. Where accordant blend
Their various branches, in eternal green,
The holly, cedar, and low-spreading pine,
How beautiful the drapery that falls
O'er the still boughs! how pure! how heav'nly white!
And as the sun, with horizontal beam,
And furtive glance, peeps passionately through
As if enamor'd of a scene so fair,
See, from each silver'd leaf and drooping bough
The diamond drops depend, and softly shine
In his fond ray dissolving. Graceful bends
Each little bush, beneath its folded robe
Of spotless white, in adoration bow'd;
And each recess, with its pure canopy
Of arching branches delicately wove,
And fleecy curtains hung in careful ease,
Fit spot would seem for angels, when they turn,
Rejoicing, from their ministry on earth,
To worship in. And Fancy whispers us,
As all entranc'd we thread the lovely maze,
A fairy paradise the still wood seems,
Where marble trees from alabaster grow,
And from each bough hang clustering jewels rare,
And pearls unknown to earth—a rich repast
For the enchanted eye. Not regal pomp
In oriental climes might boast display
So brilliant; ocean's darkest cave unseen,
With its deep mines of undiscover'd gems,
Might never rival, in the glare of day,
These trembling drops that, in a morning beam,
Distil from frozen leaflets.
In these shades
For the dead year how sweet a resting place!
As the old pilgrim, worn with various toil
In gath'ring blessings for ungrateful man,
Sinks down and dies, here may he sleep in state,
Where nature spreads for him a couch of snow,
And throws her pall around him. Let him sleep
In solitudes so lovely, undisturbed,
Where, ere the scene dissolve, each leaf for him
Shall weep the gentle tribute of its tears.

Winter, thou art a faithful moralist,
And heav'nly lessons in thy works lie hid
For him who seeks them. While the faded leaf,
The wither'd grass,—the aspect of decay
By nature worn, remind us of our doom,
These rare creations of thy gentler will
Soften the rigor of foreshadow'd fate,
And mingle hopes with fears;—cast on the grave
A living light, the welcome smile of Heaven.
*Virginia.*

—

"The following song of Earl Conrad of Kirchberg, is translated very closely, and in the same measure as the original:

"May, sweet May, again is come:
May, that frees the land from gloom.
Children, children, up and see
All her stores of jollity!
O'er the laughing hedgerow's side
She hath spread her treasures wide;
She is in the greenwood shade,
Where the nightingale hath made
Every branch and every tree
Ring with her sweet melody:
Hill and dale are May's own treasures,
Youth, rejoice in sportive measures;
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

"Up, then, children, we will go
Where the blooming roses grow,
In a joyful company
We the bursting flowers will see;
Up! your festal dress prepare!
Where gay hearts are meeting, there
May hath pleasures most inviting,
Heart, and sight, and ear delighting.
Listen to the bird's sweet song,
Hark! how soft it floats along!

Courtly dames our pleasures share,
Never saw I May so fair;
Therefore, dancing will we go:
Youths rejoice, the flowrets blow;
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

"Our manly youths,—where are they now?
Bid them up, and with us go
To the sporters on the plain;
Bid adieu to care and pain,
Now, thou pale and wounded lover!
Thou thy peace shalt soon recover:
Many a laughing lip and eye
Speaks the light heart's gaiety.
Lovely flowers around we find,
In the smiling verdure twined,
Richly steep'd in May dews glowing:
Youths! rejoice, the flowers are blowing:
Sing ye! join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!

"Oh, if to my love restored,
Her, o'er all her sex adored,
What supreme delight were mine!
How would Care her sway resign!
Merrily in the bloom of May,
I would weave a garland gay;
Better than the best is she,
Purer than all purity!
For her spotless self alone,
I will sing this changeless one;
Thankful or unthankful, she
Shall my song, my idol, be.
Youths, then join the chorus gay!
Hail this merry, merry May!"

---

## THE BOOK OF NATURE.

"There are two books from which I collect my divinity;—besides that written one of God, another of his servant Nature: That universal and public manuscript that lies expanded unto the eyes of all. . . . Possibly, even the Heathens knew better how to join and read these mystical letters, than many Christians, who cast a more careless eyen on these common hieroglyphics, and disdain to suck divinity from the flowers of nature."—*Religio-Medici*, (*Sir Thomas Browne.*)

The manuscript of Nature's Book
Is open spread to every eye,
But few into the leaves will look
That round them lie:

In characters both quaint and old,
Yet easy to be understood:
On every hill and vale unrolled,
In every wood.

I see the oaks like belted knights,
With sturdy sinews gird the land.
As Birnam wood besieged the heights
In Malcome's hand.

The solemn brotherhood of pines,
Like monks slow chaunting in the choir,
*Nos miserere*—Cypress nuns
In sad attire.

But where around the opening glade
Like Cretan gold the light descends,
And through alternate sun and shade
The pathway wends;

And deeper in, the level sward
With cooler shadows overspread—
(Oh, page more worthy of award
Than eye hath read!)

From root to top the haws are crowned
With tiaras of snowy bloom,
Through purple violet-lips the ground
Exhales perfume.

And there, unto the poet's heart,
Illumined with a thousand dyes,
And granite claspings all undone,
The volume lies.

BE PATIENT, poet, say the Haws:
The human heart that flowers bears,
Will ripen fruit in after days
Of after years.

BE HUMBLE, breathe the Violets:
More worthily is honor won,
If they a pleasing fragrance find,
Who looked for none.

And if thou,—say the Calmias,
A pride in exaltation hast,
See how our bloom that crowns the cliff
Wastes every blast.

LOVE—saith the yellow jasmine—LOVE.
In vain the storm menaces him
Who binds his bosom's tendrils round
A steadfast limb.

And if indeed a poet's heart
Thou hast, who walkest in this wood,
Believe that God in fruit or bloom
Works out some good.

J. M. LEGARE.

*South Carolina.*

## TO THE TURTLE-DOVE.

Loving, kissing, cooing,
Billing, fondling, wooing,
Gentle, pretty Turtle-dove,
Whiling away the hours,
Mid bowers of sweet flow'rs,
How I envy thee thy love!

Thou art lovely, lovely!
Soothingly and smoothly
Fall thy notes upon the ear,
Music sweet revealing,
Pain and sorrow healing,
Calming, soothing all who hear.

Undulating, swelling
Float thy cooings, telling
Of the spark which fires thy breast,
Blandly languid falling,
And the lovers calling,
When the spring in green is drest.

Thou thy pinions lending,
I my journey bending,
To the land of promised rest,
Would fly, would fly, would fly,
On high, on high, on high
To the regions ever blest!

*Georgia.* J. A. T.

---

## CONSOLATIONS OF THE CHURCH.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"Early with every Sabbath morn returning
You hear her light step up the chancel come,—
Through all the week she turns with tender yearning
To that old church, which is to her a home."—L. E. L.

Her lot is lonely! one by one have parted
The silvery links that wove Life's chain of yore;
She is a mourner—widow'd—broken-hearted—
*Her* vanish'd hopes time never can restore.
The bread of bitterness she oft hath broken—
And with it mingled Marah's cup of wo;
Her isolated heart hath long since spoken
Its farewell to the world of pride and show.

Her pilgrim feet are weary—yet she cometh
Up to this place, this holiest place of prayer—
Poor, care-worn child of clay! 'tis here she summeth
Her all of happiness:—and pausing there
She stilleth each human throbbing ere she enters
Those gracious doors which guard her hallow'd home;—
There with a child-like faith her hope she centres,
Therefore with lowliest reverence doth she come.

Meekly she enters, and as meekly kneeling
Lifteth her heavy heart in earnest prayer;—
A peace divine o'er her bruis'd spirit stealing—
Truly she knoweth that her God is there.
Within those consecrated walls she heareth
Words that her weak and fainting soul sustain:—
Her grateful heart echoes the chant which beareth
Heavenward each suppliant and adoring strain.

And now with footsteps faltering, she goeth
Up to the shrine with sacred symbols spread;
With lowly self-distrusting heart she boweth,
A guest at that free feast where all are bid.
By the Atoning Cross she groweth stronger—
For holiest hopes have risen in her heart;
O'er life's vain sorrow museth she no longer—
Her wants have vanish'd, and her woes depart!

The burden of her heaviest cares is lifted—
His love hath roll'd the gathering mists away,
And through the steadfast eye of Faith she's gifted
To see the dawning of a clearer day.
Only the Hope that looketh up to Heaven
Her own she calleth, yet 'tis a hope divine—
A joy "not of this world" to her is given,
And she goes forth patient to bide her time!

---

## STANZAS.

My days and hours of childhood, oh! how often I recall you,
For well do I remember that no evil did befall you;
My youth is past—my manhood's come, I now can truly say,
I ne'er spend time in business, as I used to spend in play.

My fleeting moments pass'd so sweet, when life was in its spring,
When all my feelings yet were fresh, and hope was on the wing;
When with the sun I rose each morn, and with him went to rest;
I slept upon my childhood's bed, he slumbered in the west.

I used to wander through the fields, with dog, or gun, or book,
And when the walk or hunt was o'er, to bathe me in the brook;
My days then passed so happily, they never seem'd too long,
And when the welcome evening came, I cheer'd me with a song.

I used to love the solitude, of wood, or hill, or plain,
And ever shunn'd the haunts of men, because they gave me pain;
It hurt my childish vanity, because I was not sought,
And singled from the rabble crowd, as seem'd to me I ought.

I used to lay me in the shade, beneath a holly tree,
And think, if yet in after times, some good reserv'd for me;
If yet, it might, in future years, the name I call'd my own
Be coupled with some glorious act, or great deed I had done.

These were the joys of childhood, with its pastimes and its haunts,
But now succeed the toil of life, its business and its wants;
Its pleasures and its prospects here, held out to court or brave,
To soothe, to rouse, to frighten us—Love, Glory, and the Grave.

J.

## A MORN IN PARADISE.

As the learned have not yet come to a decision respecting the location of the Garden of Eden, the writer of the following verses has availed herself of the "Poet's License," and supposed it in a *valley*.

The mist of ages vanished—and lo, serene and bright,
All dewy green, and sparkling in the pearly morning light,
Uprose fair Eden's mountains, uprose her forests tall,
To guard the lovely valley as with an emerald wall.

MORN walked the hills of Eden, but she came not there as now,
All pale and cloud-attended, with sadness on her brow:—
Star-welcomed then she came, by the Angel Glory led,
And naught but joy and beauty sprang up beneath her tread.

Then on each mountain's brow was a crown of lambent flame,
And the waving forest-tops, like a sea of light became,
'Till last gleamed out the valley all fearless of mishap,
Like a fair unconscious infant, with flowerets in her lap.

The golden-fruited boughs with a mellow music swayed,
And the vine's transparent clusters like diamonds lit the shade,
The streams like molten silver reflected roseate bloom,
Or roamed with murmured gladness amid the forest gloom.

Yet deem not all unwelcomed, by living voice or song,
That fairest morning walked the eastern heights among;
Close by each breezy hill-side, within each covert green,
Were forms of might and grandeur—were forms of beauty seen.

There, thunder-toned, majestic, as fitted well to reign,
The Lion roared his gladness, and shook his cloud-like mane,
And woke the wondrous concert, harmonious yet grand,
Of the proud, exulting subjects who owned his mild command.

But most the gentle warblers from out each downy nest,
Gave an enchantment to the air, as if of soul possest.
As sweet the strain as Seraph's call, when heard at eventide,
It floated o'er the fragrant dale, or up the mountain's side.

But soon, more fair than Morning that charmed the eastern skies,
More loving than the tender Night, with its soft and starry eyes,—
More graceful than the bounding fawn that sprang to her caress,
And oh, with more than Angel's power, a *mortal* heart to bless!

Came forth "in beauty unadorned," the bright and peerless Queen,
All warm and glowing from her dreams, on couch of mossy green,
Then waved the enamored breeze his wings, then flowers their welcome blushed,
And, listening to EVE'S lovelier voice, each warbler's strain was hushed.

ELORA.

*Painesville, Va.*

## SLEEP.

With curtains drawn, with bright glare dimmed, by hand as soft and fair
As the white cloud that floats along and woos the passing air,
A form, as bright and glowing as the sun's last lingering ray,
Sank, sun-like, though at noon, to sleep the dreary hours away.

The sofa's blushing crimson grew brighter when 'twas pressed
By *such* a cheek, and *such* a hand;—the girl was soon at rest.
At rest! her lips were parted, and a smile, an angel smile,
Ruffled the placid calmness of the dreamer's face the while.

Was there no dreamy consciousness that a step was drawing nigh
Marking the light and shadow of her smile—her deep drawn sigh?
Did not her heart beat faster, when that form with quicker tread
Turned from the unknowing sleeper, gave one lingering look, and fled?

A laugh broke now the stillness, a loud and merry laugh,
And every intonation her wakened ear did quaff;
She glided with her gracefulness to the mirror, which gave back
A face the fairest of the fair—a path for beauty's track.

"What could it be?" in smothered tones came through her lip compressed,
"My hair in such luxuriance did touch my cheek,—then rest
Gently upon my bosom white, the very way I chose,
And floated zephyr-like about, as my breathing fell and rose!"

Like direful murder truth *will* out; conviction in her look,
She paced the yielding carpet till the very glasses shook.
That same soft cheek was flushed, and pale, "oh, misery could it be!
"Too true, too true, oh! fatal nap—*Not to lie gracefully!*"

EVYIE.

*Charleston, S. C.*

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER I.

The gray twilight of early dawn had thrown a pale, broad streak upon the eastern horizon—the harbinger of approaching day—and faintly marked the dusky outlines of the lofty and stupendous hanging gardens of Babylon, that reared their broad terraces above the out-spread city, like a mighty promontory over a sleeping ocean. Hard by this astonishing and beautiful display of human art, there stood a splendid and stately mansion,—the abode of wealth and luxury. In that palace of earthly greatness, was heard the sound of many instruments pouring forth, all night, soft and voluptuous music to a riotous crowd of mirthful revellers. The feast was sumptuous and set off by all the glitter and magnificence of Eastern splendor. The bound of the gay dance was heard in those halls, and the shouts of frantic mirth broke upon the still ear of night. It was the clamorous festival of licentious passions, luxuriating in unbridled license. In the wild delirium of sensual excess, the past and the future were equally forgotten; nor did a thought upon the destitute and suffering crowds in that immense city intrude amidst the wasteful abundance that cloyed upon the overfeasted appetite. Near this palace of feasting and mirth, and almost flanking it, stood a wretched little hovel, so small and so miserable in its exterior as to strike the fancy with a perfect display of the extremes in contrast. Within this covert of humble poverty there was silence—deep, solemn, and melancholy silence, save when broken by the low, plaintive moans of a sobbing child, or the deep groans of a gray-headed man, its only living tenants. The ill according sounds of mirth, too, from that house of feasting, would at intervals burst within these narrow walls of mourning. Upon a hard and narrow couch lay the wasted and meagre corpse of a female shrouded in the humble habiliments of poverty—that last covering of the mortal body, the appalling dress of the charnel house. How calm! how quiet in that sleep! Despised and neglected child of indigence, thy toiling and drooping spirit is now at rest—thy troubles are over and thy tears have ceased to flow, though others weep for thee. Thy God has ended thy weary pilgrimage, and spread over thee the mantle of His peace. Now freed from the trammels of dust and the bondage of man, thou mayest wander by the stream and roam over the hills of Palestine—the land of thy fathers and the home of thy dreams. At the head of the couch and bending over the silent corpse of her mother, sat a little girl, about six years old. Her small slender arms were twined about her neck and her beautiful mouth was pressed upon the pale and rigid lips of her lifeless parent. Amidst agonizing sobs, her tiny voice broke forth in plaintive appeals to the tender love and affection of that fond and pious mother, who had so often pressed her to her bosom, but whose ear was now closed to all the sounds of earth. "Mother, dear mother, look up—look kindly on thy Esther: O do not close your eyes so fast," and her little fingers essayed to press back the lids now compressed in death. "Speak, dear mother, one kind word, thy little Esther calls thee. She is dead and will not hear me," she exclaimed, clasping her little hands with passionate grief, and pressing her face to her mother's bosom. These simple and touching outpourings of infant sorrow, powerfully affected the subdued and godly spirit of her gray-headed relative. Strengthened and confirmed by a pious resignation to the will of that God, whose righteous wisdom plans and executes only what is good, he had curbed his own tumultuous yearnings for a loved and honored member of his house and tribe; but the wailings of that helpless innocent, crushed down by sorrow, distended his heart to bursting, and the big tears of tender sympathy overflowed his cheeks. It was a thrilling and an awful sight to look upon that man, so calmly and so sternly armed against rebellious nature, thus subdued by earthly passion. He raised the meek and unresisting child in his arms, and with tender affection thrusting away the clustering curls from her beautiful forehead, kissed her again and again. She yet wept, and her little bosom was convulsed with quick and deep-drawn sobs; yet her grief was passive and her spirit as gentle as a lamb's.

"Esther, child of bereavement and of early sorrows," he kindly whispered, "remember the words of thy pious mother. She taught thee that to murmur at the decrees of thy God, was to rebel against his government. He blessed thee with the nurture and instructions of a tender mother, and He has taken her away. His righteous will has not revealed to us the causes of his action; but we know that all He does is good and just; therefore, believe He saw it best to take thy mother from all of us. His strong arm can raise thee up many joys and comforts, and surely He will bless all that love and obey him. The cheering rays of His countenance were cast upon the path of thy pious mother throughout life. How peaceful, how happy she lived, in the full consciousness of his approbation! With horror would she have shrunk from the exchange of her life of humble poverty, for the throne of Xerxes himself, with all his greatness, surrounded as it is with darkness and apostacy from God. Though firm in her reliance on His merciful providence, one anxious fear, inseparable from a mother's love, preyed upon her troubled spirit—the fear that thou shouldst want an earthly friend when death should take her from

thee. But see the mercies of our God! Though far away, I heard of her distress, and came at once to comfort her. With joy she heard me promise all that she could wish concerning thee, and praising God, fell happily asleep from all the cares of life."

"Good Mordecai," said the thoughtful little being now ceasing to weep, and looking up into his face, "Tell me to what new home has my mother gone? She told me her body would return to dust from which God had made it, but the soul was the spirit that God had breathed into that dust, and could not die, but would go to a place of rest—a quiet, and beautiful, and never-ending Sabbath—that God would sanctify for those that love him. perhaps where good Elijah went. Will she dwell in some bright star, like that now rising over the highest terrace of the hanging gardens, which they say is a world like this?"

"Whither thy mother has gone, and where we all shall go, my child," answered Mordecai, "God has not fully revealed to us; but he has filled us with a consciousness of immortality and a future existence. From the patriarchs and the holy prophets, too, we learn that God's blessings to those that love him extend beyond the grave: for David tells us '*His mercies endure forever.*' Our father Jacob, too, by inspiration from God, calls his life a *pilgrimage*, which opens to us the truth, that when it is over, we shall return again to God from whom we came at first. So now, knowing the mercy and the goodness of our God, thou wilt believe and rejoice that thy tender mother is blest and happy in some peaceful, sunny land, more beautiful than our own Jerusalem."

"Will she have another little Esther to press to her bosom and sleep in her arms, and to kiss and love her, and will she forget *me?*" asked the little innocent bursting into tears at the last agonizing thought.

"No! no! my child," replied Mordecai soothingly, "thy mother, tried and refined like gold in this land of probation, is now removed to that world of the happy, where all is love, and will remember thee, and love thee better than ever. Perhaps from some bright world of peace, she may even now be smiling on thee, and God may suffer her spirit often to hover around and to watch over and comfort thee. So remember to keep her lessons treasured up in thy heart—to love thy God, and keep his commandments, that she may not be grieved and sorrowful at thy wickedness. If you be good, God too will suffer you to meet your mother again, and dwell with her; but if you are disobedient and wicked, He will never let you see her again.

"O, how I shall laugh and cry too to meet dear mother again!" exclaimed the happy little creature, clapping her hands with animated glee. "But, good Mordecai," she immediately resumed, with a saddened countenance, "will she grow sick, and die again, and leave her little Esther to weep for her?"

Mordecai pressed the little questioner to his bosom with unutterable tenderness and replied, "No, my child, no! God will not separate you twice; nor must you dwell too much upon this one separation, but be thankful that he has left you one friend at least who will never forsake you."

"Yes, Mordecai, yes!" she replied with quick animation, "I have another friend besides you."

"Who is that?" asked Mordecai in some surprise.

Raising her little hands towards the Heavens, with a smile of triumph, she replied, "the God of our fathers;—did not dear mother tell me if I loved Him, and kept his commandments, he would clothe me, and feed me, and shelter me from the storm, and bless me, and comfort me, and be with me always, and never forsake me?"

"Happy, happy infant! blest in such a mother," said old Mordecai delightedly. "I spoke of earthly friends, yet thy tender lips have lisped forth deep wisdom. God hears thy words, and my heart tells me he will make them good. Yes, truly thou hast a friend above all friends, and a God above all gods. Keep thy mother's words and He will indeed bless thee, and protect thee from the snares of the wicked."

"Are they the wicked, who laugh so loud, and feast so merrily in yonder palace, while my poor mother lies there so cold and so still?"

"Yes, my child, they know not God."

"Then it is better to be hungry here in this little house with God for our friend than to feast with them."

With this sentiment of Solomon's without knowing it, her eyes closed heavily to, and her tender spirit, wearied with watching, sunk into a sweet slumber. Mordecai pressed her gently to his bosom, imprinted a kiss on her parted lips, and laid her softly on a pallet. Who shall say the angels of God watched not over the sweet sleep of that pure and innocent little being? Her dreams were pleasant, for her lips were wreathed with continual smiles. Though faint and hungry, she asked not for food, knowing there was none left to be given her. Her mother had supported herself and this only child by her industry, notwithstanding the oppression of the Babylonians; and her life had passed in cheerfulness and contentment, till sickness cut off her resources. Then Mordecai, who dwelt in Susa, and was their only relative, came to their relief, and quieted the anxiety of the dying mother by adopting her child. While Esther slept, he called in some poor Jews, who took away her mother's body and buried it. The child slept long and placidly, and Mordecai reclined by her side, adjusting the coarse coverlet, when by a motion of her hand, under the influence of a smiling dream,

she would throw it off. When she opened her eyes, with the impression of her delightful vision still fresh upon her mind, she looked quickly and anxiously around her and called upon the endearing name, *mother*. "Where is she gone?" she passionately exclaimed; "she was here playing with me just this minute."

Mordecai covered his face with his hands and turned away to hide his emotion. Recollection burst with fresh agony upon the weeping babe, and throwing her arms about Mordecai's neck, she sobbed, "She told me in my dreams to love and obey you, and that you would be kind and good to me, and that God would be with me always and bless me."

"Blessed art thou, beautiful child of my adoption," said Mordecai, "for God who knows the heart, and sees its future unfoldings, has shown thee in a vision, and through the ministering spirit of a pious mother, whose words to thee were always truth, that thou art to Him an object of special love and providence. Lowly though thou be, and weak in helpless infancy—a beautiful and tender flower, so frail as to be crushed by the slightest pressure of the oppressor's foot, yet thy God, even from thy years of lisping childhood, has spread his pavilion over thee, to protect thee from the storm."

Here a voice hailed from without, and Mordecai looking, saw a man, whose dress, though gorgeous and splendid, proclaimed him a servant of some Persian lord. "From this house," said the servitor, addressing Mordecai, "a corpse has just been carried, and I am sent to enquire of what disease the person died."

"Her disease was inflammation of the lungs," replied Mordecai.

"Your report may be true," resumed the servant, "yet it is more probably false, since your lying race hate truth for its own sake: besides, interest may suggest the policy of concealing the appearance of an infectious disease."

"Had your benevolence been equal to your opprobrious suspicions," said Mordecai with imperturbable serenity, "your ministering presence to an humble and suffering widow prostrated on the bed of death, would have told you her malady, and saved you the trouble of asking it of others. A morsel of that bread thrown to your pampered dogs, or a few drops of that wine poured out in idolatrous libations, might have afforded an additional ray of comfort to a desolate exile."

"Thou sacrilegious wretch of a Jew! What! give to your profane lips the libations offered to the gods! Impious dog! do you presume to equal yourself to Belus of the Chaldees, Jupiter of the Greeks, and Mithras of the Persians? You may thank my forbearance, for your insolence reported to Haman would cost you your ears. But hear my commands and obey: On the instant avoid this house, you and all that are in it. It is to be pulled down and consumed with fire, and the site overspread with lime to prevent infection, as well as to remove so unsightly and disgusting an object from the vicinity of lord Haman's palace."

"Who purposes so cruel and inhuman an outrage on a child of poverty and destitution, like this helpless orphan just deprived of her only parent?" asked Mordecai, placing Esther before him.

"Haman—the rich and powerful Haman," was the reply, "and there are none who may live and disobey him."

"He will surely then pay this infant the value of what he takes from her. This little hovel and its humble furniture are all her earthly possessions."

The menial laughed loud and merrily at Mordecai's simplicity, then motioned to a throng of slaves to begin the work of demolition. The crash of boards was instantly heard, and the little trembling Esther, catching up the dolls and playthings given by her mother, now doubly valued, threw herself upon the bed her mother had so lately pressed, and sobbing an agonizing adieu to all the dear objects around her, she grasped the arm of Mordecai and fled with him from the presence of the oppressor. At a distance she beheld the flames that consumed the last dwelling of her mother. Painful to her little throbbing heart was that cruel sight. It seemed a widening of the separation from that tender parent; for by a pleasant illusion of the imagination, these sensible objects, so familiar to both, formed in her mind a link between their separate existences. Yet she was a meek and passive sufferer, nor murmured, nor reviled the authors of the deed.

In that house of almost regal splendor, the feast and riotous debauch had now begun to pall upon the flagging spirits of the licentious revellers. The exhausted animal powers, relaxed by excess, threw a sympathetic gloom over the cheerfulness of the mind, and they glided about with bloated and flushed cheeks and watery eyes, more like the children of sorrow than of mirth. Haman, with robes all stained with wine, and a tottering, unsteady gait, approached an open window to take a view of the two fugitives, pointed out to him by his slave, as they passed the palace. Little Esther raised her pale and meek countenance to his, and instinctively clung closer to Mordecai's arm, when she met that fearful gaze. The haughty Haman deigned not to speak to the humble objects of his malice, but turning to his slave, asked, "Did you say that despicable hut was all they had?"

"My lord has rightly understood his servant," replied the slave bowing to the earth.

"Good! very good!" continued Haman to himself, with a horrid smile. "I would, were I Persia's Great King, sweep from the earth the whole

accursed race and the altars of their unsocial God, who scorns all other gods. Before His altars, too, their hateful prophet, Samuel, hewed to pieces Agog, king of my people—the Amaliketes. Their songster, David, too, made slaughter of my nation, as did, from first to last, the whole of this detested race of Jewry. These things are past, but not forgotten. Their God had then the mastery. Belus * had it next, and brought them bondsmen hither; Mithras † has it now, nor shall he find me a slothful minister;—Ahriman ‡ confound them, nor let Ormusd § throw a ray of light upon them."

Mordecai returned to Susa, taking with him his little charge, and with more than a doating parent's fondness, did he perform the promises made to her dying mother; for besides the force of the solemn pledge to bind him, the tender affection and meek docility of the child soon wound themselves about his heart with a tie that nothing could dissolve. Powerful and indelible was the impression of her mother's lessons upon Esther's mind, and so fully cherished, that when Mordecai reproved her for some thoughtless word or act, he needed but to say, "Ah! Esther, thy mother never taught thee thus" to send the little penitent to weep for hours in solitude. Years glided over them in tranquillity and peace, and comfort, with worldly possessions gathered around them.

—

## CHAPTER II.

Spotless and happy innocence of merry and sportive maidenhood! bright and beautiful existence! where the sweet simplicity of lingering childhood, is mingled with the enchanted romance of budding womanhood! What object in nature so aptly portrays to the imagination those pure and beautiful beings of the spiritual world, as the gay and spotless innocence of maiden beauty! Such a pure and lovely object was the Jewish maiden Esther, now in her fourteenth year, brightly dawning into womanhood. Old Mordecai saw his beautiful charge grow up under his hands like a tender and exquisite flower, and so carefully trained her in the duties of a child of God, while the heart was most tender and susceptible, that now her mind presented an engraving of beautiful truth, indelible—a tablet of chaste and pious images. The ablest teachers had made her acquainted with the history and learning of her own people, and much of the philosophy and abstruse science of the Greeks, as well as the blind and absurd mythology of the gentile nations. With a mind thus enlightened and expanded, the spirit of her being was imbued with all that is beautiful in imagery and exquisite in sentiment, nor did she dream of a cloud to darken the gay colors of young life;—the world with all created things presented nothing to her romantic visions but beauty and joy and love. Filled with a cheerful enjoyment of the present and delightful anticipations of the future, she was one evening tripping along a narrow street with several other young females of her nation, when their progress was suddenly stopped by a gay cavalcade and their splendid retinue. The rich, flowing robes and nodding plumes of the horsemen with the gorgeous trappings of their fine horses, presented a grand spectacle to the enthusiastic imaginations of the maidens. The bright glow of vermillion that lighted up the countenance of Esther, as her large sparkling eye turned with admiration from object to object, gave a lustre to her beauty almost angelic. While thus standing, drawn up in a line with her companions, close to the building, on the side walk, she observed not the fixed and enraptured gaze of the captain of the troop, who had reined in his horse, rivetted upon her. "What beautiful creature is that?" he asked of an attendant.

"By their appearance, my lord," replied the slave, bowing to his horse's neck, "I should judge them to be descendants of the Jews."

"True, you are right, I see they are now," continued he with a sudden gleam of pleasure. But do you mark that bright-eyed beauty I first pointed out to you? There she stands in symmetry of form, and grace of attitude, that shames the sculptured marble of the Grecian Venus. How beaming with the ecstasy of love," continued he soliloquizing, "those soft, dark eyes, fringed with their long silken lashes, and arched with brows so beautifully pencilled: see, too, the glassy smoothness of that high and polished forehead of snowy whiteness, encircled by dark braids of glossy hair;—that nose, how purely and beautifully Ionic; how exquisitely formed that little mouth, of mould so soft, and lips so rosy; and then the coloring of the whole, how delicate! how thrillingly beautiful! Shall such a prize be borne away by a Jewish clown? Ye gods forbid! See," continued he, calling his servant again to his side, "that this 'rose of Sharon' be brought privately to my palace on the suburbs of the city;—and mark me, my wife is not to hear a whisper of it."

"My lord shall be obeyed," replied the servant, bowing, and falling back from his master's side.

The cavalcade now moved on till opposite to the great market-place, when their leader, gaily waving his sword, pronounced the word, *discharged;* then turning into different streets, they cantered off, each to his separate home. "There go the Persian nobles," said a loiterer about the markets, "See what a fine display they make. They carry about their persons enough of gold and gems to

* The god of the Chaldees, worshipped at Babylon.

† The sun, worshipped as a god by the ancient Persians.

‡ The Principle of all evil and of darkness in the mythology of Persia.

§ The Principle of all goodness and of light among the ancient Persians.

feed all Susa through thirteen revolutions of the moon."

"Where have they been?" asked an old gray-headed man leaning on his staff.

"To the grand review of the army."

"Ah! a grand review it may have been, but not of a grand army," continued the veteran. "It is all a glittering, empty show: ten thousand troops of Cyrus' Babylonian guards would have put to flight the whole pompous pageant. Such is the difference between men enured to toil and danger, and accustomed to subsist cheerfully, when nothing better was at hand, on cresses and water, and the effeminate creatures now called soldiers, who by feeding delicately, and sleeping softly, are qualified for nothing but to herd with women, and to trip a measure in a shady bower: the heat or the cold, the rain, the sunshine, or the enemies darts are equally insupportable to them."

Having vented this querulous reproach upon the degeneracy of the times, the ancient soldier hobbled impatiently away.

In the mean time, the dissolute leader of the Persian nobles had reached his splendid seat upon the suburbs of the city and anxiously awaited the arrival of his intended victim. An hour had passed away and the libertine walked to and fro with vexed impatience along the lofty piazza of his palace, fearing that his wicked plot had failed, when suddenly four slaves, bearing a covered litter, entered the great court of the palace. The litter was deposited at the master's feet, the satin curtains stripped away, and a female scream loud and shrill burst upon his ears. Esther, pale and trembling, with eyes bent upon the ground, stood before the oppressor. "Be not terrified, beautiful virgin," said the noble soothingly, "why do you tremble?"

Esther, in a voice scarcely articulate from its faintness, meekly implored his clemency and besought him to inform her of what she was accused; imagining, in the simplicity of her nature, that such violence could only be used towards a supposed criminal.

"Of what you are accused, child of loveliness?" he replied. "What! do you fear the charge of crime? Banish such idle fears. Your beauty has subdued your lord, and made him your slave. You are here, not to receive a sentence, but to give laws to the creatures of your will."

The blood rushed in scarlet over the face and neck of Esther, from deeply offended modesty, and she recoiled several steps from the insolent speaker.

"Why, coy damsel," continued he approaching, "are you yet incredulous? I tell you, you shall be the mistress of this proud mansion, of myself, and of everything around you. This splendid fortune stuns you, yet your little heart must leap with exultation at its noble conquest."

"My lord," said Esther, now emboldened by outraged delicacy, "there is cruelty in your lewd merriment, taking for its object a defenceless orphan, who, though humble, has been nurtured in all the sensitive delicacy of her sex; for I will not wrong a Persian noble so much as to dream for a moment your language serious. The *brave* and the *generous* prove their claims to those qualities, by throwing their protection around innocence and virtue; cowards win their titles by oppressing the *weak* and *unprotected*. I will not believe, great lord of Persia, that you stand in the latter class."

"You prate learnedly, fair reasoner," said the Persian, reddening with anger, "gentleness, I fear, will spoil you; for see my condescending fondness already wakens presumption. You look a Bellona, or Minerva, the chaste goddess, ready armed for battle. Why, what should you, a flower reared in the shade, know of courage or of cowardice? Was it ever heard before, that to be deeply touched with beauty's charms was cowardice? Come! come! I'll reason the matter calmly with you. I have studied the passions and interests of your sex too long not to know the value of the station I offer you. Your beauty has procured you a fortune that thousands who look above your head in dignity of station will envy. And would you, for a foolish whim, reject such princely honors? away with such mean-spirited prejudice! Your prudence and good sense will guide you better."

"Great lord of Persia," replied Esther, now strengthened by a consciousness of innocence and of divine protection, "the value of a station is not determined by the numbers who may envy the possession, but by the worth of the competitors, and the honor it confers. If the sacrifice of piety, virtue and morality for the abominable glitter of a gilded prostitution be indeed an honorable ambition, then your offer would be enviable; but if to accept it bring, as it will, the curse of God and the scorn of all the virtuous among mankind, with the lowest self-abasement and the loss of innocence, it were a curse that worlds could not weigh down?"

"Why, silly girl," resumed the libertine, "a narrow and superstitious education has made you a slave of the idlest fancies that ever entered a woman's head. Why, what mean you by the loss of innocence and the scorn of the virtuous? I tell you, an honor and happiness await you greatly above your present lot."

"So the serpent told our mother Eve she *surely should not die*, when tempting her to sin against her God," was Esther's reply.

"Come, bring not up the tricks of crafty priests to aid a weak cause," said the Persian; "but be guided by your own good sense. What! reject the highest advantages of life to feed a sickly sentiment? Know you not that the wisdom of any course is tested by the solid profit it secures?"

"Great lord," replied Esther, with a lofty and impressive manner, "you define well, and in the

abstract we may agree; but in the application of what is profitable, we part widely asunder. My education, which you ridicule; my principles and my inclinations lead me to the irresistible conclusion, that the nearest approximation to an implicit obedience to the laws of God is the highest state of human wisdom, and certainly confers, through all the vicissitudes of our being, the greatest profit: in contrast, I am fixedly persuaded that an impious contempt of that Supreme will, and an indulgence of guilty passions, is the lowest abysm of human folly, and the most prolific source of wretchedness. His finger has engraved upon tablets of stone the commandment, '*Thou shalt not commit adultery.*'"

"You talk like a wild enthusiast, as you are, beautiful flower of Jewry," replied the Persian; "the stubborn fanaticism of your singular people, has enslaved your young and vivid imagination with the tenets of a groveling superstition, and fixed you in an hourly terror of a shadowy phantom—the creature of a morbid fancy. Who is that God of whom your people so much gabble? Is his service profitable? See his altars overturned, his temple pillaged and destroyed—his people slaughtered, or driven like beasts of burden into bondage before an insolent conqueror, and behold them, even now, the bondsmen of a race that neither know nor worship Him. Is your allegiance due to Him, who either contemns your prayers, or is too weak to grant their requests?"

"Revolting blasphemer!" exclaimed Esther, recoiling with horror, "your dreadful impiety shocks and terrifies me! My God," she continued, now weeping and raising her eyes towards the Heavens, "let thy holy presence strengthen me in this hour of trial, and teach me how to vindicate thy name! Unhappy man—a *babe* in Israel could make thee blush for thy ignorance. Go learn from Moses how our God proclaimed this doom of bondage, in a strange land, for the transgressions of our race, centuries before the time, and wonder at the astonishing fulfilment. The kings of Babylon and Persia were but the feeble instruments with which he worked his ends. Learn too from Daniel, a prophet of our God, how that 'insolent conqueror' of whom you speak, and who burnt the temple at Jerusalem, became a beast to graze the fields with unclean animals for seven years. Read from the chronicles of Babylon, how our God made lions harmless to the good Daniel when thrown into their den. Who cooled the seven-times heated furnace, where the three young Hebrews walked unharmed amidst the flame, cheered by the presence of a heavenly messenger? Whose hand was that, which traced upon the palace wall of Babylon, before Belshazzar's eye, the dreadful words that spoke the doom of him who in his midnight revels durst touch with impious lips the consecrated vessels of God's temple? These things you have often heard, not from the Jews, but from the Babylonians. And is that God, who tells his will so many ages in advance, and makes kings and rulers of the earth subservient to its fulfilment; who has blotted out by a breath the whole line of Kings and overturned the dynasty of great Babylon—who curbs the nature of savage beasts and renders harmless devouring elements, a god of superstition, weak and powerless—a phantom of a crazed brain—his altars mockeries and his worshippers fanatics? Forbear, O man! forbear! lest God turn thy life to a curse and thy name to an eternal reproach among the nations of the earth."

"Lovely Syren," continued the Persian, filled with admiration at the wild and beautiful animation of Esther's countenance, "thy reproaches even fall enchantingly sweet from those pretty lips; yet think not with all thy eloquence I will let thee go. No, bright flower of Palestine, our fortunes now are one."

"You cannot harm me, cruel lord," said Esther weeping afresh, "without my God's permission, and I will not harbor the thought that he will thus cast me off and leave me desolate. Though I see not how I may escape this threatening doom, yet his unseen arm can free me from your toils. Why, man of greatness, riches and of honors, possessed of all the pomp of earthly state, should you seek to wither into wretchedness a frail and helpless orphan, whose innocence is all she has? Pity your weak suppliant," she continued extending her hands towards him with moving pathos, "and daily will I raise my voice to heaven for blessings on your head."

"The more your pretty lips harangue," persisted the Persian, "the more I am taught the value of my prize. Drive those idle fancies from your brain; you are misguided by vain abstractions. How should I make you miserable, by raising you to honors, that all the rational world would esteem happiness? Were you wretched in your elevation, your morbid fancy would create the curse and not the favor of a Persian lord. Know you who it is that sues and whom you would reject?"

"No!" replied Esther, "I only know you are cruel and unjust."

"What you call cruelty I mean as bounty and munificence; and the favors of Haman are not lightly esteemed of men." At the mention of that dreaded name a thrill of horror passed over Esther's frame.

"God of my fathers," she involuntarily exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "thou wilt not leave me in the power of my people's most cruel oppressor."

"You wrong me much, fair girl," he replied, reddening with anger, yet turning away his face to conceal it. "What I have done to the Jews was ordered by a higher power, whose will I might not disobey and live. But were it as you say, it is in your power now to make me a sure and steadfast

friend to your nation. You give me hard names and yet you know me not."

"Judge then whether I know you," said Esther calmly regarding him. "Some years gone by, a needy widow died in Babylon leaving an infant daughter, with only a little hovel to shelter her head. It was mean and wretched in appearance, yet it was all the child possessed of earthly goods. A lord of wealth and greatness pulled down that humble shelter and burnt it, with all its scanty furniture, and sent that child away without a recompense, unheeding its bitter tears and utter wretchedness. I am that child and you that wealthy lord."

"You!" exclaimed Haman, starting and fixing his eyes upon her with incredulous astonishment, "the Gods forbid. Had I but known you such a jewel, you should have been reared in my palace, the pet and blessing of my life. Yet the Gods even now ordain that I shall make amends for former injuries, and by their decree are we now brought together."

"The only redress I ask," said Esther, "is to have my liberty."

"No! fair girl, that would be but to turn you adrift a second time without reward. You shall be the queen of all my state, receiving homage and dispensing laws."

"My lord, this is bitter mockery," said Esther. "Your domestic broils are no secret to the world, and even now you would not for the half of your wealth that your wife knew of this violence to me."

Haman could no longer keep the vail over his hypocrisy, but bursting with mortified pride and wounded vanity at this too faithful picture of his humiliation, he turned with fury to his slaves, shouting in his rage, "Take hence this saucy quean, who dares impeach my honor, and see her well secured. Persuasive gentleness, rude minx," continued he to Esther, "is waste of lenity upon thy stubborn race. Nought but the goad and rod is argument with you. Fairly have I offered you, but have met in your responses only insolence. You now shall learn that power need not plead. Henceforth, you shall know that what Haman wills, has the force of a decree."

"There is a Power," said Esther, raising her small and beautiful hand towards Heaven and smiling through her tears, "above all powers—a will that speaks worlds into existence and man into nothingness. Against that will all the decrees of earth are but as the tiny moles of sand raised by children's hands against the ocean's surges. To that righteous will I submit my cause not fearing the result."

Haman, in despite of a vicious and obdurate nature, beheld with mingled admiration and respect the firmness and purity of the resigned and beautiful being now standing before him.

"Then be it so," said he after a pause. "I meet you on that issue. If you evade my power, I will grant your God has rescued you; but if you find the hope of extraneous aid deferred, remember, by your own showing, it is the will of your God you should be mine. This, then, is our compact, and neither do I fear the result. See," continued he to his domestics, who shrunk from his stern and terrible gaze, "that this bright-eyed gazelle, caught in the wilds of Jewry, be gently restrained within the western wing of the building, on the third floor, and in that chamber called '*Impassable.*' Let there be a double guard stationed around the palace and within. When I return let all be well, your lives be surety for this. Remember I have a contest with the God of Jewry for a prize, and mean to carry it. I leave you for a short interval, pretty one," continued he to Esther. "I go to the king to make report of the review of the army, yet I will quickly be with you." He now withdrew, and summoning to his presence his most trusty chamberlain, gave him particular directions how to proceed during the few hours he should be away. Then pacing his chamber, he muttered to himself, "she is both beautiful and intelligent, with a goodly share of modesty, this makes her prized no doubt among her tribe and will inflict a heavier blow. 'Tis just as I would have it. I hate the race through all its tribes and generations. She scorned me, too, and threw back all my splendid paintings of her greatness. But ha! ha! ha! why should I feel offence at that? She read me well. This adventure too affords another theme of satisfaction. It is playing a trick upon my termagant wife, who though must never know of it. How comes it that I suffer her to sway it over me so? It must be gratitude, or some such amiable emotion, that makes me so tamely yield; for she it was that built my fortunes. It cannot be timidity or fear. No! Haman is no coward."

In the mean time Esther was conducted through spacious halls, winding passages, and up high flights of stairs, glittering in all the gorgeous decorations of Persian splendor, to her beautiful prison. The room was spacious and lofty. From the gilt ceiling were suspended continuously around the whole chamber curtains of the finest Persian silk, wrought in flowers of every hue and brilliancy, which fell in graceful folds upon the splendid carpeting. The softest couches, covered with silk-velvet and cloth of gold and inlaid with gems, reflected a dazzling brilliancy. Small tables, exquisitely wrought in ivory and gold, stood in the middle of the room, covered with censers of aromatic perfumes that spread around the sweetest odors. Mirrors of polished steel, set in frames of gold, hung upon the walls, and harps, psalteries, timbrels, rebecks, flutes and other musical instruments were suspended around the room. There were Grecian paintings by the greatest masters, looking as though the canvass breathed. There were golden cups, too, for drinking, and massy and glittering plate

for feasting, and silver vases for ablutions. The sight was novel and pleasing to an imagination susceptible to the impressions of the beautiful; and Esther might for a moment have been beguiled by this magic scene into a forgetfulness of her troubles, had there not stood at the upper end of the room an image hideous to behold, and before that image an altar, upon which the smouldering ashes of a recent offering were yet reeking. Turning from this sight of abomination with a shuddering horror, she poured out her spirit in one long and burning prayer to the true and living God, who hears the voice of piety as well from prisons as from palaces. Though her imagination could not conceive a possible manner of escape without a miracle from her prison, doubly locked and barred as it was, and closely guarded by the slaves of despotic power, yet her mind was tranquil, securely trusting in that Omnipotent Being, who, without the aid of supernatural power and by the simplest means, can effect his ends when human wisdom would despair. After an hour of solitude the slaves of the palace entered the room and placed a sumptuous repast before her, of which she refused to partake. A band of musicians now entered and, bowing to the floor before her, caught up their instruments and filled the room with sweet melody. Several slaves next brought vases of beautiful flowers and set them at her feet, then two lovely little girls, tastefully dressed, wearing crowns of flowers on their heads and with smiles upon their faces, came close to her, and dropping on one knee before her, bounded suddenly to their feet again and tripped away with astonishing activity and gracefulness in a quick dance to a lively tune. Esther, who had rightly judged the drift of these seductive arts, viewed the whole scene with contempt and disgust till the appearance of these little girls, who instantly filled her with a sensation of love and compassion.

"These innocent beings," she reflected, "may be helpless orphans like myself, made the sport of irresponsible tyranny." Calling them to her, she, to the astonishment of all the menials, kissed them both and seated them by her side, and taking a hand of each, asked in a low voice, "are you sisters?"

"Yes."

"Who are your parents?"

"They are dead," they both replied, dropping their eyes now filled with tears. A thrill of painful sympathy passed through Esther's frame, and deep and tender was the yearning she felt for these little orphans.

"Who were your parents?"

"They were Jews," they replied with eagerness, each seeming emulous to say it first. Esther started visibly to all around her and mentally exclaimed, "God of my fathers! have compassion on thy people and save these little innocents from the corruption of this wicked house that knows Thee not. Ah! what weighty cause have I for gratitude! How like to theirs my infant lot, and yet how much more blest! How came you here?" she asked.

"Haman saw us playing around our grandfather Nathan, sitting one evening at his door, and took us away by force, because we are twins and so much alike, to have us taught to dance and act as pantomimes before his company at his banquets. He will not suffer us to go from the palace nor any of our kindred to come to us."

Esther could speak no more through excess of compassion, but drew an arm around each of the little orphans with feelings too deep for expression. There was profound silence in the room for several minutes. No one spoke or motioned till one of the children whispered Esther to beg of the chamberlain, who guarded the door, to suffer her and her sister to spend the night in that chamber. This request accorded so fully with her own wishes, that she readily determined to make the effort, though she expected nothing but a prompt denial.

"Friend," said she to the gray-headed doorkeeper, "is it inconsistent with your duty to grant me the favor of these little girls company tonight?"

Bowing low the chamberlain replied that "Haman had ordered it to be so, lest she should be depressed by solitude." This response was as joyful as unexpected and the little girls seemed anxious now to be alone with her, for one of them whispered in her ear, "You can make the attendants retire whenever you please. They wait your orders and will remain till you give them leave to go."

Pleased at the information, she instantly desired the slaves to retire for the night. She was promptly obeyed, and heard two heavy bolts spring into their sockets and the key withdrawn from the door. The three orphans were now alone. The night was beautiful and bright, illumined by the clear, full moon hanging in the unclouded space and covering the earth with her light. No sound was heard without save the heavy tread of the guard as he walked before their door in the ante-room, or the distant challenge of the sentinels outside of the palace. Esther had spent an hour in pleasant converse with the little sisters and learned from them their names, (Rachel and Leah,) and their simple history, when feeling wearied and overcome by the excitements of the day, she proposed to them to try to sleep. The little girls looked at each other and smiled, then one of them, going cautiously and lightly to the door, and placing her ear to the key-hole, listened breathlessly for a minute or two, and hearing nothing but the echoing footsteps of the sentinel, returned again to Esther and asked in a low whisper, "Did you not tell Haman God would not leave you in his power?"

"I did," said Esther looking up inquiringly.

"Then you told him truth and will prove it to him quicker than you expected."

"How mean you child?" asked Esther springing from her seat with trembling eagerness.

"See here," continued Rachel, drawing slowly and cautiously from her bosom a bunch of keys. "Haman keeps these keys himself to guard against surprise and to escape from his palace, should those that hate him rise up to murder him, as often happens to the cruel nobles of this wicked land. There is a private way out of the palace and it leads from this room, which is Haman's favorite apartment, and these keys unlock it. I have often heard the slaves speak of this room and of the private way from it, though Haman never trusts the keys of it with any one. This evening, just before he left here for the king's palace, I, unobserved, saw him take these keys from a little closet where he keeps his arms and start away as if to use them. I believe he meant to come into this room before he went to the king. But he suddenly stopped short, and seeming to think deeply for a moment, turned about again, and replaced them in the closet locked the door and put the key of it in the pocket of his robe. However, just before he left the palace, he threw off that robe because it was a military dress and put on a courtier's, forgetting to take the closet key from the pocket. When he was gone, it suddenly occurred to me, that I might use that key to aid you to escape, for I knew you were one of our persecuted people, because I heard Haman revile our nation and defy our God when talking with you. I got the keys and put them in my bosom, hoping I might be called on at night to tend you at supper, when I might have an opportunity to give them to you and direct you how to use them. But I had no hope of being allowed to tarry here with my little sister and thus escape with you. Now I know our God has heard mine and my sister's prayers, for the chamberlain came and ordered us to dance before you to-night, and our God put it into wicked Haman's heart to cause us to be left with you, that we might also escape from his cruel power."

"Happy child," said Esther, "your beautiful piety, amidst such scenes of vice, is delightful and refreshing. But how, dear children, shall we use these keys with hope of flight among the host of guards that keep the outer watch?"

"Never fear," replied Leah, "God has begun the work and he will finish it."

Esther kissed them tenderly and resumed, "You are right, your pious confidence speaks from the heart and comes from God. Let your little footsteps lead the way and I will follow."

The little sisters whispered for a moment together, then running with smiles of triumph on their faces to the niche where the image stood, they seized it, and before Esther could conceive their purpose, they broke the idol, (of fine marble,) upon the altar before it. "There old Baal," said Rachel exultingly, "Your priest, Haman, beat us once because we would not kneel to thee and I have broke thy head for it. They next overturned and broke up the altar, and then, with nimble haste, turned aside the curtains to find the private door. After a little scrutiny they discovered a very low and small door, so neatly fitted in the wall as to be scarcely perceptible. Cautiously trying each key till the right one drew back the bolt, they slowly and without noise thrust the door open and led the way into a long and narrow passage, having no doors on either side, but leading to the head of a flight of stairs. In this way they descended three flights and were now on the ground-floor, in a large room apparently used as a store-room for arms, clothing and the like.

"Now what is to be done?" asked Esther. "If we unlock this door and venture out we shall surely be seized and brought back, and then trouble will come upon your little heads for purloining Haman's private keys and breaking his image."

"Fear not for us," replied the sisters, "we thought of all the risk before we ventured."

They now laid their ears close to the door to listen for the guard. "There he goes," whispered Leah, as his heavy tread passed along by where they stood. "Remain here," continued she to Esther, "we will steal softly from this door into the shadow of the portico, and then trip carelessly along to the open space before the outer wall, as if to dance by the moonlight, as we have often done when warned to practise for a coming feast. None will suspect us, for it is a common thing with us. We will watch the proper time for you to leave the palace, when unobserved you can crouch along the shadows of the houses, and reach the gate in the outer walls—then we shall be safe."

"But, simple children," said Esther, trembling for their seeming thoughtlessness, "you forget that you are known to be locked in with me. How then can you be seen at large without detection?"

"You know not how things are managed here," said Rachel smiling. "The guards within the palace, who are polished and polite, have no intercourse with those without, and the guards without, who are rough and ignorant, know nothing of what is done within. Neither may dare to leave their post. They only know in common to-night, that a female is to be closely guarded in the palace."

"God has inspired your little hearts with wisdom and courage," said Esther, kissing them tenderly, "and I will doubt no longer lest I sin."

"I have been thinking," said Leah, "since there is so much clothing in this room, we may find a suit of the guard's uniform to fit you, and make our escape certain even if you should be seen."

The thought was wise, and Esther approved the

plan. In a few minutes she was fully equipped in the uniform of the palace guards, and stood before the delighted and laughing sisters, a small, but very handsome soldier.

"Now remain here," said they, "till we call for you;" then shading the lamp, they slowly and very cautiously opened the door, till a small crevice was made just large enough for the eye to peer around in every direction. Seeing nothing, they again whispered Esther—"Be cautious when you walk out into the palace yard to move slowly and carelessly, and look not anxiously about you as if afraid of something, and remember to carry your javelin like you have seen the guards—not awkwardly. Speak not if you can help it, but if compelled, speak hoarsely as if troubled with a cold, and call your name Strephon, and make it appear you are just relieved by the watch. Strephon is one of the guards that walks before the great portico on the eastern side of the palace, and is about your size. Remember, the watchword is '*Haman the invincible:*' I heard it given myself."

Thus having warned Esther, the sisters slid softly from the door, and gliding along the shadows of the western portico till they reached the door of the servants' hall, they suddenly danced along, arm in arm, to the large open pavement near the outer walls that encompassed the palace grounds; then singing gaily and keeping time to the tune with their nimble little feet, they seemed as thoughtless and indifferent about every thing else as childish simplicity could make them. The guard returning in his rounds by where they were thus bounding and singing, stopped with surprise and shouted to them in an angry voice, "You little Jewish devils, what makes you here! Who suffered you to leave the palace, when it is expressly commanded that there shall be neither going in nor out of it this night?"

The sisters broke out into a loud and merry laugh, and one of them replied, "Why hear the foolish fellow, rating us as if we were included in the guard! Keep your walk, you silly slave, and mind your own affairs."

"You are a saucy little malapert," rejoined the guard, indignant that a Jew should thus address him, "and whether you are in the number of the guards or not, shall obey their orders. So back to your nest. This is no time for your capers in the open air. Nothing shall stir abroad while I am walking here: so back again I say."

"Well commanded, great lord," replied Rachel bowing in mockery, very low, and affecting to laugh merrily, "Haman himself could not have done it better; but take care lest old Cyrus, the chamberlain, break your thick skull, great as you are, for taking his duties on yourself. Do you suppose, wise satrap, we could come through the locked and guarded doors of the palace without his leave?"

"Haman shall know of this," muttered the surly guard, striding on impatiently without further debate.

The sisters continued the dance, but watched him till fairly out of sight, then Leah ran hastily to the wall, and gliding along its dark shadow to the gate, unlocked it and returned to her sister. The guard passed several times without further notice, and seemed now only intent upon his monotonous circuit. Judging it now safe for Esther to emerge, one of the sisters tripped to the door, where she stood in anxious suspense, and whispered her to come out and close the door after her. Slowly and leisurely Esther strode along the broad foot-path, carrying in her right hand a javelin, and at her side a sword, but had scarcely measured half the distance between the palace and the wall before the guard returned in sight. "Join us in the dance," said the sisters in a hasty undertone, "here comes the guard."

Esther, throwing aside her javelin, took a hand of each and accordingly began to skip about, throwing her feet and arms purposely in the most uncouth and awkward manner, while the sisters screamed and laughed with partly affected and partly real delight at the ludicrous figure she made.

"Who is there?" hailed the guard vociferously, as he hastily approached them.

"Do you hear, Strephon?" interposed Rachel, still laughing; "Do you hear—he calls for the countersign! Why I can give it myself, brave watchman,—'*Haman, the invincible.*'"

Esther still continued to dance, with a seeming indifference of the presence, or the challenge of the guard, who again asked, "Strephon, what means this? What makes you here in this idle foolery, with these Jewish imps? Is this your station? and is this a time for such a freak, when our lives are staked upon the custody of a cursed Jew? I think every soul about the palace has gone mad. First come, contrary to express orders, these little pests to throw their heels about and make a clatter that would drown even the sounds of an attack upon the palace; and next I find you here joining, like a drunken man, with Jewish dancing girls, as if we celebrated a feast."

"Why, do you hear him, Streph?" continued Rachel, clapping her hands and laughing. "He asks how dare you be relieved by the watch without his approbation, and venture, in his presence, irreverently to dance? Bow down, you stupid slave, and do him reverence."

Esther still bounded on without seeming to notice the angry sentinel.

"By the gods! you shall repent of this—your head shall answer for it!" he passionately exclaimed. "You have left your post, for it is not yet the hour to be relieved from guard,—besides, Haman shall teach you sooner to venture in a lion's mouth, than dare to mingle with his pantomimes."

"Open your mouth to Haman if you dare," said

Leah tartly, "and old Cyrus, the chamberlain, shall crop your ears, you surly cur, for meddling with his duties."

The enraged sentinel gave her a hearty curse, and strode indignantly away, and was quickly beyond the angle of a tower.

"Haste now," whispered the little sisters, drawing Esther to the wall and gliding swiftly along the shadow to the gate. "Now we are safe."

In a moment they were through, and the gate locked on the outside. Then hastening rapidly around the wall, they plunged into the great city; and shunning the most frequented thoroughfares, and winding along blind alleys, were soon beyond the dread of successful pursuit.

In the meantime old Mordecai, who had rent his clothes and thrown ashes on his head, after the manner of the Jews when deprecating a threatened calamity, had, after the first astounding shock, composed his mind with prayer, and a firm reliance on that Omnipotent power, in whose hands the might of men is but as chaff before the wind, and now sat tranquilly in his house, abiding his God's own time to rescue his adopted child. The report of Esther's capture had been quickly spread among the Jews in Susa, and in conformity with a generous custom, several aged people of Mordecai's tribe came to his house to console and comfort him. Among them was the Rabbi Nathan, bending under the weight of years and supported by a staff. "See Mordecai," he began, as soon as he entered his dwelling, "how God yet visits the sins of the fathers upon the heads of the children, even to the third and the fourth generation for the iniquities of the people. A stiff-necked and stubborn race are we. When will our nation learn to seek wisdom and to put away transgression? Grievous and intolerable is the yoke that galls us in our bondage; yet our people still rebel, and God will crush us under His mighty indignation. For the crimes of the people, he will visit each house with heavier calamities than on Egypt's first born, or Israel's camp at night, when consternation spread before the fiery serpents. For this are our children torn away by the abominable idolater to dooms more horrible than death."

"Great indeed is our transgression" replied Mordecai calmly, "and great and just is the displeasure of our God; yet greater still are His love and mercy towards those who keep his commandments. Esther, my well beloved and tender child, is safe under His protection. He will not forsake that meek and pious orphan in her hour of trouble."

"Think not," replied old Nathan, "that Esther can escape a general dispensation. All must suffer together, as members of one body, till the unclean thing be put away, as when by Achan's transgression all the hosts of Israel were overcome."

"Judge not for God," said Mordecai impatiently, "His wisdom seeks out ways thy weakness cannot comprehend. Oft have I trusted in His mercies when threatened by calamity, and never has he mocked me with disappointed hopes. His special mercies are as signal, and more frequent, than His general judgments. Remember His special blessings on our father Jacob, in all his fears and troubles; on Joseph, when sold into bondage; on David, when hunted like a beast by Saul; on Samuel, while yet a child; on Elijah, and other holy men, and tell me not the righteous must suffer with the guilty. I repeat, Esther is in the hands of her God, and she cannot be in better hands, and is therefore safe, in despite of all the wicked Haman can do against her."

"What gives you such assurance," asked old Nathan, "that God will rescue Esther from the spoiler's hands, when all my prayers and supplications for the cherub-twins, my grand-daughters, have not been heard, and they are yet the sport of Haman? Is Esther more pure and innocent than they?"

"How know you that your prayers are not acceptable to God? Shall man presume to ask redress of God and prescribe the time and manner of his making it? I fear, too, you have petitioned with your tongue and doubted in your heart. Distrust him not. His watchful providence is over all that love him, and perhaps even now, while you scarcely forbear to murmur, the hour approaches for your babes' deliverance."

Scarcely had Mordecai ceased speaking, when the door was thrust open, and Esther and the little twins rushed in. "God of my fathers!" exclaimed Mordecai, springing to his feet, "what fresh outrage is this!" seeing a soldier's uniform and not immediately recognizing Esther, he in the surprise of the moment, judged her to be some evil disposed emissary of Haman's, but her voice quickly undeceived him. Throwing her arms about his neck and weeping with joy, she exclaimed, "Mordecai—kind father Mordecai, God has heard our prayers and rescued me and these dear children from the hands of the oppressor."

Old Mordecai wept aloud, and poured out thanks grateful and fervent to the God of his people. In that room, too, was another scene of joy: old Nathan, on his knees, encircled a grand daughter in each arm, and turning first to one and then to the other, kissing the happy children with a gush of feeling too deep for utterance. That was a happy meeting that night—few as delightful ever fall to the lot of man. The little group now dropped in a circle on their knees and poured out their spirits in one intense and burning prayer of thanksgiving to that throne where such offerings are received as the most acceptable incense. Old Mordecai, when prayer was over, kissed the three refugees and affectionately folded them in his arms. "Children!" he exclaimed, "remember this night, and

know that as long as you are good, God will be ever thus to you; but if you forsake him, he will bring you into trouble, and leave you with none to save or to comfort you." Turning his eyes again upon Esther, whose countenance, brightened with animation and suffused with unusual color, presented the aspect of an exquisitely beautiful boy in a soldier's dress, he gave way to the happiest burst of laughter. Esther, who, in her excess of joy, had totally forgotten her comic dress, wondered at his unusual merriment, till after several relapses of this merry mood, he said to her, "you almost persuade me to wish you had been a boy, your dress becomes you so, you lovely cherub." Now recollecting her male apparel, she colored with confusion and rushed from the room to throw it off.

The old men now held a council on the present course to be pursued, and determined to flee to some distant place of refuge and lie concealed till pursuit should be given over. Therefore, making a transfer of their cumbrous property to the Jews about them, they hastened from the city, and before morning were far beyond the reach of Haman.

[*To be Continued.*]

---

## THE GIRDLED OAK.

BY W. N. STANTON.

Oak of a thousand years! thou that hast stood,
  Ere yet the white man lingered in thy shade,
For centuries the patriarch of the wood,
  And with thy many giant arms arrayed
  Athwart the sky, hast with the whirlwind played;
  Old Forest King! thy sceptre falleth now,
And thy long reign is o'er! The axe is laid
  Unto thy root:—seasons shall come and go,
Yet spring shall never deck with garb of green thy brow!

The eagle that hath made, year after year,
  His eyrie in thy boughs, no more shall come
To rear his nurslings in thy shadow here;
  The squirrel hath forsook his hollow home;
  And mournfully around thy leafless dome,
  That erst resounded to the varied lay
Of tuneful birds, the sighing wind doth roam,
  Stripping the acorns from thy limbs away,
Which soon may spring from earth and view thy slow decay.

Here, rooted in thy rock, old towering tree,
  O'erlooking far through smiling vales of green
Dark Mississippi rolling to the sea—
  In thy long life, what mighty change hath been!
  The prowling panther, from his leafy screen
  Amid thy branches, waited for the doe
That browsing on the river bank was seen;
  The tired warrior laid aside his bow
And rested in thy shade secure from far-off foe.

The merry voice of Indian girls was heard
  In their wild sports beneath thee; the fierce cry
Of painted warrior hath thy green leaves stirred;
  And thou hast seen the tortured captive die
  Laughing his foes to scorn in agony;
  Thou hast beheld the weaker tribe before
The stronger melt away, and these to fly
  Before some mightier band, till savage gore
Hath reddened every sod and poured the valley o'er.

Nor these alone; but thou hast seen a tide
  Of fiercer warfare in the valley swell,
When bowed the forest tenant in his pride;
  Then, where the densely towering forest fell,
  Uprose the white man's cottage in the dell;
  The ripened grain waved o'er the field of blood;
The war-whoop died where pealed the Sabbath bell;
  Vanished his race upon th' o'erwhelming flood;
And spire and dome arose where once the wigwam stood.

Lo! he whose girdle checks thy life-blood's flow—
  On yonder hill behold his cabin rise!
His sounding axe hath laid the forest low
  And oped the thicket to the glowing skies!
  Old woodland King, make way for Enterprise!
  The wilderness hath smiled—its teeming soil
Vast hoarded treasures unto him supplies—
  Bow down, old Oak, to Industry and Toil—
To Freedom's pioneer—thou art the woodman's spoil!

*Memphis Tenn.*

---

## THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom reared!
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrained!"

Nearly the whole of every community may be divided into lawyers and those who employ them. A chapter on lawyers may, therefore, be not unacceptable.

The present high character and influential position of the legal profession, are too well known to require or justify comment upon them. According to the opinions of some very observant and philosophical minds, its members exert a very salutary influence upon the affairs and institutions of our republic. But this has been denied, and demagogism has sometimes, in its recklessness, identified them with the opponents, yea enemies, of the true interests of their country. For this purpose, they have been held up as having no solid interest in the State, like that of the "hard-fisted yeomanry," and branded as those who "live by their wits." Glorious, heaven-inherited capital! The best and often sole birthright of the greatest benefactors of the human race! Without trenching upon party politics, in the least, I will here introduce a few remarks upon this subject, which are only applicable to politics in its *general* aspects.

Certain it is, that the wise and cautious framers of our constitution feared those downward and disorganizing tendencies, that had most dangerously

exhibited themselves in the experience of other free governments. Hence, in their writings and debates, they used many expressions of distrust and apprehension—which to some, might now seem gross disparagement of the wisdom and sovereignty of the people—and introduced into our system many beautiful and theoretically perfect "checks and balances," calculated to keep it up to the noble *republican* standard which they erected. Whether the dangers and abuses apprehended by these far-seeing patriots have arisen or not, all must admit that there is need of those conservative influences, to which they looked for the purity and perpetuity of our free institutions.

May there not then be in some men's pursuits and habits of thought and action, something well calculated to prepare their minds for the proper appreciation of all the wise prudence which our fathers inculcated, and for the maintenance of affairs in the just equipoise in which they endeavored to place them? Our fathers, the *republican* fathers of our admirable confederated system of government, are appealed to on all sides as having been right. Then, may there not be something tending to keep certain classes of our citizens in the career in which our fathers started us? This is no question for the mere party politician; but for one who would inquire into the principles and operation of government.

One very philosophical foreign writer has taken this important question into consideration, and solved it in a very profound and lucid manner. And yet, in quoting his views, there is danger of misconstruction from the application he gives them, and the terms * he employs. We have, too, seen them much perverted and wrested from their true meaning. However, what he says is, in great part, too true to be denied. He thinks that the legal profession, in the United States, is a conservative element of great efficiency.

"Men," says M. De Tocqueville, "who have more especially devoted themselves to legal pursuits, derive from those occupations certain habits of order, a taste for formalities, and a kind of instinctive regard for the regular connexion of ideas, which naturally render them very hostile to the revolutionary spirit and unreflecting passions of the multitude." Again he says, "In a community in which lawyers are allowed to occupy, without opposition, that high station which naturally belongs to them, their general spirit will be eminently conservative," &c.

And again he says, "I cannot believe that a Republic could subsist at the present time, if the influence of lawyers in public business did not increase in proportion to the power of the people." †

* He uses the terms "Aristocratic" and "Democratic," in their generic, philosophical sense, which has been sometimes overlooked or disregarded.

† De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America," pp. 254—7. Judge Beverly Tucker, Prof. of Law, &c., in the University of William and Mary, Virginia, a strong state-rights man, made this work a text book for his class.

Some, perhaps, may deny this salutary influence to the legal profession, or even dislike this alleged tendency, as opposed to the spirit of liberty and improvement. But we cannot concur with either such suggestion. M. De Tocqueville has hardly exaggerated, in the least, the salutary character of the influence naturally wielded by the Bench and Bar; but he has probably overrated its extent in the United States. If the legal profession were hereditary, (as it would be senseless any where to attempt to make it,) or followed exclusively, or if many years were devoted to preparation for it; then would his observations be wholly true. But here, these are far from being the case; and he himself seems to be aware of the difference in the situations of the English and the American lawyer. "The taste and reverence for what is old," which "are almost always united to a love of regular and lawful proceedings," are more surely and deeply implanted in the mind of the former than of the latter. In our country, even whilst the embryo attorney is at the desk of his instructor; perhaps in the honey-moon of his pupilage; he mounts the hustings and becomes an expounder of the solemn interests of a great people, and meddles boldly with great sciences on whose threshold he has hardly entered. Thus he may prematurely commit himself, ere his mind is imbued with one of those conservative ideas which his profession is calculated to produce, and the influence of his legal pursuits is forestalled and counteracted by that of the "winds and waves" of party politics. If he escape this danger, he may devote too little time to the study of so extensive a subject; or blend with its practice, in itself sufficiently multifarious, too many other matters to bring his mind fully under the operation of the causes to which M. De Tocqueville has adverted; though, on the other hand, some minds may readily take this conservative hue.

In the next place, whether these conservative, *stare-decisis* habits and modes of thought, be favorable to liberty and improvement. It may be admitted that if lawyers grow up with abuses, they may cling to them; though even in that case, a spirit of self-interest, aided by their necessary intelligence, would, if they were, as in our country, identified with the rest of the people, prompt them to seek the removal of these abuses, which would be attended with this advantage, that, if possible, it would be done peaceably and lawfully. On the other hand, if they grow up in the enjoyment of freedom, how ardently will they cling to it and cherish it as vestal fire! Our birthright of freedom was a glorious one; and all that we have to do is, to preserve it unimpaired. If we do, it will bless and enrich our latest posterity. For its preservation, the tendencies, dispositions and influences of the legal profession will be conducive.

In monarchical and aristocratical governments, there may be affinities which attach lawyers to the side of the privileged orders, and make them more or less the advocates or vindicators of arbitary power. But in the United States, where there are no privileged orders, and where no man's profession, or even his social position, is beyond a very limited extent transmitted to his children, there is nothing which can possibly dispose lawyers to become the opponents of genuine liberty. Should they be found the most enlightened, influential and upright class of the community, this should rather increase confidence in them; for the successful conduct of important affairs of state requires all these qualities in an eminent degree. When turbulence and anarchy arise, or when impatience of lawful restraint begins to unmask itself, lawyers will be apt to be found in the opposition; and will incur the hatred and reprobation of all who find their love of order in their way. But they will only prove their wisdom and patriotism by standing firmly by the constitution and laws, and restraining every departure from, or violation of them, though those who profess to represent the sovereign people, by whose authority and in whose name the constitution and laws were, in times of calm reflection, established, should now, from special causes, be ready to sanction an infraction of those sacred guaranties of public liberty. It would indeed be a crown of imperishable honor to them, to be always found on the side of the constitution in all assaults upon it; and upon that of law and order, in all popular disturbances, whether in Philadelphia, Rhode Island or elsewhere. If they be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of their profession and the principles of their noble science, there is every probability, that wherever they be arrayed, there *will* be the cause of genuine law and order.

In England, in the celebrated Wat Tyler rebellion, in 1381, the insurgents were particularly exasperated against the lawyers. In that outbreak they may have had some show of justification, for their burdens were none of the lightest, and were in part attributable to Simon De Sudbury, Chancellor of Richard II., and his legal advisers. Walsingham, in his account of Wat Tyler's rebellion, says, that he wished to obtain a commission to decapitate all the lawyers and all who were learned in the law, or had any official connection with it; for he conceived, that all those learned in the law being slain, after that, there either would be no law, or it would be made to suit their pleasure.*

* "Voluit namque ad alia commissionem pro se et suis obtinuisse, ad decollandum omnes juridicos et universos qui vel in lege docti fuere vel cum jure ratione officii communicavere. Mente nempe conceperat, doctis in lege necatis, universa juxta communis plebis scitum de cætero ordinari, et nullum omnino legem fore futuram vel si futura foret, esse pro suorum arbitrio statuenda." *Walsingham*, p. 361. Quoted by Lord Campbell, in Lives of the Chancellors, vol. i. p. 226, note.

The same hostility to lawyers animated the followers of Jack Cade in the time of Henry VI.; and hence Shakspeare, who has held up such a true mirror to all the historic periods of which he wrote, as well as to human nature in general, thus introduces Cade in a dialogue with "Dick the butcher."

*Dick.* "The first thing we do let's kill all the lawyers."

*Cade.* "Nay that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of a skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?"

And again, as late as 1780, in the riots of that year in England, siege was laid to the Inns of Court, with the intention of exterminating all the lawyers, "that the skin of an innocent lamb might not be converted into an indictment." If there be any thing in this against the liberty of the citizen to be redressed by such means, it would be more rational and consistent to besiege and destroy the Parliament; for did not their laws require it, lawyers could not possibly convert parchment to any such use.

In the United States, as already stated, there are no alliances or affinities unfriendly to liberty, to which the legal profession are liable. They spring from the people, move among them, and are of them; no class are more identified with the people, or have so much to do for and with their public and private interests. Even were it possible for them to entertain any unjust, ambitious aims, their own children, nearest and dearest friends and relatives, engaged in all the other pursuits of an untrammelled and ever active population, must be their victims; and this would be an irresistible check. They would also be prevented from any consistency of purpose, by the fluctuations in their ranks, the diversity of individual interests and their necessary dependence upon those over whom they would be supposed desirous to tyrannize, or elevate themselves. To some, these observations may seem directed against a man of straw; and they would appear so to us, but for the sentiments and doctrines which have been put forth with no inconsiderable weight of authority, in this latitude, at least, in times of exciting popular elections.

The views which we have presented as to the influence and dispositions of the legal profession, apply to them only in the aggregate. No doubt many strong instances might be cited, militating against them. But from some of the strongest and best established principles of mental philosophy, the conclusions here drawn, must in the main be correct, as surely as the colored medium through which we look imparts its hue to the spreading landscape. It must be admitted, with M. De Tocqueville, that the tendencies so natural to the members of the bench and bar, "are not sufficiently strong to sway them irresistibly;" and we have stated some counteracting circumstances in

the situation of American and especially of Virginia lawyers.

Nor do we mean to say or intimate, that the lawyers with their conservative principles are to be found in any particular political party. Men who espouse the same general principles, and are actuated by the same patriotic motives, may deduce different consequences and applications from those principles, and become affiliated with those of different, it may be of opposite characters and opinions. It will be well for the country to find her lawyers in every political party; for there is good reason to expect that they will not be the destructives and disorganizers of any party; but prove a "lump of leaven" to those with whom they may become associated. Among such may we expect to find the Phocions and Aristides of the republic.

These views of the conservative character of the legal profession in England and the United States, are rather strengthened than weakened by the somewhat opposite results in France; for the cause being removed, we cannot expect the same results. There, as we are informed by De Tocqueville, the advocate inquires what should have been done and adduces his own reasons for the course he recommends. "The most trifling litigation," says he, "is never conducted without the introduction of an entire system of ideas peculiar to the counsel employed." * Hence naturally arise a wildness of speculation and fervor of innovation. The lawyers mainly contributed to overthrow the French monarchy, in 1789, which was certainly most oppressive, though most of its evils were inherited along with its crown, by the unfortunate Louis XVI. The part taken by the lawyers was, no doubt, partly owing to their being excluded from a participation in the legislation of the kingdom; but to this must be added the want of a conservative principle in the profession itself. And about that time, too, the most unbridled license of political speculation was given and indulged by all classes, the court not excepted, and called forth an almost separate profession—the philosophists. It must be dangerous to entrust important affairs of government to men, whose minds are little imbued with reverence for the past, and so ready to devise and promulge systems the more pleasing to their authors and their admirers, in proportion as they are new, and best subserve their immediate purposes.

Yet a French advocate must be extensively acquainted with the statutes of his country, and the habit of expounding and enforcing them, may naturally produce *some* conservative regard for laws passed by the constituted authorities.

Though the impetuous torrent of Mirabeau's eloquence had contributed so much to roll on the devastating flood of the French Revolution, he was himself constrained to say, "thus far and no farther;" and was engaged in an effort to arrest its swollen progress, when death hurried him from the scene.

It may be objected that such a submissive, reverential spirit, as is herein recommended, is that of an abject, and would uphold the autocracy of Russia and the despotism of Turkey, as well as the free polity of our Union. But it may be replied, what have even they to expect from sudden changes, or revolution? And it is not so easily to be determined that the interests of their subjects are not rather promoted by stability, with such ameliorations as may be slowly wrought, than by a spirit of anarchy. But, in short, nothing that we have said contemplates such a state of things. We are in the full enjoyment of liberty; and the problem is not, how to obtain, but how to preserve it. Our past is one of glory, honor and safety; and in reverencing it and the worthies who have made it illustrious, we only revere what is highest and best. May not our situation be likened, without irreverence, to that of the angel Raphael, when sent on his errand of mercy and warning to our first parents surrounded with perils and temptations? Did he look back, his eye rested on the "Garden of God, with cedars crowned above all hills;" whilst before him was his mission to man. Our career thus far has been bright and illustrious, and crowded all along with divine blessings; and in looking back, the patriot's vision, however expansive it may be, is filled with the image of the peerless Washington, heaven's best gift to our country. Before us is our mission, our destiny, not without dangers; but with the lamp of experience, the light of the past to guide us, we may march triumphantly onward to hail other Washingtons,

> "Whose pious toils,
> Sacred to Science, Liberty and Right,
> And Peace, through every age divinely bright;
> Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind!"

* Democracy in America, p. 258.

---

## LIGHTNING. *

BY S. S. BRADFORD.

Where sleeps the lightning? Can'st thou tell,
  Thou of the million waves!
Thou of the treasure depths untold,
  The pearl and diamond graves!
Whence came that fire,—the glowing red,
  That tore thy depths apart!
When, as if spear-points, sharp and keen,
  Had pierced thy very heart,—

* The subject of these lines is taken from an incident related in Carlyle's life of Schiller, page 7.

In maddened agony, thy waves
Dashed foaming from their rocky caves,
And, with the wonders of the sky,
Mingled their own wild melody.

Spirits of air! whence comes the bolt,
That tears the blue of heaven?
The flame,—that gleams while your bright depths
By the glowing fires are riven?
Whence came that cloud, that slowly sweeps,
Black, fire-edged, through your darkening deeps,
The Lightning spirit's shroud of gloom,
To man,—the shadow of the tomb!

Spirits of earth! say can ye tell,
From whence that brightness fell,
That flashed across the gloomy wood,
And lit the darkest dell!
Where sleeps the bolt, before its fires
Tear the old monarch trees,—
The leaves of days, the boughs of years,
The roots of centuries?
Where sleeps the bolt, before it breaks
Your barriers of rocks?
Ye trembling genii of the hills,
Whence came the dreadful shock,
That made your lofty mountains quiver,
Like the dancing wavelets of a river?

I ask the question, last, of thee,
Thyself,—thyself alone,
Thou cord of heaven's awful lyre,
Sounding the thunder-tone!
Thou messenger from Heaven to Earth,
With Death's red, fiery pinion,
Whence came thy strength, and where thy birth,
And why thy dread dominion?

The lightning speaketh not, in words,
Addressed to mortal ear,
Yet is there that, in the thunder's note,
The listening soul can hear.
In every line of molten fire,
It writes upon the sky
Dread words, which never may be read
But by the spirit's eye!
Its home was in unfathomed caves,
Stores of Jehovah's wrath!
And when His feet, to trample earth,
Trod the avenging path,
He called the lightning's fires;—then first
Their adamantine bars they burst,
And while old ocean's deepest sands,
Were rolled across the fertile lands,—
They played around the surge's head,
And tinged the white foam with bright red!

Poet! within that soul of thine,
Blazes a brighter fire,
Than ever glittered round the tree,
Or tore the temple spire!
Its flashes kindle in thy lines,
And blaze from thy blue eye,
As plays the glowing, quivering flame,
Where nature writes her glorious name,
In the clear, azure sky!

That lightning, with its fiery chain,
The mortal frame may bind;—
Thine intellectual fires shall flash,
In brightness, o'er the mind!
The thunder peal shall be,—the sound
Of passion's waking tone,
Emotions struggling into life,
Deep, fathomless, unknown!

*Afton, Culpepper Co., Va.*

---

## HOW THEY MANAGE MATTERS IN THE MODEL REPUBLIC.

A would-be-Sidney Smith is enlightening the *Model Empire* of Great Britain and *Ireland*, through the pages of "Blackwood," as to the mode of managing matters in our *Republic*. We do not think that the mantle of the late Rev. Bondholder has quite fallen upon the author; but his wit is passable and frequently entertaining, and as such exhibitions of English taste and feeling through the leading *Literary* Journals of the realm have ever been to us highly amusing, we thought that the following article would prove sufficiently so to our readers to justify us in extracting it. In this we trust we do not "*pirate* Maga," as we only aid the writer in more extensively addressing American readers, for whom chiefly he has written. In his next paper, we commend to his notice how we "manage matters" in sending relief to a part of the Model Empire and refer him to Lord John Russell's speech for information. In the conclusion of his article, the author intimates that he came to this country as agent, or *drummer* for some commercial House. Most of his statements, not being about British goods, are as authentic as that which says Americans are not fond of a joke!—[*Ed. Mess.*

In our last April number—on the appropriate Day of Fools—we laid before our readers a few stray flowers of speech, culled with little labor in that rich garden of oratorical delight—the Congress of the United States. Sweets to the sweet! We confess that we designed that salutary exposure less for the benefit of our readers and subscribers in the Old World, than of those who are our readers, but not our subscribers, in the New. For, in the absence of an international copyright law, Maga is extensively pirated in the United States, extensively read, and we fear very imperfectly digested. This arrangement appears to us to work badly for all the parties concerned. It robs the British publisher, and impoverishes the native author. As to the American public, if our precepts had exercised any influence upon their practice, they would have learned long ago that

ill-gotten goods never prosper, and that they who make booty of other men's wits, are not excepted from the general condemnation of wrong-doers. Some day, perhaps, they will consent to profit by what they prig, and thus, like the fat knight, turn their diseases to commodity—the national disease of *appropriation* to the commodity of self-knowledge and self-rebuke.

An American journalist, however, has put the matter in quite a new light, so far as we are concerned. Lord Demus, it appears, like other despots, is a hard master, and exacts from his most oppressed slaves a tribute of constant adulation. We, too, are invited to applaud his felonious favors, and assured that the honor and glory of being read by him on his own free and easy terms, is enough for the like of us.

"So long," says the editor of the *New York Gazette and Times*, "as our National Legislature refuses to give the Republic an International Copyright Law, so that American periodicals of a higher class may be supported among us, the English reviews will do the thinking of our people upon a great variety of subjects. They make no money, indeed, directly, by their circulation here; but their conductors cannot but feel the importance, and value the influence of having the whole American literary area to themselves. *Blackwood*, whose circulation on this side of the Atlantic is, on account of its cheapness, double perhaps that which it can claim in the British islands, is more and more turning its attention to American subjects, which it handles generally with its wonted humorous point, and witty spitefulness."

This is very fine; but we can assure our friendly critic, that we feel no call whatever to undertake the gratuitous direction of the American conscience. Our ambition to "do the thinking" of our Yankee cousins is materially damped by the unpleasant necessity which it involves, of being "done" ourselves. They seem, however, to claim a prescriptive right to the works of the British press, as well as to the funds of the British public. They read our books, on the same principle as they borrow our money, and abuse their benefactors into the bargain with more than Hibernian asperity. After all, however, we believe that the candor of Maga has as much to do with their larcenous admiration of her pages, as the "cheapness" to which our New York editor alludes. To use their own phrase, "they go in for excitement considerable;" and to be told of their faults is an excitement which they seldom enjoy at the hands of their own authors. Now, we are accustomed to treat our own public as a rational, but extremely fallible personage, and to think that we best deserve his support, by administering to his failings the language of unpalateable truth. And we greatly mistake the character of Demus, and even of that conceited monster the American Demus,—

ἄχρηστος ὀργήν, κναμοτρώξ, ἀκράχολος ὑπόκωφος—

if this be not the direction in which the interest, as well as the duty, of the public writer lies. Certain it is, that even in the United States those books circulate most freely, which lash most vigorously the vices of the Republic. Honest Von Raumer's dull encomium fell almost still-born from the press, while the far more superficial pages of Dickens and Trollope were eagerly devoured by a people who are daily given to understand, by their own authors, that they are the greatest, the wisest, the most virtuous nation under the sun. Let a European author be never so well disposed towards them, his partial applause contributes but little to their full-blown complacency. But, when they hear that the Republic has been traduced by a foreign, and especially a British pen, their vanity is piqued, their curiosity excited, and their conscience smitten. Every one denounces the libel in public, and every one admits its truth to himself—"What!" say they, "does the Old World in truth judge us thus harshly? Is it really scandalized by such trifles as the repudiation of our debts, and the enslavement of our fellow creatures? Must we give up our playful duels, and our convenient spittoons, before we can hope to pass muster as Christians and gentlemen beyond our own borders? O free Demus! O wise Demus! O virtuous Demus! Will you betake yourself to cleanly and well-ordered ways at the bidding of the scribbler?" Thus "they eat, and eke they swear;" vowing all the time that they "will horribly revenge." No doubt, however, the bitter pill of foreign animadversion, though distateful to the palate, relieves the inflation of their stomachs, and leaves them better and lighter than before. But when will a native Aristophanes arise to purge the effeminacy of the American press, and show up the sausage-venders and Cleons of the Republic in their true light? How long will the richest field of national folly in the world remain unreaped, save by the crotchety sickles of dull moralists and didactic pamphleteers?

Not that moral courage is entirely wanting in the United States; but it is a kind of courage altogether too moral, and sadly deficient in animal spirits. The New Englanders especially, set up, in their solemn way, to admonish the vices of the Republic, and to inoculate them with the virulent virtues of the Puritanical school. The good city of Boston alone teems with transcendental schemes for the total and immediate regeneration of mankind. There we find Peace Societies, and New Moral World Societies, and Tetotal Societies, and Anti-Slavery Societies, all "in full blast," each opposing to its respective bane the most sweeping and exaggerated remedies. The Americans never do things by halves; their vices and their virtues are alike in extremes, and the principles of the

second book of the Ethics of Aristotle * are altogether unknown to their philosophy. At one moment they are all for "brandy and bitters," at the next, tea and turn-out is the order of the day. Here, you must "liquor or fight"—there, a little wine for the stomach's sake is sternly denied to a fit of colic, or an emergency of gripes. The moral soul of Boston thrills with imaginings of perpetual peace, while St. Louis or New Orleans are volcanoes of war. Listen to the voice of New England, and you would think that negro slavery was the only crime of which a nation ever was, or could by possibility be guilty; go to South Carolina, and you are instructed that "the Domestic Institution" is the basis of democratic virtue, the corner-stone of the Republican edifice. Cant, indeed, in one form and other, is the innate vice of the "earnest" Anglo-Saxon mind, on both sides of the Atlantic, and ridicule is the weapon which the gods have appointed for its mitigation. You must lay on the rod with a will, and throw "moral suasion" to the dogs. Above all, your demagogue dreads satire as vermin the avenging thumb—"Any thing but that," squeaks he, "an you love me. Liken me to Lucifer or Caius Gracchus; charge me with ambition, and glorious vices; let me be the evil genius of the commonwealth, the tinsel villain of the political melodrama; but don't threaten me with the fool's cap, or write me down with Dogberry; above all, don't quote me in cold blood, that the foolish people may see, after the fever heat has subsided, what trash I have palmed upon them in the name of liberty!" Yet this is the way, Jonathan, to deal with demagogues. You make too much of yours, man. You are not the blockhead we take you for after all; but you delight to see your public men in motley, and the rogues will fool you to the top of your bent, till it is your pleasure to put down the show. So now that the piper has to be paid, and a lucid interval appears to be dawning upon you, to the pillory at once with these "stump" orators, and pot-house politicians, who have led you into such silly scrapes; turn them about, and look at them well in the rough, that you may know them again when you see them, and learn to avoid for the future their foolish and mischievous counsels.

It is remarkable that while a perception of the ridiculous, perhaps to excess, is characteristic of the British mind, and is at the bottom of many defects in the national manners, commonly attributed to less venal feelings, our Transatlantic descendants err in just the opposite direction. The Americans seldom laugh at anybody, or anything—never at themselves; and this, next to an unfortunate trick of insolvency, and a preternatural abhorrence of niggers, is perhaps the besetting sin of an otherwise "smart" people. As individuals, their peculiarities are not very marked; in truth, there is a marvellous uniformity of bad habits amongst them; but when viewed in their collective capacity, whenever two or three of them are gathered together, shades of Democritus! commend us to a sevenfold pocket-handkerchief. The humors of most nations expend themselves on carnivals and feast-days, at the theatre, the ball-room, or the public garden; but the fun of the United States is to be looked for at public meetings, and philanthropical gatherings, in the halls of lyceums, female academies, and legislative bodies. There, they spout, there they swell, and cover themselves with adulation as with a garment. From the inauguration of a President to the anniversary of the fair graduates of the Slickville female Institute, no event is allowed to pass without a grand palaver, in which things in general are extensively discussed, and their own things in particular extensively praised. They got the trick no doubt from us, whose performances in this line are quite unrivalled in the Old World, but they have added to our platform common-places a variety and "damnable iteration" entirely their own. Besides, when Bull is called upon to make an ass of himself on such occasions, he seems for the most part to have a due appreciation of the fact, while Jonathan's imperturbability and apparent good faith are quite sublime. The things that we have been compelled to hear of that "star-spangled banner!" and all as if they were spoken in real earnest, and meant to be so understood. We look back upon those side-rending moments with a kind of Lucretian pleasure, and indemnify ourselves for past constraint by a hearty guffaw. All this magniloquence and bad taste, however, is intelligible enough. It springs partly from a want of discipline in their society, and partly from the absence of those studies which purify the taste, enlighten the judgment, and make even dulness respectable. American audiences are not critical—not merely because they are not learned, but because they all take it in turns to be orators, as they do to be colonels of militia and justices of the peace. Thus they learn to bear each other's burdens, and Dulness is fully justified of her children. In a country where all men, at least in theory, are equal, and where every man does in fact exercise a certain influence on public affairs, it is not surprising that a large number of persons should possess a certain facility of public speaking, which even in England is far from universal, and is elsewhere possessed by very few. No man in the United States is deterred from offering his views upon matters of state, by the feeling that neither his education nor his position justify his interference. It is difficult in England to realize the practical equality which obtains as a fundamental principle in the Republic. There every man feels himself to be, and in fact is, or at least may be, a potential unit in the com-

* Εστίν ἄρα ἡ ἀρετὴ ἑξις προαιρετική, ἐν μεότητι οὖσα τῇ πρὸς ἡμᾶς ὡρισμένη λογῳ.

munity. As a man, he is a citizen—as a citizen, a sovereign, whose caprices are to be humored, and whose displeasure is to be deprecated. Judge Peddle, for instance, from the backwoods is not perhaps as eloquent as Webster, nor as subtle as Calhoun, but he has just as good a right to be heard when he goes up to Congress for all that. Is he not accounted an exemplary citizen "and a pretty tall talker" in his own neighborhood, and where on "the universal airth" would you find a more enlightened public opinion? It would never do to put Peddle down; that would be *lese-majesté* against his constituents, the sovereign people who dwell in Babylon, which is in the county of Lafayette, on the banks of the Chattawichee. Thus endorsed, Peddle soon lays aside his native bashfulness, and makes the walls of Congress vocal to that bewitching eloquence which heretofore captivated the Babylonish mind. He was "raised a leetle too far to the west of sun-down" to be snubbed by Downeasters, any how; he's a cock of the woods, he is; an "eternal screamer," "and that's a fact"—with a bowie knife under his waistcoat, and a patent revolver in his coat pocket, both very much at the service of any gentleman who may dispute his claims to popular or personal consideration.

To meet the case of these volcanic statesmen,

"Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,"

and in order that the noble army of dunces, (a potent majority, of course,) may have no reason to complain that the principles of equality are violated in their persons, the House of Representatives has adopted a regulation, commonly called "the one-hour rule." Upon this principle, whenever a question of great interest comes up, each member is allotted one hour by the Speaker's watch—as much less as he pleases, but no more on any consideration. Of course it occasionally happens that a man who has something to say, is not able to say it effectively within the hour; but then, for one such, there are at least a dozen who would otherwise talk for a week without saying anything at all. Upon the whole, therefore, this same one-hour rule is deserving of all praise—the time of the country is saved by it, the sufferings of the more sensible members are abbreviated, while the dunces, to do them justice, make the most of their limited opportunities. Who knows, but that the peace of the world may be owing to it? For as there are about 230 representatives, we should have had, but for it, just as many masterly demonstrations of the title of the Republic to the whole of Oregon—and something more. In such a cause, they would make nothing of beginning with the creation of the world, and ending with the last protocol of Mr. Buchanan! Decidedly, but for "the one hour rule," we Britishers should have been "everlastingly used up—and no two ways about it." Poor old Adams did actually begin his Oregon speech with the first chapter of Genesis. The title-deeds of the Republic, he said, were to be found in the words, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth!" Happily, the fatal hammer of the Speaker put down the venerable antediluvian, before he got to the end of the chapter.

In the Senate, on the other hand, which is a less numerous, and somewhat more select body, things still go on in the old fashioned way. There, when a member has once caught the Speaker's eye, his fortune is made for the day—perhaps for the week. Accordingly he takes things easy from the very first, kicks his spittoon to a convenient angle, offers a libation of cold water to his parched entrails, and begins. When he leaves off is another matter altogether—but not generally till he has gone through the round of human knowledge, explored the past, touched lightly upon the present, and cast a piercing glance into the darkness of the future. Soon after three, the Senate adjourns for dinner, and the orator of the day goes to his pudding with the rest, happy in the reflection that he has done his duty by his his country, and will do it again on the morrow. We have somewhere read of a paradise of fools. Undoubtedly, Congress is that place. There they enjoy a perfect impunity, and revel in the full gratification of their instincts. Nobody thinks of coughing them down, or swamping them with ironical cheers. There—

"Dulness with transport, eyes each lively dunce,
Remembering she herself was Pertness once,
And tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With self-applause her wild creation views,
Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
And with her own fool's colors gilds them all."

Indeed, all the arrangements of Congress favor the influence of the sable goddess. In the first place, the members are paid by the day—eight dollars each. Permit us to observe, Jonathan, that you scarcely display your usual "smartness" here. It would be much better to contract with them by the *scrape*. As for instance—To involving the country in a war with Mexico, so much—To ditto with Great Britain so much more. One year you might lay down a lumping sum for a protective tariff, with an understanding, that it was to be repealed the next at a moderate advance. You would thus insure the greatest possible variety of political catastrophes, with the least possible friction and expense. Again, the furniture of the Capitol is altogether too luxurious. Each member is provided with a private desk, stationery *ad lib.*, a stuffed arm chair, and a particular spittoon. No wonder, then, that your Simmses and Chipmans are listened to with complacency. It's all in the day's work—it's considered in the wages. While these worthies hold forth for the benefit of distant

Missouri and Michigan, their colleagues write their letters, read the newspapers, chew tobacco, as little boys do taffy in England, and expectorate at leisure. No one cheers, no one groans, no one cries Oh! Oh!—all the noise that is made is on private account, and not at all personal to the gentleman on his legs. Yet, such is the deceitfulness of the human heart, that the Americans are much given to boast of the dignity and decorum of their Legislature, and to thank God that it is not a bear garden like another place of the kind that they wot of. We must have been asked at least six times a day during our visit at Washington, "How Congress compared with the British Parliament?" To which we used to reply, "That they did not compare at all;" an answer which fully met the truth of the case, without in the least wounding the self-love of the querist.

When these malignant pages arrive in New York, every inhabitant of that good city will abuse us heartily, except our publisher. But great will be the joy of that furacious individual, as he speculates in secret on the increased demand of his agonized public. Immediately he will put forth an advertisement, notifying the men of "Gotham," that he has on hand a fresh sample of BRITISH INSOLENCE, and hinting that, although he knows they care nothing about such things, the forthcoming piracy of Maga will be on the most extensive scale. Then, all the little newspapers will take us in hand and bully us in their little way. It is perhaps a shame to forestall the acerbities of these ingenious gentlemen, but we know they will call us "anonymous scribbler," and "bagman," amongst the rest. They called us "bagman" for our last article, and we were sure they would. The fact is, that since Lord Morpeth's visit to the United States, the Americans have taken a very high tone indeed. Their gratitude to that amiable nobleman for not writing a book about them, is unbounded, and they put him down (why, it is difficult to say,) as the aristocratic, and therefore impartial champion of Demus. Whenever we fell into the bilious moods to which our plebeian nature is addicted, we were gravely admonished of his bright example, and assured that to speak evil of the Republic was the infirmity of vulgar minds. There is, it would appear, a sympathy betwixt "great ones;" a kind of free-masonry betwixt the sovereign people and the British peerage, which neither party suspected previously, but which is confessed on the slightest acquaintance.

As generally happens in such cases, the conceit of the Americans takes the most perverse direction. It is certain that they do many things better than any people under the sun. Their merchant navy is the finest in the world—their river steamers are miracles of ingenuity,—at felling timber and packing pork they are unrivalled; and their smartness in the way of trade is acknowledged by those who know them best. All this, and much more to the same effect, may be admitted without demur, but all these admissions will avail the traveller nothing. He will be expected to congratulate them on the elegance of their manners, the copiousness of their literature, and the refinement of their tastes. He will be confidentially informed that "Lord Morpeth's manners were much improved by mixing with our first circles, sir;" and what is worse, he will be expected to believe it, and to carry himself accordingly. "Ripe scholars," who make awful false quantities, second-rate demagogues passing for "distinguished statesmen," literary empirics, under the name of "men of power," will claim his suffrages at every turn; and in vain will he draw upon his politeness to the utmost, in vain assent, ejaculate, and admire—no amount of positive praise will suffice, till America Felix is admitted to be the chosen home of every grace and every muse. "Did Mr. Bull meet with any of *our* literary characters at Boston?" Mr. Bull had that happiness. "Well, he was very much pleased of course!" Bull hastens to lay his hand upon his heart, and to reply with truth that he *was* pleased. "Yes, sir, we do expect that our Boston literature is about first-rate. We are a young people, sir, but we are a great people, and we are bound to be greater still. There is a moral power, sir, an elevation about the New England mind, which Eurōpĕans can scarcely realize. Did you hear Snooks lecture, sir? The Rev. Amos Snooks of Pisgah? Well, sir, you ought to have heard Snooks. All Eurōpĕans calculate to hear Snooks—he's a fine man, sir, a man of power—one of the greatest men, sir, in this, or perhaps any other country."

"Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquam ne reponam,
Vexatus toties."

You leave Boston somewhat snubbed and subdued, and betake yourself to the more cosmopolitan regions of New York. Here, too, "men of power" are to be found in great numbers—but "our first circles" divide the attention and abuse the patience of the traveller. Boston writes the books, but New York sets the fashions of the Republic, and is the Elysium of mantua-makers and upholsterers. We doubt whether any city in the world of its size can boast so many smart drawing-rooms and so many pretty young women. Indeed, from the age of fifteen to that of five-and-twenty, female beauty is the rule rather than the exception in the United States, and neither cost nor pains are spared to set it forth to the best advantage. The American women dress well, dance well, and in all that relates to what may be called the mechanical part of social intercourse, they appear to great advantage. Nothing can exceed the self-possession of these pretty creatures, whose confidence is never checked by the discipline of society, or the restraints of an education which is terminated almost

as soon as it is begun. There is no childhood in America—no youth—no freshness. We look in vain for the

"Ingenui vultus puer, ingenuique pudoris,"

or

"The modest maid deck'd with a blush of honor,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love."
DANIEL.

There is scarcely a step from the school to the forum—from the nursery to the world. Young girls, who in England would be all blushes and bread and butter, boldly precede their mammas into the ball-room; and the code of a mistaken gallantry supplies no corrective to their caprice, for youth and beauty are here invested with regal prerogatives, and can do no wrong. In short, the Americans carry their complaisance to the sex beyond due bounds—at least in little things—for we by no means think that the real influence of their women is great, notwithstanding the tame and submissive gallantry with which the latter are treated in public. We doubt whether the most limited gynocracy would tolerate the use of tobacco as an article of daily diet, or permit ferocious murders to go unwhipped of justice under the name of duels. But the absorbing character of the pursuits of the men forbids any strong sympathy betwixt the sexes; and perhaps the despotism which the women exercise in the drawing-room arises from the fact that all that relates to the graces and embellishments of life is left entirely to them. We do not know that this can be avoided under the circumstances of the country, but it has a most injurious effect upon social intercourse. The Americans of both sexes want tact and graciousness of manner, and that prompt and spontaneous courtesy which is the child of discipline and self-restraint. They are seldom absolutely awkward, because they are never bashful: they have no *mauvaise honte*, because they are all on an equality; hence they never fail to display a certain dry composure of bearing, which, though not agreeable, is less ludicrous than the *gaucherie* so commonly observed in all classes of English society, except the very highest.

It is curious to observe how the manners of two nations of the same origin, and, in a great degree, of similar instincts, are modified by their political institutions. Neither the British nor the Americans are distinguished for that natural politeness and *savoir vivre*, which is to be found more or less in all other civilized countries. They are both too grave, too busy, and too ambitious to lay themselves out for trifles, which, after all, go far to make up the sum of human happiness. As for the Americans, the general aspect of their society is dreary and monotonous in the extreme. Whatever "our first circles" may say to the contrary, there is a great equality of manners, as of other things, amongst them; but if the standard is nowhere very high, it never falls so low as with us; if there is less refinement and cultivation amongst the higher classes (we beg Demus' pardon for the expression,) there is on the other hand less grossness, certainly less clownishness, among the mass. Of course there are many individuals in this, as in other countries, remarkable for natural grace and genteel bearing; but the class which is pre-eminent in these respects, is very small and ill-defined. The great national defect is a want of sprightliness and vivacity, and an impartial *insouciance* in their intercourse with all classes and conditions of men. For if inequality has its evils, it has also its charms, as the prospect of swelling mountains and lowly vales is more pleasing to the eye than that of the monotonous, though more fertile champaign. Now, as the relation of patrician and plebeian, of patron and client, of master and servant, of superior and inferior, can scarcely be said to exist in the United States, so all the nice gradations of manner which are elicited by those relations, are wanting also. The social machine rubs on with as little oil as possible—there is but small room for the exercise of the amenities and charities of life. The favors of the great are seldom rewarded by the obsequiousness of the small. No leisure and privileged class exists to set an example of refined and courtly bearing; but there are none, however humble, who may not affect the manners of their betters without impertinence, and aspire to the average standard of the Republic. Hence, almost every native American citizen is capable of conducting himself with propriety, if not with ease, in general society. What are fine ladies and gentlemen to him, that he should stand in awe of them? Simple persons who have been smarter or earlier in the field of fortune than himself, who will "burst up" some fine morning, and leave the road open to others. The principle of rotation * is not confined to the political world of the United States, but obtains in every department of life. It is throughout the same song—

"Here we go up, up, up,
And here we go down, down, down."

Law and opinion, and the circumstances of the country, are alike opposed to the accumulation of property, so that it is rare for two successive generations of the same family to occupy the same

* The principle of rotation in office is a favorite crotchet of the Democratic party, and is founded upon the Republican jealousy of power. General Jackson went so far as to recommend that all official appointments whatever should be limited by law to the Presidential term of four years. As it is, whenever a change of parties occurs, a clean sweep is made of all the officers of government, from the highest to the lowest. Custom-house officers, jailors, &c., all share the fate of their betters. It is only surprising that the business of the country is carried on as well as it is, under the influence of this corrupting system.

social position. The ease with which fortunes are made, or repaired, is only equalled by the recklessness with which they are lost. Prosperity, at some time or other, appears to be the birth-right of every citizen; and, where all are *parvenus* alike, there are none to assume the airs of exclusiveness, or to crush the last comer beneath the weight of traditional and time-honored grandeur.

It is not easy to dismiss the peculiarities of our British society in a paragraph. Bull, however, to be appreciated, must be seen in the midst of his own household gods, with his family and bosom friends about him. This is what may be called the normal state of that fine fellow—and here Jonathan can't hold a candle to him. American interiors want relief and variety of coloring. Their children are not like the children of the Old World: they don't romp, or prattle, or get into mischief, or believe in Bogie. They seem to take brevet rank, from the first, as men and women, and are quite inaccessible to nursery humbug of any kind. They are never whipped, and eat as much pastry as they think proper; whereby they grow up dyspeptic and rational beyond their years. Parents don't appear to exercise any particular functions, masters (we again beg Demas' pardon for the poverty of the vernacular) have nothing magisterial about them, and servants won't stomach even the name, at least if they wear white skins, and know it. After the first burst of admiration at the philosophy of the thing, it grows tiresome to live amongst people who are all so much alike. Now in England the distinctions of age, and rank, and sex, are much more strongly marked; while in those countries of Europe which are still less under the influence of the equalizing spirit of the age, the social landscape is still more variegated and picturesque. With us, two adverse principles are at work; and this is the reason why our British society is so anomalous to ourselves, and so entirely beyond the comprehension of foreigners. Whenever our brave Bull is thrown into a mixed company abroad, or even at home, where the social position of those with whom he is brought into contact is unknown to him, there is no end to the blundering and nonsense of the worthy fellow. Go where he will, he is haunted by the traditions of his eccentric island, and desperately afraid of placing himself in what he calls a false position. At home, he has one manner for his nobleman, another for his tradesman, another for his valet; and he would rather die than fail in the orthodox intonation appropriate to each. Who has not observed the strange mixture of petulance and *mauvaise honte* which distinguish so many of our English travellers on the Continent? Decidedly, we appear to less advantage in public than any people in the world. Place a Briton and an American, of average parts and breeding, on board a Rhine steam-boat, and it is almost certain that the Yankee will mix up, so to speak, the better of the two. The gregarious habits of our continental neighbors are more familiar to him than to his insular kinsman, and he is not tormented like the latter by the perpetual fear of failing, either in what is due to himself or to others. His manners will probably want polish and dignity; he will be easy rather than graceful, communicative rather than affable; but he will at least preserve his Republican composure, alike in his intercourse with common humanity, or in the atmosphere of more courtly and exclusive circles.

The art of pleasing is nowhere well understood in the United States; but the beauty of the women, though transient, is unrivalled while it lasts, and perhaps in no country is the standard of female virtue so high. The formal and exaggerated attention which the sex receives from all classes in public, is at least a proof of the high estimation in which it is held, and must, we think, be put down as an amiable trait in the American character.

We are quite sure, for instance, that females may travel unattended in the United States with far more ease and security than in any country of the Old World; and the deference paid to them is quite irrespective of the rank of the fair objects—it is a tribute paid to the *woman* and not to the *lady*. Some travellers we believe have denied this. We can only say, that during a pretty extensive tour we do not recollect a single instance in which even the unreasonable wishes of women were not complied with as of course. We *did* remark with less satisfaction the ungracious manner in which civilities were received by those spoilt children of the Republic—the absence of apologetic phrases, and those courtesies of voice and expression, with which women usually acknowledge the deference paid to their weakness and their charms. But this is a national failing. The Americans are too independent to confess a sense of obligation even in the little conventional matters of daily intercourse. They have almost banished from the language such phrases as, "Thank you," "If you please," "I beg your pardon," and the like. The French, who are not half so attentive to women as the Americans, pass for the politest nation in Europe, because they know how to veil their selfishness beneath a profusion of bows and pretty speeches. Now, when your Yankee is invited to surrender his snug seat in a stage or a railroad carriage in favor of a fair voyager, he does not hesitate for a moment. He expectorates, and retires at once. But no civilities are interchanged; no smiles or bows pass betwixt the parties. The gentleman expresses no satisfaction—the lady murmurs no apologies.

Even now we see in our mind's eye the pert, pretty little faces, and the loves of bonnets which flirt and flutter along Broadway in the bright sunshine—*Longum Vale!* In the flesh we shall see them no more. No more oysters at Downing's, no more terrapins at Florence's, no more fugacious

banquets at the Astor House. We have traduced the State, and for us there is no return. The commercial house which we represent, has offered to renew its confidence, but it has failed to restore ours. No amount of commission whatever will tempt us to affront the awful majesty of Lynch, or to expose ourselves to the tar-and-feathery tortures which he prepares for those who blaspheme the Republic. We have ordered our buggy for the Home Circuit, and propose, by a course of deliberate mastication, and unlimited freedom of speech, to repair the damages which our digestion, and we fear our temper, has sustained during our travels in "the area of freedom."

---

## LIVING NOVELISTS.

We propose to give our opinions upon some of the most prominent of the numerous living writers of fiction. What we have to say may do some service: the utterance of honest opinion generally does; but we write more for our own pleasure than from any ambitious purpose of purifying the public taste, or obtaining just popular verdicts against certain gaudy names in literature.

Bulwer, with whom we begin, created at once upon the publication of his first novel, Pelham, an extraordinary sensation. No such flood tide of literary enthusiasm had occurred amongst young readers, liable to extremes of admiration, since the era of the ardent misanthropies of Byron. And as the old Byronic enthusiasm had put Scott's verse out of fashion, so did the new threaten to dispose of his immortal prose romances. It is somewhat humiliating to know that the author of Pelham came very near supplanting, with a large class of readers, the author of Ivanhoe. Time and truth, however, have adjusted positions; the divine Sir Walter holds the throne and pinnacle: Bulwer has receded, and holds a position far beneath him.

We have no idea of doing anything so gravely foolish as to set laboriously about establishing the precise point, relatively, of Bulwer's position upon this hill, mountain, or pyramid of Fame, that makes so smart a figure in orations and other fine writings. Such judgments are generally pompous or absurd, and where they are not, they are deceptive. We will only write down in the least tedious way possible, certain opinions which we have formed of the bad and good in his books.

In the first place, then, his writings strike us as singularly undramatic. His characters talk very elegantly, and often deliver themselves of beautiful paragraphs, which read wonderfully well; but of natural dialogue, such as living men and women talk, there is next to nothing. And, chiefly a consequence of this, his characters want that distinctness and individuality, which we so often meet with in those greatly dramatic authors who make their dramatis personæ develop themselves in natural dialogue. Let the reader call to mind the last of the Barons, which it has become the fashion to call a *noble* romance. What is the great Warwick in these fine pages? Is he flesh and blood to us? Not at all. The most meagre and barren of those histories which generalize actors and events, would give one as good an idea of the king-maker. The cause of this failure to bring us into an acquaintance, warm and close to breathing life, with his leading character, is clearly the fact that the last of the Barons is made to talk, not like Richard Nevil in particular, but after the Bulwerian conception of a great baron in general. We do not remember to have read a sentence from his lips that gave us the remotest notion of his individuality. As good a thing as we recollect from him is the sentimental speech to his horse Saladin, as he is about to kill him at Barnet—to show to his soldiers that he will be "steadfast on that field, victorious or dead."

"Saladin, last of thy race, serve me now in death as in life. Not for my sake, oh noblest steed, that ever bore a knight, not for mine this offering!" So saying, "he kissed the destrier on his frontal," etc.

This is a very good, Ernest Maltravers sort of speech. It scarcely agrees with our idea of the iron Warwick, who, we take it, was not a man of ohs and ahs. Again, from the same want of nature and truth in their language, we make no flesh and blood acquaintance with King Edward, or the Duke of Gloucester, (Crookback,) pets as both—debauchee and monster—are with the author. We are told a great deal about the superb intellect which made Edward a great leader and a politic far-seeing king. But when we come to hear him talk, he generally breaks out, in a sixpenny melodramatic manner, into a Ho! or Ha! or Pardie, or mille tonnerre—the last growing under circumstances of uncommon aggravation into mille *million* tonnerre. We are told a great deal entirely new about Crookback, such as that in addition to a "face of winning beauty" and a fine person in the least degree possible marred by just the slightest elevation of one shoulder, he possessed many gentle beauties of disposition. We find so much confusion of idea in our attempt to reconcile the Bulwerian Richard with the domestic murderer which he is admitted to have been, that we scarcely know how he should talk. But he certainly does talk very much like the "ambitious student in ill health."

A word or two, before we proceed farther in the direct line of our remarks, concerning Bulwer's portrait of Richard. It is worth while to quote the

description he gives of his personal appearance; indeed, what we have to say requires it.

"Richard bowed his face, little less beautiful than his brother's, though wholly different from it in feature, for Edward had the long oval countenance, the fair hair, the rich coloring, and the large outline of his mother, the Rose of Raby. Richard, on the contrary, had the short face, the dark brown locks, and the pale, olive complexion of his father, whom he alone of the royal brothers strikingly resembled. The cheeks, too, were somewhat sunken, and already, though scarcely past childhood, about his lips were seen the lines of thoughtful manhood. But then *those small features, delicately aquiline, were so regular—that dark eye was so deep, so fathomless in its bright, musing intelligence—that quivering lip was at once so beautifully formed*, and so expressive of intellectual subtilety, and haughty will—and *that pale forehead was so massive, high, and majestic*, that when at a later period the Scottish prelate commended Richard's "princely *countenance*," the compliment was not one to be disputed, much less contemned. But now as he rose * * * * those defects in his shape which the popular hatred and the rise of the House of Tudor exaggerated into the absolute deformity that the *unexamining ignorance* of modern days, and that fiery tragedy, least worthy of Shakspeare, and *therefore* most popular with the vulgar have fixed into established caricature were sufficiently apparent. Deformed or hunchbacked, we need scarcely say, he was not, for no man so disfigured could have possessed that great personal strength which he invariably exhibited in battle, despite the comparative slightness of his frame." He goes on to say that Richard's "back was not curved, yet one shoulder was higher than the other," that "his neck was short," but that "this peculiarity, while taking from the grace, added to the strength of his frame, which spare, sinewy, and compact, showed to an observer that power of endurance—combination of stubbornness and active energy which at Barnet made him no less formidable to encounter than the mighty bulk of the heroic Edward."

Explanatory of the reference to the Scottish prelate who commended "Richard's princely countenance," we have the following note:

"Archibald Quhitlaw.—'Faciem tuam summo imperio principatu dignam inspicit, quam moralis et heroica virtus illustrat,' &c. We need scarcely observe that even a Scotchman would not have risked a public compliment to Richard's face, if so unappropriate as to seem a sarcasm, especially as the orator proceeds to notice the shortness of Richard's stature. In the Rous Roll, the portrait of Richard represents him as undersized, but compactly, and strongly built, without any sign of deformity, unless the defect of a short neck can be so called."

We will presently quote a sentence from an ancient English account of Richard, written by one of the greatest men of his age, one entirely trustworthy, and who sealed his independence and resolute truth on the scaffold—Sir Thomas More. First, however, we must say that so remarkable a departure, on such slight reasons, from opinions based on the agreement of all histories, and confirmed by tradition, legend, and the consent of the generations of three centuries and a half, we never before met with. Bulwer's authorities are the compliment of a courtier, and the portrait in the Rous Roll. He says, in fortifying the first of these authorities, that "even a Scotchman" would not have risked such a compliment if so misplaced as to seem a sarcasm. Why not? Sir Walter Raleigh did as extravagant a thing when he pretended to be frantic from admiration of the personal charms of Queen Elizabeth, at the time nearly seventy years old. And, if we recollect enough of our schoolday classics, a courtier made his fortune by complimenting Stratonice, wife of Antiochus, king of Syria, on the beauty of her ringlets, when she was, in fact, so bald as to have not a hair to her head. We no more believe that Richard's face was all bright and glowing with "moral and heroic virtue," than we do that Elizabeth was (like Ninon de l'Enclos) enchanting at seventy. History and corroborating tradition are too strong to be put aside by a fished-up courtly compliment.

As to the portrait in the Rous Roll, of what authority is a royal portrait? where the mere royalty allures or frightens the limner into flatteries. Besides, this portrait, on Bulwer's own showing, is not correct, for it does not give the "one shoulder higher than the other"—which extent of malfiguration Bulwer admits. It shows no "sign of deformity," he says, "unless the defect of a short neck can be so called." If the artist abated that high shoulder, how shall we know that he did not abate much else?

Now for Sir Thomas More's portrait of Richard. Sir Thomas was a boy of five years at the time of Richard's death, and consequently he is almost a cotemporaneous authority.

"Richarde, the third sonne of whom we nowe entreate, was in witte and courage egall with either of them, in bodye and prowesse farre under them bothe, little of stature, *ill fetured of limnes, crokebacked*, his left shoulder *much* higher than his right, *hard favoured of visage*," &c.

We shall venture to prefer this authority, confirmed as it is in every direction, to that of the "Scottish prelate;" at the risk even of classing ourselves with the "unexamining ignoramuses" of modern times who think Richard was not a handsome man. As for Bulwer's argument, that no hunchback could have "possessed the great personal strength which Richard invariably exhibited in battle," we think that it is clearly fallacious. Where deformity is occasioned by disease, and accompanied by disease, physical strength is incompatible with it; but natural mal-formation is often attended with good health and great bodily vigor. No one ever dreamed of regarding Richard as a young gentleman, or old gentleman, with a "spinal affection." He was by nature a "croke-back"—

came into the world with circumstances of monstrosity—as if "nature had chaunged her course in hys beginninge." If mal-formation is incompatible with bodily strength, Sir Walter Scott fell into a great error—in his Black Dwarf, who is made to lift greater weights than the stout young countryman Hab, in removing the Druidical stones from their places on the Moor. Sir Walter was not apt to fall into errors where physical vigor and energy were concerned.

We return from this digression, into which we were very naturally led, to the direct course of our remarks. We were contending that Bulwer's writings were singularly undramatic. In Devereux we have a great deal of sparkling conversation, and the reader might be deceived by it into a first impression that it sprung from a great dramatic power, refined and taught by experiences drawn from the courtly life of Salons, and gay *noctes* of wits and men of fashion. But the truth is, the larger and most brilliant part of that sparkling talk in the French capitol, where the bowl of wit is rolled from Count to Abbè, dice-rattling Baron to ribald Priest, is no more than a *refaciamento* well got up from the recorded bon-mots of that French society, and the epigrammatic dialogue of the elder French comedy. The art that enabled the novelist to put these things together and make brilliant chapters, is occasionally a good substitute for the dramatic power—but it is vary far from being the power itself.

Again, in the last days of Pompeii, we have gay, easy table-talk enough; but where the chapters devoted to it become most witty, they seem to be amassed thefts from the same French sources, served up after pretty much the same recipe. The Pompeiian utters the pleasantry with a prefix of *per Hercle* instead of the more modern adjuration, and the hues of Pliny have been cast over scene and actor, but the outlines, the general social cast, and the style of wit of Parisian and Pompeiian are much the same. A common trick of the dialogue makers is also frequently visible in this book. A person has a calling or a passion, and he never speaks that his talk is not colored by it. One is a gambler and his illustrations are taken from games of chance, or he, at every issue in conversation, draws his dice-box from his bosom, and proposes to decide the difference by a cast of the die. Another is superintendant of the amphitheatre and its popular spectacles; his talk is of the saw-dust and blood of the arena; of pleasant reminiscences of dying gladiators or christians disembowelled by wild beasts. Another is a gourmand and parvenu who prefers a wide and gaudy fringe to his napkin; and he talks in an unctious mouth-watering way of British oysters and Falernian wine, whilst he waves the magnificent fringe of his napkin in the eyes of his table companions. There is a good deal of this trick in dialogue-making in the Last of the Barons. Here is, for instance, part of a scene from Chapter 3. Book 7. The leaders of the rebel army, before Olney, are holding a council. A speaker has just resolutely avowed his purpose not to lay down arms.

"Good!" said the Saxon squire, (whose 'passion' is hatred of his Norman lord,) "not till we have burned to the ground the Baron of Bullstock's castle."

"Not," said a Lollard sternly, "till we have shortened the purple gown of the churchman—not till abbot and bishop have felt on their backs the whip wherewith they have scourged the godly believer and the humble saint."

"Not," added Robin, (the man of the people,) "till we have assured bread to the poor man, and the filling of the flesh pot, and the law to the weak, and the scaffold to the evil doer."

"All this is mighty well," said bluntly a tall mercenary, stroking his beard, "but who is to pay us?"

These characters do not talk like man the individual, but like man the representative of a class. Acres of such writing might be written *currente calamo* by any free writer without a spark of dramatic power in him; and after plodding over such acres, we would find ourselves without a particle of the sort of acquaintance we form with man the individual.

The fact that Bulwer has written some successful and indeed very good plays, does not prove that he possesses a dramatic talent. The charm of these plays is in their continuous eloquent passages. The Lady of Lyons owes half of its reputation to Claude Melnotte's description of the Lake of Como and his *chateau en espagne*. So in Richlieu, the most effective parts by far are the long speeches of Richlieu himself, which have more to do with rhetoric than the drama. Gifford found a want of dramatic power in Massinger, who in this same way has cast elaborated rhetoric into the form of dialogue; and yet Massinger shows in the Virgin Martyr, A New Way to Pay Old Debts, the Duke of Milan, the City Madam, etc., greatly more of dramatic talent than Bulwer anywhere exhibits, without, after all, proving his possession of it in any remarkable degree. Plays are dramas, but by no means necessarily dramatic.

The only form of the dramatic in which Bulwer excels is the melodramatic. His natural tendency to it is strong, and where he writes rapidly and without caution, he always lapses into it. His refined skill and literary art, make him in all elaborated work subdue it within reasonable bounds, but, we repeat, wherever he writes from the natural impulse, he becomes inevitably melodramatic. In the opening scenes of Ernest Maltravers, embracing the whole early history of Alice, he has avoided this taint or proclivity of his genius, just as an accomplished artist labors himself free of de-

fects in a favorite work. He has also avoided it in the opening scenes of Night and Morning, and in the whole picture of the good old Sir Miles St. John and his country life at Laughton, in Lucretia. In his plays, again, he avoids it by means of the same artistic care. This was to be expected in such a form of composition, from an author evidently aware of his leading fault, and showing elsewhere a desire, by cautious labors, to avoid it. This form of composition is of more difficulty in execution than any other whatever. Bulwer adverts to this in his preface to Lucretia, and makes the difficulty of attaining, even with his utmost labor, the concentration requisite in the drama, his excuse for seeking to illustrate in that prose work a leading principle, and certain social facts, which he failed, (so he thinks,) in developing in one of his plays. It is no doubt owing to the elaboration requisite in play-writing, that Bulwer, who shows everywhere in his elaborate work, by avoiding the taint of melodrame, that he is conscious of his natural bad tendency in this respect, has written dramas less marked by melodramatic faults than many of his novels.

In his novels they do certainly abound. His heroes fold their arms—affect stately words, and dignity, or melancholy, or grandeur, of tone—assume haughty looks, or sad looks, or Hall-of-Eblis looks like those of the damned spirits who, we learn in Vathek, go hiding their burning hearts with their hands—seldom the natural looks of men comfortable in circumstances and digestion. In the *novel*, all this is bad enough, but it becomes intolerable in those *romances* which blending history with fiction aim to portray the renowned characters of other ages. Certain plainnesses, or homely traits, in these characters—safe in their historic renown, and so raised above the danger of becoming contemptible from close scrutiny—are very interesting, and effective in giving vividness and a look of nature to the romancer's portraits. Now it is just these plain effective traits that the false taste of the melodrama rejects, as utterly unworthy of its grand conceptions. We can explain our meaning very significantly by quoting one of the brief pictures with which Carlyle has studded his life of Cromwell.

"One of these days there came a man riding jog-trot through Stratford-at-the-Bow, with 'a green glazed cover over his hat,' a 'night-cap under it,' and 'his valise behind him;' a rustic-looking man: recognizable to *us*, amid the vanished populations who take no notice of him, as he jogs along there,—for the Duke of Ormond, Charles Stuart's head man! He sat up, at Colchester, the night before 'playing shuffleboard with some farmers, and drinking hot ale.' He is fresh from Flanders, and the Ex-King; has arrived here to organize the Spanish Charles-Stuart Invasion, and see what Royalist Insurrection, or other domestic mischief there may be hopes of. Lodges now, 'with dyed hair' in a much disguised manner 'at the house of a papist chirurgeon in Drury Lane;' communicating with the ring-leaders here."

How would Bulwer manage these adventures of the Duke of Ormond if it came in his way to write a romance founded on these attempts of Charles to subvert the Protectorate? It is quite certain that we should have nothing of that "jog-trot," nothing of "glazed hat cover," "night cap," etc., and nothing of the "shuffleboard and hot ale" at Colchester with the farmers—in a word, nothing of all that makes Carlyle's picture interesting and vivid.

The Ho's, Ha's, Pardie's, mille tonnerres, mille million tonnerres, etc., to which we have already referred, and which suggest themselves now as the sort of speech, with some modern modifications of course, with which Bulwer would be likely to dignify the Duke of Ormond, if he made a hero of him, are as strong evidences as any, perhaps, of his vicious melodramatic leaning—and I recall them here as such. Even the capital letters, italics, etc., which, like the impertinent recommendations of shopmen, loudest of indifferent goods, demand our admiration of so many false or tame passages, are a product of the same inherent fault.

A great want that we find in Bulwer is that he has not the least idea how to make men, individuals, or armies *fight*. He manages the warlike, like a cross between a stage subordinate in a tin helmet, and a sentimental haberdasher. Read this description of the encounter of Glaucus and Arbaces in the last days of Pompeii.

"'Ha!' muttered Arbaces, 'what fury hath sent ye hither?' 'Até,' answered Glaucus; and he closed at once with the Egyptian. There is, perhaps, nothing on earth so terrible as the naked and unarmed contest of animal strength, no weapon but those which nature supplies to rage. Both the antagonists were now locked in each other's grasp—the hand of each seeking the throat of the other—the face drawn back—the fierce eyes flashing—the muscles strained—the veins swelled—the lips apart—the teeth set; both were strong beyond the ordinary power of men, both animated by relentless wrath; they coiled, they wound around each other; they rocked to and fro—they swayed from end to end of their confined arena; they uttered cries of ire and revenge; they were now before the altar—now at the base of the column where the struggle commenced; they drew back for breath—Arbaces leaning against the column—Glaucus a few paces apart."

We certainly never read any where else of so much fighting and so little execution done. How does this scramble compare with those buffets exchanged between Richard and Friar Tuck? If Glaucus, instead of "locking" his enemy in his "grasp"—"coiling and winding" around him—"rocking to and fro" with "cries of ire and revenge"—had struck the Egyptian scoundrel one honest blow between the eyes, or on the bridge of

the nose, he might have saved himself trouble, and certainly would have risen greatly in our estimation.

In Rienzi there is an account of a battle in which the cavalry remind us forcibly of the painted horsemen in toy-shops. It is all prance—prance—prance; an inexorable pivot prevents onward motion; up go the curving legs, but down they come again, and the grim horseman is not budged a peg in advance. All this is done in accompaniment to a beautiful cockney war song, chanted by a band of priests. The fight, as might be expected, ends with almost as little execution as that between Glaucus and Arbaces. The reader may refresh his recollection of this battle-scene by turning to chapter 3, book 5.

Bulwer shows a great deal of passion and force in his love scenes. He acts upon a critical opinion which he has expressed of Scott, that in these things the great northern master failed—that his love wanted fire of passion. But brilliant and full of warmth, as are certain high-wrought love passages in Bulwer's books, submit them to this test: read them to your wife or sister. After such a test, you will inevitably say with us, that however a love-affected boy or girl, reading his pages in solitude, may weep or rejoice over these highly wrought scenes, the very exaggeration from which is drawn their presumptuous title to a place higher than the more reasonable because more subdued love-pictures of Scott, is their fatal defect and condemnation. The "peculiar fires" of Bulwer are not in Kenilworth, or the Bride of Lammermoor, but who wants more truth and profundity of the holy passion dear to poets, dear to all men, than he finds in the unhappy Countess Amy, or poor Lucy Ashton?

In the outset of this paper we referred to the Last of the Barons for a specific critical purpose. This romance we have spoken of as a book with which our readers are one and all familiar. This is doubtless the case. These works of Bulwer are in every hole and corner of the land. We now single it out and refer to it for the general purpose of pronouncing it an unmitigated failure. Historical romance demands powers very different from those of Bulwer. Finery, as we believe we have already said, is fatal in this class of fiction. Men must talk naturally and fight manfully. The heart of the great old times beats under its gilded trappings, and this must be dealt nearly and truthfully with. Phantoms of heroes who fold their dim arms upon their dim breasts, are worse than of no pith or account; they glide like mists in the way of our already secured views of the past and its actors. A better subject for a great master of historical romance, could not have been chosen than the great Nevil and his troubled times. Imagine a romance of the king-maker from the hand of Scott. We should certainly have had something very different from the work of Bulwer. We should have made a flesh and blood acquaintance with Nevil, the superb Edward, wily Gloucester, that Sir Pandarus—not Bulwers' sentimental perversion, but the true—Hastings, Clarence, the white-lipped Queen, a little designing but in the main gentle and true, capricious Anne Nevil, and a host of others, who in the vexed current of the times, were buoyed up and driven from obscurity to mix with great events. We should have heard these speak, seen them act, and understood their motives; for the genius that drew Richard the Lion-hearted, Elizabeth, Charles of Burgundy, Claverhouse, could surely have enabled us to do so. We should have entered into the spirit of that great change which was going on in the relative weight and importance of the classes of the English population; we should have seen in the natural action, heard in the natural language, of the artisan, at his stall, or with bill and bow on the battle-field, the growth of *popular* power, aiming to win and beginning to dare to win, sanctions of popular right from King and Baron. We should have seen and heard this in the natural action and dialogue of Sir Walter's book—not had the idea paraded eternally in paragraphs of disquisition, full of capital letters, italics, and every shape of emphasis, all intended for profound writing. We should have had good blows struck, not ornate vague confusions of floating banners, and sounding tromps, (trumpets.) How visible the young viper of Gloucester, flashing his glittering scales in the melée of Barnet, would have been to us! And in the fall of the great Earl, the heroic and world-renowned Warwick, might we not have had a picture to match that immortal one of the death of James at Flodden? We should surely have had woodland scenes—fair fellowships of knight and forester—the jollity of the priestly character—women with true hearts—trials, crosses, griefs of love, hardly its despair. In a word, we should have had strongly marked characters, true and clear views of a changing social organization, noble deeds of chivalry, honest loves, fires of earthly tribulation to purify, never to destroy save where the stern necessities of historic truth controlled the romancer's art, and, like sunshine over all, an abundance of relieving cheerfulness; we would have had all these, and not as fleeting visions, but as perpetuities blending with our choicest memories of characters, opinions, events, loves, sorrows, and merriments, of real life.

Having all this—and who will say that Scott would not have given us so much, or more—how would not such a romance by the great master have contrasted with Bulwer's pinchbeck and frippery? We can be led to a just judgment of this ambitious trespass and attempt of an inferior author upon the domain of Scott, in no better way than by call-

ing to mind, as we have done, what Scott would inevitably have made out of the same subject.

We must give a few words to Bulwer's *style*. There are some singular notions current just now in regard to style. It was a theory of Dr. Channing's and to some extent a theory reduced to practice in his admirable writings, that the expression of thought gained dignity and impressiveness by being a little obscured. Willis in a gay letter to a young friend, advises him to daily habits of trial-composition, and recommends to him a preservation and cultivation of the "foibles" turned up in this constant upheaval of the mental fallow, as a means of securing individuality as a writer. His own practice squints so singularly in the direction of this odd system of training, that we take the counsel to be serious in spite of its oddity. For ourselves, we think that good thought requires no trick in its expression; and that bad thought cannot be made good by an artful envelopment in musical, fantastic, passionate, or any other language. There are certain laws of good writing which we hold to be immutable and inexorable. Fashion may, for a time, put them aside, as it sometimes does the homely virtues in human character. But the recovering good sense of the world inevitably returns to them. Write clearly, go by the nearest way to your meaning, use words of distinct, well understood signification, abjure ornament as a separate quality, but where it comes as a natural grace make it welcome: if you follow these good old recognized laws, and your thoughts are sterling, you will write well.

Having these views, we consider Bulwer's style a false, bad one. It is painfully ornate, ambitious, (a fatal fault of style,) full of musical circumlocution introduced evidently for the sake of the music, and where natural often slovenly. John Bunyan, the tinker, writing in the language and idioms of the English hearth-sides, and never dreaming of style at all, has a better style than Bulwer, word-weighing and keen in pursuit of ornament as the latter so often is. Those who contend for certain ornaments and dignities of style, and discredit the opinion that simplicity, directness, and perspicuity are sufficient to make good thought good writing, refer to the books of Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, and other authors of a like peculiar stamp, in support of their notions. We think that these ancient authors do not sustain them. Jeremy Taylor was gorgeous in his expression, but there is not the slightest taint of the modern vicious art manifested any where in his sentences—nothing like the labors of word-building as a thing distinct from thought-building. His utterance is gorgeous because his thought is gorgeous. His words seem to struggle and aspire loftily, but it is plainly because his thought is full of those imaginative correlatives, which in a man of fervent and active imagination hang about the course of direct thought, and impede it, and sometimes bury and conceal it. And these views apply nearly to Sir Thomas Browne. His style, which seems ambitious, and matter of artful care, is not so in fact. A careful examination will show that poetry of thought, not a fantastic art in the wording, makes chiefly the peculiarity in his writing. Something of the peculiarity is doubtless owing to the good knight's devotion to the ancient classic literature, in which he was distinguished for his scholastic acquirements; he writes, we may almost say, in three languages; his English goes lumbering under Greek and Latin, but it is apparent that art, or the love of parade and effect, is not the reason that it does so. One clearly sees that this devotee to ancient things has learned to express himself naturally, if not unconsciously, in a strange jargon, (often wonderfully rich and sonorous,) of three blended languages. There is in his case, as in that of Jeremy Taylor, no dealing with words for the sake of sound; no double labor of developing a thought and writing *a style*.

We have prejudices against all style-mongers, but the worst of them all, we think, is the author who writes as if he feared the ink-soil upon his fingers; who writes as if an inelegance was one of the deadly sins; who writes as if the good homely words of plain life, short, perhaps rude, always strong and direct, were too coarse, too inharmonious an utterance for him, and precisely this fastidious, over-nice person we take Bulwer to be.

We are trespassing on the patience of our readers, and must hasten to a close. A man of brilliant genius Bulwer certainly is; nothing we have said contradicts, or seeks to contradict this fact. Faults we find in his mind and books, but they are not faults which stamp the author as a man of feeble genius. We never have stupidity, never the barrenness of the plain mind, which, ignorant of the vernal blossoms and summer foliage of the imagination, exhibits its thought as naked as winter. Creative power, inventiveness, a quick perception of the beautiful, a rare knowledge of certain classes of human passions, and emotions, together with a singular skill in their display, great melody of phraseology, which at times is exquisite enough to make the most stubborn critic forget his censure, these and some other gifts and marks of a genius great and accomplished, he certainly does very often exhibit.

We shall say nothing upon what is considered his greatest fault—his false *morale*. His failings here have been assailed in a thousand shapes, and we are not conscious of the ability to say anything new upon that topic.

We end with one of those passages, in which Bulwer's delicate sense of the music of words, and his grace in the mastery of certain gentle and poetic characters of emotion, have found perfect

fitness in subject, and enabled him to write a sentence or two of inimitable beauty. So exquisite a last word will compensate to some extent for our tedious censure; at all events, our ending with it will prove that *we* have had no desire to condemn unjustly or wantonly. We make the quotation—one of but a few words—from Rienzi. The free companion Montreal, and the young Roman noble, Adrian Colonna, are the speakers.

"'Pardon me,' said Adrian, with great interest, 'but fain would I have dared to question you of that lovely lady, with whom, seven years ago, we gazed at moonlight upon the odorous orange-groves and rosy waters of Terracina.'"

"Montreal turned away his face; he laid his hand on Adrian's arm, and murmured in a deep and hoarse tone—'I am alone now!'"

"Adrian pressed his hand in silence. He felt no light shock at thus learning the death of one so gentle, so lovely, and so ill-fated."

---

ESSAYS ON THE

## EARLY LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE OF ENGLAND.

### No. II.

### *The Transition Period of the Language, from the year* 1150 *to the year* 1350.

In the former number we gave some account of the Anglo-Saxon language and literature; and we remarked that in the 12th century a change had begun to appear in the structure of the language; some of the inflections of its nouns having been dropped, the inverted order of its words disused, and some of its idiomatic phrases laid aside, as if to facilitate the use of the language by foreigners. This was the first of those changes by which the Anglo-Saxon became in process of time what we now understand by the English language. But whilst at first it thus accommodated itself to the wants of the mixed people of England, it did not immediately admit Norman words into its vocabulary. After the old Saxon had simplified itself into Semi Saxon, of which we gave two or three examples, it seemed for more than a hundred years to have as strong an antipathy to an intermixture with French words as the Saxon people had to a coalescence with their French conquerors.

At present much the larger number of words found in English dictionaries are from foreign languages,—especially from the Norman French—though the words in most frequent use are of the old Saxon stock. These are the basis of the language, and outnumber their naturalized associates on almost every page of our literature.

If we may judge from the literary remains of these early ages, we may say that the Normans had been settled full two hundred years in England, before their language began fairly to penetrate the sturdy exclusiveness of the Saxon. The languages, like the people of the two nations, could not easily mingle into one; the French being polite and gay, the Saxon rough and strong; but when once the mixture was effected, the compound would be an improvement on both the constituents.

During three hundred years after the conquest, the Norman rulers made strenuous and even tyrannical efforts to abolish the Saxon, and to make French the national language. They despised both the Saxons and their harsh uncouth speech, and they deemed it highly politic to *Normanize* this massive and surly part of their subjects. For this reason they not only adhered to the more polished Norman as the language of the court and the nobility, but they ordered that it should be used in all governmental acts and in judicial pleadings. But as Latin was the language of the learned, and therefore of lawyers, (for in those *barbarous* times learning was thought to be necessary for professional men,) whilst statutes and pleadings were in French, law-books were written in Latin. Hence the barbarous jumble of French and Latin, found in ancient law-books, and still heard in the technical phrases and terms of the law. Thus it came to pass, that Law-Latin was and is, to classical ears, quite as horrible as the jargon called Dog-Latin.

But the Norman rulers of England did more and worse, to drive their Saxon subjects into the adoption of the French language. They ordained that in schools the children should construe their lessons in French. Some have supposed that this regulation extended to common schools, as well as to those of higher rank. If it did, it could not much affect the laboring class—that is the great mass—of the Saxon population; for in those days of ignorance, before the invention of printing, almost none of the common people had or could have the benefits of a school education; and this was more especially the case with the Saxon peasantry of England, who under the feudal government of their Norman lords, were degraded to the condition of villains or bondsmen. In all the grammar schools, however, the boys were required to translate their Latin lessons into French instead of English. This arbitrary regulation continued in force until the latter part of the 14th century, as we are informed by an old English writer of that age, who in the broad uncouth English of his day, tells us that "Children in scole, agenst the usage and maner of all other nations, beeth compelled for to leave hire (their) own longage, and to con-

strue hire lessons and hire thynges in Frenshe; and so they haveth sythe (since) the Normans come firste into Engelonde."

But human power contended in vain against nature: The Saxon-English people were probably more than nine-tenths of the population. Their children all took their first lessons in speech from their mothers; and though the few of them who went to school might be compelled "to construe hire lessons and hire thynges in Frenshe;" yet at home and with their Saxon countrymen, they would use only their mother-tongue; and when done with construing lessons and "thynges," they were generally done with French; as most boys in our days, when done with construing Latin at school, are done with Latin. Though a few Saxon parents who were above the common condition, were ambitious to have their children taught the language of fashionable society, much of the school-taught French was probably learned as superficially in those days as it now is; and lying as lightly on the surface of the mind as dew on the grass, as soon evaporated in the heat and burden of the day. How could it be otherwise with the degraded Saxons, when even the Norman nobility deemed literary acquirements no necessary part of a gentleman's accomplishments, but fit rather for plodding clerks, lawyers and leeches; and when *seals*, which are now merely a technical scrawl among lawyers, and matters of idle vanity among the fashionable, were then the solid and necessary instruments with which noblemen, who could not write their names, might distinctly and elegantly "make their marks?"

It is a law of nature, sure in its operation when nature is left to take its course, that when two people of different languages live intermixed, the language of the great majority will ultimately become the language of the whole; and that when the two people are not very unequal in number, or when the influence of the minority is aided by their superior power, learning and civilization, a mixed language will be formed, whose basis will be either the popular tongue of the majority as happened in England, or the more refined language of the ruling minority, as happened in Gaul, where the Latin of the Roman conquerors gained the ascendancy over the Celtic of the indigenous Gauls, in the Romance dialects which resulted from the mixture. But it requires a course of centuries to operate by natural means such material changes in the languages of a people.

In England no less than three languages were long and simultaneously used by different classes of the inhabitants—Saxon, French and Latin. "A kind of confusion of tongues, (says Dr. Henry, Hist. of Eng., Book IV., Ch. 7.) prevailed in England for several centuries after the Norman conquest, when different orders of people made use of different languages. This was so much the case, even in the former part of the 14th century, that public speakers were sometimes obliged to pronounce the same discourse three times to the same audience, once in Latin, once in French, and once in English."—Modern English is a compound of them all.

"Norman, (continues Dr. Henry,) was the language of the court, of the nobility, and of all who would be thought persons of rank and fashion, for about three centuries after the conquest." In proof of this he quotes the following sentences from John de Trevisa's translation of Higden's Polycronicon. Higden lived in the reign of Richard II., who died in 1399.

"Gentlemen's children ben lerned and taught from their youth to speke Frenshe. And uplondishe men will counterfete and liken himself to gentelmen and acne busy to speke Frenshe, for to be more sett by; wherefore it is said by comyn proverbe, Jack wold be a gentilmon, if he coude speke Frenshe." Trevisa adds, "This manar was moche used tofore the great deth, (before the great plague, 1349,) but sythe (since) it is somedele chaunged."

By the time of Richard III. in 1483, French had grown so much out of use, and had been so far superseded by the English, that many even of the nobility did not understand it; yet the absurd custom of publishing acts of Parliament in French was retained up to this year, when it was finally abolished. This was 414 years after the Norman conquest. From this time we may consider the English as being the common language of all ranks, while Latin maintained its place in the schools of learning and among scholars, as the language of science, common to all Western Europe. The French now ceased to be spoken, unless it was retained for an age or two longer by a few of the ancient families of the Norman nobility, who clung to it as a badge of their assumed superiority over the recently created nobles of Saxon or of mixed blood.

The decline of the French language in England was hastened, first, by the expulsion of the English from France, by which the connection and frequent intercourse between the two countries was broken off; and secondly, by the destructive civil wars of the 15th century, in which most of the Norman nobility and gentry perished. This catastrophe not only reduced the number of those whose proud distinct it was to speak French; but it elevated many of the Saxon English gentry to the highest rank in society, and caused intermarriages, by which all distinction between Norman and Saxon was ere long obliterated.

But from the middle of the 12th to the middle of the 14th century,—the period of which we are writing—Norman literature was more cultivated in England than in France, and was in fact much more copious and refined than the meagre English literature of this period. Its superiority was one

cause of the subsequent intermixture of so many French words with the Saxon English stock. Our readers will therefore excuse us for digressing a little from our straight-forward course by introducing

### *A short Notice of the French Language and Literature during this Period.*

The primitive population of Gaul, like that of Britain, was Celtic, or Gaelic, as it should rather be called in that country, where the people called themselves Gael. But the Celts of Gaul were not driven by invaders into obscure corners of the country, as those of Britain were by the Saxons. The survivors of the murderous conquest of the country by the Romans under Julius Cæsar, were suffered to occupy their ancient seats under the civilizing rule of the conquerors. The Romans planted colonies among them; built cities, established schools, and subjected the country to a system of regular government with a code of written laws. Thus the Latin became in Gaul, what the Norman and Latin together became afterwards in England;—the language of government, of law, of literature, of cities and of polite society: and after the introduction of Christianity, it became also as in England the language of the church and of religious worship. All these advantages in its favor during four or five centuries, before society was again revolutionized by Teutonic invaders, gave the Latin language such currency in Gaul, that some writers conceive it to have superseded the Gaelic even among the peasantry. Hallam, in his History of Literature, (vol. I, ch. 1,) expresses this opinion. But Michelet, in his History of France, (Book I, ch. 4,) argues to the contrary, and we are disposed to agree with him. The aboriginal Gauls must all the while have constituted the mass of the rural population; and we may almost venture to assert that in such a case an illiterate mass of peasantry never adopt, either suddenly or gradually, a foreign language to the exclusion of their ancient mother-tongue. They are neither able nor willing to make such a change. How has it been in England after all the ages of literature and common schools, that have passed by, since our French-Latin-English language has been spoken and taught among all the educated classes? Have the English clod-hoppers adopted it? No; to this day in the different counties of England they speak dialects that have descended to them from Anglo-Saxon times, modified indeed by long use, but scarcely a whit refined or altered by the adoption of French or Latin terms. Yet a foreigner might read histories and other classic writings of England, till he became gray with the study of English literature, without ever discovering the fact, that millions of English men, women and children yet speak dialects a thousand years old. If, then, the Latin writings of the period give no indication that Gaelic continued to be spoken in Gaul as long as the Latin, this proves nothing.

It is, we think, to the retention by the rustics of their peculiar language, that we are in part to attribute their long adherence to Paganism, after all the cities and towns had been Christianized. Even the name Pagans, (*pagani*, villagers or rustics,) is derived from this circumstance. This class of people in Gaul had not fully given up their Pagan worship so late as the year 600. Must not their conversion have been in a great measure retarded by difference of language, and their isolation, consequent upon it, in the midst of a church speaking only Latin?

But, however this may be, certain it is, that the Latin became so deeply rooted in Gaul, that when the Roman empire there as elsewhere was overrun and subverted by northern barbarians, it became the chief element in the formation of the new languages that sprang up in the country, from the intermixture of Teutonic and Scandinavian invaders with the old inhabitants, and from the general upturning of the foundations of society. This is a result somewhat remarkable; but it is due to two circumstances: the one is, that the northern invaders who settled in the country, being comparatively few in number, aimed to reconstruct society upon the model of Roman civilization, which they had seen and admired: and the other is, that being converted to Christianity, they subjected themselves to the Latin church, and endeavored to learn her language. For these reasons they gradually adopted, not the pure Latin, which was too artificial in its structure to be acquired by illiterate barbarians, but a compound speech, in which Latin words finally predominated.

After some centuries of agitation, two dialects emerged from the chaos of tongues and nations in France; one in the South called Provencal, Occitanic or Langue d'oc; and one in the North called Tudesc or Langue d'oui. The Gaelic was an ingredient of the former, and the German or Teutonic of the latter. The German Franks, from whom France derived its modern name, did not extend their conquests and settlements beyond the river Loire; hence the difference between the dialects in the counties on the opposite sides of that river.

It was not until after the age of Charlemagne, when the social caldron had boiled some five or six hundred years after the fall of the Roman empire, that these dialects began to assume a definite and stable form, so as to become fit for literary uses.

At length, in the 11th century, when the light of civilization began once more to dawn upon Europe, there sprang up in the South of France a race of poets called Troubadours, that is, Inventors,—of a quality superior to the minstrels and *jongleurs*, (in Latin, *joculatores*) who had hitherto

amused princes and people with their rude songs and gesticulating buffoonery. * They wrote in the Occitanic dialect. It was not, however, until the 11th and 12th century, that they so improved their language and their art, as to produce poetry worthy of a refined age and comparable to the productions of classical antiquity. Their themes were love, religion and knighthood. They excelled in soft amatory strains; heroic themes required a language and a genius more nervous, than could well be nurtured in their soft climate and their "Court of Love." If their strains were sometimes too voluptuous, it is a fault common to almost every age and nation, England in the 19th century not excepted, as every one who has read Byron, Moore and Keats will admit. Like other poets between the 11th and 16th centuries, in almost every nation of Western Europe, they satirized with freedom and with justice the vices of the clergy and the monks, and thus contributed to prepare the minds of men for the great Reformation in the 16th century. We should recollect that the Troubadours flourished in the age and country in which the Albigenses and other anti-papal sects arose, and where papal tyranny afterwards wreaked its bloody vengeance by the indiscriminate massacre of all ages and sexes.

Some of the Troubadours travelled and exercised their art in Spain, Italy and Northern France, where they spread a taste for refined poetry and music. All the dialects of these countries, being derived chiefly from the Latin or Roman language, and not differing materially in their structure, were called by the general name of Romance; and because the early poetry of them all was filled with marvellous stories of enchantment and knight-errantry, this class of compositions came to be called Romances.

The Tudesc or Northern French was not cultivated to refinement so early as the Occitanic. The songs of the minstrels, in this language, before the 12th and 13th centuries, were of a rude sort; until the Troubadours excited the emulation of the Normans, who cultivated a more refined poetry in the latter of these centuries, but without attaining to the refined elegance of the Occitanic poets.

The dialect of Normandy differed very little, if at all, from that of Paris, where the kings of France held their court. Though the Northmen or Norman pirates from the Baltic coasts, after ravaging this part of France, settled in it and gave their name to the province, they made little change in the language. The reason was, that being only a few thousand males, they married French wives, and consequently their children learned the mother-tongue and transmitted it to their descendants.

* In the former number we inadvertently ascribed to the Troubadours an origin prior to the age of Charlemagne. We for the moment confounded them with these inferior professors of the same art.

It is this Northern French or Tudesc, that afterwards became the classical language on both sides of the Loire. Provence and Languedoc, which, during several centuries, had been independent of the French crown, were afterwards reunited to it; and then by degrees the sweet Provencal dialect sunk beneath its more powerful rival to the degraded condition of a *patois*, spoken only by the peasantry. Long before this the Troubadours, after having degenerated in the 14th century, ceased to sing; their ancient lays, like their language, fell into obscurity and were forgotten in Europe; until, within the last hundred years, they have been drawn from the archives of the middle ages and published. Their soft beauties are found to be still capable of charming the most refined ears and hearts of the 19th century.

It may be acceptable to some of our readers who have not turned their attention this way, to see a short specimen or two of Occitanic poetry, in juxtaposition with one in the Norman dialect. The structure of the poetry and the difference of the dialects will then be apparent.

As these specimens are in rhyme, we remark that the Troubadours are generally believed to have been the inventors of rhyme as well as of the modern system of versification. Some pretend, however, that they got rhyme from the Arabians in Spain; others, with rather more plausibility, ascribe the invention of rhyme and the accentual system of versification to the monks who composed some of the earlier Latin hymns of the Roman and Conventual Breviaries. Without pretending to decide this dispute, we may venture to give to the Troubadours the credit of having taught the nations of Europe how to construct, with regularity and sweetness, those metres and stanzas, (with a few exceptions,) which are now in use, and are found by experience best adapted to the genius of our modern languages, and give the most harmonious sounds to the ear.

We will give the monks credit for having composed some beautiful rhyming hymns in Latin. But some other hymns of the church in the middle ages are so very curious, that we are tempted to stop until we can give the reader a specimen for his amusement. We will take a couple of stanzas of that one which strikes us as being the most curious of all. Michelet, in his History of France, (Vol 1. Book iv., chap. 9.) has given the whole hymn from Du Cange's Glossary, (article, Festum Asinorum.) At Beauvais and other towns of France the church celebrated yearly the Feast of Asses, in honor of the ass that was imagined to have occupied the stall in which our Saviour was born. The rule was this: "At the end of the mass, the priest turning to the people with the words *Ite, missa est*, (go, church is over,) shall *neigh* thrice, and then the people with the formula, *Deo gratias*, (Thanks to God,) shall thrice answer,

Hi-haw, Hi-haw, Hi-haw," (that is, they shall bray like asses.) Then the hymn was sung, of which the following are the two first stanzas.

1. Orientis partibus
Adventav it asinus
Pulcher et fortissimus
Sarcinis aptissimus
Hez, sire asnes, carchantez,
Belle bouche rechignez;
Vous aurez du foine assez
Et de l'avoine a plantez.

2. Lentus erat pedibus
Nisi foret baculus,
Et eum in clunibus
Punger et aculeus.
Hez, sire asnes, &c.,

Through nine stanzas, at the last of which they kneeled to the ass.

We offer only a literal translation of these Latin stanzas and of their French burden. We cannot, in English, attain to its exquisite versification.

1. From eastern parts
Came the ass,
Beautiful and mighty strong;
For heavy burdens fittest.
Come! sir ass, now sing;
Pretty mouth grin,
You shall have of hay enough,
And of oats a plenty.

2. Slow he was on foot,
Unless there was a cudgel,
And upon his buttocks
He felt the piercing goad.
Come, sir ass, sing, &c.

We leave this specimen of ecclesiastical poetry to the reader's meditations, whilst we proceed to give him the following specimens of Occitanic poetry. The first is borrowed from Sismondi's Literature of the South, with Roscoe's translation.

*Specimen* 1.

Be m play lo do uz temps de pascor,
Que fai fuelhas et floras venir;
Et play mi quant aug la vaudor,
Dels auzels que fan retentir
Lor chan per la bocatge;
E play mi quan vey sus els pratz
Tendas e pavallos fermatz;
E play m'en mon coratge,
Quan veg per campanhas rengatz,
Cavalliers ab cavals armatz.

*Roscoe's Version.*

The beautiful spring delights me well
When flowers and leaves are growing,
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the bird's sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see all scattered around,
Pavilions and tents on the martial ground,
And my spirit finds it good,
To see on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

This specimen is not so remarkable for melody or beauty, as for its complex system of metres and rhymes. The next specimen is more simple in its structure, and to our mind more beautiful. It is from a set of short poems on the seasons, published by D'Olivet, in his work entitled "Le Troubadour. Poesies Occitaniques." We give only the two first stanzas of the last one.

*Specimen* 2.

Son Hivernouz.

1. La rica autouna s'es passada,
L'hiver, sus un cari tourat,
S'enven, la capa, emmantoulada
D'un vieù neblouz, enjalibrat,
Sous detz de barbasta luzissoun,
E lous estervels lou seguissoun.

2. Ia d'una rusca diamancnca
L' aigueta linda si vestis;
Dirias que la flou primavenca
Al grel jibournat espalis;
Et que d'eli, la neû toumbada
Ha seminat nostra teûlada.

*Literal Translation.*

Song of Winter.

1. The rich autumn is passed away,
The winter on a chariot mounted,
Is coming, his head, mantled
With a veil of clouds, frozen.
His fingers with hoar-frost glisten,
And the storm-winds follow him.

2. Already with a shell diamond-like
The limpid water covers itself;
You would say that the flower of spring
On the icy bough shines;
And that with lilies the fallen snow
Has sowed our roof.

It is easy to see here, that not only are the images poetical, but the versification is regular, the rhyme perfect, and the sound of the language mellifluous.

The following lines of Norman poetry are taken from Ellis' Specimens of Early English Poetry. They are a part of Wace's "Brut," a metrical Romance, written about an age before the preceding specimen of Occitanic. It is by no means a choice specimen, and is selected solely because Mr. Ellis gives a Semi-Saxon translation of it, made shortly after the date of the original, and affording us a good specimen of the half-formed English of the time. The subject of the passage is the ceremonies and sports at the coronation of King Arthur.

*Norman French.*

Quand li service fut finé
Et ITE, MISSA EST* chanté,
Li roi a sa courone ostée,
Qu'il avoit a mostier portée,
Une corone menor prist,
Et la reine ensement prist;
Jus mistrent les greignors ators,
Plus legiers pristrent et menors.
Quant li roi torna del mostier
A son palais ala manger:
La reone a un antre ala,
Et les dames a sei mena.
Li roi mangea avec les homes,
Et la reine avec les dames,
O grant deduist et o grant joye;
Come soloit estre a Troie;
Et Bretons encore la tenoent;
Quant ensemble feiste feisoent,
Li roi et les homes mangoent,
Que nule fame n'i menoent:
Les dames mangoent aillors,
Ni avoit que lor servitors.

*Modern English.*

When the *service* was *finished*
And ITE, MISSA EST, *chanted*,
The king had his *crown* taken off
Which he had worn to the monastery,
A smaller *crown* taken,
And the queen also taken;
They put off the larger attire,
Took lighter and smaller;
When the king returned from the monastery,
To his palace he went to eat.
The queen to another (palace) went,
And the ladies (*dames*) with her led;
The king ate with the men
And the queen with the ladies
With great pleasure and with great *joy*,
As it used to be at Troy;
And Britons still *retain* it;
When together they made a *feast*.
The king and the men ate,
But took no woman thither:
The ladies ate elsewhere,
Nor had but their *servitors*.

This Wace was evidently no great poet, nor had he the chivalrous gallantry of his age, for he seems to have liked the barbarous old custom of excluding women from the tables where men feasted. Perhaps the best apology for this custom was, that the men when they feasted were apt to become so riotously drunk and so captiously quarrelsome, that they were not fit company for the gentler sex. We are not certain that the more modern custom in fashionable circles, of dismissing the ladies from the dinner-table, when the wine begins to circulate, evinces either more gallantry or better behavior among the *gentlemen*. As to Wace, we must excuse him; he was a churchman and a bachelor by profession. But let us return to our subject.

The reader, though he may be little used to etymological investigations, can easily detect in the above passage of old Norman French the originals of a number of words long since naturalized in our language. We have *Italicised* those derivative words in our English translation. There are two others, *Grand*, and *Munch* from *Manger*, that were not proper to be used in the translation. This short specimen may show how largely the English has borrowed from the French.

But the first translators from the French were very sparing—as already observed—in the adoption of words from that language. For example, Layamon, the translator of Wace's "Brut," wrote almost pure Saxon English. As he is one of the earliest extant writers of this period, we shall now borrow from Ellis his translation of the passage just given in the original. His translation also needs to be translated; we therefore annex a literal version into modern English, rendering, as nearly as possible, the old Saxon English into our present Saxon English.

*Layamon's English.*

Tha the mass was isungen,
Of chirechen heo thrungen;
The king mid his folke
To his mete verde,
And mucle his dugethe;
Drem wes on hirede.
The quene, an other halve,
Hire herberwe isohte.
Heo hafde of wif monne
Wunder ane monien.
Tha king was iseten
Mid his monnen to his mete,
To than king come the biscop,
Seind Dubrig, the was swa god,
And nam of his hafde
His kinc-helm hoehne;
(For than mucle gold
The king hine beren n'alde)
And dude enne lass crune
On thar kinges hafde.
And seoth then he gon do
A there quene alswo.
In Troy this was lage
By heore aelderne dage,
Tha Bruttes of come;
The waren well idone
Alle tha wepmen
At heore mete seten
Sundi bi heom seolven;
That heom thuhte weldon;
And alswa the wife-men
Heore iwune hafden.

*The same modernized.*

When the mass was sung
Out of church (kirk) they thronged;
The king with his folks

* *Ite, missa est*, Go, the congregation is dismissed. These were from early times the concluding words of the communion service in the Latin Churches. Hence, from the word *missa* came the word *mass*, to denote the whole service, with the worship of the *transubstantiated bread, as now performed in the Roman Catholic churches.*

To his meat went (fared,)
And much (many) of his nobility;
Joy was in the household.
The queen, on the other part,
Her lodging (harbour) sought.
She had of women
Wonderful many (Wonder a many one.)
When the king was set
With his men at his mete,
To the king came the bishop,
Saint Dubrig that was so good,
And took from his head
His crown (kinghelm) high;
(For that much gold
The king would not bear it)
And put (did) a less crown
On the king's head.
And afterwards (since then) he went to do
To the quene likewise.
In Troy this was law
From their elder days,
When Britons thence came;
Of those who were well educated
All the women
At their meat sat
Asunder by themselves;
That to them seemed (was thought) well bred;
And also the women
Their own dwelling-place had.

Except *crune*, crown, there is not a word of French origin in this part of Layamon's translation. A few, and only a few, of the old Saxon words have become entirely obsolete by the substitution of French words.

The cases of nouns, the genitive excepted, had been dropped, and the inverted order of words consequently laid aside. But the definite article, *the*, or *that*, was still declined, as appears from the forms *than*, *thas*, *there*. The pronouns have since changed their forms a good deal, but happily we still retain some of their cases.

The English literature of this period consisted almost wholly of metrical Chronicles, Romances and Ballads, designed to be recited or sung for the amusement of the illiterate Saxons. The most of these were translations from the French. By the year 1300, the Saxons had picked up a little knowledge of French. From this time, translators could therefore begin to mix some French words with the English, without rendering their compositions unintelligible to the multitude. From this time we find, accordingly, that translators and authors began to mix a few French words with the English. But it was not until Chaucer's time, beyond the period under consideration, that words of foreign derivation began to compose any considerable part of the current language.

The most notable chronicler within this period, was Robert of Gloucester, who wrote probably a little before the year 1300. His object was to deduce the history of England from the earliest times to his own. But like most writers in those ages of superstitious credulity, he adopted the most extravagant fables as authentic history, and thus in regard to the earlier ages of which he wrote, his chronicle is a mere romance. He borrowed most of his fabulous stories from Geoffrey of Monmouth, who wrote in Latin about the year 1150, and published for history all the Welch fables about king Arthur and the prophet Merlin.

Robert of Gloucester, is generally decried as a very dull, as well as a very romancing chronicler. Truly his style is about as heavy as lead and about as dry as a chip. Yet, bating his lumbering phraseology, and the utter want of rhetorical, to say nothing of poetical, embellishment, in this style, his narrative and descriptive power is far from being contemptible. The matter of his stories is often lively and interesting. We give the following lines as a specimen of his style, and of his descriptive power.

*The Three Wonders of England.*

Thre wondres there beth in Engoland, none more I n'ot,[1]
That water of Bath ys that one, that ever is gliche hot.
Upon the pleyn of Salesbury that other wonder ys,
That stonehyngel ys yclepud,[2] no more wonder n'ys.[3]
The stones stondeth ther so grete, no more ne mowe[4] be;
Evene upryght and swythe[5] hye, that wonder it is to se:
And other liggeth hye above, that a mon may be of aferd;[6]
That eche mon wondre may how heo[7] were first arered.[8]
For nother gen,[9] ne monnes strengthe, it thynketh, ne myghte yt do.
Telle me[10] schal here afterwurd of this wondres bothe two,
And how heo first were y made. The thrydde wonder ys
Up the hul of the Pek.[11] North wynd y wys
Out of the erthe oft cometh, of holes as yt were,
And bloweth up thilke[12] holes, so that it would arere
And bere up grete clothes, gef[13] heo were ther nye,
And blow hem here and there upon the lofte on hye.

What a striking analogy there is between this Saxon English of the year 1300, and the modern dialects of the Northern English, the Scotch and the Scotch Irish! As if these lingual descendents of the broad-speaking Dano-English, had been born 800 years ago!

We turn next to Robert de Brunne, translator of Peter Langtoft's Chronicle of England. Langtoft

[1] N'ot, ne wot, know not. [2] Yclepud, called. [3] N'ys, is not. [4] Mowe, may. [5] Swythe, so. [6] Aferd, afraid. [7] Heo, they. [8] Arered, raised up. [9] Gin, engine. [10] Me, I. [11] Hul of the Pek, hill of the Peak (in Derbyshire.) [12] Thilke, those. [13] Gef, if.

wrote in French. The translation was made about fifty years, more or less, after Robert of Gloucester wrote his Chronicle; so that we shall see in it the state of the English language at the close of the period under review. Langtoft stands higher as a chronicler than Robert of Gloucester; and as a rhymer, Robert de Brunne has also more skill and more vivacity of style. We find in him a considerable number of French words. We shall give two extracts, one from his preface, in which he states his motives for making the translation; and one from the translation itself.

*From Robert de Brunne's Preface.*

Lordyngs that be now here,
If ye wille listen and lere,[1]
All the story of Inglande,
As Robert Manning * wrytten it fand[2]
And on Englysch has it schewed,
Not for the lered but for the lewed.[3]
And it is wisdom for to wytten
The state of the land, and hef it wrytten,
What *mannore* of folk first it ware,
And of what kynde it first began,
And gude it is for many thynges,
For to here the dedis of kynges,
Whilk[4] were *foles*, and whilk were wyse,
And whilk of them couth most *quantyse*,[5]
And whilk did wrong and whilk did right,
And whilk *mayntained* pes and fyght.

We put in *Italics* the words derived from the French.

A few lines more from the Chronicle itself must suffice for this writer.

*The King of France and the Pope.*

In all this mykelle *frape*[1] wex a grete *distance*
Of Boniface the pape, and the king of France.
The kyng said and did *crie*, the pape was heretike,
*Usure* and Simonie, and synne Sodomike,
*Errid* mislyvyng, *haunted* Maumetrie,[2]
Wasted kirkis thing, and lived in *bugerie*,
And was worthie to schend[3] both soul and lyf,
To die withouten end, &c.

We shall close this number with a specimen in prose. It is taken from a charter of king Henry III., A. D. 1258. It may be found in the appendix to the 4th volume of Henry's History of England. We use the interlinear translation there given. We must remember that its date is a century earlier than that of Robert de Brunne, just quoted, and about half a century earlier than Robert of Gloucester.

Henry, thurg Goddes fultome, king on Eng-
Henry, through God's support, king of Eng-
leneloande, lhoauerd of Yrloande, &c.,—send I
land, *lord of Ireland*, &c.,—*send I*
greting, to all hise holde, ilcerde and ilewede
*greeting, to all his subjects, learned and unlearned*
on Huntinndon-shire. Thœt wite ge wel alle, thœt
*of Huntingdon-shire. This know ye well all, that*
we willen and unnen, that ure rœdesmen alle other
*we will and grant, what our counsellors all or*
the moare del of heom, that beoth jchosen thurg us
*the more part of them, that be chosen through us*
and thurg that loandes-folk on ure kuneriche, habbith
*and through the land-folk of our kingdom, have*
idon, and schullen don, in the worthnes of God, and
*done, and shall do, to the honor of God, and*
ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg
*our allegiance, for the good of the lande, through*
the besigte of than to foren iseide rœdesmen
*the determination of the before said counsellors*
beo stedefast and ilestinde in alle thinge abrotan
*be steadfast and permanent in all things without*
ende, &c.
*ende, &c.*

Enough! enough! did any body, since the days of Henry III., ever see such spelling? What broad mouths they must have had in those days! So say printers and readers; and so say we: therefore let us all be thankful together,—that having got through the midnight of Saxonism, and the murky twilight of semi-Saxonism, we are at last getting into the clear dawn of English literature.

H. R.

*Virginia.*

[1] Lere, learn, [2] His true surname. [2] Fand, found. [3] Lewed, illiterate, the opposite of lered, learned. The word *lewd* has now a much worse signification. [4] Whilk, which. [5] Couth most, most quantyse; could do most cunning things.

[1] Hubbub. [2] Mahometanism. [3] Lose.

---

## STANZAS.

*"Eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes!"*

"Ah, friends, laugh and frown; but show me the man—the wisest, the gravest, or the sourest,—that a bright pair of eyes can't make a fool of."—*A Day in Athens.*

Have a care! have a care!
See you not those sparkling eyes?
Never yet a brighter pair
Linger'd long beneath the skies:
Joy and mirth are seated there,
Cupid's darts are in each glance—
Have a care,—have a care!
Every soul their looks entrance.

Yet 'tis sweet—yet 'tis sweet
To be held in thraldom by them—
And oh, cold the heart they greet
If it e'er hath power to fly them!
Soul and sense and mind are lost
While their glance is o'er you,
And your heart in tumults toss'd
Long as they're before you!

*Xenia, Ohio.*

# Notices of New Works.

*A System of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive; Being a connected view of the Principles of Evidence and the Methods of Scientific Investigation. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1846.

We have heretofore called attention briefly to this work. It is not one calculated to attract the general reader. Even those who lay claims to a desire for solid and useful knowledge often turn with aversion from what they contemptuously term Metaphysics,—underrating its utility to justify their own ignorance of, or indifference to it. We do not now mean to enter into any discussion of the importance and utility of mental Philosophy; for these, like the advantages of education, require an acquaintance with the subject in order to be fully appreciated. But we desire only to point out the character and standing of the work before us, to those who will not be driven from it by the matters of which it treats.

We find it spoken of by Mr. Morell in his History of the Speculative Philosophy of the 19th century, in the following manner. In speaking of the Sensational or Lockian school of Philosophy, Mr. Morell says,

"There is one work, however, recently published, of so great and unquestionable merit, that it were wrong to omit a distinct mention of it, in estimating the sensational phenomena of the present age,—I mean a work entitled, "A system of Logic Ratiocinative and Inductive," by John Stuart Mill. The author, it is true, aims simply at discovering and expounding the proper methods of investigating truth, without pledging himself to any system of speculative philosophy; but still there are so many points of a speculative nature touched upon, all in the spirit of the 'Analysis' above considered, that he must necessarily be regarded as a partisan of the modern Lockian school of metaphysics."

Then after deducing some evidences of Mr. Mill's adherence to this school, and stating his objections to some of his views, the author continues,

"Although, as we have seen, there are some points in the work to which we cannot agree, yet we cheerfully allow, that it must be placed among the very first efforts of philosophical thinking in our own country. We believe that the 'System of Logic' is yet destined to bring forth beneficial results, which years to come will in all probability fail to exhaust."

The publishers evince a just and firm reliance in the steady increase of liberal learning in our country, by thus investing their capital in works for which there is not likely to be any great immediate demand. The History of Mr. Morell, from which we have quoted, has not yet been republished in this country. In some parts it is almost necessarily meagre and unsatisfactory. But we have read most of it with pleasure and profit. It supplies some desiderata which we had long needed; upholding a spiritual and Christian Philosophy, removed from sensationalism and materialism, on the one hand, and from mysticism and Pantheism on the other. We commend the work cordially. It may be obtained through *Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.*, New York.

## STEVENS' HISTORY OF GEORGIA.

"The regular monthly meeting of the Georgia Historical Society was held at their rooms on Monday evening last. The President, Hon. J. M. Wayne, took the Chair.

"The Rev. Dr. Stevens, the Historiographer of the Society was present. He made a statement to the Society of the progress which he had made in writing the History of Georgia, and submitted a prospectus of the work, which he would be able to put to press in October next. The History will comprise two volumes, of which the first is completed, and is now ready for the press. In chronologic order, it will be divided into five periods.

1. The Ante-Colonial Period.
2. Georgia under the Trustees.
3. Georgia under the Royal Governors.
4. Georgia in the Revolution.
5. Georgia an independent State.

Dr. Stevens proposes to publish his History by subscription, at $2 50 per volume. Dr. Stevens retired at an early hour, being compelled to leave town by Rail-Road, on his return to Athens. After his departure, the prospectus was handed round among members, and the handsome subscription was made for fifty-five volumes. The historiographer made his acknowledgments to the Society for the important aid which they had given him, in accomplishing his work, and particularly for the transcripts of documentary history which they had procured for him from London, at considerable expense. It is hoped that this expense will be refunded by the liberality of the Legislature, incurred as it was by a Society of small means, for the honor and durable advantage of Georgia."

## Griswold's Prose Writers of America.

In order not to be too far behind the times, we have already laid before our readers a review of this work, taken from the Literary World and written by its then Editor, Mr. Duychinck.

It is but fair to state that this review has been pronounced unjust: and some have denounced it as malicious,—insinuating that some private animosity has thus vented itself. Of these things we know nothing; and feel little interest in them. We looked upon the "Literary World" as an organ of independent criticism, and did not deem it impossible that independence and truth might sometimes require severity.

It has also been stated that Mr. Duychinck was himself inaccurate in correcting the supposed mistakes of Mr. Griswold; of which an instance is given, in the fact that Dr. Robinson himself was the authority on which Mr. Griswold asserted that Dr. R. was descended from Robinson of Leyden. These matters we now leave to Mr. Duychinck and those whom they concern more than they do us. Mr. D., we may add *en passant*, has resigned the Editorial chair of the "Literary World;" and been succeeded by Charles F. Hoffman, from whom at least the "Prose Writers" and "Poets and Poetry of America" are likely to receive ample justice; for no one is more indebted to those works than himself. He is thus fortunate in being something of a pet of Mr. Griswold both in Prose and Poetry.

When we copied the review, (or as Mr. Griswold has it, "*reviewal*,") alluded to, we had not seen the "Prose Writers;" but through the publishers, *Carey and Hart*, and Messrs. *Drinker and Morris*, have since had an opportunity of examining it.

Books issued in the North are often widely reviewed and noticed before they reach us in the South. If, therefore, they attract much attention upon their first appearance, we are placed at considerable disadvantage. We must either make use of the critiques of others before we see the books, or run the risk of reiterating opinions already expressed, unless some good fortune should enable us to say something

new on a subject already handled by others. It may well happen, however, that we may be enabled to see things in a different light from our northern authors and critics, especially whenever they take a view of our Literature, or whatever appertains to us. The current of information is from North to South; as it has hitherto been from Europe,—especially England,—to the United States. The United States are far better informed in regard to England, than England in regard to them; and the South is far better acquainted with the mind and character of the North, than the North with those of the South. Hence, even those in the North who have no sectional, or anti-slavery prejudices against us, may slight or do us injustice from a want of information, or from not being in the habit of turning their thoughts Southward.

In preparing his Prose Writers of America, Mr. Griswold, we fear, was under the influence of sectional prejudices, and also lacked some knowledge which his undertaking demanded.

"Nor is the absence," says he, "of a wealthy class, with leisure for such tranquil pursuits, to be much lamented. The privileged classes of all nations have been drones. We have in the Southern States of this republic a large class with ample fortunes, leisure and quiet; but they have done comparatively nothing in the fields of intellectual exertion, except when startled into spasmodic activity by conflicts of interest with the North."

We would not lightly charge Mr. G. with insinuating that the "wealthy class" of the South are "*drones*;" but the expressions already quoted seem to intimate as much,—especially when taken in connection with another sentence, which is as follows:—"Our wise and liberal merchants, manufacturers, farmers and professional men,—we have no drones,—are beginning to understand that the true doctrine of progress is comprised in the word culture."

When a wealthy Southern planter becomes a drone, because he works slaves superintended by his managers, then will head merchants and manufacturers, who employ their clerks, operatives and overseers, be drones also. Southern merchants, farmers and professional men have as little opportunity or temptation to become *drones*, as any people in the world. What has all at once become of the fops, dandies, loafers, and spendthrifts, who often squander the hard earnings inherited from their industrious parents,—of all whom we have heard in former times in the North? We do not utter these things by way of reproach, but in self-defence. Is it not strange, that men, claiming to be imbued with a spirit of *nationality*, should be able to show so plainly to foreigners how those things for whose absence they reproach us, cannot yet be reasonably expected from us, from the stage of progress in which we are, and yet forget both the philosophy and the candor which they recommend to the foreigner, and commit towards one portion of their own country a greater folly and injustice than the foreigner does to the whole? We have never experienced the first sectional prejudice; though we possess strong natal attachments; and we do scorn that narrow-mindedness which regards Philadelphia, New York and Boston, as America. Mr. Griswold has neither the liberal spirit, nor the extensive knowledge to give an impartial account of *American* Literature.

This might open to us a wide and welcome field; but we must confine ourselves to only a few hints. A wealthy class *are* useful for the promotion of Literature and Art,—especially in their higher efforts,—at least as consumers, or patrons. And many, like Prescott in prosecuting his Historical researches, and boldly and independently laying their brilliant results before the world, have found a handsome income no hindrance. Again, we might show how little Mr Griswold understands the leisure of wealthy Southern "drones;" and that leisure is not the *only* thing requisite to the production of literary works. This certainly requires time, and Southerners have, indeed, time for accomplishing much more than they do. But their time is not mispent; though as yet it is mostly employed in acquisition instead of reproduction. Their "spasmodic activity" is admitted to evince the existence of mental energy; and even in the work before us, the South can, at least by a "spasmodic" effort, lay claim to preëminence in all the higher attributes of greatness which our Institutions, and the progress of our country as applicable to the whole, and not to one section, have yet developed.

Marshall, Jefferson, Madison, Wm. Wirt, Washington Allston, John C. Calhoun, John P. Kennedy, Legaré, W. Gilmore Simms, Edgar A. Poe, Audubon are no unworthy members of the galaxy in which Mr. Griswold has placed them.

And besides these names, Mr. Griswold should have either substituted some others from the South in the places already filled from the North, or have added them to his list.

Lee's Napoleon, Lee's Memoirs, Ramsay's History of the United States and several State Histories, equally entitled to special mention with Belknap's, are entirely omitted.

The works of Professor George Tucker,—now of Philadelphia, late of the University of Virginia,—are several times referred to in the Introduction; but in the body of the work, he is made to give place to writers of a volume of Tales, or a few as yet uncollected Essays and Reviews. We do not begrudge the space and proëminence allotted to these rising young authors;—Good speed them! though the propriety of adopting a plan so wide as thus prematurely to embrace them, may well be doubted. Professor Beverley Tucker, of William & Mary, is not once mentioned by Mr. Griswold. Was Mr. G. ignorant of his claims, or did he dispute them altogether? If the latter, it is very much to be regretted that he was not equally as severe in some other instances. Yes, Judge Tucker, the author of an able work on Government, published right under Mr. Griswold's nose,—the pungent and discriminating reviewer, the profound and brilliant Essayist, the successful novelist, and the author of several poems which cannot be excluded from the next edition of the "Poets and Poetry of America," upon any principle adopted in its compilation, is not even once referred to! Verily, in justice to the alleged literary poverty of the South, her few representatives might have been put forward; and if not done upon the score of justice, it might surely have been done upon that of a little generosity. Judge Tucker's Miscellanies even would not suffer from a comparison with those of either Everett, though they are entirely different.

Again, Mr. Dew is barely alluded to; and then in rather the wrong place. Nearly every other writer on the protective policy, down to Mr. Secretary Walker, is carefully enumerated; and then is added, that "works on Political Economy have also been written by Mr. Cardoza, Professor Dew," &c., &c. Now, we believe that the only published work of Prof. Dew on Political Economy proper, is devoted to the Tariff; and some of the other opponents of that policy may be largely indebted to him for their arguments. Dr. Lieber, of South Carolina, is entirely omitted.

We are glad to see such full justice done to one of our Southern authors, Mr. Simms; but how far this is due to some Northern associations, or some lucky tour to the North, we cannot say. Mrs. Ellett, Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Hentz might have been noticed by the same charity which admitted some of their cotemporaries.

We are glad to see our young friend and correspondent, Lea, remembered by Mr. G. for his contributions to Conchology, in the "Transactions of the American Philosophical Society." But the same spirit, if it were not a mere personal favor, would have brought to notice other young

men, whom we could name; among them, our young friend, Dr. Lawrence Smith, who became so well known by his contributions to Sillimans' Journal, and his lectures on Chemistry in the city of Charleston, that he was recommended to the Emperor of Turkey who wished a scientific Agriculturist, and has been since made by that Emperor superintendent of all his mines.

We may here note, that Mr. Griswold in what he says of our attainments in Chemistry, omits all notice of the works and services of Dr. Draper! Of Astronomy he says nothing, and forgets, or neglects altogether our National Observatory, under Lieut. Maury, whose observations and discoveries have already attracted attention. We concur with Mr. Griswold in his aims in regard to an international copyright and Americanism in our literature; though we may differ with him as to the taste with which he has advocated them, and as to some of his views in connection with them. But what a commentary upon his oft protruded *nationality* is the omission of our only *national* offering to the Genius of Learning!

We have not yet quite done with the deficiencies, *avoidable* deficiencies, of the Introductory Essay. Professor Anthon is mentioned only in connection with the Latin classics.

Only the "Crania Americana" of Dr. Morton is mentioned; whilst his "Crania Egyptiaca" more fully sustains the claims which are set up for the other work. Some of our inferior travellers have the post of precedence assigned them.

In Mathematics, Day, Davies, Bonnycastle and a host of others are entirely omitted. Now these are deficiencies which occur to us, with our slight knowledge of the whole range of American Letters. It may be said, the author could not have enumerated every body. Very true; but then he ought to have omitted many more. And on any principle of just discrimination, this would have been done; whilst others now omitted would have been honored with a biography and perhaps a few extracts; and others have been left for the future to unfold and verify the promise of the present.

When the articles which now constitute this Introductory Essay, first appeared in the National Intelligencer, we noticed their defectiveness; but took it for granted that this would be cured by subsequent research, ere any more ambitious use was made of them. How far this has been done, we can not say positively; but with the aid of memory alone, we do not discover that many if any improvements have been made.

An inherent defect in the work is a want of proportion; the beauty of which the author perceives and admires in Mr. Prescott. We do not complain of the largest space granted to any one author, nor that no extracts are given from some of the greatest; but there should have been more consistency one way or the other. From the difficulty of conveying any adequate idea of the diction and style of thought of a varied prose writer, by brief extracts, we incline to the opinion, that the only judicious work of the kind to be undertaken is a simple literary biographical dictionary; a digested History of Literature, or a much more voluminous collection of Extracts, and still confined within a narrower circle of authors.

In all that we have said, we wish allowance to be made in favor of the author for the difficulties of a first attempt.

What then are the merits of the work? Its object is a good one. It is useful for the biographical and bibliographical notices, and in some instances for the extracts, which it contains; and for its enumeration of most of the American authors of any note. It is also well and handsomely published, (as Carey & Hart rarely fail to do:) and embellished with portraits,—by various artists and engraved by Sartain,—of Edwards, Story, Irving, Audubon, Wilde, Kennedy, Prescott, Emerson and Hoffman.

As before stated, *Drinker & Morris* have the work.

---

## Books of Travels.

1. We have from *Lea & Blanchard*, through *Drinker & Morris*, *An Overland Journey round the World*, during the years 1841-2. By *Sir George Simpson*, Governor in Chief of the Hudson's Bay Company's Territories.

This is a very interesting work, and may be regarded as peculiarly valuable for the authentic and late information it contains respecting the British Possessions on our Northern frontier. Starting from London, thence to Boston, thence to Montreal, and so on to the N. W. by Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods to the Pacific, and thence to Kamschatka, Siberia, Russia and thence to London, Sir George Simpson has made the first over-land circuit of our globe. Ledyard & Cochrane had attempted it, by taking an Easterly course; but both returned before they reached the American continent. Whether or not they would have succeeded by going Westwardly, and thus reserving Kamschatka and the Russian dominions for the last, we can not positively assert; as even the few years which have elapsed since their attempts, have made wonderful changes both in the spirit and the means of locomotion. It is probable however that they would have succeeded.

In addition to the Russian Empire and British America, our author has given a view of upper California and the Sandwich Islands. But as we can not here give even an imperfect sketch of the work, we must refer our readers to its pages; which have been printed from the authors own MS.

2. Speaking of Islands in the Pacific, naturally leads us to the next work, *Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.* By *Herman Melville*, author of "Typee, or the Marquesas."

Mr. Melville has enjoyed a new and interesting field of adventure; but with his animated and vivid style, humorous vein and sailor-like spirit, might venture to lead his readers, with renewed pleasure, even over well beaten tracks. There appears at times rather a license in the tone and spirit of the book; but from a sailor, under such circumstances, this might be expected. The author, till lately unknown in that line, we believe, has suddenly risen to quite an eminence both at home and abroad.

The Title, "Omoo," is borrowed from the language of the Marquesas Islands, where among other things, it signifies a *Rover*, and well indicates the situation of the author wandering from island to island. The work is handsomely published (and bound!) by *Harper & Brothers*, and may be had of *Drinker & Morris*.

3. It is a pity that Mr. Melville could not conduct us in the place of Mr. Lanman, in his very romantic and picturesque tour to the upper Mississippi and the Lakes; and which he has only passably described in his "*Summer in the Wilderness; Embracing a Canoe Voyage up the Mississippi and around Lake Superior.*

Mr. Lanman's sketches are often graphic, but rarely if ever vivid; and too inanimate for such a professed lover of Nature and of Art. In the place of genuine enthusiasm he has rather an unpleasant egotism; and when most called for and indulged, his bursts of feelings do not seem deep and spontaneous. The work itself contains an illustration of what we say. The author attempts some raptures when he revisits his native, beloved, and we may add beautiful, Michigan.

"This is the country where I spent the morning of my days;—the theatre where my future character in the drama

of life was formed and first acted out. Remote from the glitter and noise of the great human world, I used to wander alone through its dark forests, and bathe in its pure streams, without a care or thought to mar the peacefulness of life. A thousand words, now full of meaning, and familiar to my ear, were then but unmeaning sounds. Those were the days when I sported on the lap of nature, feeling it to be a luxury to breathe. Will they ever return? Ask that evening breeze whether it will ever again cool the fevered brow of that dying man? But very dear to me are my recollections of Michigan, and I would not part with them for the treasures of the world."

A little farther on, he quotes from a friend,—now residing in Michigan, who had spent several years in Europe,—the following passage.

"'O, such trees as we have here! Magnificent, tall, large-leafed, umbrageous. Vallombrosa, the far-famed Vallombrosa of Tuscany, is nothing to the thousand Vallombrosas here! A fig for your Italian scenery! This is the country where nature reigns in her virgin beauty; where trees grow, where corn grows; where men grow better than they do any where else in the world. This is the land to study nature in all her luxuriant charms, under glorious green branches, among singing birds and laughing streams; this is the land to hear the cooing of the turtle-dove, in far, deep, cool, sylvan bowers; to feel your soul expand under the mighty influences of nature in her primitive beauty and strength.'"

Now, we may be mistaken in judging from this one paragraph; but we think that the friend has more soul for these things than our author, and would prove a more spirited and captivating guide in the wilderness and on lake and stream. Still it is worth the trouble and the expense to take the tour with Mr. Lanman, in the neat series of *Appleton's Literary Miscellany* of choice Books; of which it forms the 28th No. *Ball, Harold & Co.* have it for sale at their neat and well-stored establishment on Shockoe Hill.

---

Messrs. *Ball, Harold & Co.* have also from the press of the same publishers, *D. Appleton & Co.*, and forming the 29th No. of the same series, a new work by the popular, chaste and useful authoress, Mrs. Ellis. It is styled "*Prevention better than Cure; or the Moral Wants of the World we live in.*" We are hardly optimist enough to believe that these great wants are likely to be more than scantily supplied, but the writer will have done a good work, if she succeed in impressing upon only one mind and heart a determination to live by the old adage that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

Besides their *Miscellany* and valuable *Standard Historical Library*, the *Appletons* are issuing *A Library of Popular Reading*. The 5th No. just received contains "*Hill Side and Border Sketches: with Legends of the Cheviots and the Lammermuir,*" By *W. H. Maxwell*. We have looked into it enough to desire to look farther, did time and opportunity permit. Our readers can judge of the interest of the Cheviot and Lammermuir legends from the use that has already been made of "the like o' them."

---

*Carey & Hart* have issued as the 7 and 8 Nos. of their *Library for the people*,

*Lives of the Early British Dramatists.* In two neat vols. These lives are republished from the Moxon edition of the elder British Dramatists, for which they were written, with one exception, by Campbell, Gifford, Darley and Leigh Hunt. Barry Cornwall wrote a Life of Ben Jonson, to be prefixed to his works in the series; but the Editor did wisely in substituting for it the Memoir of that author by Gifford. This we particularly recommend, for nearly every quality that could make it interesting or valuable. With what a hearty good will does the writer defend Jonson from the slanders and misrepresentations that had so long been heaped upon "rare old Ben!" We think he might have spared poor Drummond and other offenders a little more; but this sort of mercy was not among Gifford's traits. He says, in concluding his memoir, "neither hopes nor fears of a personal nature have had the slightest influence upon the conduct of the undertaking; what has been strongly felt has been strongly expressed; and if, before the occasional warmth of my language be challenged, the violence and injustice which I have had to repel be examined, I shall not, in this instance at least, be alarmed at the result."

By-the-by, we once received a *quiz* because one of our compositors, or correspondents mispelt Ben Jo(h)nson. A *huge* fault, it is true! but of which we are guiltless; though often committed by greater than we. "Rare Ben" himself always wrote Jonson; but even in the letters patent in which Charles I. renews to the poet the annuity granted by James; and adds, "one terse of Spanish Canary wine, unto the said Benjamin Johnson and his assigns during the term of his natural life out of our store of wines yearly, and from time to time remayninge at or in our cellers within or belonging to our palace of Whitehall,"—the name is spelt, (at least printed,) both with and without the *h*. Jonson is generally familiarly alluded to, or spoken of, as "Rare Ben Jonson;" which is said to have originated as follows. He died on the 6th of August, 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A common pavement stone was laid over his grave. "His friends designed to raise a noble monument to his memory, by subscription, and till this was ready, nothing more was required than to cover his ashes decently with the stone which had been removed. While this was doing, Aubrey tells us, Sir John Young, of Great Milton, Oxfordshire, whom he familiarly calls Jack Young, chanced to pass through the Abbey, and not enduring that the remains of so great a man should lie at all without a memorial, gave one of the workmen eighteen pence to cut the words in question,—'*O Rare Ben Jonson.*'"

How many good intentions of erecting "noble monuments" to the worthy dead, have been thus broken and forgotten! There was one of these intentions to erect a monument in Virginia to the memory of Washington, and the State coffers have long contained some thousands of dollars contributed for this laudable object; and which some have insinuated might never be restored. This we deem impossible, but when will it be appropriated to the lofty purpose to which it was first devoted?

Of Shakspeare it is useless to speak; for lives of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Ford, Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh and Farquhar, the volumes can be consulted. *Nash & Woodhouse* have them.

---

N. & W. have also, "*The Cadet de Colobrières.* A Tale of the old Convents of Paris. Translated from the French of *Madame Charles Reybaud.* Spoken of favorably by the Foreign Quarterly Review;—published by *Carey & Hart.*

We also find upon our table, No. 22, of the splendid *Pictorial History of England*, and a small, neat volume of *Field's Scripture Illustrated*, by interesting facts, incidents and anecdotes. With an Introduction by Rev. John Todd, D. D.; both from the *Harpers*, through *Drinker & Morris.* Part III. of *Ranke's History of the Reformation in Germany.* Translated from the German by Sarah Austin;—and *Johnson's Dictionary of Gardening*, Edited with numerous additions by David Landreth of Philadelphia,—both from *Lea and Blanchard*, through *Drinker & Morris.* The *Central School Reader:* Being a collection of Essays and Extracts from approved authors. Compiled by the "Female Association for the improvement of juvenile books;"—and *A Grammar of the English Language*, adapted to the schools of America. *By Jos. R. Chandler*, Editor of the Philadelphia U. S. Gazette, who amidst the turmoil of politics, yet finds time to cultivate and diffuse a taste for literature, and to promote the great interests of education;—both works from *Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.*, through Drinker and Morris. *Mrs. Tuthill's Juvenile Geography* from *Lindsay and Blakiston.* A small treatise on *Chess*,—one of *Appleton's Manuals* of Utility, Practical information and universal Knowledge, through Ball, Harold & Co;—and Leonard Scott & Co's Republications of the *Westminster and London Quarterly Reviews*, through the agents, *Nash & Woodhouse.*

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Reflections suggested by the close of the year 1846;"—"A letter to H.;"—"Kinnora, A Tale of Alabama;"—"To Miss E. of Virginia;" and "to A Lady;"—"Parthenope;"—"Don Paez and other Poems. By a Virginian," A Review of;—"The Negro Captive's Lament;"—"Youthful Dreams sometimes foreshadow what is to come," Try again;—"Ode to Friendship;"—"There is a dreamy pleasure, calm delight," &c.;—"Lines written on the prospect of leaving College;"—"On seeing a bunch of pressed flowers, presented by Miss S. J. B.;"—are all respectfully declined.


# STATIONER'S HALL.

**121 MAIN STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.**

## J. W. RANDOLPH & CO.,

HAVE FOR SALE A LARGE STOCK OF

**LAW, MEDICAL, THEOLOGICAL, SCHOOL, CLASSICAL, FOREIGN**

**AND MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS;**

**English and American Stationery, Music, Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.**

☞ BOOK-BINDING IN SUPERIOR STYLE. ☜

NOV

## WANTED A TRAVELLING AND CANVASSING AGENT.

An active, energetic, and faithful travelling and canvassing Agent would be employed, on liberal terms, to devote himself to the interests of the Southern and Western Literary Messenger and Review. Address this office, post paid, with suitable testimonials and references.

## OFFICES IN THE LAW BUILDING.

There are several handsome and convenient offices for rent, on accommodating terms, in the Messenger Law Building, near the New Court-House, on Franklin Street. Each occupant will have the use of two rooms, well finished, lighted, and aired, and separated by a sash-door. The location offers many advantages and facilities to men of business and especially to Lawyers; being at the door of the New Court-House, in which several important Courts will soon be held, and within a few steps of the Capitol, the City Hall, the Post Office and the Banks. For terms, &c., apply to

B. B. MINOR.

*May 1st*, 1847.

# BENJAMIN B. MINOR,

## ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Has removed his office to the Messenger Law Building, on Franklin Street, near the New Court-House. He tenders his services to the public, as heretofore, in the various duties of his profession.

Claims due residents or non-residents secured, or settled, and the money promptly remitted.

## MISCELLANY.

We still find upon our table unacknowledged several works to which we invite attention.

### Force's Historical Tracts.

Not only valuable as authority to the Historian; but will be found still more so to whomever shall attempt an Epic Poem, in relation to the History and Discovery of this Continent. Besides, they contain matter exceedingly entertaining and delightful to the general reader. Volume 4 has just been issued and may be had, (as well as vols. 1, 2 and 3.) of William Q. Force, Washington City.

*The Harpers* have commenced the publication of a series, styled their "*Fireside Library*,"—similar but superior in point of execution to "Knight's Fireside Library," London. The exterior is illuminated in colors,—and gilt-edged. The contents are and will be from the pens of approved authors, and illustrated with cuts. Two numbers have been issued, containing, "*Alice Gordon; or the Uses of Orphanage*." By Joseph Alden, D. D.,—and "*Arthur Martin; or the Mother's Trials*." By C. Burdett, Esq.—"*The Lawyer's Daughter*." By Dr. Alden, and "*The Good Genius that Turned all to Gold*," will speedily follow. *Drinker & Morris* have them.

*E. H. Butler & Co.*, Philadelphia, have issued "*Taylor and his Generals;*" which gives us sketches of Taylor, Worth, Wool, &c.,—with portraits,—and accounts of the victories won by them; and also a sketch of General Scott. *J. W. Randolph & Co.*, have it.

"*Aunt Kitty's Tales*." By Miss McIntosh, forms another number of *Appleton's Literary Miscellany*. Her other popular and useful works have well prepared the way for this. *Ball, Harold & Co.*, have it.

*Carey & Hart* have published a new *Dictionary of English Poetical Quotations*, by Watson. 2 Parts. Its character sufficiently indicates the various uses to which it may be applied. *Nash & Woodhouse* have it.

"*Jost's History of the Jews*.—We are glad to hear that this great work is about to be translated by a competent hand, and that the enterprising house of Harper & Brothers have undertaken the publication. This is a work which is much needed. The whole of English literature, as far as we know, does not contain even a tolerable History of the Seed of Jacob from the time of the Maccabees to the present day. Jost covers all this ground, and besides detailing the various fortunes and misfortunes of his brethren, (for he is himself a Jew,) he gives a full account of the rise and progress of the Rabbinical and Cabalistic philosophy. This work cannot fail of success. There is nothing which can compare with it; and every one who has read Josephus, will be glad, we believe, to see a work which may fairly be regarded as a continuation of his History from the destruction of Jerusalem to the present day."

Harper & Brothers announce, among others, two very important works. 1. *The Works of Josephus. Illustrated*. A new translation. By Rev. Dr. Traill. With Notes, Essays, &c., by Isaac Taylor, of Ongar. Splendidly Embellished by numerous Engravings. "This is an attempt to make the writings of Josephus a classic work in the English language: and if this honor is due to any ancient author, none certainly can be more deserving of it than the Jewish historian; because of his truthful delineation of the history and antiquities of the singular and renowned nation to which he belonged—a nation whose character and relations have had more to do with the civilization and progress of modern times, than all the rest of antiquity or the world together. From no quarter can the Bible receive so much illustration and confirmation as from the writings of Josephus. With high gratification therefore we hail the appearance of this work; and whoever has tried to read the dry and crabbed version of Whitson, will rejoice once more to meet with the ease and vivacity of the original transfused into his mother tongue. We have compared several passages, and find the translation everywhere faithful, without being servile: it has evidently been the work of many years."—*Literary World*.

2. Also in monthly parts, royal octavo, elegantly bound, "*A New Encyclopædia of Biography*," comprising the Lives of the most Celebrated Characters of every age and nation. Founded on Rose's Biographical Dictionary, the "Biographie Universelle," and other esteemed authorities; to which will be added copious notices of the eminent men of the American Continent, derived from authentic sources.

*Orators of the Age; comprising Portraits, critical, biographical and descriptive*. By G. H. Francis, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.

"This work forms the twenty-first number of Harpers' New Miscellany. The author is known as editor of the "Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington." He has here presented us with twenty-eight sketches of British statesmen—distinguished as debaters and rhetoricians. Those of Lord Morpeth and Macaulay will interest the American reader."

Messrs. *Lindsay & Blakiston* of Philadelphia, announce the following:—The Life and Correspondence of President Reed, Private Secretary to Washington, &c., &c., during the Revolution. Edited by his grandson, Wm. B. Reed, Esq. 2 vols., 8vo. The Mirror of Life, an original work, with contributions in Prose and Poetry from the most eminent authors of our country, and the Illustrations from designs made by American artists for the book. Edited by Mr. L. C. Tuthill. A History of Architecture from the earliest period to the present time; profusely illustrated by numerous engravings and wood cuts, showing all the various styles of Architecture; by an American author. Scenes in the Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets; illustrated by Poets and Painters; edited by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld.

Messrs. *Lea & Blanchard* have in press—"A Treatise on the Law of Contracts," &c., by C. G. Addison. Also, the 2nd volume of "Spence's Equity."

Messrs. *Wiley & Putnam* announce, for early publication, "Modern Painters," by a Graduate of Oxford. Also, the "Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge."

P352.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

THE S

LITERA

R R MINO

ia, Te
Orlea
w Yor
burg, V

/M. M
OHN

. HA

VILE

ERMS,

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.


PAGE

1. Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. Chap. XXVI and XXVII.....385
2. The Upper Mississippi and the Lakes: A Review of Lanman's "Summer in the Wilderness."....401
3. The Fortunes of Esther, the Jewess. A Tale...409
4. Notice of a Review of "Curwen's Journal," &c. By the Editor of Curwen....422
5. The Present Aspect of Abolitionism. By Publicola....429
6. Poems, by P. P. Cooke. A Review....437


## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES—CONTINUED.


PAGE

7. Poems, by a Virginian. A Review....441
8. Wise Liberality. Donation to Harvard College..447
9. The Univ[illegible] of Virginia....449
10. Impartiality of History: Sabine's "American Loyalists;" and other New Works....448


## ORIGINAL POETRY.


11. Heraldry of Love. By J. M. Legaré....422
12. Fidelity. By Elizabeth H. Evans....428
13. The Shawnee Spring. By S. G. T....436
14. To the Lonely Heart. By Mary S. B. Dana....446


## PAYMENTS TO THE LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

Arthur, A. H....HHW.....Mississippi.....vol 12-13
Anderson, E. R.....HHW.....Mississippi....vol 12
Adams, W. T.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 12-13
Allsbrook, Joel....HML....Alabama.....vol 11-12-13
Banks, G. G....HHW..Mississippi....Pd. to Oct. 1847.
Barnett, Dr. J. W....HHW....Mississippi.....vol 13
Bothwell, Dr. D. J..IEJ..Georgia....Pd. to June, 1847.
Bealle, J. S....IEJ.....Georgia....vol 9-10-11-12 13
Baker, D. B.....IEJ....North Carolina.....vol 13
Ballard, Dr. C. E..IEJ....North Carolina..vol 10-11-12
Redwood, Richard....HML....Alabama.....vol 12-13
Bolling, Thomas T.....HML....Alabama..vol 12-13
Chipman, W. W....HHW....Louisiana.....vol 10-11
Coulter, R. H....HHW.....Mississippi.....vol 12-13
Culler, Dr. D. E. H...IEJ.....Georgia....vol 12-13
Charlton, Hon. R. M....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 13
Cunningham, O. H. P...IEJ..South Caroiina..vol 12-13
Colten, R....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 13
Carrington, Paul.....HML....Alabama.....vol 12
Chadron, Paul....HML....Alabama..Pd. to April, 1847.
Dickinson, H...HHW..Mississippi....vol 9-10-11-12-13
Dudley, Gov. G. S....IEJ.....North Carolina..vol 13
Duval, R. R.....Virginia.....vol 13
Fenner, R.....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 13
Fanning, T. E.....IEJ...North Carolina.....vol 13
Fargo, J. C.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 12-13
Franklin Society.....HML....Alabama.....vol 12
Fry, G. H....HML.....Alabama.....vol 12-13
Hamell, A. H....IEJ.....Georgia....vol 9-10-11-12
Hill, Dr. John.....IEJ ...North Carolina.....vol 13
Hodges, J. C....HML....Alabama.....vol 12-13
Herndon, J. N., Jr....South Caorlina.....vol 12
Iredell, Gov. James..IEJ....North Carolina..vol 9-10-11
Jenkins, R. C....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 9-10-11-12-13
Jones, G. W.....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 9-10-11-12
Jones, E. W.....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 12
Joyner, Col. A....IEJ....North Carolina.....vol 13
Jones, G. M.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 8
Kendrick, H. A..IEJ..South Carolina..Pd. to June 1747.
Library of North Carolina..IEJ..N. Carolina..vol 12-13
Laughlin, S. H.....DC.....vol 13
Liberty Reading Room....Virginia.....vol 13
McLean, James....North Carolina....Pd. to June, 1848.
Macmurdo, J. R....HHW.....Louisiana.....vol 12
Moore. Mrs. E. C....HHW....Mississippi.....vol 12
Manlove, C. A....HHW....Mississippi.....vol 12-13
Mixer, D....IEJ....Georgia.....Pd. to June, 1847
Mebane, A. W....IEJ....North Carolina.....In full.
McRae, Gen. A....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 13
McRae, John, Jr....IEJ....North Carolina.....vol 13
Manly, C.....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 13
May, R. H.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 12
McCoy, F. W....HML....Alabama....Pd to July, 1847.
Mesbier, Amadie....HML....Alabama.....vol 12-13
Nye, N. G....HHW.....Mississippi.....vol 12
Olds, L. A.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 13
Page, R.....IEJ.....North Carolina.....vol 13
Parrish, John H.....Alabama.....vol 12-13
Robinson, W. G.....HHW....Louisiana....vol 12
Rumph, J. V....IEJ....Georgia.....vol 11-12-13
Rolston, J----.....HML....Alabama.....vol 12
Richmond Library Co.....Virginia.....vol 13
Rutherford, John Jr.....North Carolina.....vol 13
Staples, John....HHW.....Louisiana.....vol 10-11
Smith, Alex....HHW....Mississippi.....vo. 12-13
Thornhill, John....HHW....Louisiana....vol 10-11-12
Tefft, Isaac K.....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 13
Taylor, Mrs. J. F....IEJ...North Carolina....vol 12 13
Tutwiler, Mrs. Julia.....Alabama.....vol 13
Truehart, Daniel.....Virginia.....vol 9
Vick, Major Bushrod W....IEJ.....Georgia....vol 13
Walker, D....HHW.....Mississippi....vol 10-11-12
Williamson, W. B.HHW.Mississippi.Pd. to March 1847.
Winston, T. B....HHW....Mississippi.....In full.
Walker, G....IEJ.....South Carolina.....vol 12-13
Wright, B. H....IEJ.....Georgia.....vol 7
Wood, Charles.....Indiana.....vol 13

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

JULY, 1847.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE

## HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

His vigorous measures at once restored confidence to the planters and they resumed their occupations.* Bacon, at the head of one thousand men, marched against the Pamunkies, killing many and destroying their towns. Meanwhile, the people of Glouces ter, the most populous and loyal county, having been disarmed by Bacon, petitioned the governor for protection against the savages. Sir William Berkeley, re-animated by this circumstance, again proclaiming Bacon a rebel and a traitor hastened to Gloucester, and summoning the train-bands of that county and Middlesex, numbering twelve hundred men, proposed to them to pursue and put down the rebel Bacon, when the whole assemblage shouted "Bacon, Bacon, Bacon," and withdrew from the field still repeating the name of that popular leader, and leaving the aged cavalier governor and his attendants to themselves.† Francis Morryson, afterwards one of the king's commissioners, in a letter dated London, Nov. 28, 1677, to Secretary Ludwell says: "I fear when that part of the narrative comes to be read that mentions the Gloucester petitions, your brother may be prejudiced; for there are two or three that will be summoned, will lay the contrivance at your brother's door and Beverley's, but more upon your brother, who they say was the drawer of it. For at the first sight all the lords judged that that was the unhappy accident that made the Indian war recoil into a civil war; for the reason you alledged, that bond and oath were proffered the governor intended not against Bacon but the Indians confirmed the people, that Bacon's commission was good, it never being before disavowed by proclamation but by letters writ to his majesty in commendation of Bacon's acting, copies thereof dispersed among the people."*

From the result of this affair of the Gloucester petitions, we may conclude, that either they contained nothing unfavorable to Bacon, or if they did, that they were gotten up by some designing leaders without the consent of the people. And it is certain that now when Bacon's violent proceedings at Jamestown were known, the great body of the people favored his cause and approved his designs.

Meanwhile Bacon, before he reached the head of York river, hearing from Lawrence and Drummond of the Governor's movements, exclaimed, "it vexed him to the heart that while he was hunting wolves which were destroying innocent lambs, the governor and those with him should pursue him in the rear with full cry, and that he was like corn between two mill-stones which would grind him

* Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars, p. 13.
† T. M's account.

* Burk, vol. 2, p. 268. According to Narrative of Indian and civil wars, p. 14, the people of Gloucester refused to march against Bacon, but pledged themselves to defend the governor against him if he should turn against Sir William and his government, which, however, they hoped would never happen.

to powder if he did'nt look to it." * He marched immediately back against the governor. Sir William Berkeley finding himself abandoned, made his escape with a few friends down York river and across the Chesapeake bay to Accomac on the Eastern shore. Before his flight, however, he again, on the 29th of July, proclaimed Bacon a rebel. † Bacon upon reaching Gloucester sent out parties of horse to patrol the country and made prisoners such as were suspected of disaffection to his Indian expedition; releasing on parole those who took an oath to return home and remain quiet. This oath was strict in form but little regarded.

About this time a spy was detected in Bacon's camp. He pretended to be a deserter and had repeatedly changed sides. Being sentenced to death by a court-martial, Bacon declared, "that if any one in the army would speak a word to save him, he should not suffer;" but no one interceding he was put to death. Bacon's clemency won the admiration of the army, and this was the only instance of capital punishment under his orders, nor did he plunder any private house.

Bacon having now acquired command of a province of forty-five thousand inhabitants, sate down with his army at Middle Plantation, (now Williamsburg,) and sent out an invitation, signed by himself and four of the council, to all the principal gentlemen of the country, to meet him in a convention, at his head-quarters, to consult how the Indians were to be proceeded against and himself and the army protected against the designs of Sir William Berkeley. ‡ Bacon also put forth a reply to the governor's proclamations. He demands whether those who are entirely devoted to the king and country, can deserve the name of rebels and traitors? In vindication of their loyalty, he points to the peaceable conduct of his soldiers and calls upon the whole country to witness against him, if they can. He reproaches some of the men in power with the meanness of their capacity; others with their ill-gotten wealth. He enquires what arts, sciences, schools of learning or manufactures they had promoted? he justifies his warring against the Indians and inveighs against Sir William Berkeley for siding with them; insisting that the governor had no right to interfere with the fur-trade, since it was a monopoly of the crown and asserting that the governor's factors, on the frontier, trafficked in the blood of their countrymen, by supplying the savages with arms and ammunition contrary to law. He concludes by appealing to the king and parliament.

In compliance with Bacon's invitation, a numerous convention, including many of the principal men of the colony, assembled in August, 1676. In preparing an oath to be administered to the people, the three articles proposed were read by James Minge, clerk of the house of burgesses. 1st, that they should aid General Bacon in the Indian war: 2nd, that they would oppose Sir William Berkeley's endeavors to hinder the same: 3rd, that they would oppose any power sent out from England, till terms were agreed to granting that the country's complaint should be heard against Sir William before the king and parliament. A "bloody debate" ensued, especially on this last article,—lasting from noon till midnight. Bacon and some of the principal men supported it, and he protested that without it he should surrender his commission to the assembly. * In this conjuncture, when the scales of self-defence and loyalty seemed in equipoise, "the gunner of York fort" brought sudden news of fresh murders perpetrated by the Indians in Gloucester county, near Carter's creek. Bacon demanded, "how it could be possible that the chief fort in Virginia should be threatened by the Indians?" The gunner replied, "that the governor, on the day before, had conveyed all arms and ammunition out of the fort into his own vessel." This disclosure produced a deep sensation in the convention,

* Mrs. Cotton's Letter.

† A vindication of Sir William, afterwards published, says, "Nor is it to be wondered at, that he did not immediately put forth proclamations to undeceive the people; because he had then no means of securing himself nor forces to have maintained such a proclamation by, but he took the first opportunity he could of doing all this when Glouster county having been plundered by Bacon before his going out against the Indians, made an address," &c. Burk. vol. 2, p. 261.

‡ Beverley, B. 1, pp. 74-76. Chalmers' Annals, p. 333. Burk, vol. 2, p. 172. Bacon's Proceedings, p. 15, in 1st. Force. T. M. says, "Bacon calls a convention at Middle Plantation, 15 *miles from Jamestown.*"

* According to "Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars," p. 18, Bacon contended single-handed against "a grate many counted the wisest in the country." With what interest would we read a report of his speech? But Bacon's eloquence, like Henry's, lives only in tradition.

and the people now became reconciled to the oath. Among the subscribers on this occasion, were Colonel Ballard, Colonel Beale, Colonel Swan and Squire Bray, all of the council, Colonels Jordan, Smith of Purton, Scarborough, * Miller, Lawrence, and William Drummond. † Writs were issued in his majesty's name for an assembly to meet on the 4th of September. They were signed by the four members of the council. The oath was administered to the people of every rank, except servants. It was as follows:

"Whereas, the country hath raised an army against our common enemy, the Indians, and the same under the command of general Bacon, being upon the point to march forth against the said common enemy, hath been diverted and necessitated to move to the suppressing of forces by evil disposed persons, raised against the said general Bacon, purposely to foment and stir up civil war among us to the ruin of this his majesty's country. And whereas, it is notoriously manifest that Sir William Berkley, knight, governor of the country, assisted, counselled and abetted by those evil disposed persons aforesaid, hath not only commanded, fomented and stirred up the people to the said civil war, but failing therein hath withdrawn himself to the great astonishment of the people and the unsettlement of the country. And whereas, the said army raised by the country for the causes aforesaid, remain full of dissatisfaction in the middle of the country, expecting attempts from the said governor and the evil counsellors aforesaid. And since no proper means have been found out for the settlement of the distractions and preventing the horrid outrages and murders daily committed in many places of the country by the barbarous enemy; it hath been thought fit by the said general, to call unto him all such sober and discreet gentlemen as the present circumstances of the country will admit, to the Middle Plantation, to consult and advise of re-establishing the peace of the country. So we, the said gentlemen, being this 3rd of August 1676 accordingly met, do advise, resolve, declare and conclude and for ourselves do swear in manner following:

"First. That we will at all times join with the said general Bacon and his army against the common enemy in all points whatsoever. Secondly: That whereas certain persons have lately contrived and designed the raising forces against the said general and the army under his command, thereby to beget a civil war, we will endeavor the discovery and apprehending all and every of those evil-disposed persons and them secure untill further order from the general. Thirdly: And whereas it is credibly reported, that the governor hath informed the king's majesty, that the said general and the people of the country in arms under his command, their aiders and abetters are rebellious and removed from their allegiance, and that upon such like information, he the said governor, hath advised and petitioned the king to send forces to reduce them—we do further declare and believe in our consciences that it consists with the welfare of this country and with our allegiance to his most sacred majesty, that we, the inhabitants of Virginia, to the utmost of our power do oppose and suppress all forces whatsoever of that nature, until such time as the king be fully informed of the state of the case, by such person or persons as shall be sent from the said Nathaniel Bacon, in the behalf of the people and the determination thereof be remitted hither. And we do swear that we will him the said general and the army under his command aid and assist accordingly." *

Drummond advised that Sir William Berkeley should be deposed and Sir Henry Chichely substituted in his place. His counsel not being approved, "do not make so strange of it," said Drummond, "for I can show from ancient records that such things have been done in Virginia." But it was agreed that the governor's retreat should be taken for an abdication. Sarah Drummond was not less enthusiastic in Bacon's favor, than her husband. She exclaimed, "The child that is unborn shall have cause to rejoice for the good that will come by the rising of the country." "Should we overcome the governor," said Ralph Weldinge, "we must expect a greater power from England that would certainly be our ruin." Sarah Drummond re-

* This name is spelt *Scarsbrook* in the "Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars," Scarborough was probably the name intended.

† He had recently been governor of South Carolina. Bancroft supposes that he was a Presbyterian.

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 74.

membered that England was divided into hostile factions, between the duke of York and the duke of Monmouth. Taking from the ground a small stick and breaking it, she added, "I fear the power of England no more than a broken straw." Looking for relief from the odious navigation act, she declared, "now we can build ships and like New England trade to any part of the world."

Bacon also issued proclamations, commanding all men in the land, upon pain of death, to join his standard and upon the arrival of the troops expected from England, to retire into the wilderness and resist the troops expected from England until they should agree to treat of an accommodation of the dispute.

There was a gentleman in Virginia, Giles Bland, only son of John Bland, an eminent London merchant, who was personally known to the king and had a considerable interest at court. As he was sending his son out to Virginia to take possession of the estate of his uncle, Theodorick Bland,* late of the council, he got him appointed collector-general of the customs. In this capacity he had a right to board any vessel whenever he thought proper. He was a man of talent, courage and a haughty bearing, and having quarrelled with the governor now sided warmly with Bacon. There chanced to be lying in York river a vessel of sixteen guns, commanded by a Captain Laramore. Bland went on board of her with a party of armed men, under pretence of searching for contraband goods and seizing the captain confined him in the cabin. Laramore discovering Bland's designs, resolved to deceive him in his turn and entered into his measures with such apparent sincerity, that he was restored to the command of his vessel. With her, another vessel of four guns under Captain Carver, and a sloop, Bland now appointed Bacon's Lieutenant General, sailed with two hundred and fifty men for Accomac. On his passage he captured another vessel; so that he appeared off Accomac with four sail. The governor having not a single vessel to defend himself, was overwhelmed with despair. At this juncture he received a note from Laramore, offering if he would send him some assistance, to deliver Bland with all his men prisoners into his hands. The governor suspicious of Laramore, thought the note only a bait to entrap him; but upon advising with his friend, Colonel Philip Ludwell, he counselled him to accept Laramore's offer, as the best alternative now left him, and gallantly undertook to engage in the enterprise at the hazard of his life. Sir William Berkeley consenting, Ludwell with twenty-six men well-armed, appeared at the appointed time alongside of Laramore's vessel. He was prepared to receive them, and Ludwell boarded her without the loss of a man, and soon after took the other vessels. Bland, Carver and the other chiefs were sent to the governor, and the common men secured on board of the vessels. When Laramore waited on the governor, he clasped him in his arms, called him his deliverer and gave him a large share of his favor. In a few days the brave Carver was hanged on the Accomac Shore. Captain Gardner sailing from James river, now came to the governor's relief, with his own vessel, the Adam and Eve, and ten or twelve sloops, which he had collected upon hearing of Bland's expedition.

Sir William Berkeley, by this unexpected turn of affairs, suddenly raised from the abyss of despair to the pinnacle of hope, resolved to push his success still further. With Laramore's vessel and Gardner's, together with sixteen or seventeen sloops and a motley band of about six hundred men in arms,* the governor returned in triumph to Jamestown, where falling on his knees, he returned thanks to God, and again proclaimed Bacon and his men rebels and traitors. There were now in Jamestown nine hundred Baconians, as they came to be styled, under command of Colonel Hansford, commissioned by Bacon. Berkeley sent in a summons for surrender of the town, with offer of pardon to all except Drummond and Lawrence. Upon this all of them retired to their homes, except Hans-

* This Theodorick Bland was sometime a merchant at Luars, in Spain, and came over to Virginia in 1654, where, settling at Westover, upon James river, in Charles City county, he died 23rd April, 1671, aged 41 years, and was buried in the chancel of the church which he built and gave, together with ten acres of land, a court-house and prison, for the county and parish. He lies buried in the Westover church-yard between two of his friends, the church having long since fallen down. He was of the king's council and speaker of the house of burgesses, and was in fortune and understanding inferior to no man of his time in the country. He married Ann, daughter of Richard Bennet, sometime governor of the colony. Bland Papers, vol. 1, p. 148.

* According to Mrs. Cotton's Letter, one thousand men.

ford, Lawrence, Drummond and a few others, who made for the head of York river, in quest of Bacon, who had returned to that quarter.

During these events, Bacon was executing his designs against the Indians. As soon as he had despatched Bland to Accomac, he crossed the James river at his own house, at Curle's, and surprising the Appomattox Indians, who lived on both sides of the river of that name, a little below the falls, (now Petersburg,) he burnt their town, killed a large number of the tribe and dispersed the rest. * Thence he traversed the country to the Southward, destroying many towns on the banks of the Nottoway, the Meherrin and the Roanoke. His name had become so formidable, that the Indians fled everywhere before him, and having nothing to subsist upon, save the spontaneous productions of the country, several tribes perished, and they who survived were so reduced as to be never afterwards able to make any firm stand against the whites and gradually became tributary to them.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### 1676—1677.

Bacon marches back upon Jamestown; Berkley's flight; Jamestown burnt: Bacon dies; Hansford and others executed; Close of the rebellion; Proceedings of the Court Martial; Arrival of an English regiment; The Royal Commissioners; Punishments of the rebels; Berkley recalled; Sccceeded by Jeffreys; Berkley's death; The Queen of Pamunkey; Failure of the New Charter.

Bacon having exhausted his provisions had dismissed the greater part of his forces before Lawrence, Drummond, Hansford and the other fugitives from Jamestown joined him. Upon learning the governor's return, Bacon with a force variously estimated at one hundred and fifty, three hundred and eight hundred, * marched back upon Jamestown, leading his Indian captives in triumph before him. He found the town defended by a palisade, running across the neck of the peninsula. Riding along this work, he reconnoitred the governor's position. Then dismounting from his horse, he animated his fatigued men to advance at once, and leading them close to the palisade, sounded a defiance with the trumpet and fired upon the loyalist garrison. The governor remained quiet, hoping that want of provisions would force Bacon to retire; but he supplied his troops from Sir William's seat at Greenspring, three miles distant. He afterwards complained that "his dwelling-house, at Greenspring, was almost ruined; his household goods and others of great value totally plundered, that he had not a bed to lye on; two great beasts, three hundred sheep, seventy horses and mares, all his corn and provisions taken away." † Bacon now adopted a singular stratagem and one hardly compatible with the principles of chivalry. Sending out small parties of horse, he captured the wives of all the principal loyalists then with the governor and among them the lady of Col. Bacon, Sr., madam Bray, madam Page and madam Ballard. One of them was sent into Jamestown to communicate news of their capture. ‡ Bacon raised by moonlight a circumvallation of trees, earth and brush-wood around the governor's outworks. At daybreak next morning the governor's troops being fired upon, made a sortie; but they were driven back, leaving their drum and their dead behind him. Upon the top of the work which he had thrown up and where alone a sally could be made, Bacon exhibited the captive ladies to the view of their husbands and friends in the town and kept them there until he completed his works. He now mounted a small battery of cannon com-

* History of Bacon's rebellion in Virginia Gazette, for 1769. Burk, vol. 2, p. 176, places this battle or massacre on Bloody Run, near where Richmond now stands. But he refers to no authority and I think had none better than a loose tradition. The Appomattox Indians occupied both sides of the river in question. Now it is altogether improbable, that Indians still inhabited the North Bank of the James, near Curle's. Besides, if they had, it was unnecessary to cross the James before commencing the attack. Curle's was a proper point for crossing with a view of surprising the Indians on the Appomattox.

* Mrs. Ann Cotton says 150, the account in the Virginia Gazette 800, the king's commissioners 300—the last probably nearest the number.

† See "Answer to the objections against Sir William Berkeley," Burk, vol. 2, p. 263.

‡ Mrs. Cotton's Letter. See also Col. Ludwell's Letter in Chalmers' Annals, pp. 349-350. "Ravishing of women from their homes and hurrying them about the country in their rude camps, often threatening them with death." According to "Narrative of Indian and Civil Wars," Bacon made use of the ladies only to complete his battery and removed them out of harm's way at the time of the sortie. It is impossible to reconcile the conflicting statements.

manding the shipping but not the town. At this conjuncture, such was the cowardice of Sir William's motley crowd of followers, solely intent upon plunder, promised them by "his honour," that although superior in time, place and numbers, to Bacon's force,—yet out of six hundred of them, only twenty gentlemen were found willing to stand by him. And so great was their fear of discovery, that in two or three days after the sortie, they embarked in the night, secretly weighing anchor and dropping silently down the river;—thus retreating before an enemy that for a week had been exposed to far more hardships and privations than themselves. For in this very service it was believed Bacon contracted the disease which carried him off, by lying during a rainy season in the trenches before the town. Sir William carried off with him all the inhabitants of the town and their goods. At dawn of the next day Bacon entered Jamestown without opposition. It being determined that it should be burnt, Lawrence and Drummond, who owned two of the best houses there, set fire to them in the evening with their own hands, and the soldiers following the example, laid in ashes Jamestown with the church and state-house, saying "the rogues shall harbour no more here." Sir William Berkeley and his people beheld the flames from the vessels riding below. *

Bacon now marched to York river, which he crossed at Tindall's, (now Gloucester) Point, in order to encounter Col. Brent, who was marching against him from the Potomac with twelve hundred men. But the greater part of his men hearing of Bacon's success, joined his standard, "resolving with the Persians to go and worship the rising sun." † Bacon now called a convention in Gloucester, and administered the oath to the people of that county and began to plan another expedition against the Indians, or, as some report, against Accomac, when he fell sick of a dysentery, ‡ brought on by exposure, and retired to the house of a Mr. Pate, in Gloucester, and lingering some weeks, died. * The place of his interment has never been discovered. It was concealed by his friends lest his remains should be insulted by the vindictive Berkeley, in whom old age seems not to have mitigated the fury of the passions. According to one tradition, Bacon's bones were screened from insult by stones being laid on his coffin, by his friend Lawrence, † as was supposed. According to others, it was conjectured that his body had been buried in the bosom of the majestic York. ‡

Upon Bacon's death he was succeeded by his Lieutenant General Ingram, (whose real name was Johnson,) who had lately arrived in Virginia. Ingram was supported by Wakelet, Langston, and Lawrence and their adherents. They took possession of West Point, at the head of York river, fortified it and made it their place of arms. § There is still extant there a ruinous stone-house, which perhaps was occupied by Ingram and his associates. As soon as Berkeley heard of Bacon's death, he sent over Robert Beverley, with a party in a sloop, to York river, where they captured Col. Hansford and some others, at the house of a Col. Reade, where Yorktown now is. Hansford was taken to Accomac, tried and condemned to be hanged. He requested "to be shot like a soldier and not hanged like a dog," but was told, "you die as a rebel and not as a soldier." He was "young, gay and gallant, nursed among the forests of the old Dominion; fond of amusement, not indifferent to pleasure; impatient of restraint, keenly sensitive to honor; fearless of death and passionately fond of the land that gave him birth." ‖ During the short respite allowed him, his soul was serene; he professed penitence for all the sins of his life; but refused to admit what was charged

* T. M's account and Breviarie and Conclusion. Burk, vol. 2, p. 190.

† Mrs. Cotton's Letter.

‡ The loyalists against whose calumny the grave afforded no shelter, alleged that Bacon died of a loathsome disease by a visitation of God. This falsehood is disproven by T. M., the history in the Virginia Gazette and by the King's commissioners.

* Breviarie and Conclusion, and Beverley, B. 1, p. 77, say that he died at the house of a Dr. Green. Burk, vol. 2, p. 192, says "at the house of a Doctor Pate."

† T. M's account.

‡ Account of Bacon's Rebellion in Va. Gazette, 1769.

§ West Point, originally West's Point, so called by tradition from an early settler of that name, of the family of Lord Delaware. In reference to whom the place was at one time named "the city of Delaware."

‖ Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 229. I have borrowed freely in this passage, as in several others, from this learned historian, who has been at the pains to examine our records so long neglected by Virginians themselves.

on him as rebellion to be one of them. His last words were, "take notice, I die a loyal subject and a lover of my country." He was the first native of Virginia that perished in this ignominious form, and in America the first martyr to the rights of the people. His execution took place on the 13th of November, 1676.

Captain Wilford, Captain Farloe, with five or six others of less note, suffered in like manner with Hansford. Major Cheesman died in prison, probably from ill usage. The same fate befell several others.

Sir William Berkeley now repaired to York river * and proclaimed a general pardon, excepting certain persons named, especially Lawrence and Drummond. A party of one hundred and twenty despatched by Berkeley to surprise a guard of about thirty men and boys, under Major Whaley, at the house of Col. Bacon, on Queen's creek, were defeated, with the loss of their commander. Major Lawrence Smith, with six hundred men, was likewise defeated by Ingram, at Col. Pate's house. Smith saved himself by flight; his men were all made prisoners. Captain Couset, with a party, was sent against Raines, who headed the insurgents on the South side of James river. Raines was killed and his men captured.

Meanwhile Ingram, Wakelet and their confederates from West Point, foraged on the estates of the loyalists with impunity and bade defiance to the governor. They defended themselves against the assaults of Ludwell and others, with such resolution and gallantry, that Berkeley, fatigued and exhausted, at length sent by Captain Grantham, a complaisant letter to Wakelet, or as some say to Ingram, offering an amnesty, on condition of surrender. This was agreed to and in reward for his submission, Berkeley presented to Wakelet all the Indian plunder at West Point. A court-martial was held on board of a vessel in York river, January 11th, 1676-7, consisting of the Right Honorable Sir William Berkeley, Knt., Governor and Captain General of Virginia. Col. Nathaniel Bacon. Col. William Claiborne. Col. Thomas Ballard. Col. Southy Littleton. Col. Philip Ludwell. Lieut. Col. John West. Colonel Augustine Warner. Major Lawrence Smith. Major Robert Beverley. Capt. Anthony Armistead. Col. Matthew Kemp. Capt. Daniel Jenifer. Four of the insurgents were condemned by this court. On the 19th of January, Drummond was taken in the Chickahominy swamp, half famished. On the 20th he was brought in a prisoner to Sir William Berkeley, then on board of a vessel at Col. Bacon's, on Queen's creek. The governor upon hearing of Drummond's arrival, immediately went on shore and saluted him with a courtly bow, saying, "Mr. Drummond you are very *un*welcome; I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond you shall be hanged in half an hour." Drummond replied, "What your honor pleases." A court-martial was immediately held at the house of James Bray, Esq., whither the prisoner was conveyed in irons. He was stripped and a ring, pledge of domestic love, torn from his finger before conviction; condemned at one o'clock, he was executed on a gibbet at 4. He was a sedate Scotch gentleman of estimable character, who had made himself extremely obnoxious to the hatred of the governor, by the lively concern he had always evinced in the public grievances. When afterwards the petition of his widow, Sarah Drummond, depicting the cruel treatment of her husband, was read in the king's council in England, the Lord Chancellor Finch said:—"I know not whether it be lawful to wish a person alive, otherwise I could wish Sir William Berkeley so, to see what could be answered to such barbarity; but he has answered it before this."* January 24th, six other insurgents were condemned to death at Greenspring. John West was banished for seven years and his estate confiscated. Lawrence and four companions disappeared from the frontier, marching through the snow. They preferred to perish in the wilderness rather than share

* T. M. and Mrs. Cotton. If we may believe the account in the Virginia Gazette, Berkeley sent Col. Ludwell with part of his forces to York river, while he with the rest repaired to Jamestown.

* Morryson's Letter, Burk vol. 2, p. 268. Mrs. Afra Behn celebrated this rebellion in a tragi-comedy entitled, "the Widow Ranter, or the history of Bacon in Virginia." Dryden honored it with a prologue. The play failed on the stage and was published in 1690. There is a copy of it in the British Museum. It sets historical truth at defiance and is replete with coarse humor and indelicate wit." Grahame's Hist. U. S. vol. 1, p. 124 in note. It is possible that Sarah Drummond may have been intended by the "Widow Ranter."

Drummond's fate. Lawrence was educated at Oxford, and for wit, learning and sobriety, was equalled by few. He had been defrauded of a handsome estate by the partiality of Berkeley towards a corrupt favorite. The rebellion, as it was called, was largely attributed to Lawrence. He had openly avowed that he hoped to find means by which not only he should repair his own losses, but see the country relieved from the frowardness, avarice and French despotism of the governor. Lawrence had married a wealthy widow, and kept a large house of public entertainment at Jamestown, which gave him an extensive influence. Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., perhaps lodged there, and the house was searched for him on the morning of his escape.

On the 29th of January, a fleet arrived from England, under command of admiral Sir John Berry, with a regiment of soldiers, commanded by Col. Herbert Jeffreys and Col. Morryson. These three were joined in a commission with Sir William Berkeley to investigate the causes of the late commotions and to restore order. The commissioners were instructed to offer a reward of £300 to any one who would seize Bacon, and pardon to all others who would take the oath of obedience and give security for their good behavior. Freedom was offered to servants and slaves who would aid in suppressing the revolt. * The general court and the assembly having now met, several more of Bacon's adherents were convicted by a civil tribunal and put to death;—a large part of them were men of competent fortune and fair character. Among these was Giles Bland, whose friends in England, it was reported, had procured his pardon, to be sent over with the fleet. But it availed him nothing. It was whispered that he was executed under private orders sent out from England; the duke of York having sworn, "by God, Bacon and Bland shall die." Bland and Crewes were executed at "Bacon's Trench," near Jamestown; four others at Colonel Reade's, (Yorktown,) Anthony Arnold in chains at West Point. These executions took place in March, 1677.

The commissioners, who assisted in the trials of the prisoners, now proceeded to enquire into the causes of the late distractions.†

* Chalmers' Annals, p. 336. The same measure had been before authorized by the Long Parliament and was resorted to a century afterwards by the Earl of Dunmore.

† The commissioners sate at Swan's Point.

The insurgents had found powerful friends among the people of England and in parliament. The commissioners discountenanced the excesses of Sir William Berkeley and the loyalists, and invited the planters in every quarter to bring in their grievances without fear. * In their zeal for enquiry they forcibly seized the journals of the assembly. The burgesses, in October, 1677, demanded satisfaction for this indignity in language stigmatized by Charles II. as seditious. † The number of persons executed was twenty-two, ‡ of whom twelve were condemned by Court-Martial. Punishment was carried far beyond the demands even of political necessity. During eight months Virginia had suffered the evils of civil war, devastation, fire, executions, and the loss of one hundred thousand pounds. § So violent was the effort of nature to throw off the malady of despotism and misrule. In October, Charles II. issued two proclamations, authorizing Berkeley to pardon all except Nathaniel Bacon Jr., and afterwards another proclamation declaring Sir William's of 10th February 1676, not conformable to his instructions, in excepting others from pardon besides Bacon—and abrogating it. Yet the king's commissioners assisted in the condemnation of several of the prisoners. An act of pardon, under the great seal, brought over by Lord Culpepper, was unanimously passed by the assembly in June, 1680, and several persons are excepted in it who were included in Sir William's "bloody bill" of Feb., 1677. ‖

All the acts of the assembly of June 1676, called "Bacon's Laws," were repealed, as well by the order and proclamation of Charles II., as also by act of the assembly held at Greenspring, Feb. 20, 1677. ¶ This assembly passed an act of indemnity and pardon excepting from its benefits Nathaniel Bacon Jr. and about fifty others, among whom the principal were Carver, Drummond, Lawrence, Bland, Ingram, Wakelet and Sarah Grindon.

* See Account in Virginia Gazette. The sympathy of Jeffrey's with the rebellious Virginians was not entirely disinterested, for he was about to succeed Berkeley in his office of Governor.

† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1., p. 163. Chalmers' Annals. 337-38.

‡ The commissioners say twenty-three. See account in Virginia Gazette.

§ Chalmers' Annals, 335.

‖ Hening, vol. 2., pp. 366-428-429-430-458-461.

¶ Hening, vol. 2, p. 365.

These were attainted. Minor punishments were inflicted on others; some were compelled to sue for pardon on their knees with a rope about the neck, others fined, disfranchised or banished. These penalties did not meet with the approbation of the people and were in several instances evaded by the connivance of the courts. John Bagwell and Thomas Gordon adjudged to appear at Rappahannock court with halters about their necks, were allowed to appear with small tape. In the same county William Potts instead of a halter wore a Manchester binding. *

The assembly in consonance with one of Bacon's laws, declared Indian prisoners slaves and their property lawful prize. An order was made for building a new state-house at Tindall's, now Gloucester point, on York river. But the order was never carried into effect. Many of the acts of this session are exact copies of "Bacon's laws," the titles alone being altered, Sir William Berkeley and the loyalists thus tacitly confessing the abuses and usurpations of which they had been guilty and the merits of acts passed by those whom they had stigmatised and punished as rebels and traitors. †

Berkeley, worn out with agitations to which his age was unequal and in bad health, being recalled by the king, ceased to be governor on the 27th of April, 1677, and returned in the fleet to London, leaving Col. Herbert Jeffreys in his place. ‡ Sir William Berkeley died on the 13th of July, in the same year, of a broken heart, § as some relate, without ever seeing the king, having been confined to his chamber from the day of his arrival. According to other accounts, Charles II. expressed his approbation of Sir William's conduct in Virginia and the kindest regard for him, ‖ and even condescended to make inquiry respecting his health. Others again on the contrary report, that the king said of him, "that old fool has hanged more men in that naked country, than I have done for the murder of my father." * Sir William Berkeley was a native of London, and educated at Merton College, Oxford, of which he was afterwards a fellow, and 1629 was made master of arts. [1630.] He made the tour of Europe. He held the place of Governor in Virginia from 1639 to 1651, and from 1659 to 1677—a period of thirty years, a term equalled by no other governor of the colony. [1639.] He published a tragi-comedy, "The Lost Lady," and 1663, "A Discourse and View of Virginia." He was buried at Twickenham. He left no children. He married the widow of Samuel Stephens. She, after Sir William's death, intermarried with Col. Philip Ludwell, but still retained the title of "Dame (or Lady) Frances Berkeley."

During the session of the assembly in June, 1676, the queen of Pamunkey, a descendant of Opechancanough, was introduced into the room of the committee on Indian affairs. She entered with dignified grace, accompanied by an interpreter and her son, a youth of twenty years. She wore around her head a plait of black and white wampum-peake, † three inches wide, after the manner of a crown, ‡ and was clothed in a mantle of dressed deer-skin, with the fur outwards and bordered with a deep fringe from head to foot. Being seated, the chairman asked her, "how many men she would lend the English for guides and allies?" She referred him to her son, who understood English, being the reputed son of an English colonel. But he declining to answer, she burst forth in an impassioned speech of a quarter of an hour's length, often repeating the words, "Totopotomoi chepiack," that is "Totopotomoi dead," referring to her husband, who, with an hundred of his men, fell while fighting under the elder Col. Edward Hill. The chairman,

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 557.

† Ibid., vol. 2, p. 391, in note.

‡ Jeffreys was sworn into office on the same day. His commission bore date Nov. 11, 1676. (28 Car. II.) See 2 Hening, p. 7. In July, 1675, Lord Culpepper had been appointed Governor-in-chief of Virginia, but he did not arrive in Virginia till the beginning of 1680.

§ Chalmers' Introductory, vol. 1, p. 164.

‖ Beverley, B. 1, p. 79.

* T. M.'s account. Grahame, vol. 1, pp. 98-105 (Amer. Ed.) eulogizes Berkley and warmly espouses his cause; his estimate of Bacon is proportionally unfavorable. Perhaps in this as in most disputes, the truth lies in the middle.

† A purple bead of shell drilled.

‡ In Howe's Historical Collections, p. 470, is a notice and engraving of a silver frontlet with a coat of arms and inscribed "The Queen of Pamunkey," "Charles the second, King of England, Scotland, France, Ireland, and Virginia," and "Honi soit qui mal y pense." This ornament was purchased from some Indians and preserved at Fredericksburg.

[1708.] Dean Swift in a letter to Governor Hunter rallies him about marrying "the Queen of Pomunki." Swift's works, vol. 12.

untouched by this appeal, rudely repeated the inquiry how many men she would contribute? Averting her head with a disdainful look she sate silent, till the question being pressed a third time, she replied in a low tone, "six." But when still further importuned, she said "twelve," although she had then one hundred and fifty warriors in her town. She retired silent and displeased.

[1675.] The agents of Virginia had warmly solicited the grant of a new charter and their efforts seemed about to be crowned with success, when the news of Bacon's rebellion furnished the government with a pretext for violating its engagements. By the report of the committee for plantations (adopted by the king in council and twice ordered to be passed into a new charter under the great seal,) it was provided, "that no imposition or taxes shall be laid or imposed upon the inhabitants and proprietors there, but by the common consent of the governor, council and burgesses, as hath been heretofore used," reserving however to parliament the right to lay duties upon commodities shipped from the colony. The news of the rebellion frustrated this scheme; the promised charter slept in the Hamper* office and the one actually sent over was meagre and unsatisfactory.

---

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### 1677–1700.

Jeffreys succeeded by Sir Henry Chicheley; Culpepper Governor in chief arrives in 1680; His administration; Plant cutting; Persecution of Robert Beverley; Culpepper returns to England; Is displaced; Miscellaneous affairs; The Northern Neck; Statistics; James II.; Lord Effingham Governor; Prisoners taken at Culloden brought to Virginia; Robert Beverley; Agitations of Virginia; Effingham's corruption and tyranny; His departure; Succession of William & Mary; Nicholson Lieut. Governor; His popular arts; Commissary Blair, The College of William & Mary; Andros Governor; His conduct of affairs; Tyranny; Sent prisoner to England; Nicholson again Governor; Williamsburg becomes the Seat of Government.

Jeffreys, successor of Berkeley, effected a treaty of peace with the Indians and held an assembly at Middle Plantation. Regulations were adopted for the Indian trade and fairs appointed for the sale of Indian commodities. But the natives being suspicious of innovations, these provisions shortly became obsolete. Jeffreys dying [December, 1678,] was succeeded by the aged Sir Henry Chicheley appointed deputy governor. Forts were now established at the head of the James, York, Rappahannock and Potomac, for the purpose of overawing the Indians on the frontier. North Carolina and Maryland were prohibited from sending their tobacco to Virginia to be shipped. By this impolitic measure all control over the trade of those provinces was lost. *

[July 8th, 1675.] Thomas Lord Culpepper, baron of Thorsway had been appointed governor in chief of Virginia for life. He was disposed to look upon the office as a sinecure; but being chid in December, 1679, by Charles II. for remaining in England, came over to the colony early in 1680, and was sworn into office May 10th.† He found Virginia tranquil. He brought over several laws ready drawn up in England,—to be passed by the assembly, it being "intended to introduce here the modes of Ireland."‡ His lordship being invested with full powers of pardon, found it easy to obtain from the people whatever he asked. After procuring the enactment of several popular acts, including one of indemnity and oblivion, he managed to have the impost of two shillings on every hogshead of tobacco made perpetual, and instead of being accounted for to the assembly as formerly, to be disposed of as his majesty might think fit. Culpepper contrived to enlarge his salary from one thousand pounds to upwards of two thousand, besides perquisites amounting to eight hundred more. Professing a great concern for the interest of the colony, he proposed to raise the value of silver coin to prevent it from being carried out of Virginia. The assembly having accordingly prepared a bill for the purpose, his lordship insisting that it was the king's prerogative to alter the coin, issued a proclamation to that effect and then producing an order for disbanding the regiment quartered in Virginia, he paid their arrears in the new coin, greatly to his own gain. Yet shortly

* Hening, vol. 2, p. 531. "Hamper," i. e. Hanaper.

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 80.

† Hening, vol. 2, p. 8. Chalmers' Annals, p. 340.

‡ Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 164.

after, discovering that the altered currency reduced his own perquisites, he restored it to its former value. * In August of the same year, this unscrupulous governor returned to England by way of Boston. †

Virginia now enjoying profound repose, large crops of tobacco were raised and the price fell to a low ebb. [1680.] The discontents of the planters were aggravated by an act "for cohabitation and encouragement of trade and manufacture," restricting vessels to certain prescribed ports, where the government desired to establish towns. This measure obstructed trade, lowered the price of tobacco and engendered a general disaffection. In compliance with the petitions of several counties, Culpepper, who had by the king's order, now returned, called an assembly together [1682.] Two sessions ending in fruitless debates, the male-contents in Gloucester, New Kent and Middlesex, [May, 1682,] proceeded riotously to cut up the tobacco plants in the beds, especially the sweet-scented, which was produced no where else. Culpepper prevented further waste by patrols of horse. The ringleaders were arrested and some of them hanged upon a charge of treason. This together with the enactment of a riot-act, making "plant-cutting" high treason, put a stop to the practice. ‡ The vengeance of the government fell heavily upon Major Robert Beverley, clerk of the house of burgesses, as the chief instigator of these disturbances. He had incurred the displeasure of the governor and council, by refusing to deliver up to them copies of the legislative journal, without the permission of the house. § Although Beverley had rendered important services in suppressing Bacon's rebellion and had won the favor of Sir William Berkeley, yet now by his steady adherence to his duty, he drew down upon his head unrelenting persecution. [May, 1682.] he was committed a prisoner on board the ship Duke of York lying in the Rappahannock. ‖ Ralph Wormley, Matthew Kemp and Christopher Wormley were directed to seize the records in Beverley's possession and to break open doors if necessary. Beverley was transferred from the Duke of York to the Concord and a guard set over him. Escaping from the custody of the Sheriff at York, the prisoner was retaken at his house in Middlesex and transported to Northampton on the Eastern Shore. Some months after, he applied for a writ of habeas corpus, which was refused. In a short time, being found at large, he was remanded to Northampton. [1683.] New charges were brought against him: 1st, that he had broken open letters addressed to the Secretary's office: 2nd, that he had made up the journal and inserted his majesty's letter therein notwithstanding it had been first presented at the time of the prorogation: 3rd that in 1682 he had refused to deliver copies of the journal to the Governor and conncil, saying, "he might not do it without leave of his masters."

Culpepper after staying about a year in Virginia returned to England, leaving his kinsman, Secretary Spencer, President; but thus again quitting the colony in violation of his orders, he was arrested immediately on his arrival. Having received presents from the assembly contrary to his instructions, a jury of Middlesex found that he had forfeited his commission. And his example having shown, that he who acts under independent authority, will seldom obey even reasonable commands, no more governors were appointed for life. *

Lord Culpepper having it in view to purchase the propriety of the Northern Neck lying between the Rappahannock and the Potomac,—to further his design, had fomented a dispute between the house of burgesses and the council. The quarrel running high, his lordship procured from the king instructions to abolish appeals from the general court to the assembly and transfer them to the crown. Culpepper, however, being a man of a strong judgment made some salutary amendments in the laws. During his time instead of garrisons, rangers were employed in guarding the frontier. He was succeeded, in [April, 1684,] by Francis Lord Howard of Effingham. [May, 1684.] Robert Beverley was found guilty

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 83.
† Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 247.
‡ Chalmers' Annals, vol. 2, pp. 240-45.
§ Burk, vol. 2, p. 240.
‖ Hen., vol. 3, p. 540 et seq.

* Chalmers' Annals, p. 345 and Introduc., vol. 1, p. 165. Beverley B. vol. 1, p. 89 gives a different account. "The next year being 1684 upon the Lord Culpepper refusing to return, Francis Lord Howard of Effingham was sent over Governor."

of high misdemeanors, but judgment being respited and the prisoner asking pardon on his bended knees, was released upon giving security for his good behavior. The abject terms in which he now sued for pardon form a singular contrast to the constancy of his former resistance, and it is curious to find the loyal Beverley, the strenuous partisan of Berkeley, now the victim of the tyranny which he had formerly defended. Owing to the incursions of the five nations upon the frontiers of Virginia, it was deemed expedient to treat with them through the Governor of New York. For this purpose the Governor of Virginia, leaving the administration in the hands of Col. Bacon, of the council, and accompanied by two other councillors, repaired to Albany [July, 1684.] There he met Gov. Dongan, of New York, the agent of Massachusetts, the magistrates of Albany and the chiefs of the warlike Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagoes and Cayugas. The tomahawk was buried, the chain of friendship brightened and the tree of peace planted. *

Culpepper not long after he was displaced, purchased the proprietary title to the Northern Neck, which in the 22nd year of Charles II. had been granted to Henry Earl of St. Albans, John Lord Berkeley, Sir William Morton, and John Trethway. It was assigned to Culpepper in the fourth year of James II. with many privileges, on account of the loyal services of that family, of which the only daughter and heiress married Lord Fairfax, who thus succeeded to that extensive domain.

From a statistical account of Virginia as reported by Culpepper to the committee of the colonies, [December, 1681,] it appears that there were at that time forty-one Burgesses, being two from each of twenty counties and one from Jamestown. The colonial revenue consisted, 1st, of Parish levies, "commonly managed by sly cheating fellows that combine to cheat the public." Second: Public levies raised by act of assembly. Both levies were derived from tithables or working hands, of which there were about 14,000. The cost of collecting this part of the revenue was estimated at not less than 20 per centum. Third: Two shillings per hogshead on tobacco exported, which, together with some tonage duties, amounted £3000 a year. The county courts held three sessions in the year, an appeal lying to the governor and council, and from them in actions of £300 sterling value, to his majesty; in causes of less consequence to the assembly. The ecclesiastical affairs of the colony were subject to the control of the governor who granted probates of wills and had the right of presentation to all livings, the ordinary value of which was £60 per annum, but then, owing to the poverty of the country and the low price of tobacco, not worth half that sum. The number of livings was seventy-six. Lord Culpepper adds:—"and the parishes, paying the ministers themselves, have used to claim the right of presentation, (or rather of not paying,) whether the governor will or not, which must not be allowed, and yet must be managed with great caution." There was no fort in Virginia defensible against an European enemy, nor any security for ships against a superior sea-force. There were, perhaps, 15,000 * fighting men in the country. "In relation to our neighbors: (says his lordship,) Carolina, I mean the North part of it,) always was and is the sink of America, the refuge of our renagadoes and till in better order dangerous to us. Maryland is now in a ferment and not only troubled with our disease poverty, but in a great danger of falling in pieces." The colony of Virginia was at peace with the Indians, but long experience had taught in regard to that treacherous race, that when there was the least suspicion then was there the greatest danger. But the most ruinous evil that afflicted the colony was the extreme low price of the sole commodity, tobacco. "For the market is overstocked and every crop overstocks it more. Our thriving is our undoing, and our buying of blacks hath extremely contributed thereto by making more tobacco." †

James II. was now incorrigibly bent upon introducing absolute despotism and popery into England. In Virginia the council displayed an abject servility. The appointment of

* Burk, vol. 2, p. 282. Bancroft, vol. 2, p. 255.

* The number of tithables being only 14,000, his lordship must have overrated the number of fighting men. The actual number of half-armed train-bands in 1680 was 8,568. Chalmers' Annals, 357.

† Ib. 355-57.

Francis Lord Howard of Effingham as Governor of Virginia, was the last act of Charles II. in relation to the colony. Effingham was appointed [August, 1683,] commissioned [September 28th,] and arriving in Virginia entered upon the duties of his office [April 15th, 1684.] On the following day the assembly met. It passed acts to prevent plant cutting and to preserve the peace; to supply the inhabitants with arms and ammunition; to repeal the act for encouragement of domestic manufactures; to provide for the better defence of the colony; laying for the first time an impost on liquors imported from other English plantations exempting, however, such as were imported by Virginians for their own use and in their own vessels.

The Burgesses, in behalf of the inhabitants of the Northern Neck, prayed the governor to secure them by patent in their titles to their lands which had been invaded by Culpepper's charter. The governor answered that he was expecting a favorable decision on the matter from the king. The intelligence of the succession of James II. to the throne had been hailed in the Ancient Dominion "with extraordinary joy." The enthusiasm of the planters was, however, soon lowered, for the first parliament of the new reign laid an impost on tobacco. They supplicated James in abject terms to suspend the duty imposed on their sole staple. The king refused to comply. Nevertheless, on the reception of the news of the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth, the Virginians sent a congratulatory address to the king. A number of the prisoners taken with Monmouth and who had escaped the cruelty of Jeffries were sent to Virginia. James instructed Effingham on this occasion in the following letter. *

"JAMES R.

Right trusty and well-beloved we greet you well. As it has pleased God to deliver into our hands such of our rebellious subjects as have taken up arms against us, for which traiterous practices some of them have suffered death, according to law, so we have been graciously pleased to extend our mercy to many others by ordering their transportation to several parts of our dominions in America where they are to be kept as servants to the inhabitants of the same: And to the end their punishment may in some measure answer their crimes, we do think fit hereby to signify our pleasure unto you our Governor and council of Virginia that you take all necessary care that such convicted persons as were guilty of the late rebellion that shall arrive within that our Colony whose names are hereunto annexed be kept there and continue to serve their masters for the space of ten years at least. And that they be not permitted in any manner to redeem themselves by money or otherwise until that term be fully expired. And for the better effecting hereof you are to frame and propose a bill to the assembly of that our Colony with such provisions and clauses as shall be requisite for this purpose, to which you our Governor are to give your assent and to transmit the same unto us for our royal confirmation. Wherein expecting a ready compliance, we bid you heartily farewell. Given at our court at Whitehall the 4th of October 1685 in the first year of our reign.

SUNDERLAND."

Virginia however made no law conformable to the requisitions of James. The assembly met again [1st of October, 1685,] and warmly resisting the negative power claimed by the governor was prorogued. It met again [6th of November.] Robert Beverley was again clerk. Strong resolutions complaining of the tyranny of the governor were passed. He negatived them, and shortly after appearing suddenly in the House, prorogued it again to the 20th of October, 1686. James II., strongly resenting these democratical proceedings of the Virginia assembly, ordered their dissolution, and that Robert Beverley should be disfranchised and prosecuted * and directed that in future the appointment of the clerk of the house of burgesses should be made by the governor. Several persons were punished about this time for seditious and treasonable conduct. [12th of May, 1687,] the assembly was dissolved. In the Spring of 1687, Robert Beverley died the victim of tyranny and martyr of constitutional liberty. Long a distinguished loyalist, he lived to become still more distinguished as a patriot. It is thus that in human inconsistency extremes meet.

* Chalmers' Annals, 358.

* Hening, vol. 3, pp. 40-41. Francis Page was accordingly appointed clerk by the governor. [April 25th, 1688.] See also Hening, vol. 3, p. 545.

The English merchants engaged in the tobacco-trade, in August 1687 complained to the committee of the colonies of the mischiefs consequent upon the exportation of tobacco in bulk. The committee advised the assembly of Virginia to prohibit this practice. The assembly refused compliance, but the regulation was subsequently established by parliament. During this year a meditated insurrection of the blacks was discovered in the Northern Neck, just in time to prevent its explosion. [November 10th, 1687,] A message had been received from the governor of New York, communicating the king's instructions to him, to build forts for the defence of that colony, and the king's desire that Virginia should contribute to that object, as being for the common defence of the colonies. This project of James II., it was suspected, originated in his own proprietary interest in New York. The Virginians replied that the Indians might invade Virginia without passing within a hundred miles of those forts, and the contribution was refused. Upon the dissolution of the assembly, Virginia was agitated with apprehension and alarm. Rumors were circulated of terrible plots, now of the papists, then of the Indians. The county of Stafford was inflamed by the bold harangues of John Waugh, a preacher of the established church. Three councillors were despatched to allay the commotions. Part of Rappahannock county was in arms. Col. John Scarborough of the Eastern Shore was prosecuted, for saying to the governor, that "his majesty, king James, would wear out the church of England; for that when there were any vacant offices, he supplied them with men of a different persuasion." Scarborough however was discharged by the council. Others were prosecuted and imprisoned and James Collins put in irons for treasonable words against the king.

Effingham no less avaricious and unscrupulous than his predecessor Culpepper, by his extortions, usurpations and tyranny aroused a general spirit of disgust and indignation. He prorogued and dissolved the assembly; he erected a new court of chancery, making himself a petty Lord Chancellor; he multiplied fees and stooped to share them with the clerks, and silenced the victims of his extortions by arbitrary imprisonment. At length the complaints of Virginia having reached England, Effingham embarked, [1688,] for that country, and the assembly despatched Col. Ludwell to lay their grievances before the government. Before they reached the mother country however, the Revolution had taken place and James II. had ceased to reign. *

James II. closed a short and inglorious reign by abdicating the crown. William and Mary had been several months seated on the throne before they were proclaimed in Virginia. The delay was owing to re-iterated pledges of fealty made by the council to James and from an apprehension that he might be restored to the kingdom. At length in compliance with repeated commands of the privy council, William III. and Mary were proclaimed Lord and Lady of Virginia, [April, 1689.] This glorious event dispelled the clouds of discontent and inspired the people of the colony with sincere joy. For about seventy years Virginia had been subject to the house of Stuart and there was little in the retrospect to awaken regret at their downfall. They had cramped trade by monopolies and restrictions; lavished vast bodies of land on their minions; and often entrusted the reins of power to incompetent, corrupt and tyrannical governors. When Lord Howard, of Effingham, returned to England, he had left the administration in the hands of Col. Bacon, president. Upon the accession of William and Mary, England being on the eve of a war with France, the president and council of Virginia were directed by the duke of Shrewsbury to put the colony in a posture of defence.

Col. Philip Ludwell who had been sent out as agent of the colony, to prefer complaints against Lord Howard of Effingham, before the privy council, now at length obtained a decision in some points rather favorable to the colony; but the question of prerogative was determined in favor of the crown, and it was declared that an act of 1680 *was* revived by the king's disallowing the act of repeal. Bacon's administration was short; he had now attained a very advanced age. In his time the project of a college was renewed, but not carried into effect. †

* Chalmers' Annals, p. 347. Grahame, vol. 2, p. 108. See also Burk, vol. 2, p. 304.

† Beverley, B. 1, p. 91. President Bacon resided in York county. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard

[1690.] Lord Effingham being still absent from Virginia, on the plea of ill health, Francis Nicholson who had been driven from New York by a popular outbreak, came over as lieutenant governor. He found the colony inflamed with disaffection and ready for revolt. The people were indignant at seeing Effingham still retained in the office of governor-in-chief, believing that Nicholson would become his tool. The revolution in England seemed as yet to be productive of no amendment in the colonial administration. However Nicholson now courted popularity. He instituted athletic games and offered prizes to those who should excel in riding, running, shooting, wrestling and fencing. He proposed the establishment of a post-office. He recommended the erection of a college; but refused to call an assembly to further the scheme, being under obligations to Effingham, to stave off assemblies as long as possible, for fear of complaints being renewed against his arbitrary administration.* However, Nicholson and the council headed a private subscription and twenty-five hundred pounds were raised, part of this sum being contributed by some London merchants. The new governor made a "progress" through the colony, mingling freely with the people. He carried his indulgence to the common people so far, as frequently to suffer them to enter the room where he was entertaining company at dinner and diverted himself with their scrambling amongst one another and carrying off the victuals from the table. There is but one step from the courtier to the demagogue.

When Nicholson entered on the duties of governor, James Blair, newly appointed commissary for Virginia, assumed the supervision of the churches in the colony. The same functions had been previously discharged by the Rev. Mr. Temple, but he was not regularly commissioned. When the assembly met, [1691,] they entered heartily into the scheme of a college. Blair was despatched with an address to their majesties, William and Mary, soliciting a charter for the college. Their majesties not only granted the charter, but gave the college two thousand pounds.* besides endowing it with twenty thousand acres of land, the patronage of the office of surveyor general, together with the revenue arising from a duty of one penny a pound on all tobacco exported from Virginia and Maryland to the other plantations. The college was also allowed to return a burgess to the assembly. The assembly afterwards added a duty on skins and furs. Dr. Blair was the first president of the college. †

[1692.] The office of treasurer was created in Virginia and Colonel Edward Hill received the first appointment to it.

In this year Nicholson was succeeded by Sir Edmund Andros, whose high-handed course had rendered him so odious to the people of New England that they had lately imprisoned him. He was nevertheless kindly received by Virginia, whose solicitations to king William for warlike stores, had been successfully promoted by him. But he soon gave offence by an order to hire vessels to cruise against illegal traders. However the assembly yielded to his importunities five hundred pounds in aid of New York. Four companies of rangers protected the frontiers; while English frigates guarded the coast. The colony enjoyed long repose. Andros

Kingsmill, Esq., of James City county, leaving no children, by his will, gave his estates to his niece, Abigail Burwell,—his riding-horse, Watt, to Lady Berkley, at that time wife of Col. Philip Ludwell. President Bacon died March 16th, 1692, in his 73rd year, and lies buried on King's Creek. See Communication in Farmers' Register, vol. for 1839, pp. 407-408, citing James City Records.

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 92.

* "Seymour, the English Attorney General, having received the royal commands, to prepare the charter of the college, which was to be accompanied with a grant of £2,000, remonstrated against this liberality, urging that the nation was engaged in an expensive war, that the money was wanted for better purposes and that he did not see the slightest occasion for a college in Virginia. Blair, (the Commissary for the Bishop of London in Virginia,) represented to him, that its intention was to educate and qualify young men to be ministers of the gospel and begged Mr. Attorney would consider that the people of Virginia had souls to be saved as well as the people of England. 'Souls! (said he) damn your souls!—make tobacco.'" Franklin's Correspondence, cited by Grahame's Hist. U. S., vol. 1, p. 109, in note.

† The plan of the College was the composition of Sir Christopher Wren. "There was a commencement at William and Mary College in the year 1700, at which there was a great concourse of people; several planters came thither in their coaches and several in sloops, from New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland; it being a new thing in America to hear graduates perform their academical exercises. The Indians themselves had the curiosity to come to Williamsburg on this occasion; and the whole country rejoiced as if they had some relish of learning."—Oldmixon. Fifty-eight years before, there had been celebrated a commencement at Harvard, in Massachusetts. See Grahame, vol. 2, p. 5, in note.

took singular pains in arranging and preserving the public records. and when, [1698,] the state-house was burnt, he caused the papers that survived the fire, to be arranged with more exactness than before. He ordered all the English Statutes to be law in Virginia. This preposterous rule gave great dissatisfaction. He was a patron of manufactures; but the acts for establishing fulling-mills were rejected by the board of trade. He encouraged the culture of cotton; which however fell into disuse. At length his corruption and tyranny so provoked the Virginians, that they sent him a prisoner to England, with heavy charges against him.

[November, 1698.] Nicholson was transferred from Maryland, where his administration was judicious, to be again governor of Virginia. He entertained a plan of confederating the colonies and aspired to become himself the viceroy of the contemplated Union. Finding himself thwarted in these projects, his conduct was self-willed and overbearing. In a memorial sent to England, he stated that tobacco bore so low a price as not to yield clothes to the planters; yet in the same paper advised parliament to prohibit the plantations from making their own clothing; in other words, proposing that they should be left to go naked. Nicholson proposed that the colonies should be consolidated under one government and one viceroy and that a standing army should be kept on foot in them, "to subdue the queen's enemies." * For the sake of a healthier situation, he removed the seat of government from Jamestown, now containing only three or four good inhabited houses, to Middle Plantation, so called from its lying midway between James and York rivers. Here he projected a large town, laying out the streets in the form of a W and M in honor of William and Mary. This plan was however afterwards abandoned. The new capital was called Williamsburg after the king.† Nicholson also built the capitol at one end of the Duke of Gloucester street; the college being at the opposite end.

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 98.

† Hugh Jones' Present State of Virginia.

## THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI AND THE LAKES.

The season of jaunting and of all kinds of locomotive pleasure-seeking is at hand! So let us be off upon some inviting excursion. If doomed to abide at home and perform our accustomed tasks through the sultry summer, we can, in imagination at least, enjoy its pleasures. If anticipating such enjoyment in reality, our appetite for the welcome repast soon to be spread before us by the hand of Nature and of Art, may be whetted by a description of the bill of fare in certain travelling regions.

Mr. Lanman's "Summer in the Wilderness," invites us to the Upper Mississippi and the Lakes. The work as a whole is rather indifferent. Its character is accurately portrayed by the author himself, when dealing out some of the little humor which his book contains, at the expense of the copper-mining geologists of Lake Superior:—his fear was very just, "that his readers would, like his mining friends, be made crazy by *a conglomerate Literary specimen from the mineral region.*" Its "conglomerate" character is unnecessarily stamped upon it by want of skill and taste in the writer; for even where the subject matter is homogeneous, there is an abruptness in the transition from part to part. Scenery, hunting, fishing, legend, &c., are stuck in too much each by itself; and then a long autobiographical sketch of Michigan is tacked on to the end; which has been once published and is now in part rewritten for an occasion which it does not suit.

The author's want of ease and grace in passing from theme to theme is repeatedly shown by such expressions as these;—"The adventure took place after the following manner;"—"I would now descant," &c.;—"as the following illustration will testify;"—"and now a word or two about," &c.; "I invite you to listen to my words as I attempt," &c., &c. The work lacks, for the most part, genuine enthusiasm; though it abounds with egotism. Mr. Lanman is evidently well pleased with himself in all his exploits, and makes himself always the hero—from the time he was "grand marshal" of a sleighing party in his youth in Michigan, "with Abby Somebody by his side," till the end of this excursion in the wilderness. For three-fourths of the book, the reader supposes Mr. Lanman the leader of a party in search of the picturesque and the wild. On one occasion, he grandiloquently writes, "*I* left Fon du Lac, (near Lake Superior,) with a retinue of some twenty canoes;" and this is the tone of the book, though towards its close he informs us how and with whom he voyaged. The book abounds with sickly sentimentality about the "poor Indian;" his oppression; and the usurpations of the pale-face, to which he sometimes ascribes evils that have sprung solely from the nature of the red man. But perhaps this is not to be wondered at, as he started from St. Louis with a heart so brimful of humane sympathy, called forth by a most "characteristic incident." Late one Saturday afternoon, he sauntered into the Catholic Cathedral, and was much impressed by the solemnity and silence of the place,—which he labors to describe. Slowly and silently the evening worshippers enter and depart, and at length he finds himself alone with a little negro boy, some seven years of age, who approaches the altar with such deep reverence, that our author exclaims, "Behold him, like little Samuel of old calling upon the Invisible in prayer! What a picture! Twilight in a superb Cathedral and the only worshipper a child and a slave!" How wonderful a discovery, that even a little slave may have religious feelings, and be allowed in a slave State to exercise them! But after all we do not perceive of what this incident is so "*characteristic*;" unless that such overflowing humanity be of the author himself. The author regrets that he "can not strike the poet's Lyre and give to the 'Parent of perpetual streams,' an undying hymn of praise." But for this want of inspiration, he might celebrate the devotions of little black Sam. Let him invoke the aid of Whittier's Muse, ever delighted with such a theme. The opening line of the poem may be suggested by the very poetical motto of the work, taken from Bryant,

"And I and Sam were in the Cathedral alone!"

We are far from turning serious things into jest; but when one exhibits such ignorance of the practical nature of the "baneful institution of slavery," which he denounces; or such affectation of sentiment, he deserves to be ridiculed. One other people divide his expansive sympathies with the Indian and little negro, *viz*: the oppressed Mormons.

We suspect, too, that the book before us is somewhat made up of whatever of interest the author could gather, whether it happened exactly as he narrates or not. This conjecture is founded upon the description of the Mississippi below St. Louis, in which, being acquainted with this portion of the river, we can detect exaggeration, and suppose that the same spirit prevailed in other places. A traveller is too apt to be tempted into the regions of the exciting and the intense.

Our author says, "you might travel a hundred miles on the Mississippi without finding a place sufficiently secure to land; and the water is always so muddy that a tumbler full will always yield half an inch of the virgin soil!!" Again, he gives a terrible description of one of the most dangerous places on the river, (as is shown by its name, the "*Grave-Yard*,") as "characteristic of the whole." Now, Mr. Lanman made his ascent of the Missis-

sippi in June, the only time that it can be made: for then the waters are high, and consequently the navigation comparatively free from danger the whole extent of the river,—even the terrors of the "Grave-Yard" being buried beneath the mass of waters. Because at some other time, he had travelled on the lower Mississippi, he put that into his "conglomerate literary specimen;" and made the river at low water, when the water is comparatively *clear*, a type of what it is generally, though that very description was inconsistent with the rest of his book. Take the lower Mississippi as he describes it, and he could never have reached the Falls of St. Anthony in a steamer. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

But still our author will serve us for a guide, and has some good picturing and interesting legends and adventures. He started from St Louis in June, 1846. At this season of the year, pleasure parties frequently ascend to the Falls of St. Anthony; and when in St. Louis in the winter of 1845, we were invited to join one then in contemplation for the ensuing summer. How rapidly our ideas of travelling have expanded in a few years past! And when we have reached as far west as St. Louis, it is Westward, still Westward; and there they talk of trips to Oregon, the Rocky Mountains and Santa Fé, as familiarly as we do of going to Cincinnati, or the Falls of Niagara. St. Louis, (founded in 1764 by Laclède and Chouteau with thirty creoles, now with 40,000 inhabitants,) which has risen in so short a time to such magnitude and importance, puts on all her commercial strength in the months of May and June. Then the waters are up and the steamers are out upon them. The larger class boats, that had been laid up during winter, or confined to the lower part of the river, now resume their trips, bearing thousands of tons and thousands of passengers in all directions. And now it is that the upper navigation is open, and we step on board a steamer, and start for the Falls of St. Anthony. Passing the turbid Missouri, the river becomes more clear and calm. As yet fertile lands and spreading prairies, with some inconsiderale bluffs, extend on either hand. We pass "the pleasant and picturesque town of Alton," in Illinois, and the lower rapids, twelve miles long, at the head of which we reach the Mormon city of Nauvoo. Here the towering, and now deserted Temple attracts our gaze; and calls for a description.

"It is built of limestone, quarried within the limits of the city, in the bed of a dry stream, and the architect, named Weeks, and every individual who labored upon the building were Mormons. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet in length, eighty feet wide, and from the ground to the extreme summit it measures two hundred and ninety-two feet. It is principally after the Roman style of architecture, somewhat intermixed with Grecian and Egyptian. It has a portico, with three Roman archways. It is surrounded with pilasters; at the base of each is carved a new moon, inverted, while the capital of each is formed of an uncouth head, supported by two hands holding a trumpet. Directly under the tower in front is this inscription, in golden letters: '*The House of the Lord. Built by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Commenced April 6th*, 1841. *Holiness to the Lord.*' In the basement room, which is paved with brick, and converges to the centre, is a Baptismal Font, supported by twelve oxen, large as life, the whole executed in solid stone. Two stairways lead into it, from opposite directions, while on either side are two rooms for the recording clerks, and, all around, no less than twelve preparation rooms besides. On the first floor are three pulpits, and a place for the choir; and on either side eight Roman windows. Over the prophet's pulpit, or throne, is this inscription: '*The Lord has beheld our sacrifice: come after us.*' Between the first and second floors are two long rooms, appropriated to the patriarchs, which are lighted with eight circular windows each. The room of the second floor, in every particular, is precisely like that of the first. Around the hall of a spacious attic are twelve small rooms, with circular windows and a massive lock on each door. At the two front corners of the edifice are two winding stairways, which meet at the base of the tower and lead to the summit,—while the roof of the main building is arranged for a place of promenade; and the walls of the noble edifice vary from four to six feet in thickness.

"Estimating the manual labor at the usual prices of the day, it is said that the cost of this Temple was about $800,000. The owners now offer to sell it for $200,000, but it will be a long time, I fancy, before a purchaser is found."

Here, as we have already intimated, our author throws in his sympathy for the persecuted and exiled Mormons.

Leaving Nauvoo, the next place of particular note is Rock-Island, which lies in the middle of the river—and is literally a rocky island surmounted by the ruins of an old fortress. There is also a town of the same name. The scenery from Nauvoo to Rock-Island is of a high order of the picturesque, from the glowing epitome of it, given by the author.

But we must omit it to make room for the legend of the "Starved Rock, the unpoetical name of a singular spot," on the Illinois River, where the Potowotomies destroyed the last remnant of the Illinois tribe. After a long and bloody war between these two tribes, the Illinois were reduced to about one hundred, "who were mostly aged chiefs and youthful heroes." These being hard pressed by three hundred of their foes, took refuge upon a rocky bluff, whence they could easily repel their assailants; but whence alas! they could not obtain any supplies.

"Day followed day, and those helpless captives sat in silence, and gazed imploringly upon their broad beautiful lands, while hunger was gnawing

into their very vitals. Night followed night, and they looked upon the silent stars, and beyond, to the home of the Great Spirit, but they murmured not at his decree. And if they slept, in their dreams they once more played with their little children, or held converse with their wives, and roamed the woods and prairies in perfect freedom. When morning dawned it was but the harbinger of another day of agony; but when the evening hour came, a smile would sometimes brighten up a haggard countenance, for the poor unhappy soul, through the eye of an obscure faith, had caught a glimpse of the spirit land. Day followed day, and the last lingering hope was utterly abandoned. Their destiny was sealed, and no change for good could possibly take place, for the human blood-hounds who watched their prey, were utterly without mercy. The feeble, white-haired chief crept into a thicket and there breathed his last. The recently strong bodied warrior, uttering a protracted but feeble yell of exultation, hurled his tomahawk upon some fiend below, and then yielded himself up to the pains of his condition. The lithe form of the soft-eyed youth parted with its strength, and was compelled to totter, fall upon the earth and die. Ten weary, weary days passed on, and the strongest man and last of his race was numbered with the dead:—and a glorious banquet was presented to the eagle and the raven."

Even this horrid and exterminating war is introduced with a homily upon the "miseries which have ever accompanied the white man in his march of usurpation,"—though the Pottowatomies commenced this war "on account of purely imaginary evils." We wonder that the author did not expend some of his tears over the fate of the poor "Mormon flies" which are to be found at the Upper Rapids, the next point in our passage, after leaving Rock-Island. "I was told," says he, "that wherever they alight, there they remain, if not disturbed, till they *die*!" Were they not entitled to an elegy? We by no means wish to destroy a genuine sympathy for the Indian; nor to extenuate a vast deal of injustice that has been done them; but this constant whining, sickly sentimentality, that would arrest the tide of human progress, and keep the regions of the West for savages to fight and hunt in, and for Mr. Lanman to ramble over, finds no echo in our bosom.

Passing the Upper Rapids, which have a fall of only twenty seven feet in fifteen miles, we come to Prairie du Chien, "one of the most beautiful and interesting places on the Mississippi." From this point we would be glad to branch off with our author to visit the chief Winnishic in his lodge, and also to take a view of the lead region about Dubuque and Galena; but we must proceed to Lake Pepin, through what may be termed "The Alpine Region" of the Mississippi.

"The river here varies from a quarter to a full mile in width, and on either side throughout the whole distance is a range of mountains which sometimes actually bend over the river, and sometimes recede into the interior for several miles." ** "The mountains of this region are not quite so lofty as the Highlands of the Hudson, (to which they have been compared,) but they are far more picturesque, fantastic, and extensive. At one moment may be seen a cone-shaped mountain rising to the height of some eight hundred feet, and completely covered, to the extreme summit, with a carpet of grass; now the eye will linger on a perpendicular bluff, pictured against the sky, like a fortress of the Mound Builders, and actually frowning upon the softly flowing stream that laves its foliage-hidden base; now, you sail in the shadow of a pillared temple that seems to prop the sky; and now, along a continued succession of peaks and points that fade away, until lost in the rosy atmosphere of evening. During all this time, your vessel will be gliding around and between the most charming of green islands, some of them containing a solitary grave, others a little brotherhood of Indians, lounging upon the grassy opening before their wigwams; while some happy bird will favor you with an occasional song, or the leap of a trout take the fancy captive, to revel in the cool chambers of the stream. Here it is, too, that the famous Island Mountain rises to the height of five hundred feet, completely covered with trees, and capped by a cluster of broken rocks. It is several miles long and about one in width, and is the largest island in the Mississippi. From time immemorial it has been celebrated for the number of its rattlesnakes, and on a grassy plot at its base stands a cluster of graves, where repose the ashes of stranger Indians who died upon the island from wounds inflicted by these reptiles.

"The next object that I would attempt to describe on my way up the Mississippi, is Lake Pepin. It lives in my memory as the Horicon of the wilderness. It is an extended portion of the Mississippi,—twenty three miles long, and from three to four wide. It is surrounded with hills, which abound in almost every variety of game; its shores are gravelly and covered with the most valuable of agates and cornelians; the water is clear and very deep; and it yields the very best of fish in great abundance. My first view of Lake Pepin, (I wish I knew how it came by that name!) was on one of the most charming evenings that I ever witnessed. The cloudless sky was studded with stars, and the moon sailed upward and onward with an uncommon beauty, as if proud of the wilderness world she was then flooding with her beams. For hours did I sit musing upon the eastern shore, near the outlet, whence I could discern no less than sixteen peaks or bluffs, looming in perfect solitude against the horizon. 'The holy time was quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration.' The water was without a ripple, and reflected in its pure bosom every star, while the moon, as if determined that it should so remain forever, spanned it with a bar of gold. The only sounds that trembled in the air were the hoot of an owl, the wail of a loon, and a hum from the insect world. I looked and wondered, until the night was far spent, and the dew upon my brow was heavy and cold."

In connection with this romantic locality is an interesting legend, which we first heard from a rising and gifted young artist in St. Louis, who had made the heroine, Winona, a subject for his pencil. We were particularly pleased with the

merited tribute paid to this artist, Mr. Deas, by our author. Mr. Deas is in the habit of passing a part of every year among the Indians; and besides viewing several pieces descriptive of Western scenery and Western life, in which the aboriginal and adopted inhabitants,—particularly the French, are characteristically blended, we had the pleasure of examining his port folio of Indian portraits taken from life. With his taste and genius, such a legend as that of "Winona" could not be slighted. Our author shall now tell it for us.

"She was the daughter of a chief, and lived about one hundred years ago. She was exceedingly beautiful and universally beloved. Her father had promised her hand to a favorite warrior, but her heart had been pledged to another, not less brave, but more noble and youthful. For many months she would not listen to the wishes of her father;—but his sterner nature was roused, and he vowed that she *must* marry the object of *his* choice. Weeks passed on, and she knew that she must yield. Nightly did she meet her accepted lover, but always talked to him of the Spirit Land, as if she had been a queen of that fantastic realm. The marriage night had been appointed, and the chief had proclaimed a feast. To all outward appearance a change suddenly came over the daughter's mind, and she smiled and talked, like one about to be made a happy bride. Among the delicacies that were to be eaten on the occasion, was a certain berry that was found in great perfection upon a certain hill or bluff. It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and all the female friends of Winona, accompanied by herself, were picking the desired berries.

"Carelessly did they all wander up the hillside, while an occasional laugh would ring upon the air; but Winona was only seen to smile, for, (though those loving friends knew it not,) her heart was darkened by many a strange shadow. Carelessly did the berry gatherers wander on; when all at once a low melancholy song fell upon their ears, and lo! upon the very edge of a beetling precipice stood the form of the much loved Winona.

"Her song was death-like, and when her companions were intuitively convinced of the contemplated deed, they were stupified with horror. Winona motioned them to keep back, while her song increased until it became a perfect wail. The burthen of it was,

> 'Farewell, sisters:—
> I am going to the Spirit Land;
> My warrior will come after me,
> And we shall be blessed.'

"One moment more, and Winona, the pride of all the Indian villages on Lake Pepin, was deeply buried in its clear cold bosom. And this is the story that hallows the loftiest peak of this lake. I obtained it, as here related, from one of her kindred, and I believe it to be true. As to Winona's warrior, it is said that he lived for many years a hermit, and finally died a madman. So runneth many a song of life."

We are now on our "winding way" again, and arrive at the Red Wing village, where a night is spent and our author "actually fainted upon his pillow with excess of fear," caused by an Indian brawl. On other occasions he seems to have been very much alarmed, for so genuine a lover of the woods and the wilderness. Leaving the Red Wing, we put on steam for Lake St. Croix. Along the river of the same name emptying into this lake, is the track of the traders to and from Lake Superior; but this is not our route at present; for we are off again for St. Peters and the Falls of St. Anthony, where several matters of interest await us. It is on the verge of western civilization, of which Fort Snelling with its garrison is the representative; whilst the Sioux or Dacotah Indians are at hand, with their barbarous rites: One of these, the Dog feast, in which only the warriors are allowed to participate, is thus described.

"The idea that lies at the bottom of this rite is, that by eating of a dog's liver the heart is made strong. The feast took place on the open prairie, in the afternoon, and was attended by about one hundred men, while there must have been a thousand spectators. The first step in the ceremony was for the Indians to seat themselves in a circle around a large pole, and devote a few moments to smoking. Their only article of clothing was the clout, and their only weapon a long knife, while their heads were decorated with death-trophies, and their bodies encircled by a belt from which hung all the scalps the wearers had taken. Suddenly a whoop was given, and the whole party commenced dancing to the monotonous music of a drum. Then broke upon the ear the howl, and in a moment more the dying groan of a dog from without the circle of dancers. The carcass was thrown into their midst by a woman. A chorus of deafening yells resounded through the air, the dog was immediately opened, his liver taken out, suspended to the pole by a string, and the dance resumed. A moment had hardly elapsed, however, before the dancers, one after another, stepped up and took a bite of the yet warm and quivering liver. Soon as this was all eaten, another dog was thrown into the ring, and the same horrible ceremony repeated; and so they continued until the carcasses of ten dogs were lying at the foot of the pole in the centre of the dancing crowd. Another human howl ascended to the sky, and the feast was ended. All the while the river flowed peacefully onward and the mellow sunlight bathed in its own gorgeous hues the illimitable prairie."

Fort Snelling we are delighted to learn, contains something besides arms and amunition, and is honorably associated with a nobler Art than that of war. One of its officers, Capt. Seth Eastman, is an artist of ability; and employs his leisure in making sketches illustrative of the history, manners and customs of the aborigines. The Sioux have received most of his attention; but he has also devoted some study to the Chippeways, and to the Seminoles formerly whilst he was in Florida.

"The collection now numbers about four hundred pieces, comprising every variety of scenes,

from the grand Medicine Dance to the singular and affecting Indian Grave. When the extent and character of this Indian Gallery are considered, it must be acknowledged the most valuable in the country, not even excepting that of George Catlin. But what adds greatly to the interest called forth by these pictures is the use to which they are to be applied. Instead of being used as a travelling exhibition to accumulate gold, this gallery is to be presented to a distinguished college, from which the artist will only demand the education of his children. There is something in this movement so foreign to the sordid passion of our age, and so characteristic of the true spirit of art, that the heart is thrilled with pleasure as we remember the American soldier-artist of the wilderness."

The Carver's Cave, the Cascade Waterfall, the Prairie Lakes and the Pilot's Nob are all objects of interest about St. Peter's. The Falls of St. Anthony about six miles above and at the head of navigation, are "more famous than remarkable." Father Hennepin, who first visited them in 1689, named them after his patron Saint. In the Sioux language they were called Owah-Menah, "falling water." The entire height of the falls, including both rapids, is only twenty-five or thirty feet. The river glides to the Falls over a flat rocky bed and rushing down, in a straight course, is met and divided by several picturesque islands, sleeping between steep bluffs on either side. As if soothed by their tranquil beauty, the waters cease foaming as they flow by, and then glide on gracefully to the distant sea. These falls have a legend associated with them, of a mother who goaded by the cruelty of a faithless husband, sought death with her child, in the rushing waters.

From the Falls to Crow-Wing river, our author travelled on horseback, with a French guide. On the way, he was successful in shooting a wolf, and hanging some fifty prairie hens to his saddle-bow; but these fell to the lot of a pack of hungry wolves, who pursued them. Taking their supper in the wilderness, we have a novel mode of cooking introduced. "We roasted our meat on one stick, while just above it, with another stick, we melted a slice of pork for the sake of its salty drippings."

Crow-Wing, where our author spent ten days with a trader by the name of Morrison, is delightfully situated and rich in historical and legendary lore. It is the "Windsor of the wilderness," the nominal home of Hole-in-the-day, the head chief of the Chippeways. Among the traditions of the place is one which may be regarded as an offset to the famous story of the Wandering Jew. It relates to a "white Panther whose home was here when the world was young."

"That Panther was the Prophet of a certain Chippeway tribe, and had power to speak the Chippeway language. A young brave was anxious to revenge the death of a brother, and had sought the oracle to learn the success of his intended expedition. The Panther told him that he must *not* go, but wait until a more propitious season. But the young man headed his party, and *went*;—and every one of his followers was killed,—himself escaping by the merest chance. Thinking that the Panther had caused this calamity, he stole upon this creature and slaughtered it, in the darkness of midnight. The dying words of the oracle were,—'Cruel and unhappy warrior, I doom thee to walk the earth for ever a starving and undying skeleton.' And it is said that this spectre man, whenever the moon is tinged with red, or the aurora borealis floods the sky with purple, may be seen flitting in perfect solitude along the banks of the Mississippi."

We have also interesting accounts of fishing, of the Indian mode of swimming, and of the begging dance, in which they solicit food and other assistance. Our author here sketches the character of the Indian trader; but in it does not paint his friend Morrison, who "possesses all the virtues of the trader and none of his vices." As the character of this important and influential personage, the trader, is drawn in quite a masterly manner, we will extract portions of it.

"The Indian trader belongs to the aristocracy of the wilderness. His business is to barter with the Indians for their furs, as the agent of some established fur company. He is generally a Frenchman, whose ancestors were traders before him, and of course a native of the wild region he inhabits. Such are the facts with regard to the individual I am about to portray, and I purpose, by this specimen, to give my reader a faithful idea of the class to which he belongs.

"The residence of my friend is on the Saint Peter's, near the brow of a picturesque point formed by a bend of the river, and his nearest white neighbor is *only* two hundred miles off. The dwelling that he lives in is built of logs, and contains one large room and a garret. Adjoining this cabin is another of the same character, where he keeps his merchandise; which consists chiefly of pork, flour, blankets, blue and scarlet cloths, and various kinds of trinkets. His household is composed of an Indian wife and a full assortment of half-breed children, who are generally possessed of a good deal of natural shrewdness, but of course utterly ignorant of books and the ways of the civilized world. Adjoining the trader's residence is about one acre of ploughed ground, where he cultivates a few common vegetables; and he keeps a solitary cow, which yields him the only luxury that he enjoys. His live stock is very extensive, but not of that character which is profitable,—it is peculiar to the wilderness, and in our section of country would be called a menagerie. The following is a correct list of my friend's treasures in this particular, viz.:—one grisly bear, two black bears, two fawns, one fox, one coon, one eagle, one crow, one cormorant, a flock of wild geese, two swans, and one owl. In addition to these I ought to mention a herd of Indian dogs, and a brotherhood of Indians, who are nearly always encamped in the vicinity of the trader's dwelling.

"Now, as to the manner of the trader's life. Though I did not intend to make a hero of my

friend, I must say that the life he leads is heroic to an uncommon degree. His resting time is during the summer months, when his principal business is to obtain his merchandise and attend the various Indian payments that may happen to be made. But during the winter, which is long and very severe in this region, he visits, with one or two companions, the hunting-grounds of the Indians,—leaving his home heavily loaded with goods and provisions, and returning, still more heavily laden with packs of furs and peltries. The hardships and privations that he then endures, would, in a single month, utterly destroy a common constitution; but they are treated by him as matters of very little consequence, for his constitution seems to be of an iron nature. Several days does he sometimes spend without a particle of food;—now, snow-bound in the pathless woods, and now surrounded, perhaps, by a band of hostile Indians, who may succeed in robbing him of his furs. Now it is his fortune to struggle for life with some half-famished beast; and now he has to endure the frightful dangers of fording angry and partly frozen rivers. Cold, fatigue, and hunger are at the foundation of almost every scene that he passes through during the cheerless winter months of every year, in the Indian Territory of the northwest." * * *

"He avows himself the best and only friend of the Indian and yet his every act of kindness is accompanied by a moral stab. He buys a pack of furs and allows the hunter the current price, but then he pays him in flour at *fifty* dollars per barrel, and blankets at ten dollars a piece:—but far worse, he sells to the benighted savage the baneful fire-water, which makes him a perfect devil.

"But the trader has some redeeming qualities, and I know not that I am disposed to write him down as more ignorant or wicked than his *civilized* fellow-men in the same sphere of life. At the same time that he imposes upon the poor Indian, in more ways than one, it is also true that he is his friend when cold and hungry. The Indian is such a thoughtless and improvident creature, that it is absolutely necessary he should have some one to watch over him and keep him from starving. And often is the trader's duty, in this particular, faithfully performed; with all his faults he would sooner die than see an Indian suffer."

But this character, as stated above, does not suit Allen Morrison. He is a Scotchman by birth, distinguished for his integrity, the husband of a worthy Indian woman and the father of an interesting family. It was in company with him in command of ten canoes, with fifty voyagers and Indians, that Mr. Lanman performed the rest of the voyage in a canoe manned with five picked men. Morrison was on his annual visit to La Point to attend the Indian payments. To these payments the Indians travel and paddle hundreds of miles,—often consuming far more than the little pittance which falls to their share, and being dependent for food upon the charity of the traders. Their route lay up the Mississippi to the portage to the river St. Louis, which empties into Lake Superior. The Father of Waters, flowing on through his almost interminable banks, now wild, now picturesque, with a legend for every nook and every bluff, spreads out into a number of beautiful and limpid lakes, abounding with fish within and game without, and fraught with interest to the hunter, the angler, and the tourist. Spirit Lake, known by the French as Mill Lake, Lake Winnipeg, Red Cedar Lake, Elk or Itasca Lake, first visited by Henry R. Schoolcraft, after whom its solitary island is named, and Leech Lake are the names of some of these beautiful sheets of water, which in addition to the charms already mentioned are often studded with lovely little islands. Elk or Itasca Lake is associated with the legend of the Mammoth Emperor Elk. It is about three thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico and two thousand feet above the level of the Atlantic. On leaving it, the Mississippi is only twenty feet wide; but after passing through a great number of Lakes, it spreads out to one hundred and fifty feet. "This portion of the river might be likened to the infant Hercules, for it is the master of every thing around it, and rambles onward as if conscious of its dawning power." Leech Lake lies in the midst of a forest of pine, maple, oak, elm and tamarack. It is about forty by twenty-five miles in extent and contains a number of islands. Its name, Casagasque, was derived from the story that when first discovered, there was a leech in it wider across the back than an ordinary Indian mat. At this place, our author witnessed the *conclusion* of a singular ceremony, called the *Virgin Dance*.

"All the virgins of the village assemble together and seat themselves in a large circle. In the midst of this company are collected all the young men of the village, who dance for the amusement of the ladies. But if it so happens that one of the men stops suddenly and points his finger at a particular girl, she is at once looked upon as having lost her virginity; if the charge is substantiated the girl is disgraced, but if not, the young man must *die*. The *conclusion* that I alluded to was the execution, in cold bood, of a fine looking young man who had attempted, without cause, to ruin the reputation of a girl by whom he had been rejected. In an unguarded moment he had been stabbed, and when I saw him, he was weltering in his blood. It was a most terrible exhibition of justice and cruelty, and made me partly admire and then utterly despise the character of the whole Indian race."

Where now are the "evils that have ever followed in the march of the white man's usurpation?"

We may here add the remark that our author can see how the improvident Indian may need the protection and assistance of the *humane* and *liberal* Indian trader. And can he not see that negro slavery in the Southern States has a stronger claim to his tolerance, if not his approbation, upon the very same ground? Verily is it, for the improvident and ignorant blacks, better than any Poor-house, Work-house, or Benevolent Institution that

can be devised; practically making their condition far superior to that of any other class of laborers, who are engaged in similar employments.

We will now imagine ourselves at the end of our voyage on the Mississippi, at Sandy Lake; whose sandy shores abound in agates and cornelians. Here there is a trading post, established ninety years ago, and in one log cabin to be seen, furs have been stored to the value of fifty millions of dollars! Our author here wandered off in pursuit of game, and twisting about to get a shot at a deer, he lost his direction; and was compelled to pass the night up a tree, "without once budging from his interesting roost." But he was very near being roused by a grim bear, who is said to have "halted and snuffed around the base of a tree only a few yards distant." Somehow, his gun was not loaded, else he would have "favored the bear with an unexpected salute." But the next morning, he ascended an eminence and fired a salute for his friends, which was readily heard, and they came to his relief. One can not help inquiring why he did not think of firing this signal the over-night. But that would have spoilt the adventure and the bear story, perhaps.

From Sandy Lake to the St. Louis River, a portage of some extent has to be made. These portages occur quite frequently in travelling in this region; and the mode of making them is described with some animation.

"The more prominent incidents connected with canoe voyaging, which relieve the monotony of a long voyage, are the making of portages, the passing of rapids, and the singing of songs.

"Portages are made for the purpose of getting below or above those falls which could not be passed in any other manner, also for the purpose of going from one stream to another, and sometimes they are made to shorten the distance to be travelled, by crossing points or peninsulas. It was invariably the habit of our voyagers to run a race, when they came in sight of a portage, and they did not consider it ended until their canoes were launched in the water at the farther end of the portage. The consequence of this singular custom is, that making a portage is an exceedingly exciting business. Two men will take the largest canoe upon their shoulders, and cross the portage in a regular trot, stopping, however, to rest themselves and enjoy a pipe at the end of every thousand paces. At landing the canoe is not allowed to touch the bottom, but you must get out into the water and unload it while yet afloat. The loads of furs or merchandise which these men sometimes carry are enormous. I have seen a man convey three hundred and fifty pounds, up a steep hill, two hundred feet high, and that too without once stopping to rest; and I *heard* the story, that there were three voyagers in the northern wilderness, who have been known, unitedly, to carry *twenty-one hundred pounds* over a portage of eight miles. In making portages it is occasionally necessary to traverse tamarack swamps, and the most horrible one in the northwest lies midway between Sandy Lake and the Saint Louis river. It is about nine miles in length, and a thousand fold more difficult to pass than the Slough of Despond, created by the mind of Bunyan. In crossing it, you sometimes have to wade in pure mud up to your middle; and on this route I counted the wrecks of no less than seven canoes, which had been abandoned by the over-fatigued voyagers; and I also noticed the grave of an unknown foreigner, who had died in this horrible place, from the effect of a poisonous root which he had eaten. Here, in this gloomy solitude had he breathed his last, with none to cool his feverish brow but a poor ignorant Indian;—alone and more than a thousand leagues from his kindred and home."

The Falls of the St. Louis compensate for the insignificance of those of St. Anthony. Our author thus describes them.

"There is a place on this river called the Knife Portage, from the fact that the rocks here are exceedingly sharp and pointed, where the stream forms a large bend, and where the voyager has to make a portage of twelve miles. The length of this bend may be sixteen miles, and in that distance the water has a fall of about three hundred and twenty feet. The width of the river may be from three to four hundred yards. At this point (just above Fon du Lac) are three nameless waterfalls, whose dimensions are indeed stupendous: they are said to be the largest in the northwest. The water of the first tumbles over a pile of pointed rocks, and after twisting itself into every possible variety of schutes and foaming streams, finally murmurs itself to sleep in a pool eighty feet below the summit whence it takes its first leap.

"The second fall, or rather cataract, is about one hundred and forty feet high, nearly perpendicular, and the water rushes over almost in a solid and unbroken body.

"The walls of slate on either side are lofty, and 'crowned with a peculiar diadem of trees;' and as the roaring of the fall is perfectly deafening, its effect upon me was allied to that of Niagara. The pools at the bottom appeared to be black and fathomless, but the spray was whiter than snow, and the rainbows beautiful beyond comparison. When I gazed upon the features of this superb water-wonder, united as they were in one complete picture; when I listened to the scream of an hundred eagles mingling with its roar, and thought of the uninhabited wilderness in every direction around me, I was most deeply impressed with the power of the Omnipotent."

And there is still another fall of fifty feet. Our author proposes to name them the Chippeway Falls; a privilege which he claims as the first traveller who has taken the trouble to visit them. But now we are approaching that magnificent "inland Sea," Lake Superior. Fon du Lac, twenty miles from the lake, is "one of the most truly delightful places that I ever met with in my life." And, continues our author, "the scenery of this portion of the river is beautiful—beautiful beyond any thing I had imagined to exist in any country on the globe. * * * The river is very broad

and deep, and completely filled with wooded islands, while on either side extends a range of mountains which are as wild and solitary as when first brought into existence."

In his canoe our author made the entire circuit of Lake Superior,—the largest and most magnificent body of fresh water in the world,—four hundred miles long, from East to West, and one hundred and thirty in breadth. Its waters are so remarkably clear that the folds of a cloth can be distinctly seen at the depth of a hundred feet. Near the shore they are green in appearance; but off from shore, they are dark blue like the ocean. They are heavier than those of the other lakes into which they flow. Even in midsummer they are intensely cold. Sir George Simpson, in his overland journey round the world, was forced to spend a week in the month of July waiting for the breaking up of the ice upon their surface. He says also that his "progress was much embarrassed by the *mirage*, which assumed various forms, being at one time an island, at another open water and then again impenetrable icebergs." The climate in summer is refreshing and delicious. Its shores are rugged and romantic. The American is of nearly twice the extent of the Canadian. Our portion on the North is skirted by a range of mountains from two to three thousand feet in height, which is said to extend in a continuous chain from the St. Louis River to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These mountains abound in caverns, cliffs and waterfalls. The Porcupine mountains lift their pinnacled heads on the Southern shore;—from these to the river St. Marie, that empties into Lake Huron, the country is, with some exceptions, low and uninviting. One of these exceptions is the Pictured Rocks, about one hundred and fifty feet high, which extend some nine miles along the coast, and are striped with various colors by mineral alluviations. Until 1816, when it was destroyed by a storm, there was here a natural arch, or door way, fifteen feet wide and one hundred high, spanning the waters, and through which the Indians glided in their canoes. Beautiful cascades, too, once leaped down the crevices of the rocks, and beautiful caverns washed by the often angry waters, still meet the eye in every direction. The Apostle Islands, Isle Royal, the largest in the Lake, and which belongs to the U. S., and other islands dot and beautify the bosom of the lake, though, upon a nearer approach, they appear mostly masses of rugged rocks, abounding with overhanging arches and resounding caverns.

Notwithstanding the usually bold and rocky character of the Canadian shore, there are occasional lines of the smoothest beach, which afford to voyagers a place of refuge from the violent and sudden storms of the Lake. On this shore are Thunder Cape and Cariboo Point, two remarkable promontories. The former, about fourteen hundred feet high, "frowns upon the waste of waters like a crouching lion, which animal it closely resembles in the form of its outline." Sir George Simpson says, it is one of the most appalling objects he ever saw, "being a bleak rock, with a perpendicular face of its full height towards the west; and the Indians have a superstition which one can hardly repeat without becoming giddy, that any person who may scale the eminence and turn thrice round on the brink of its fearful wall, will live forever." In the northeastern part of the lake, about twenty miles from the shore is a rocky island twelve miles in circumference, which our author esteems "the greatest natural curiosity of this wilderness:"

"In the centre of this island lies embosomed one of the most beautiful lakes imaginable. It is about a mile long, and the perpendicular cliffs which look down upon it, are not far from seven hundred feet in height. It has an outlet, which is impassable for a canoe, on account of the rocks and trees that have blocked up the narrow chasm; and at the opening of this outlet stands a column of solid rock, which we estimated to be eight hundred feet high. The base is probably one hundred feet in diameter, and it gradually tapers off to about twenty feet in thickness, while the summit of this singular needle is surmounted by one solitary pine tree. The waters of this inner lake are clear, but have a blackish appearance, and are very deep."

In this island-lake, Menaboujou, the chief hero of the Chippeway nation, is said to have been buried. He was the author of all their good; and was slain by the Evil One in a terrific combat, with immense clubs, on the summit of Thunder Cape, in the midst of a raging storm. Other islands and localities of Lake Superior are associated with the Indian Mythology, and Isle Royal, already mentioned, is their spirit-land.

The country around Lake Superior is mostly barren and unproductive; but abounds in richest copper ore, which is wrought by both English and American companies, though as yet with such indifferent success, that Mr. Lanman offers his shares on very moderate terms. The largest masses of native copper ever known have been found there; of which one has been brought to Washington city weighing 3,800 pounds. After exploring the Lake, our author passed on from Sault St. Marie, at the mouth of Huron, to Mackinaw and thence on to the Eastern States. Doubtless in a few years, it will be quite a common thing for summer travellers to extend their tours to this interesting region. Already is it sufficiently accessible, by the route of the Lakes, taking Niagara in the way. It may also be reached from Toronto, by the route of the semi-monthly mail lately established by the British Government, from that place to Sault St. Marie, by way of Lake Simcoe, Sturgeon Bay and Owen's Sound. Going one route and returning the other would furnish an extensive, delightful and diversified excursion; and one which we have no doubt will ere long be undertaken even by many of the *fair* tourists of our own and other countries.

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER III.

In vain had Haman despatched his emissaries in pursuit of Esther. No trace nor vestige of her was to be found. His inordinate pride and vanity, though wrought up to excessive indignation at the idea of successful resistance to his will, could suggest no remedy, and he was forced to consider himself, for once in his life, fairly foiled. The teasing reflection of this mortifying incident for a long time tormented his mind, but he at length succeeded in banishing the beautiful Jewess from his thoughts, and had become immersed in other and far different pursuits. He had accompanied his master, Xerxes, in the mighty armament that vain and paltry tyrant had raised for the subjection of the Grecian States and returned with him in his precipitate flight. The splendid visions of conquests and dominion that had filled the mind of Xerxes, had been dissipated by the gallantry and superior tactics of the Greeks at the battles of Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Artemisium; and the fated remnant of his grand army, though yet consisting of three hundred thousand warriors, was shortly to experience a still more conclusive overthrow under the vain and unscrupulous Mardonius, at the battle of Platæa. This haughty and ridiculous prince, who had so lately been puffed up with the vain and impious conceit of a supremacy in himself, independent of the invisible Ruler of the universe, after giving a memorable example of the weakness and insufficiency of human means, when inconsistent with the will of God, returned into his own dominions soured and exasperated by disappointment and disgrace. Chafed and fretted in mind by harrowing reflections on his abortive expedition, and the contemptible figure of cowardice and folly he presented to the world, he was out of temper with every thing around him, and seemed disposed, by his impatience and violence, to seek that revenge on his own subjects, which the astonishing magnanimity and heroism of the Greeks had defied. In this state of mind he passed in his return to Susa, through the once mighty and magnificent, and still splendid Babylon—that broad and comprehensive type and symbol of every conceivable abomination and corruption. Here his splenetic humor sought for objects to feed upon, nor were they wanting. The usages and customs of the Chaldees, so long connived at, or regarded with indifference, suddenly became grievances to be cut off in the most summary manner and forbidden by the heaviest penal decrees. The worship of their idol God, Bel or Baal, which, though suppressed for a time by the Great Cyrus, had by degrees revived in all the disgusting rites and ceremonies of its primitive abominations, was now by a special edict forbidden on pain of death, as a religion inconsistent with the doctrines of the great prophet and law-giver, Zoroaster. The temple of Bel or Belus—that stupendous pile, suggested first by the impious folly of the immediate posterity of Noah, (called in Scripture Babel,) reared its awful height and magnitude far above the palaces, hanging gardens, and surrounding steeples of the immense city of Semiramis and rested its vast towers in sleepy grandeur among the clouds. On its dizzy summit was the Chaldean observatory, from which astronomers viewed the movements of the heavenly bodies, and by the miscalled *science* of astrology, believed or pretended themselves able to reveal the hidden purposes of the world's great architect; and to calculate nativities. In the immense hall of the basement story, towered the gigantic image of Belus—the famous God of Babylonian superstition, wrought of solid gold by the hands of the erring children of men, who for ages had prostrated themselves before this senseless block, in a blind and groveling adoration—totally lost to the light of the only true and living God. In this temple were many other images of pure gold, which were seized upon by Xerxes and transferred to his treasury, to replace the expenditures of the Grecian war. Having satisfied his cupidity for treasure, he next, under the bigoted exhortations of Ostanes, the patriarch of the Magi, gave full license to that sect, to whom temples were hateful and abominable, to destroy every building appropriated to idolatrous worship. Thus did this blind worshipper of a dream, or mental abstraction, in his zeal for his own superstition, unconsciously contribute to the fulfilment of the prophetic denunciations against the mighty Babylon. A decree was sent forth, that on a certain day every temple should be entered by the soldiery, and being first stripped of their ornaments, should be levelled with the ground. But the downfall of Belus, as being an object of greater interest, was reserved for the king's own special supervision. All the inhabitants of the great city, both male and female, were commanded on pain of death to assemble in the great square before the temple and in the adjacent streets, to give as it were their countenance and approbation to the overthrow of the abominable worship of Belus. Great was the consternation and terror of the Babylonians at the contemplated impiety of the king, and the desecration of the images of their Gods. They expected nothing less than one general and overwhelming destruction upon all within the walls of the devoted city, from the ire of their indignant God, Belus; and having no means of opposing the army of the king, would have fled for refuge from the city, but for the guards who kept the hundred impregnable gates and drove them back in masses to vent their how-

lings and lamentations in the crowded streets. Among the countless multitude that thronged the public squares with anxious and haggard visages a people were seen, who though mingling with the crowds that pressed along, seemed to be of a different race and to be governed by different impulses. As two would meet by accident in their passage to and fro, a nod or sign of recognition would immediately follow, and a lurking smile might be seen to tremble in the eye. These people were the captive Jews, who secretly rejoicing at the overthrow of abominable ceremonies that daily disgusted them, could not suppress their satisfaction. Among them was an old man of venerable appearance, in whose aspect meekness and benevolence were blended with firmness of purpose. He stood erect before the door of his little cottage, scrutinizing with a curious eye the throngs that passed the narrow and dirty street that pervaded the quarter of the city in which he dwelt. Here the poor of all classes and nations, resident in Babylon, were collected together and removed as nuisances from the more wealthy and splendid portions of the city. The piercing and intellectual eye of the old Jew, turned with quick observation from countenance to countenance, as if to read in the features the thoughts and determinations of each bosom as they passed him. Many an angry eye was turned upon him, and sometimes a half-muttered curse was heard to escape some impatient passenger, at his calm indifference to their troubles. Still he was unmoved and stood bareheaded before his door, shading his eyes from the rays of the sun with his hand, but uttered not a word. His dress was coarse and in some places thread-bare, though nearly concealed from view by a flowing tunic, or cloak, confined by a girdle about his waist. After contemplating thus for many minutes the agonizing idolaters in their restless inquietude, he suddenly clasped his hands together and exclaimed: "God of my fathers! what power has the deluded imagination over the passions of men, that their very being seems wrapped up in the stocks and stones before which they bow in an impious worship! Not greater consternation filled all Israel, when the sacrilegious Assyrian pillaged and levelled with the dust the temple of the true and living God, than now has seized upon these blind and stupid idolaters. O, Israel! O, Jerusalem, my country! hadst thou but clung to the worship of that God whom Moses warned thee not to forsake, with half the zeal these wretched Pagans show for the inanimate workmanship of their own hands, we should not now wear the yoke of bondage and eat the bread of sorrow in a strange land. 'The wages of sin *indeed* is death.' Whithersoever I look—whether on the right hand or on the left, the blight of its curse is before my eyes. The conqueror and the conquered—the prince and beggar are alike filled with the groans of its woe. Peace they seek, but there is no peace for the wicked. Gold and its influence—power and its pomp—fame and its hollow trump, are but the outward gildings of a restless discontent. There is a little chamber in the misguided heart, which a globe like this with all its glory, were too small to fill. The delirious excitement of success—the intoxication of gratified passions, but stimulate for the reverse of the more lasting reaction of a jaded and listless inquietude. The goal, so long and so anxiously sought by ambitious votaries, like objects of grandeur seen through the distant mists of the mountain-top, becomes more and more an object of familiarity the nearer it is approached, till it presents to the eye of him that grasps it, a naked rock, stripped of the colors in which a deceptious medium had clothed it. Here is the spot of promised joy—he has at last reached it, but the realization is the sigh of disappointment, and he looks forward to the opposite mount, still higher than the one he occupies, and there his fancy portrays to him the object of his idolatry still in advance. Again he pursues, and is again the child of delusion, and dies at last, the wearied and unhappy worshipper of a dream."

"What say you of dreams, old man, of an accursed race?" asked a tall, athletic man, in the Persian costume, who had approached unobserved close to the Jew's side. "Come into this hovel of thine, you will find this at least no dream nor delusion." Thus saying, he grasped the old man's arm, and beckoning to several attendants to follow, drew him rudely into his own house and bolted the door. "Now, most devout Mordecai, dost thou know thy guest? Dost thou remember to have seen me before, thou circumcised whelp?" continued the intruder, throwing back his splendid robe and removing his tiara, which had somewhat obscured his features. The countenance thus uncovered, was indeed one that is seldom forgotten when once seen. The dark and piercing eye, deep sunk in its socket, peering from beneath thick and projecting brows, contracted into a scowl of malignant contempt—the compressed lips, covered with thick grizzled beard—the stiff and haughty carriage and the harsh and merciless tone of superiority, seared as it were their impressions upon the minds of all beneath him in power.

"God of my fathers! Haman!" exclaimed Mordecai, recoiling with a shudder.

"Then it seems you have not forgotten an old acquaintance," continued Haman, folding his arms and smiling on the old Jew with a fiendish satisfaction.

"As soon might the outcast vagabond, Cain, have ceased to be recognized as thou," replied Mordecai with firmness.

"Thank my scorn, ragged slave, that you breathe after that comparison," said Haman with fury in his looks.

"I defied you before, and I defy you now," replied the old Jew, with imperturbable composure.

"That is the expression of all others I would have had thy idiot mouth utter," said Haman, trembling with rage. "My triumph shall be the more gratifying. Listen and believe, thou stupid slave—I offered your daughter more than all your tribe is worth, and though the whelp of an accursed Jew, she repulsed my fondness and prated to me of the sin, as she calls it, of adultery—of the anger of her God and the curse of disobedience, as if the honor was not all on her side, and the infamy on mine, by yielding to a passion so far beneath me. You both expressed great confidence in the power and willingness of your God to rescue her from my grasp, but still you fled."

"Not till God had rescued her," interrupted Mordecai, with a contemptuous smile.

"Peace, ragged slave, nor speak till bidden," stormed Haman. "Two little dancing pantomimes are the Gods that rescued her."

"The instruments of our God," persisted Mordecai.

"Peace, I say! dare you speak when I bid you be silent—you juggling hypocrite! all your acts are colored with the plea of supernatural agency. Thy God released thee at Susa, and who places the fugitives in my hands at Babylon?"

"The prince of darkness, that beguiled our mother Eve," replied Mordecai, quietly.

Haman raised his scimitar with a fierce grimace, as if about to run the old man through, but suddenly paused, and resting the point on the ground, said with a look resembling the enraged tiger's, "I have not done with you yet—I will have you to live and feed my sport with your eyes—to learn how feeble is the prop a Jewish fanatic rests upon—the impotency of his God, when Haman's will opposes. You defied me, yet you fled my power, thus giving the lie to the boast your race so often make, a trust, a steady confidence in the aid of Israel's God. If you were sure of his support, why did you flee?"

"Because we are forbidden to tempt the Lord our God," replied Mordecai, "and though in the unwavering trust of God's protection, I defy your power, I must use the means he gives me for that end. I fled, because it seemed good to him that I should in that way evade you."

"And you trust in your God for another flight, poor fool! your hope is vain, so far as your daughter's liberty is concerned. She at least is mine—nor do I fear a rescue, though thy God in person should essay to free her. You curl your lip—idiot, look around you—behold the power I wield to manacle and detain, or crush you at my will. You remain here under guard, till it suits my purpose to bestow you otherwise. Your tricks and crafty jugglery shall have no scope for action, till too late to avail you. Your daughter, Hadassah, goes with me—she is now in this house—I have seen her more than once. So all your props and stays are swept from under you, and your trust in Israel's God, is vain. Do you mock me yet? What means that sneer? You drivelling dotard! Can Belus save his temple and his worship from total overthrow? Could your God defend *his* temple and his worshippers, against the *worshippers* of Belus? How then, when Belus, the conqueror of thy God, yields to the yet more powerful Gods of Xerxes, do you hope for deliverance from thy subordinate deity? From the horns of his altar would I tare your Hadassah away, and laugh his power to scorn. Mithras has placed her in my hands, and she is irrecoverably mine."

"Impious blasphemer!" exclaimed Mordecai, with indignation—"I hold no further conference with thee, thou doomed Amalekite! My shield and defence is that only true and living God that shall crush thee."

"Ha!" cried Haman, with a start—"you know my people and my kindred then—judge now what thy accursed race may surely expect at the hands of a descendant of Amalec. Thy God, through the mouth of thy Samuel, commanded thy cursed Saul, king of Israel, to smite my people and utterly destroy all they had—'man and woman, infant and suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass,' and 'Saul smote the Amalakites from Havillah, till thou comest to Sheer, that is over against Egypt;' making death and slaughter in all their land. Thy David, too, King of Jewry, slaughtered my people near the brook Besor, leaving scarcely a remnant to tell the tale. Thy race was long a scourge to mine, and think you I will forget to pay the debt now that the lash is in my hand?"

"Thy people were an abomination in the sight of God, and when the measure of their iniquity was full, he made Israel the instrument to cut them off, teaching his people, by their doom, his utter detestation of all sin, and what they, his avenging instruments, would incur by lapsing into such revolt. Israel did rebel and even yet the weight of God's displeasure rests upon us. Yet, think not, vain man, his arm is shortened—thy measure is not yet full, and thou hast yet to learn that he who could destroy a nation, can crush a worm."

"Peace old fool," said Haman. "Here," continued he to two of his guards, "sieze the mighty spokesman for Israel and keep him close in this coop till you have my further orders. If he offer to resist, off with his head—the rest of you bring Hadassah to my house. Suffer no screaming nor howling in the streets. Place her in a chariot and let her be concealed from public view, and, on the penalty of death, let no whisper of this deed reach the ear of Zeresh." Thus concluding his commands, Haman strode haughtily to his horse and galloped off.

Obedient to his commands, two of the slaves

seized and bound the old Jew, who made no resistance, while the others were searching for the unhappy Esther—who was also called Hadassah,—and was known to Haman by that name alone. After a long search, Esther was at length found, crouching behind a small screen that stood by a window in the room, where the Jew himself was bound. Here she had with breathless alarm listened to Haman's purposes towards herself, and his threats against her people.

"Resist not, my daughter," said Mordecai, calmly, "but go quietly with these people. The God of thy fathers can as effectually defend thee there, as here. He that could protect Moses, a tender infant sent forth on the floods of the Nile, though surrounded by foes, will also bring thee off safely, frail as thou art. Let thy trust in Him be full, implicit, and never wavering. He is with them that love Him even down to old age. There is no caprice or fickleness with our God. He knows 'no variableness nor shadow of turning'—He places the righteous in His pavilion, and He will 'never, never forsake thee.' Thou shalt come forth like the children cast into the furnace—unscathed, uninjured."

The beautiful eyes of Esther were filled with tears as she stooped and pressed her lips to the forehead of the old man, and threw her arms about his neck, exclaiming as she did so, "Must I leave you then and go with these fearful men! Terrible to me is the voice of Haman, and more dreadful is his touch. But my God is with me," continued she raising her eyes to heaven, "and let me not murmur. Without his aid my doom would carry more terror than Daniel's when thrown to lions. I go," she continued to the guards as she rose to accompany them, "but the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob goes with me. Under his shield I fear not the power of man. In this city of vice and abominations he taught Belshazzar that man is but as dust against the breath of his will."

A guard on each side clasped an arm, and concealing her carefully from view by the ample folds of their robes, conducted her to the chariot that bore her rapidly to Haman's Babylonian palace. She was conducted into a chamber glittering in all the splendor of eastern wealth and luxury, and surpassing, if possible, in the costliness of ornaments, his palace at Susa. At one end of the room an awning of the richest silks, extended from two lofty and beautiful columns, formed a recess for a couch beneath its soft canopy, and before the couch stood several cushions covered with crimson satin fringed with gold. On one of these cushions Esther bent her knees and clasped her slender uplifted hands in prayer. Her lips were parted sufficiently to show her beautiful teeth, but their motion was mute. Her eyes were turned to Heaven in meek supplication and her whole appearance was that of helpless innocence and exquisite beauty. While kneeling and unconscious of his presence, Haman entered with a noiseless tread and cat-like stealth, drawing his feet slowly and cautiously along upon the soft carpet, and stood bending over her, and contemplating her lovely person with the eye of a connoisseur. There was something so exquisitely touching and purely pious in the meek and beautiful suppliant before him, bending in humiliation of heart at the footstool of her God, and imploring that protection which man could not give, as to touch the sympathy of the stern and obdurate Haman. After gazing upon her in mute admiration for several minutes he almost unconsciously caught in his hand a tress that had escaped from its clasp and fallen upon her slender neck and finely moulded bosom. With a start, she sprung to her feet and stood confronting the intruder.

"So at last, Hadassah, my pretty fugitive, you are securely mine," said Haman. "You are silent—yet thy modesty and coy blushes add a zest to the charm of thy enchanting beauty. It is in vain, my lovely one, to shun our fates. It is decreed that thou art mine. Nothing can free you from these arms that will be always open to clasp you to a fond bosom. Silly prude that you are! why did flee your lord? Who but one nurtured in the extravagant folly and sickly sentiment of your bigoted people, would refuse the power and splendor I have offered you? See! your cynical old father has lived strictly up to his faith and what has it profited him but to exist a slave and miserable outcast? Here you are courted by all the refinements and enjoyments of life—appreciate and enjoy them while within your grasp. 'Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die,' was a motto of your wisest king, which rightly understood, means Snatch the pleasures of a fleeting life while capable of enjoying them, for death quickly comes and there is no merriment in the grave."

"The peace, and joy, and happiness of life, great lord of Persia," replied Esther meekly, "consist not in the abundance nor the magnificence of possessions, but in the integrity of the heart that enjoys them. To be peaceful, the spirit of man must be guiltless. God has endowed this beautiful world with innumerable sources of comfort and enjoyment to man, but if vice has corrupted his tastes, he brings no appetite to the repast nor relish for the banquet. Old Mordecai, whom you so much contemn, enjoys that peace and serenity of life, which all your greatness cannot confer, nor your oppression take away."

"Foolish girl," interrupted Haman impatiently, "you are prating within the compass of your narrow and contracted education. What know you, or what can you conceive of any other mode of life than the cramped and stolid school of poverty, ignorance and prejudice has imparted? What idea

have you of the life of the rich and powerful, who have been reared in the shade and obscurity of a hovel?"

"It requires but little knowledge and less experience to distinguish wickedness from Godliness," replied Esther, and we are told that 'the way of the transgressor is hard;' and the troubles and inquietude of the wicked are expressively portrayed in the announcement that they 'flee when no man pursueth.'"

"Well, my pretty one, be it as you say," continued Haman. "If, therefore, the wicked alone are incapable of enjoying the pleasures of life, and your portraiture of the wicked man's state be faithful, I come not within your definition; for I have neither fled, nor have I been pursued."

"Perhaps not literally," replied Esther; "yet are you without that indefinable dread—that haunting phantom of unrequited justice that dogs the footsteps of the guilty and ever raises the shadowy lash, though it forbear to strike? No, proud man! The pride of place and the splendor of wealth have in vain promised you peace. You are restless and unhappy amidst all your greatness. You are not even free; for while you utter the word *slave* to others as a term of reproach, you are yourself the most abject bondsman in your palace—the thrall and subject of the most licentious and capricious passions—whipped and driven before them like a feather in a tempest. What end of good or of benefaction is sought after or even respected in all your aspirations? The dark and ruthless spirit of lust, of pride, of hatred and revenge has infused itself into the soul of your existence; and can aught but the poison of gloomy malevolence flow from such a compound? The veriest hind immured in the dungeon of the tyrant oppressor, surrounded by squalor and pinched with hunger, if guiltless of crime, is a happier man than thou. Learn the impressive truths, that a gilded covering pours no balm into an aching heart—that peace dwells not with corruption, and that joy has no abode with crime."

Haman, astonished at the boldness of one so completely in his power, and enraged at the qualities she ascribed to him, had nearly lost control of himself, but a moment's reflection restored his wily hypocrisy, and suppressing his indignation with the resolve of full requital for the outrage, he replied, "If revenge be so striking a portion of my composition, beautiful calumniator, you have certainly said enough to provoke a display of it upon yourself; yet my forbearance shall teach you that you have slandered me. For your reproaches I will repay you in kindness, and for your hatred will return you love. At your lecture on passions and their dominion—on the sources from which happiness or wretchedness may spring up to others, I cannot but smile. For if your general proposition be true, it is not given to you to know at what fountain each individual draws his inspiration, nor if you knew, could you look into the hearts of men and analyze their feelings. The temperament—the nervous constitution has much to do with the state of our sufferings or enjoyments. But this moralizing is flat and insipid stuff and we will be done with it. Learn to be wise and despise the grovelling spirit that bends the mind to the dust. Enjoy the gifts that fortune thrusts upon you. Trained in the gloomy tenets of your people, your young heart has already contracted the taint of misanthropy, and while you decry the vices of others, you are yourself the prey of envy, so common a vice to the children of poverty towards those whom fortune has smiled upon, that from wishing it to be credited by others, they bring themselves to believe that corruption, vice and oppression, are inseparable from those above them. Your miserable old father would have been a different being had he possessed the advantages now offered to you. His old heart had not then been chilled by the malevolence of cynical poverty."

"He might have been a different being," replied Esther, "for benefits often beget forgetfulness and even ingratitude towards the benefactor, but O how false is your estimate of him you call *malevolent* and *miserable!* Know, proud man, that though a bondsman in a strange land, and borne down by the yoke of the oppressor, Mordecai would not exchange the comforts of piety and Godliness—nay, not so much as his privilege to be called the child of Abraham, for all the majesty of Xerxes, the ruler of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces."

"What bigotry! what fanaticism!" exclaimed Haman. "But we will parley no further: you are mine, and like an imprisoned bird will only bruise yourself against the bars of your cage;—escape you cannot. Be gentle and return my love if you would secure my favor towards the Jews: provoke me and you draw the curse of Sodom upon your people. With all your bigotry, you will have the consolation of reflecting that you have given yourself a sacrifice—if you give it that name—for the good of Israel. In this you can claim equality with Jephtha's daughter and an equal fame."

A sneer was just perceptible on the lip of the libertine as he concluded, which did not escape the penetrating eye of Esther, and a slight flush of shame and indignation lightened up her cheeks as she replied, "Unhappy man of Belial, your disgusting overtures are made in vain—your temptations are thrown away. Confident in the protection of Him who permits you to live and abuse the power you are unworthy to hold, I can despise your offers and defy your vengeance."

"Ah!" exclaimed Haman, "I am pleased at this, for it removes all cause of restraint and ends our debate. Now hear me—I am an Amalekite—the sworn enemy of your race, prepared to do ven-

geance whenever I find them, and on as many as may fall under my power. Now you know whom you have defied."

"I knew it all before," replied Esther calmly.

"Thy Moses, thy Samuel, Saul, David and their accomplices, were the oppressors of my people, and think you I will abate a tittle of a full retribution? I leave you for a few minutes, when, if you are wise, you will recall your defiance and decide upon submission, with mercy to your people rather than compulsion and vengeance. Reflect upon, ponder, and weigh my words."

Thus admonishing, Haman turned haughtily away and left the room. In the mean time another scene claims our attention. When Esther had left Mordecai, one of the two guards that held the cords with which he was bound, asked him in a taunting manner why he had not called to his aid the Angel of his God, who, his chronicles said, had slain so many Assyrians in one onslaught. "Perhaps you feared he might, like the elephants in battle, make a slight mistake and deal his blow on the wrong side; for your history speaks of wonderful confusion wrought in your own ranks by that same spiritual avenger."

"Impious creature!" said Mordecai indignantly, "the messenger of our God is sent when it seems good to His holy will to chastise the wickedness of men. If the arm of the Lord has at times fallen heavily on my people, it was not for vengeance in the human understanding of that word; but like a benevolent physician, who lops off a diseased limb to save the whole body. His infinite wisdom and goodness saw it was right and fit that the wicked few should be cut off to save the many—not of that generation only, but of all that should follow. He effects His ends by His own means—sometimes by human agency and at others by His immediate interposition. His vigilant goodness is never asleep—it is active and ceaseless—pervading all space and everywhere at once. Scoff not, unbeliever though you be, you shall see and confess that our God is able and willing to rescue my daughter from the oppressor. His own strength is infused into my faith and I am at rest."

As he ceased to speak, the other guard gave him a well known sign, at which he started suddenly and involuntarily exclaimed, "God of my fathers!" but immediately checking himself, turned away his eyes to avert suspicion and was again silent.

"Why, what startled thee so, old friend?" asked the first guard. "Does that same angel appear to thee that thou wouldst jump out of thy bonds?"

"Yea, scoffer, though not present, He has manifested his agency to me," replied Mordecai.

"Thy eyes must be good, old man, for one of thy age to enable thee to see what is invisible to others. But in the mean time, Shedrac," continued he to his mute associate, "look around thee, and if there be not a cup of wine in this Jewish tenement to gladden the heart, while this same sluggish Angel prepares his shears to clip the cords from our prisoner."

Shedrac looked, or pretended to look, and reporting that none was to be found, proposed to his fellow-guard to hasten to a wine store for a supply if he would keep the watch in his absence. This being readily assented to, he hastily sallied forth with far more engrossing thoughts than the thirst for wine inspired. Shedrac was a disguised Jew in the employment of Haman—the most implacable enemy of his race. Persecution, policy, and sometimes self-preservation drove the suffering descendants of Abraham to conceal their origin from the Assyrians and Persians, especially when employed in the families of the wealthy and powerful. The Jews to keep up a regular correspondence among themselves, and to be apprised of any evil design against them, practised the expedient of placing one or more of their nation in every considerable family to warn them of approaching dangers from the cupidity of power. For this purpose a Rabbi had persuaded Shedrac, a poor boy, to offer his services as an attendant on Haman, whose enmity to the Jews was open and inappeasable; and so well had the young Jew acted his part of dissimulation, that his master already considered him a choice instrument to work his wrath upon the people of God. To Mordecai he was unknown, and until he made a sign to him, by which the Jews conveyed intelligence one to another, and were readily recognized as fellow-sufferers in bondage throughout the vast dominions of Persia, he was regarded as an unbelieving Babylonian. When, however, he communicated his kindred and nation by a pantomimic motion unintelligible to any but a Jew, the encouragement seemed so much like the finger of God pointing to the deliverance in which he so confidently trusted and had just proclaimed, that in admiration the pious old man uttered the passionate outcry noticed above and which so surprised the Persian guard. Shedrac hastened to the temporary residence of Zeresh, Haman's wife, among whose women the cautious elders of the Jews had also managed to insinuate a Jewess to gather from the tongue of her mistress whatever purposes towards the Jews Haman might in single confidence reveal to his wife. This young woman had also, by her complaisance and seeming sympathy with the passions and pursuits of Zeresh, fully gained her confidence and was favored above all her women. To her then Shedrac hurriedly disclosed the unhappy condition of Esther and vehemently exhorted her to avert from old Mordecai, their fellow-sufferer and countryman, the heavy affliction about to fall upon him from the threatened doom of his beloved child. "I leave it all in your hands," he concluded, "for I have no power or means to aid him, being compelled to return hastily to keep guard over Mordecai, or forfeit

my life by detection and the station of usefulness to our people in which I am placed."

The wife of Haman was a Persian by birth, of noble extraction and immensely wealthy. Inheriting violent and ungovernable passions from a long line of corrupt ancestors, whose moral vices and propensities were as fully infused into her nature at her birth as their physical organization in the structure of her body, she had never acknowledged any superior but Royalty itself. Haughty and ambitious from her birth, she had, even in early maidenhood, thought only on such an alliance in marriage as would most likely promote her dreams of power and aggrandizement. Haman, though by birth a Macedonian and a foreigner, was already high in favor with the king, and from his talents and address, seemed destined to become a person of great notoriety and consequence in the empire. Zeresh weighed well these advantages in her mind, and determined to make the conquest of Haman's heart. She accordingly spoke openly in the highest strains of eulogy both of Haman's person and qualities, and caused a full report of her great riches to be made to him. Her plans succeeded—Haman sought his wealthy admirer, offered his hand and was accepted. Thus at once was the Macedonian adventurer raised among the Lords of Persia to a height that his most extravagant ambition had never dared to aspire to. His advancement was rather attributable to a deep cunning and hypocrisy than to brilliant and useful talents. He was among his superiors, whatever they were, always obsequious, ever commending and never contradicting. In Macedonia he declared himself a zealous worshipper of the gods of Greece, giving preference always to the patron deity of the city he happened to reside in. At Ephesus his most frequent sacrifices were to Diana—at Athens, to Minerva. In Persia he was a reverential disciple of the Magi and a zealous follower of Zoroaster, yet in heart he paid his adoration only to the gods of the Amalekites. By nature he was haughty, ambitious and revengeful, yet stooping to the meanest arts to accomplish his ends. Zeresh, however, by the violence of her nature and a consciousness of having laid him under obligations by elevating him to a height with herself, had gained an ascendancy over his proud mind, and reversed the commandment of God—*that the woman should be subject to the man.* Opposition to her will was at all times sufficient to inflame her rage and bring down upon the head of Haman the most opprobrious and galling reproaches; but when a whisper of her husband's inconstancy reached her ears, her jealous fury knew no bounds. Vindictive, stern and haughty, she not only banished domestic quiet from her own circle, but pursued the object of her jealousy with the most unmitigated vengeance. Yet this woman, carrying to excess the softer as well as the more guilty passions of the human constitution, when not driven on by some stormy impulse, could subside into all the blandishments of sexual love and cherish an affection so intense as almost to seem idolatry. Into her ear, then, the Jewish serving-woman poured the tale of Haman's infidelity and of her wrongs. Without a moment's delay she flew on the wings of infuriated madness to the house where Esther was confined, passed the guards, who drew back with terror, and entering the house with a stealthy tread, placed herself at the half open door of the apartment in which Esther and Haman were holding a dialogue. "But now heed my words," began Haman, "your own knowledge will give weight to these truths. To-morrow, you know, it is decreed, under penalty of death, that all the inhabitants of Babylon shall assemble together to witness the overthrow of the god Belus—even the sick and maimed, the old and decrepid must be present or cease to live—there is no exception, nor will one delinquent escape the forfeiture: the laws of the Medes and Persians alter not. Now take your alternative—submit passively to be mine and to-morrow obey the edict, or suffer violence, and be withheld from the assembly, as shall also your wretched old father, and bring the executioners of Xerxes upon you both. Mine is the office to see the edict enforced, and now judge whether I am likely to relent. No appeal can be made to Xerxes, for I will suffer none."

"As cruel as I had judged you to be, you are even more unjust than my imagination could have painted you," replied Esther calmly. "But my trust is in one greater than thou, or Xerxes either, and I firmly repulse all your temptations."

"Then call upon your God and see if he can protect you," exclaimed Haman, springing at her with outstretched arms.

With the nimbleness of a young fawn she evaded his grasp, and retreating to the farther end of the room, dropped upon her knees, and raising her hands and eyes aloft, cried out in a loud voice, in the language of David, "Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness: thou hast enlarged me when I was in distress: have mercy upon me and hear my prayer."

"See, fond fool, he comes not," replied Haman in bitter mockery. "How long will you continue a dupe to such idle fancies? Come, no more of this," continued he, placing himself between her and the door and springing suddenly towards her. In his rapid motion he caught her flowing vail in his hand and stopped her flight.

Esther uttered a loud scream and was struggling to free herself, when Zeresh suddenly confronted her husband. Haman, with a start, let fall the vail from his hand, and tottering back a pace or two, stood aghast at this most unwelcome and fearful encounter. Esther had never seen Zeresh, but judged from her haughty and indignant eye and commanding mien in whose presence she

now was; but conscious of her own innocence, she neither trembled nor quailed from her furious gaze. Pale with rage, the infuriated woman stood for several moments in mute and noiseless passion, intent, as it seemed, to wither by her looks first one and then the other. At length concentrating her wrath in one long and fixed gaze upon Haman, like a tigress about to spring upon her prey, she asked almost in a whisper, throwing into her manner as she did so the bitterest irony, and slowly emphasizing every word, which boded more trouble to him than the most furious outburst, because more deeply seated. "Pray, my lord, why will you exhaust your noble faculties in planning such agreeable surprises for a silly wife? You are too good. Judge, if you can conceive it, how much I am delighted with the splendor and elegance of these apartments, and then the choice taste you display in the selection of your associates, my love. This damsel, I presume, is to add another grace to the train of my female attendants. She seems a model of waiting gentlewomen. May I presume to look on thy modest blushes, my dear," lifting the vail of the unresisting Esther. The exquisite beauty and child-like innocence depicted in Esther's countenance for a moment touched a chord of pity in the breast of the jealous tormenter; but the idea of rivalship in one so lovely dispelled the feeling at once and tortured her to madness. "I am told that thou art a Jewess, my dear," continued she to Esther—and surely you claim your descent from some one of your mighty kings and take no stain from bondage. Haman is unjust: I should be *your* tirewoman—it will become a Persian lady of noble birth to tend a royal scion." Then suddenly changing her manner and dropping her irony, she turned to Haman and said, still in a low voice, "Ungrateful plebeian, I now see the fruits of my folly in raising you from the only station for which nature and a mean education had fitted you. Your grovelling mind and vitiated tastes can relish nothing but what pleases palates of the swinish rabble. Behold! is it not too much to bear, that a slave—a bondswoman, and yet worse, an accursed Jewess, is brought into the place of *me*, a descendant of the noblest houses of Persia? Peace, be silent, degraded scullion!" she exclaimed, interrupting Haman, who attempted to offer some explanation. "Have I not seen with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears, mendacious deceiver that you are? But think you I will want my revenge? Am I not insulted, and have I not already become a theme for the gossip of Babylon by your outrage!" Then turning to Esther, she demanded in a stern and harsh voice, "what brought you first acquainted with this man!"

Esther mildly, but firmly replied, "I was seized by his orders in the city of Susa and forcibly carried to his house before I was aware he had ever seen me, and certainly it was there I first saw him to know him. I escaped from him and fled to this city, hoping in its immensity to evade all pursuit. To-day we were again surprised by Haman's presence and I was a second time forced from my home and made his captive. Judge of me as I speak—for God do so unto me as I utter truth. I would fly to the uttermost parts of the earth to escape his persecution and be at peace."

"It is well for you, minion, that I saw your resistance, otherwise you should carry about your person few charms to attract him in future;" so saying, she turned to a small ivory table and with feverish impatience taking from a cabinet a slip of parchment, hastily wrote a few lines upon it and handing it to Esther, whispered in her ear, "obey implicitly the commands therein given, and abide at the place appointed till I see you again, and you will secure my protection so effectually, that Haman shall molest you no more. Now begone. Come, my love," said she to Haman, "you will give me your attendance for a few moments at my humble dwelling, where who knows but that among my women, you may espy some new face that shall make amends for the loss of the Jewess."

Though Haman well knew the cause of his wife's pressing him into service and the nature of the treat that awaited him, he affected to laugh and offered to take her arm, but she indignantly shook him off and with a fierce look, said to him, "you wrong the Jewess—those arms so lately outstretched to clasp her cannot without faithlessness be transferred to the embraces of another."

Repulsed and driven to silence by the indefensible nature of his trespass, Haman held his peace, resolving in his mind, like all subdued husbands, to correct, at some time indefinite, such conjugal abuses, and to take the reins of government into his own hands. So soon as they reached her house, Zeresh left Haman and hastening to her disguised Jewish maiden and confidant, poured into her ears her wrongs and grievances, kindling with fiercer indignation as she proceeded. "Go," said she at length, when her paroxysm of rage had nearly exhausted her, "search me out two fitting instruments and charge them in my name, on pain of death, to follow the Jewish witch and her father to the public house near the tomb of Ninus without the walls of the city and to cut off her nose and ears, but to spare her life,* that she may live henceforth an object of repulsiveness to all men, as well to bachelors as to husbands. Haste! haste! my bosom is torn by furies while the deed remains undone."

The Jewess dissembling her purpose and imposing on her mistress a seeming alacrity to enter

* This barbarous sentence may seem to some readers too inhuman to proceed from a refined lady, yet we are told by Rollin, that Amestris, the wife of Xerxes, in a fit of jealousy, caused the tongue, nose, ears and lips of a rival to be cut off and thrown to the dogs.

into the spirit of her plans, hastened away as if to consummate her revenge. In the meantime, Esther, in the overflowing of pious gratitude mentally pouring out her soul in thanks and adoration to that benificent Creator and Protector, whose eye is over all His works, and whose comfort is never withdrawn from the righteous, hastened to obey the commands of Zeresh, distrusting nothing, from the unsuspicious nature of her own innocence, nor dreaming of the possibility of an inimical purpose towards herself from the powerful woman, whose lips had just spoken the language of reprieve, and whose promises, though carrying a hidden meaning, seemed an earnest of future protection. With a bright and joyous countenance she entered the dwelling of Mordecai, who still lay bound with cords before his guards. At her sudden appearance, free from restraint and unattended, all three started, and for a moment were dumb with astonishment.

"Father Abraham!" exclaimed Mordecai, "It is indeed my little Esther!" and the old man, forgetful of his bonds in the delightful excitement of the moment, vainly endeavored to raise his arms to embrace her. Esther threw hers about his neck, and wept with a convulsive outburst of affection.

"Ah! truly and happily for me hast thou taught me," she sobbed, "to place my trust in the God of our fathers. He is strong to save and swift to succor those that keep his commandments. My supplication hath he heard, and swift as the eagle on the breast of the storm hath he winged his mercy to the rescue when none there seemed to save."

"Great spirit of fire and light! Ormozd, bright intelligence of all created good!" exclaimed the Persian guard with terror "Is it true then that thy God has sent an avenging Angel in the shape of an eagle to set thee free, daughter of Jewry?"

Esther smiled at his misconstruction of her figurative language, and handed him the slip of parchment given her by Zeresh.

"By the bright beams of Mithras, whom the true Persian adores," he continued, "thy God has chosen a fury for his minister this time, and I marvel much, fair maiden, that instead of this passport of liberty, she had not proven a worse foe than Haman himself. Persian wives are not famous for their favors to interloping paramours. But thy God surely first clipped her nails and drew her teeth, that I see beauty's smiles yet dimpling over thy cheeks. But we must away, this order is imperious and quickly to be executed, for none may dare to loiter with this impress of Haman's seal in his hand, especially when forwarded by his wife. Woe to the delinquent when she takes the helm. Old man, and you, fair damsel, make ready to leave this house and pass the walls of Babylon to take up your abode in the *public* near the tomb of Ninus. Mordecai and Esther quickly made up a package of wearing apparel, and committing their dwelling to the care of a pious Israelite, followed their guard to the gates of Babylon. While tarrying for a minute at the gate for the necessary examination by the sentinels before they could be suffered to pass out, a spruce little page, with much cunning and address, slipped unnoticed a billet into Esther's hand and passed on whistling as though his mind had been vacant of thought. When they had passed a few paces beyond the walls and were approaching the house where Zeresh had commanded them to tarry for further orders, Esther opened the billet and read as follows—"Flee! flee! and look not behind you—the ministers of vengeance are at your heels. Approach not the house where Zeresh bade you tarry, unless you would be rendered hideous to all beholders ever after by her jealous fury." With bloodless cheeks Esther placed the scroll in Mordecai's hands, who, casting his eyes over it, exclaimed with a smile, "Fear not, our God who could frustrate the wicked purposes of a Jezabel and gave her body to be food for dogs, can also mar the counsels of a Zeresh and bring her down from her pride of place. Too often have we experienced His mercies to doubt Him now. Yet we must hasten from the *doomed* city and employ the means He gives us to escape the toils of the ungodly."

"And whither shall we flee?" asked Esther.

"To Shushan," (Susa,) was the reply.

"Shushan!" repeated Esther with astonishment, "why that is Haman's dwelling-place. We shall be entering the snare of the fowler."

"Not so, daughter, he will least of all suspect our flight to be thither, and in that will consist our safety. Besides, some indefinable impulse leads me to that city. Yet when there we must use the means that human prudence teaches to avoid our enemies, and not tempt the Lord our God by a foolish rashness. Myself I can so metamorphose that not even yourself would know me for the same. My long, bleached hair shall suddenly become short, black locks; my thread-bare tunic shall give place to a decent Persian robe; my staff shall cease to accompany a stooping form; and a body erect and a step elastic will all conspire to make a different personage for Haman's scrutiny. His haughty eye has not deigned so to notice me when we have met as to recognize me under such a transformation. Your vail and seclusion will be sufficient protection for you.

## CHAPTER IV.

Mordecai and Esther had lived several weeks in the house of an old Jew named Asa, who had found favor with the young prince Ahasuerus, (Artaxerxes,) and was more esteemed by him than any of his fellow servants: yet he was not known to be a Jew. Though they experienced every kindness at the hands of their hospitable and generous pro-

tector, still Esther lived in continual dread of Haman and his vindictive wife. Twice had she seen him bearing his nodding plumes at the head of a cavalcade that passed the street on which she lived. Her strict seclusion and anxiety rendered her situation irksome and uncomfortable, and more than once had she, in the presence of Asa, lamented the necessity that made her so close a prisoner. Asa replied not, but turned the matter in his mind and studied to seek out a remedy for the oppressive annoyance. One evening as they surrounded their plentiful board all seemed cheerful and happy save Esther, whose young heart was sad from confinement and want of exercise. Their kind host observing this, remarked, "I have a plan for you, my pretty kinswoman, which, should you approve of it, will effectually set you free. Vashti, the prince's wife, has ordered her principal eunuch to choose her out a well-educated maid servant to supply the place of one who is about to be married, and having some interest with the eunuch, I think I can prevail upon him to introduce you. Your duties will be light, in fact not much more than to make an unit in a host of females kept rather for display than for use. Once placed in the service of the princess, Haman or his wife would sooner encounter a raging lion than dare to touch a hair of your head. Esther turned her eyes gleaming with delight upon Mordecai, as if to gather his sentiments from his countenance. "You can go, daughter, if it be your wish," said the old man. "I see no cause to forbid it, circumstanced as you are." Preliminaries were accordingly settled with the eunuch, and Esther was bidden to prepare for her introduction to her new station. With the happy anticipations of inexperienced youth and the confident expectation of freedom and cheerfulness, Esther embraced Mordecai and departed for the prince's palace. Her countenance lightened over by the glow of pleasure that quickened the pulsations of the heart, was a picture of the most exquisite and captivating beauty.

"Happy innocence! lovely portraiture of a guileless spirit!" exclaimed old Mordecai as Esther tripped away. "Who that looks into the laughing eye, the open brow of beautiful maidenhood, can fail to sadden at the reflection that so perfect a picture of careless happiness must change its colors, as knowledge of the world spreads its blighting mildew over the expansion of life? But the knowledge of evil and the strife of passions, inseparable from a fallen race, soon convert the laughter-loving countenance of gay and happy spirits into the staid and troubled brow of the care-worn and anxious matron. Thence she declines into wrinkled old age and is gathered to her fathers. Yet our God is just and there is a life beyond the grave."

While Mordecai thus moralized, Esther, with a buoyant heart and without a suspicion of aught to cross her young dreams of a happy life, entered the palace of the prince. Through a suite of rooms, gorgeously furnished, she was conducted to the apartment of the princess Vashti, who sat reclining on a sofa covered with crimson satin trimmed with cloth of gold, and resting her feet on a tripod of ivory and gold, and cushioned with flowered satin. Her robe, large and flowing, was of the richest purple silk and completely covered with a beautiful gauze-work of gold and silver tissue. Her smooth, white forehead, wore a tiara circled with diamonds that cast a sparkling light on her regular and handsome features and gave a brighter tint to her beautiful auburn hair that fell in graceful ringlets upon her neck and bosom. An air of languid affectation dwelt upon her countenance, and her spirits seemed lulled into listless ennui. Several girls stood before her throwing gentle currents of air upon her from rich and beautiful fans. As Esther entered and made her obeisance, she raised herself erect and surveyed her with something of unpleasant surprise in her countenance; for the exquisite beauty of the Jewess struck all beholders at the first sight.

"Is this the girl you recommend?" she enquired of the eunuch, after exhausting her curiosity on Esther.

"The same, mighty princess," replied the eunuch bowing till his head came in contact with the floor.

"And what are her qualifications?"

"She touches the harp most sweetly and sings divinely, bright star of the royal house of Persia."

"What else?"

"She will attire the brightness of your royal person with a taste that shall beseem the daughter of the *king of kings* and the *Light* of the world."

"Nor forget to quote our admiration of her personal charms," continued the Princess in a tone of irony as she fixed her eyes upon Esther with an expression too much like envy to escape the suspicion of it. She then motioned her to fall back with the other women, and seemed for some time to be in an ill-humor with every thing about her. The maids of the princess seemed to partake of their mistress' impatient envy; for after eyeing Esther attentively with unfriendly aspects, they drew off from her and kept up a low whisper among themselves accompanied with impertinent glances at her person and dress. How long this species of torture might have lasted is uncertain, for the Prince was announced by an eunuch from an ante-chamber. Artaxerxes was a Persian of a fine and noble person, remarkable for manly beauty and gracefulness. His figure was strikingly noble and commanding, being finely proportioned and so perfectly moulded, as to defy the eye of the most prying critic, save in the fingers of one hand which, from an early injury, were drawn out longer than those of the other, and which obtained for him the soubriquet of *Longemanus*. But what is more to the credit of the prince he was affectionate, humane and generous,

and of a compassionate and tender heart. With an air of easy playfulness he seated himself by the Princess, and taking her small and beautiful hand in his, dallied playfully with it as one would with a beautiful but spoilt child. After a few commonplace remarks and sundry compliments on her pretty person and gorgeous dress, he turned his eyes, as if already wearied with his insipid occupation, to the group of maidens that stood drawn up behind the princess, and seemed suddenly to start with admiration as he beheld, for the first time, the lovely person of Esther. This did not escape the jealous eye of the princess, who now watched his countenance with a fixedness that seemed to read his very thoughts. The prince was too much engrossed to observe her, but asked, "What pretty flower is this you have been culling from the garden of beauty, my Vashti?"

"Nothing for a Prince's admiration nor for his notice, my lord," answered the indignant wife.

"Nay, be not jealous, my pretty one," continued he, looking now upon the princess' darkened brow and playfully patting her cheek. "May I not admire the skilful display of nature's handy work as well in the beautiful countenance of a maiden, as in the blushing petals of a budding rose and with the same indifference?"

This remark, that was meant to soothe and quiet the too evidently offended pride of the princess, but the more deeply touched that morbidly sensitive dignity, which an obsequious deference to her will had rendered to the last degree vulnerable. When, therefore, she heard the prince express aloud a suspicion of her jealousy towards a creature so far beneath her, she exclaimed in high displeasure, "Do you couple me, my lord, in the same breath with a slave of my palace, and on a charge of jealousy, too, before my domestics?"

"Nay! Nay! my loved one, you are taking seriously what I meant as pleasantry, and vexing yourself for nothing," replied the prince; "there is no cause here for trouble, so let us be cheerful and merry." Then turning his eyes again upon Esther, who stood with her head drooping upon her bosom in silent anguish, he accosted her in a gentle and encouraging tone of voice with the remark, "You seem unaccustomed to such a presence, my little maid, but be not cast down, the princess is too generous to render your place other than pleasant and cheerful. You can do more to amuse her, too, I will warrant, than that shrinking modesty would seem to promise. Can you touch the harp? My eyes deceive me if those taper fingers do not strike from musical chords sweet sounds."

Esther tremblingly answered she sometimes played upon the harp.

"Bring her an instrument," said he to an eunuch in attendance. The harp was brought and Esther commanded to show her skill. She timidly bent over it and nervously ran her fingers over the chords, but as the tones of the fine instrument swelled through the adjacent apartments of the palace she gradually gained confidence and, accompanying the harp with her voice, sung with touching pathos the 137th psalm.

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

"We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

"For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion.

"How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

As she concluded the last words, a tear that had been struggling for liberty escaped to her cheek and gave to her countenance so touching an expression of friendless sorrow, as to work powerfully upon the generous sympathy of the prince, and drew forth from him the almost involuntary praise, "what incomparable skill! and so sweet a voice—so exquisitely modulated!" Again and again he urged her to the task and listened with mute rapture to the melody she made, till she faltered from mere exhaustion. The prince observing her weariness, stopped her, and remarked with a smile, "we have taxed you too far for your strength, and must be content for the present." Seeing from Vashti's countenance that she had not been pleased with his notice of Esther and feeling no inclination to tarry with a pouting wife, he left the apartment. When his footsteps had ceased to be heard, the princess, with a heightened color, called Esther before her, and, in a voice of excessive anger, asked, "how durst you thus essay to draw the admiration of the prince upon your beggarly self? Have you the insolent temerity to aspire to a rivalry with Vashti, impudent slave?"

"Great Princess," began Esther in a deprecating tone —

"Silence!" interrupted Vashti, "dare you speak till I command you? Hither have you come confident that your vulgar charms and screeching minstrelsy will captivate a prince, and have the bold audacity to practice your arts in my presence. Know, crafty imposter, that none have ventured to incur the displeasure of Vashti but once. Who and what are you?"

"Mighty princess," answered Esther, "your hand-maiden, whose misfortune and not design has unhappily given offence, is a daughter of the captive people of God—the Jews."

"You, an accursed Jewess, and dare obtrude your crafty visage within the walls of this palace? Your insolence is now explained—I wonder not—no! not at all at your impudence. Your hateful race living in exclusive usages and customs cultivate a system of misanthropy towards all other nations, sanctifying your infamy by pretended devo-

tion to a God whom none know besides, and whose laws are but a fiction to gloss your crimes."

"No, princess," replied Esther, led away by her piety, and totally loosing sight of the presence in which she stood—"The evil we do is in express violation of our God's commands. He is the God of righteousness and mercy, and besides him there is no God. He is the God of the Persian as well as the Jew, and of every nation and kindred under the sun. Before him kings and princes must bow, and without his permission nothing exists that is."

At this boldness the women about the princess recoiled with alarm, and Vashti, who had never before witnessed such freedom from an inferior, was for a moment dumb with astonishment. Quickly experiencing a revulsion of anger, however, she sprung from her seat and, with ungovernable rage, smote Esther on the cheek and drove her from the room with threats of the direst vengeance should she be seen again about the palace.

"Go! thou votary of the dark *Ahriman*," she exclaimed as Esther left the apartment, "pour out thy malevolent rantings at the altars of thy gloomy God and perchance he may have the power to dry thy tears, though His temple and His worshippers sunk beneath the frown of Babel's God."

While Esther waited at the gate of the palace till some one of the chamberlains should be at leisure to open it, she seated herself on a settle, and covering her face with her hands, wept long and bitterly.

"God of my fathers," she exclaimed with anguish, "teach me to apply these terrible trials as a rebuke from Thee, for an over-fondness of my personal comeliness, knowing that in beauty, as such, there is no merit, but that its possession is often a snare to the soul. For this accidental quality of matter, I am pursued with loathsome and abominable solicitations from men, and envied and buffetted by women. Yet stay the rod of thy righteous hand and guide my feet in the path of humility and godliness."

As she concluded this petition, she raised her head and with a start beheld the prince standing by her side.

"You have been brought into trouble on my account, my pretty minstrel," said the prince in a soothing voice as he took one of her hands into his which she feared to withdraw. "I learned all from the eunuchs; yet be not dismayed, Artaxerxes has the power to dry those tears," continued he pressing his handkerchief to her eyes, "and to protect you too."

"Great prince!" intreated Esther shuddering at the dreadful consequences that threatened her, should this interview be reported to the princess, "I appeal to your generous and noble nature to spare a helpless and unprotected orphan who has none to counsel, and bring not down the anger of the princess on her head. Pardon the boldness of thy hand-maiden, and attribute to ignorance whatever she may say to offend, and suffer her to depart."

"Fear nothing, my timid beauty," said Artaxerxes with a smile, "your case is indeed a hard one; for to have refused when I bade you touch the harp would have offended *me*, and for obeying me, you have offended the princess. Yet when I offer you protection, none will dare molest you, though you were as helpless as the callow brood of the dove. Your offence comes from having pleasured me, and shall I see you punished for it?"

"O prince," replied Esther, taking alarm at the soft and tender tone he assumed, "may peace and affection dwell in your domestic circle; at least let me entreat not to be made the unhappy cause of discord in its bosom. Think on thy greatness, thy riches, and high birth, and suffer the humble and obscure maiden to dwell forgotten in the vale of her humility."

"Your request might be fatal to yourself, generous girl, for should I grant it and forget you, as you wish, others, most probably, would remember you too well for your peace. So as an earnest of your safety take this," continued the prince drawing a sparkling ring from his finger and placing it upon Esther's, who feared to resist the action; "when insolence or malice would bring sorrow to your young heart or in any manner molest you, but hold up this slender finger with its hoop and call on Artaxerxes' name and you are as safe as in my presence."

"Pardon me, generous prince," resumed Esther dreading a further pursuit from him. "But can I receive this token and remain as innocent and uncommitted as though I should refuse it?"

This question was put with the most artless simplicity with her eyes fixed upon his. The prince smiled, and still holding her hand in his, replied, "You speak, pretty damsel, as though I had been making love to you, whereas I believe I have only offered you my protection, which you know I might do to one of my own sex." Esther's face, neck, and bosom became suddenly suffused with a blush of scarlet from the disclosure of a suspicion which she now felt her modesty should have concealed, till some more unequivocal declaration had left her free to oppose his advances. "Nay, be not disconcerted," continued the prince. "I will not deny that you have interested me much and most forcibly at the very moment when you, with ingenuous modesty and artless innocence, were endeavoring to drive me away. Who but a being of purity and virtue would shun the advances of a prince of Persia's royal house and plead the cause of another who had just driven her forth with contumely for her obedience to commands she feared to disobey, but mostly for the enviable charms that bud and blossom with her young life?"

Thus concluding he stooped his head to Esther's,

whose eyes were bent upon the ground, and before she was aware of his intention, kissed her lips, and smiling at her blushes returned to the palace. In a few minutes the eunuch that introduced Esther to the presence of Vashti came up to her and, with a knowing look and leer, said, "Young one, you played a hazardous game, but you have won. Who could have thought so much cunning and skilful manœuvring lay under that modest exterior and simple seeming? You have played a game for a prince—your life the stake—and you have won him. What not a word yet? Vashti is checkmated and powerless, too, to do you harm. Ah! you may hide your finger, but I know the ring and I know its power too. But use your power with the skill that won it, and you may laugh to scorn even Vasti's vengeance. She has forgotten her submission to the prince, and by her caprice and ill-humor has disgusted him. Her haughty pride knows nothing superior to her will, and more than once has she put aside her lord's commands with supercilious disdain. This the proud nobles of Persia, and especially the royal blood, will not endure. Now I know all the prince's whims and humors, and can render my knowledge valuable to you if you will give me your promise to reward my services."

"I do not understand you," replied Esther, offendedly, "and know not how to answer; but I entreat that you will release me from these walls and place me again with the friends from whom you took me."

"Why, that is what I have come to do, by the prince's commands," said the eunuch, opening the gate, "so come away."

When they were beyond the walls of the palace, the eunuch continued, "The princess owes you no good will, and would reward me with half her jewels, to put out both your eyes, but, on the other hand, the prince would balance the account, by presenting you with my head, or perhaps do me the honor of the trough;* so that my practice must conform to circumstances; besides, I like the clever art you so eminently display—it augurs wide success; and would rather aid such wily talents to mount to power, than foil them."

Esther had heard enough of the unprincipled arts of these insidious vermin, and listened to his language with a shuddering disgust.

"Unhappy infatuation of royalty!" she mentally reasoned, "to surround itself with wretches, whose unvaried practice is to corrupt the morals and suppress the virtues of their masters, by pandering to their passions and encouraging their weaknesses and follies, till an ascendancy is acquired over the mind, and the infamous eunuch becomes in fact the dispenser of power."

Such, indeed, had been the purposes of this eunuch towards his mistress Vashti, but her haughty spirit would yield nothing to his obsequious arts, when at length despairing of the power he had sought, his mortified ambition gave place to the passion of revenge, and he determined to destroy her if possible. To her overweening self-esteem, he offered continual incense, and infused into her weak mind a contempt for the prince's commands.—When Artaxerxes on such occasions would leave Vashti's palace in high displeasure, the eunuch invariably followed him, and with a seeming anxiety to palliate his mistress' foibles, would represent them in a doubly provoking light. The prince and princess were thus made the objects of annoyance to each other, by this insidious wretch.

"You return to your friends," resumed the eunuch, after a silence of some minutes, "but the prince hopes—that is his language—that if you should ever need his friendship, you will let him know it and not timidly avoid him. Avoid him!! Why how little he knows of women! Who of them would shun the splendor of a royal lover? No! young budding rose, I will not underestimate your talents, nor doubt the purposes of the successful game you have played to-day. She that so skilfully can build her fortunes, has not the folly to mar them."

Esther, who had resolved to hold no discourse with the eunuch, seeing her silence might lead to misconception of her sentiments, replied with warmth: "You do me much wrong; I have neither sought the prince's favor, nor would I for all he could confer, become his mistress. My nature, my principles and my education, inspire me with abhorrence for so unchaste and unholy a custom, and sooner would I bless the hand that should deprive me of life, than submit to that blot upon female honor, though the great king were the wooer."

"You have a proper spirit, by the faith of Zoroaster," replied the eunuch, "and a soul as great as a queen's; but reflect, your ambition may overreach itself. Degraded by a prince's love! and aspiring to the summit of a wife! Why this goes an arrow-shot beyond cool prudence, and is the rock on which you will split. Why Solomon, the wise man of the sanctimonious Jews, had seven hundred mistresses, and shall an humble damsel despise the unwedded love of a Persian prince?"

"Forbear, I pray you," said Esther—"I neither aspire to be the prince's wife, nor will I be his otherwise. I only ask to be left in the undisturbed enjoyment of the humble lot in which God has placed me, and this simple boon the generous prince will not deny me."

"Great Zoroaster!" exclaimed the eunuch—"Do I hear aright? Can such infatuation exist in so promising a form? You are a riddle, fair one,

* The punishment of the trough was a cruel and linger ing method of execution, in ancient Persia. The condemned criminal was confined in one trough, and covered with another, with his arms and legs out, and so continued till he died.

too abstruse for me to solve. But here is your dwelling, and ere we part for the present, I will only add that your cautious reserve deprives you of the counsel of one well versed in the passions and springs of human action, and whose aid you would find invaluable. Be advised therefore, and when we meet again, as surely we shall, conduct your plans under better auspices."

Mordecai was much troubled at Esther's account of her visit to Vashti's palace, and as he affectionately pressed her hand in his, said, "Daughter, I fear your loveliness is our greatest enemy. Had you less, we should surely be *less* the mark of man's oppression."

"Father," replied Esther, "whatever of personal beauty I may possess, was the gift of that righteous God, who can do no evil. His purposes in thus adorning a creature of dust, were surely good, and let me say, his will be done."

"Daughter!" exclaimed the old man fervently, as a tear glistened in his eye, "that speech has made you dearer to me than ever. It recalls me from that worldly wisdom, so prompt to assign a cause for what we cannot comprehend; and reminds me that nature, and its hidden laws, are but the expression of His will, who has adapted means to ends, with a judgment that cannot err. Let us therefore keep our thoughts from wandering off, on blind philosophy and idle speculation, and fix them on that great first cause that points to truth, as the dial to the hour. Under the shadow of His wings we rest secure from the power of even thrones and principalities."

(*To be continued.*)

## HERALDRY OF LOVE.

Down where the river flows between
The city and the dusky screen
Of willow branches long and green,
That dim the village lights behind,
  With her who is so debonnaire,
In excellence of heart and mind
  So far—so far beyond compeer,
—What happiness I find!

There yestereve, with hands in mine
Fast locked, as in the olden time,
And words more musical than rhyme
To ears that listened wistfully,
  Yet scarce were satisfied,—we stood
The queenly Dian's disc to see
  Above the distant cypress wood
Soar up triumphantly.

And while we talked of what should be
Our future lot, nor could agree
Therein at first,—"Heart's dearest, see."
—I said—"a cloudy fesse in twain
  Divides Diana's silver shield."
And while she gazed, I cried again—
  "Superior in the azure field
Behold it ONE again!"

So chid I gently. She is wise
And quick to understand—her eyes
Turned to me with a glad surprise
And such deep love, that I, I own,
  When on my breast her head she laid,
Found my philosophy all flown.
  —For who hath courage to upbraid
A queen upon her throne?

J. M. LEGARE.

*South Carolina.*

## CURWEN'S JOURNAL, &c.

*Notice of a Review of "Curwen's Journal," &c., comprised in several numbers of the "Messenger," Concluded.*

BY THE EDITOR OF CURWEN.

Our readers, and correspondents in the present discussion, will understand that we espouse neither side. From all the lights before us, and we think from those before our fathers, had we lived in the time of our revolutionary struggle we should have been a decided whig. But the Messenger is conducted upon the principles of free discussion; and we are always disposed to vindicate the independence of the press, as well as the stern impartiality of History.—[*Ed. Mess.*

In our former notice of the Review of "*Curwen's Journal*," &c., * we expressed our conviction that a critical examination of the various histories of the period, as well as such oral testimony, as, at this distance of time, we might be able to obtain respecting the acts of the Cunninghams of South Carolina during the war of the Revolution, would fully justify the leading features of our narrative. We shall presently proceed to show that this is really the case; and our gratification in doing so is enhanced by the circumstance that we were hardly ourselves prepared to find all our statements on the subject fully corroborated. The counter-assertions of the Reviewer were made so confidently, and had so much of the *verba magistri* air about them, that we could not help being a little taken in, and consequently became impressed with feelings somewhat akin to those of a corrected school-boy.

We feared we had been careless in the execution of our task, and that our punishment had not been the less merited, though, from want of ability

* See the number for January.

our Reviewer had so egregiously failed in his attempts to inflict it. At the very least, we expected to be obliged to confess that we had been led into occasional misconceptions, and we hoped to find our apology in ambiguities of expression, originating, partly in the careless mode of writing with which some of these histories abound, and partly in the difficulty which their authors must have had in reconciling a true record with the passions and prejudices of the times. In all this, however, we have been very agreeably disappointed. We have no mistatements to retract, no misconceptions to explain away. We have, on the contrary, only been confirmed in our belief in the entire truthfulness of the history of the Cunninghams as we have already told it. Our case is supported by affidavits voluntarily made in South Carolina, by individuals who were either eye witnesses themselves or so intimately connected with those who were eye witnesses of what actually took place in relation to these matters, that in the absence of even the semblance of a motive for deception, it is hardly possible to doubt their authenticity.

The main facts of our narrative seem everywhere admitted; and it is consequently to our estimate of the character of these facts, and to the conclusions to which that estimate necessarily leads us as to the motives of those engaged in these transactions, that we must look for the explanation of the very material differences existing between our sketch and the histories to which we have alluded. That these were partisan histories it would be puerile to attempt to deny; we all know very well that none other would have been tolerated. Even at the present day it is considered a kind of sacrilege to say that any of the heroes of the Revolution were not the very best and greatest men that ever lived. What then would have been thought of it had any thing been said against them near that time "which," according to a pet expression among a certain class of writers, "tried men's souls?"

Histories containing such heresies would doubtless have been burned by the common hangman, and their author would have been, as Drayton facetiously expresses it, "furnished with a new suit of cloaths without the assistance of a single tailor."

That these histories, therefore, partisan as they are in their character, should corroborate our facts, we hold to be pretty conclusive evidence in our favor—and we are further inclined to think, that the affidavits above-mentioned will be considered by most people to be better evidence as to matters on which these histories are silent, than the mere *ipse dixit* of an unknown Reviewer.

At the same time we would by no means accuse the Reviewer of wilful misrepresentation. We really believe that the amount of error into which he has fallen has been caused, mainly, if not solely, by his having adopted the mischievous dogma of Mr. Simms, that "*by reasoning of what should have been from what is before us, we gather the true from the probable*," an *ignis fatuus*, which, if followed, must necessarily lead even wiser men than we should take him to be, into a perfect quagmire of absurdity and contradiction. And so it is in this Review—one page contradicts another in the most innocent and amusing manner. Reasoning of what should have been from what is before him, the Reviewer seems to have gathered "*the true from the probable*," in a very different way at one time, than he has at another; thereby realizing only the latter half of Byron's sneer at history, where he says, "*she lies like truth; but yet most truly lies.*" Thus in page 325 the Reviewer says, "We have seen in this very biography of the Cunninghams that three out of four *Scotchmen* scarcely enter the country when they are raised to office, made Judges, magistrates, and surveyors by Royal patent. That they should not feel the arguments of the *native* patriots, and that the natives, proud, wealthy and intellectual should resent an administration and try to throw off a government which thus studiously subjected the *native* to denial and inferiority, is equally obvious and natural." In page 328 he says, "Cunningham soon made his appearance, accompanied by Thomas Brown, also a *Scotchman*." In page 388 he says, "Drayton seems to have regarded him as a bold and sturdy *foreigner*." Now the fact which the Reviewer seems to have had before him, when he wrote these sentences was, that the Cunninghams were men who had some scruples of conscience about breaking the oaths of allegiance which as holding office under the crown, they must have solemnly and lately taken—and reasoning of what he conceived "*should have been*," from this fact which "*was before him*," he immediately concludes that they were *Scotchmen* and foreigners, gathering in this way what he supposes to be "*the true from the probable*," and quite forgetting that in page 324 he had told us "the Cunninghams were a bold and spirited family. They came from a stout and worthy stock in Scotland, *who emigrated to America in* 1681." Now we question much whether the Calhouns, Caldwells and Butlers, of whom the Reviewer thinks so much, had left their native bogs in Ireland long enough to give them half so good a claim to be called "natives" and "Americans."

Again in page 398 the Reviewer says, "Robbins certainly belonged to the force of General Cunningham, but he also as certainly belonged to the immediate command of Major William Cunningham, otherwise 'Bloody Bill,' who with a force of three hundred mounted men *had been despatched by General Cunningham* upon that infamous and bloody scout into the interior which is written red on the popular memory in South Carolina." Here reasoning of what "*should have been*," from the

very evident fact that a General is a superior officer to a Major, our Reviewer forthwith emphatically asserts that the Major was despatched on this scout by General Cunningham. This, then, is another unhappy effort at gathering "*the true from the probable*," for in page 521 he says in reference to this same bloody scout, "That Leslie, or Robert Cunningham, or any British officer should be assumed, or supposed to have given *their sanction* to such a mission *is ridiculous*. That they should have sanctioned an expedition at all, the purpose of which was not to maintain the leading objects of the war, or after that war had become hopeless, *is out of the question*." These samples, (taken almost at random from the Review,) of this new method of writing history by "*gathering the true from the probable*," are, we think, quite sufficient to enable us to form a pretty correct estimate of the real value of the whole piece. We have neither time nor inclination to go over it all, and we shall confine our future observations to the Review of the Memoirs of William Cunningham, as to which the Reviewer evidently thinks he has more particularly the advantage of us. We thus allow him, as it were, to choose his own ground; but before we have done with him, we believe we shall have left him nothing more to say of his attack upon us than Santa Anna said of his attack on our army at Buena Vista, "*that he has left us terrified!*" As to the Reviewer's general observations in reference to the Cunninghams that he must not permit us "to ascribe to the harshness and violence of the patriots the final desperation of *those who desired to remain neutral*," we beg to reiterate our assertion, that the Cunninghams never "desired to remain neutral." They were, it is true, the constant advocates of mildness and moderation until the proceedings under the association act assumed a harsh and tyrannical character towards the people in general:—When like a moral Procrustes' bed, it attempted to force all men's minds to exactly the same standard of political opinion, they did not hesitate to place themselves, like men, in the foremost rank of open hostility to a party whose conduct they considered as at once arbitrary and oppressive.

When Robert Cunningham, a prisoner in Charleston jail, without the slightest hopes of release on any other terms, offered to remain neutral on condition of being set at liberty, he felt the full value of the sacrifice he was about to make, and ever after congratulated himself that his offer was not accepted. He had "no *desire to remain neutral*," but under all the circumstances, he considered he might proffer his parole without compromising either his honor or his integrity.

It may be as well also to notice in this place an article in the April number of the "Messenger" under the signature of Philo, in which we are accused of "*garbling certain sentences*" from one of Mr. Simms' Essays and of "*placing them in a connection and dependency in which they do not appear in the original publication.*" As to the former of these accusations, we have always understood a garbled quotation to be one in which the meaning of the author was altered or perverted. But this, Philo does not pretend we have done. As to the latter, we took particular pains to enclose each sentence in inverted commas, so as to point out distinctly, that it had no connection with, or dependence on, either that which preceded, or that which followed it. And it is sheer audacity in Philo to talk, in the face of our inverted commas, of our having "*married*" the third quotation "*so intimately with the two preceding.*" By-the-bye, Philo might enlighten the world by informing us what the state of being "*married intimately*" is. We all know what it is to be intimately acquainted with a person; but the being "*married intimately*," though we presume it means a very close connection, really involves a conception far beyond the utmost flight of our imagination. Though Philo does not pretend that we have altered the meaning of Mr. Simms, yet he complains that we have omitted to quote a "*large body of matter by which the sense contained in each sentence is necessarily qualified and the true objects of the writer are justified and made clear.*" He then goes on to say, "The very first of these selected sentences is garbled—maimed somewhat of its fair proportions—it should read thus, "The truth is—an important truth which seems equally to have escaped the sarcastic minister, and the learned German—and *which the taste that prefers the ruin to its restoration will be the very last to appreciate*—the chief value of history consists in its proper employment for purposes of art." Now, though, for our part, we cannot perceive that the meaning of the sentence, originally quoted by us, is at all effected, or "the true objects of the writer" either "justified" or "made clear" by giving the sentence in all its fulness; yet let us give Mr. Simms the benefit of this learned Theban's disquisition on the subject. "The member which is italicised above, and which the correspondent of the Messenger seems to have accidentally overlooked, would have shown that the writer was not disposed to deal with the *written* but *unwritten history*."

This is really one of the best specimens of what in Logic is called a non sequitur, we have seen for a long time, putting us a good deal in mind of the gibberish used by Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson in the Vicar of Wakefield to deceive honest Dr. Primrose and to take in Moses about the green spectacles. Philo, the Reviewer and Mr. Simms are evidently unable to distinguish between history and historical fiction. They all consider the sole function of history to be to rebuild the "*ruins*"—no matter whether the new building have any resemblance to the old or not. Only let some of the old foun-

dations remain, and straightway they say there it is as it was of old. This is what they call "*gathering the true from the probable*," and hence originates their other dogma, that "*it is the artist only who is the true historian.*"

It is passing strange to find three different individuals, all laboring under these same very peculiar hallucinations—and but for the self-laudation it would demonstrate, and which we should be unwilling to attribute to any one, we should not be surprised to learn that the Reviewer and Philo, though they roar so valiantly, are in reality "*no lions at all, but simply Snug the Joiner.*" We do think, however, that though they have not "*named his name*," they have in other respects, perhaps, rather too implicitly followed honest *Bottom's* advice in letting "half his face be seen through the Lion's neck."

Let us now proceed to a short examination of the Review of the Life of William Cunningham.

The first thing in our narrative at which the Reviewer cavils, is our assertion, that William Cunningham stipulated that "he should have a right to retire from the company in case they should be sent to the lower country, or ordered on any other service than that specified by Congress:"—on this he remarks, "This sounds strangely—that an officer should qualify his service by stipulating what he pleased to do, and what not, seems an after thought entirely, and we must ascribe it wholly to our biographer."

In the life of Greene and in Drayton also, as well as in the other histories of the period, we find evidence that stipulations of various kinds were entered into by the commanders with their subordinates. Thus in Drayton, vol. 1, p. 125, we find, "that several of the officers and men declare that they would never take up arms again, unless the militia who had been drafted and had not appeared, were made to suffer by fine or otherwise; and they have liberty to subdue the enemies of America."

Again, on page 372 of the same volume, we find Drayton writing to the council that Capt. P. appeared much concerned for his past conduct, attributing it to a mistake touching the station of the Rangers which he had thought had been by the Congress fixed to the back country and frontiers. In page 212 of vol 2 of the Life of Greene we find, "It is asserted, and we have it from high authority, that the men had been promised a participation in plunder," and the historian goes on to say, that "*this part of their contract of service* can only be ascribed to the officers who were immediately engaged in the enlistments"

These extracts sufficiently prove that stipulations were made, and Capt. P., (who is Capt. Ezekiel Polk of Mecklenburgh,) is evidently under the same impression with William Cunningham, that Congress had fixed the station of the Rangers to the back country and the frontiers. Drayton goes on to say, "we all thought it absolutely necessary to direct the raising of this additional troop, as we apprehended you would consider Capt. P's. letter and conduct as a resignation of his commission." His letter was doubtless a remonstrance, and his conduct a refusal to leave *the station.* But Drayton and the others being anxious to conciliate him because "*his brother is a man of great influence in Mecklenburgh*," gave him, on his expressing regret, permission to raise another troop. Thus we see Captain Ezekiel Polk was under the impression that he was not to be sent off the particular station fixed by Congress as that of the Regiment of Rangers to which he belonged. He had probably received his commission as Captain directly from the Council, and to them, therefore, he sent his remonstrance. Cunningham, on the other hand, had received his commission as Lieutenant from Caldwell, to him, therefore, he sent his remonstrance and refusal to go over to John or James island; and by him he was put under arrest. This is a plain statement of the case, and is confirmed by affidavits, particularly that of Clement Wells, in our possession. This Clement Wells knew William Cunningham well and could hardly be mistaken.

The next fault the Reviewer finds with our narrative refers to our saying that William Cunningham, having "*in the autumn of* 1776 *seen reason to change his opinions, was determined to continue no longer in the service of the whigs.*" On this he remarks, p. 516, "This is a cool Dugald Dalgetty method certainly of boxing the compass. But one is not allowed to change about at pleasure in a great revolution and while a war prevails throughout the land. It will not do to say that one has changed his opinions. Such a plea will not pass muster at the Drumhead—has no currency, and should have none, in a case of such exigencies as set a whole people by the ears. It argues silliness or wantonness—a caprice which is unbecoming to manhood—deliberately to choose one's ground where great principles are at stake, to beguile other's in the same direction and suddenly chopping round in the opposite direction, to leave our followers and principles equally to the fate which we are only anxious to escape. Such pleas are wholly inadmissible and are entirely shameless and impertinent."

Now did it never occur to the Reviewer, that, besides the tyranny of some of the whigs with whom Cunningham was thrown more immediately into contact, a great event had happened in the summer immediately preceding this autumn, and one well calculated to force men to think deeply of the effect of the conduct they were pursuing? Has he forgot the first number of his own Essay, in which he labors to prove, not only that up to that period, the leaders of the movement party concealed from the masses their intention of ef-

fecting a separation from the mother country, but that they were perfectly justified in so doing, "*that they might not alarm the timid and dependent minds of the country?*" Can he not understand how honest men, putting faith in the declarations of these leaders, that their object was, not a separation, but merely redress of their grievances, might be willing to join their ranks for that purpose; and for that purpose only? And can he have any difficulty in comprehending how these same men might most conscientiously "see reason to change their opinions" as to the propriety of continuing to serve with the whig party after the signing and promulgation of the Declaration of Independence by those very leaders, who, only a few weeks before, had expressed the greatest indignation at being even suspected of aiming at anything more than a bare redress of their grievances? Fie for shame, Mr. Reviewer, to abuse in such unmeasured terms any one for merely adhering to principles which he had publicly and in all sincerity professed. The whig leaders professed the same principles as publicly and apparently as warmly, but according to your own showing they did so only from policy. Alas! for poor fallen human nature when the end is thus boldly made to justify the means.

The Reviewer next falls foul of us, for saying that Cornwallis issued orders to the different commanders, of whom William Cunningham was one, to hang all such rebels as were taken fighting against the British after they had renewed their allegiance and borne arms in the Royal army. The Reviewer says "he could not do so," "he might properly require him to fight and to destroy in fight the enemies of the crown, he could not require him to be a hangman." Cornwallis himself seems to have been of an entirely different opinion—for in page 240 of Moultrie we find the following proclamation: "I have given orders that the inhabitants of the province who have subscribed and have taken part in this revolt should be punished with the greatest rigor, and all those who will not turn out, that they may be imprisoned and their property taken from them or destroyed. I have likewise ordered that compensation be made out of their estates to the persons who have been oppressed or injured by them. I have ordered in the most positive manner, that every militia man who has borne arms with us, and afterwards joined the enemy shall be immediately hanged. I desire you will take the most rigorous measures to punish the rebels in the district in which you command, and that you obey in the strictest manner the directions I have given in this letter relative to the inhabitants of this country."

"These orders were sent to every post throughout the country."

As to William Cunningham having used very little ceremony, we all know that drumhead court-martials are summary affairs, yet his modes of procedure were not more off-hand than those of *Judge Lynch* of the present day, an authority which our Reviewer as a Southerner is bound to respect. Has he forgotten the two memorable instances of what was called summary justice inflicted by order of a military chief who afterwards attained the highest honor in the gift of our country? Or the more recent one by one of our naval commanders, sanctioned by public opinion as well as a court?

Perhaps some Reviewer of this portion of our history, half a century hence, may say, after the manner of the one with whom we are dealing, "We are sorry for the sake of our historian, if not for that of *the criminals*, (Gen. Jackson and Capt. Mackenzie,) that the plea of duty so confidently urged in their behalf cannot be admitted. Their duty as commanders is one thing, and that of the butcher another. Their government might properly require them to fight the enemies of the country; it could not require them to be hangmen."

These officers thought differently—they held court-martials composed of their subordinates, condemned and executed their victims. *Quis talia fando temperet a lachrymis*; but thus it is: the human mind is so variously acted upon, that what appears to one to be an act of simple justice, to another will appear to be a cruel and cowardly murder. "But," says the Reviewer, "the whigs did not renew their oaths of allegiance,"—now this is really too bad—such an assertion in the face of the positive and repeated statements to the contrary by Johnson, Drayton, Moultrie, and even his favorite Simms, makes us very doubtful whether or no it is worth while to proceed with this examination. Johnson says in the Life of Greene, p. 232, vol. 1, "With the exception of the present districts of York and Williamsburg, the inhabitants very generally submitted, and either were paroled as prisoners, or *took protection as British subjects.*"

In page 283, same volume, he says, "This measure, therefore, disgusted great numbers of those who had returned *to their allegiance.*" Ramsay, in page 339, vol. 1, says, that "they submitted to take *protection* and enrol themselves as militia *under the Royal standard.*" Moultrie, page 252, vol. 2, says, "This ill treatment, this violent usage, soon alienated the *new subjects from their allegiance* and obliged them to break with their engagements to the British." Simms says, in page 172, "Parole given to citizens not actually taken in Charleston were declared null and void and the holders of them were called upon to act the part of British subjects by *appearing in arms at a certain time, &c.*, and the *seeming submission* which followed this command was the disguise assumed by disaffection under the pressure of necessity."

We suspect the Reviewer must have been educated at St. Omers. He is evidently a Jesuit

and abides by mental reservation. With him an oath of allegiance is no oath of allegiance, but under the protection of a mental reservation, we presume, only a "*seeming submission!*" The Reviewer goes on to give us a little from his own resources of the life of William Cunningham. He says he commenced as a "*Wagoner*" in Williamson's expedition, "which took place in the autumn of 1776," and "In the fall of 1781, the British and Tories having been expelled the preceding summer from the district of 'Ninety-Six,' which they had converted into a vast realm of ruin, William Cunningham, then a *Major of loyalists with a British commission*," &c. Now, that one of Williamson's wagoners should, in the short space of five years, have been promoted, without some extraordinary merit, which the Reviewer studiously denies he possessed, to a majority in the British army, is a statement that carries with it its own refutation to any one at all acquainted with the British service:—therefore, we say, "*credat Judeas Apella.*" The thing is a palpable blunder, unworthy even of the Reviewer.

Another fault he finds with our narrative is that we have called the places where William Cunningham attacked Turner and Hays, "military stations." He says, "it is quite an ingenious mode of dignifying the exploits of Cunningham." It is difficult to see how the fact of attacking a party in a "*place of refuge*" as the Reviewer calls it, can be made to assume an air of dignity at all. In our sense of the words, we believe it is no misnomer to call a place where a party of military men assemble together and stand an attack, a "station." We did not for a moment imagine that any one would suppose that we intended to convey the idea that these military stations, improperly so called if the Reviewer will have it so, were fortified places. He knew that there were log houses at various distances from one another all through the country, where, in these troubled times a few militia were in the habit of assembling. These were called "stations" and we naturally enough concluded that this place at Claud's Creek where Turner and his men were assembled was one of them.

We may here notice another little inconsistency into which the Reviewer has fallen in his account of this affair "at Turner's small unfinished house, which was of logs." He says the party were "a body of whigs, commanded by Capt. Sterling Turner. These men, twenty-one in number, belonged to Turner's beat, but they called upon Capt. James Butler, the elder, to lead them in the expedition." By this account it would appear that a party of whigs, with a regularly appointed captain, determined to supersede their commander and put in his place a person whom the Reviewer calls Captain James Butler, the elder, "but, who in reality, as is clear from the affidavits of the immediate neighbors and patrons of the family, the Popes, lived and died a private soldier.

It was at the instigation of the Popes that his son was placed by General Pickens at the head of a scouting party—and they, therefore, could not be in any doubt as to the position in life of the elder one. Under these circumstances we cannot but think that there must have been some desire on the part of the Reviewer's informant to toady the Butlers at the expense of the Turners; whose family, as we hear, are every way entitled to stand on at least as high a platform as that of the Butlers. An affidavit by Mrs. Mourning Mathews of Edgefield District, S. C., daughter of Capt. Solomon Pope, a revolutionary officer, certifies that "she was raised immediately in the neighborhood of the Butler family from her childhood—that she went to school with several of the family in the early part of and during the revolution—that among that number was William Butler who obtained a commission of captain after his father and brother James were killed at Hughes' old field—that James and his father were acting as *privates* when killed, and *never held commissions*, though good whigs. In fact the family *were in indigent and humble circumstances* at that period, and their *influence very limited.*" Dated Edgefield District, S. C., December 22, 1846.

The affidavit of James S. Pope, a grandson of Capt. S. Pope, above mentioned, says, "from various sources, besides information received direct from my own family, I invariably understood that the Butler family were in *poor and humble* circumstances during the revolution—but were good whigs, serving in the capacity of *private soldiers.* William Butler was a school-boy during the early part of the revolution, but obtained a captain's commission (after his father and brother James were killed at Hughes' old field, familiarly called Turner's station, through the influence of Capt. Solomon Pope, my grandfather." Dated Edgefield District, S. C., December 22, 1846.

These individuals are, we presume, still alive, and can, doubtless, substantiate their affidavits. If the statements here made as to the position of the Butler family be correct, and we see no reason to doubt them, it is clear, that at the time of the revolution, at least, the different members of the family could not have been very extensively known. The Reviewer, however, talks of our "*unhappy error in taste*," "*diseased blindness*," and "*prejudiced hostility*," and says, our "*weakness*" is of a sort to be pitied, and is scarce deserving of reproach,"—and all for what? For using the phrase "*a Captain Butler*" in reference to the aforesaid William. Verily, friend Reviewer, thou affordest a happy illustration of the *Parturiunt montes—nascitur ridiculus mus.*

Cunningham's party, the Reviewer says, "were

estimated at three hundred or three hundred and fifty men," but previously, at p. 521, he had said,

"Here, according to all popular accounts, Cunningham made his appearance with a force of not much less than three hundred men. The writer before us asserts in his usual confident manner that it did not exceed one hundred and fifty. As he quotes no authority for the assertion, we prefer to follow the received statements."

Falstaff's account of the rogues in Buckram is the only good precedent we at present recollect for so sudden and unaccountable a rise in the size of a party. The Reviewer says, we "quote no authority," but at the end of the Review, he himself quotes a letter of Judge Burke to the Governor of the State in 1784. In this letter the Judge says that William Cunningham was "*at the head of about one hundred and fifty white men and negroes.*" This number tallies exactly with ours and though the Reviewer accounts for the contradiction which the Judge's letter gives to his statements on the ground that the Judge's particulars were "gathered at the moment of hurry and popular excitement," we hold that the effect of "popular excitement" could only have been to exaggerate, instead of diminishing the actual number of Cunningham's party. Besides, there could have been no difficulty in ascertaining the estimated number at so short a period from the time of the occurrence. As to all the other particulars of our narrative, we have corroborating affidavits from Andrew Burnsides, Clement Wells, Jabez W. H. Johnson, James S. Pope, Charles Allen, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Carmant, Mrs. Matthew and others, all well known and residing in the neighborhood of "District Ninety-six."

As to Cunningham's having been present at the death of John Caldwell, which the Reviewer, in contradiction to us, so dogmatically asserts; we have several affidavits declaring in the most positive manner that he was not. Among others, that of Jabez W. H. Johnson, Lieut. Colonel of the 1st Battalion of the 40th Regiment, S. C. Militia, is very decided—he says, "I further certify that I have heard my aunt Martha Campbell say that she was at her uncle's, John Caldwell, at the time the Loyalists killed Capt. Caldwell and that Major William Cunningham was not present but came up shortly afterwards and blamed his men very much for killing Capt. Caldwell."

It is wholly unnecessary to trouble your readers with any more extracts from these affidavits, but they are at the service of any one who may have curiosity on the subject.

In conclusion, we beg to be allowed to say, that we consider the personal attack made upon ourselves by the Reviewer particularly uncalled for, inasmuch as the biographical notices of the eminent whigs of South Carolina, which we have extracted from "Garden's Anecdotes" and recorded in our volume, are all of so favorable a character as to give evidence of feelings on our part very different from those of ill-will or "hostility" to their memories or to the people of the South generally.

We are no apologists for the actions of William Cunningham, but we have a right to forbear to judge harshly of them. We trust the Reviewer is by this time satisfied that he would have done well to have exercised the same forbearance. It cannot be denied, that during the existence of a civil war, the minds of those engaged in it are, as a necessary consequence, prone to violent and occasionally highly criminal excitement. We call it criminal because, *theoretically*, all men ought to have their passions under the control of reason and of their moral sense. Practically, however, we find that in such times this is seldom or ever the case, and though we hesitate not to say that there never was a civil war in which more numerous instances of this self-control were eminently displayed than in that which resulted in the Independence of these United States,—yet the time has, we think, arrived, when we can acknowledge, without running the risk of being considered unpatriotic, that numerous as we knew the instances to have been, they were, after all, but exceptions to the general rule. Very many atrocities were committed on both sides, and we hold him to be no good citizen, no true friend to his country who should seek to place in their worst possible light the individual excesses of either whig or tory.

——— "pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli,—*Ovid.*"

---

## FIDELITY.

ELIZABETH H. EVANS.

All tenderly, as half afraid
To thrill her gentle form with pain,
They robed her in the snowy garb
She ne'er should put aside again.
The golden links of shining hair
Leaned moveless on her bosom fair,
Like glorious art of sculpture rare.

The auburn lashes heavily
O'ershadowed dark the ivory cheek,—
A lingering smile was on the lips,
Lips only made of love to speak.
Ah yes—Life's triumph hovered there!
In vain would sculptor's skill compare
With His who made that smile so fair.

Her mother bent above the bier,—
Silvered her hair and dim her eye,
Weeping, she pressed her furrowed cheek

On that smooth brow, and prayed to die.
Then, trembling at the impatient tone,
She kneeled beside her cherished one—
"Not *my* will, Lord, but thine be done."

Her sisters fair, a broken band,
With quivering lips and streaming tears,
Came with their last, fond tributes nigh,
To deck with flowers her blighted years.
One brought a violet, faintly blue,
And one a lily wet with dew,
Entwined with leaves of rarest hue.

"Ah, dearest,"-thus they faltering sang,
"Thou wert of high celestial birth!
Like bird that seeks its native sky
Thy snowy plumes have left our earth.
We would not check thy upward flight;
Soar swiftly on thy pinions bright,
Till thou hast reached thy home of light."

There was a sound of manhood's woe,
And quick, rebellious words of grief.—
The widowed husband paced the hall,
Nor bent to pity's sweet relief.
"Let those who loved her not as I,
Resign their souls to destiny—
I only ask *one* boon—to die."

They laid her form in softest mould,
And summer blossoms waved above,
While oft amid the o'ershading trees,
The mock-bird sang his lay of love.
And there, each morn and dewy night,
A gentle train appeared in sight,
A matron led by maidens bright.

And when the winter robed in snow
Each winding path and rustic seat,
Small, slender footprints oft were seen,
Around that silent, calm retreat.
The snow *might* hide the frozen ground,—
But naught could Love's keen vision bound,
That saw her yet with beauty crowned.

Spring came once more, with eye of light,
And breath of bloom to charm the day,
And like a tender mother smiled
On the young joys of budding May.
And not ungarlanded, I ween,
By careful hands at morn or e'en
That moss-encircled grave was seen.

But he, who wildest words of grief
Had uttered by the coffin's side,
Gazed fondly on the blushing cheek
And love-glance of a second bride.
And if at times, like star of night,
Seen in a flood of mellow light,
The image of the dead grew bright,—
One wave from Ada's jetty curls,
One smile upon her red-rose lips,
Consigned the phantom's loveliness
To sudden and entire eclipse.
Yet boast not of thy beauty's power,
Young bride—for earth hath still a flower,
If thou wert fallen, to deck his bower.

*Paineville, Va.*, 1847.

---

## THE PRESENT ASPECT OF ABOLITIONISM.

Every session of Congress during the last ten or twelve years has been disturbed more or less by restless agitators on the subject of slavery. That this subject of mischievous excitement should have been permitted to rest at the last session was not to have been expected, although it was the short session, and the country engaged at the same time in a bloody and expensive foreign war. It was known that there were men in the body who seem to consider the happiness and prosperity, and even the very existence of the country as small matters in comparison with the momentous subject of negro emancipation—men who, like the renowned incendiary of Ephesus, appear to be anxious to earn an infamous immortality by applying a torch to the fairest edifice of constitutional freedom which the world has yet seen. That such men should always be striving to throw firebrands with an utter disregard of consequences, or with an expressly evil intent, is not to be wondered at. They have made such ill practices their vocation: and

> To do aught good never can be their task,—
> * * * * * * *
> But out of good still to find means of evil.

These men might have gone on as they had been doing for years without drawing upon themselves any particular notice, for the wickedness of their infatuation had as it seemed fully disgusted all parties. But a blow was aimed from another quarter, and by other hands, which was well calculated to excite feelings of alarm and indignation in the South. The famous "Wilmot Proviso" was a blow aimed at the vital interests of the South, and aimed too by men who have hitherto been regarded as perfectly sound on the subject. This fact shows very clearly what dependence may be placed on Northern politicians in a critical emergency, and announces in terms too plain to be misunderstood that in this matter the South must rely for safety upon her own firmness and decision. The Wilmot Proviso may be regarded as a complete anomaly in legislation. Whether we consider it

the mere enunciation of a principle, or the declaration of a fixed purpose on the part of its mover and supporters, it is equally singular and surprising. If it is regarded as merely the enunciation in an authoritative form of a principle at war with slavery, the time, the circumstances, and the well known consequences of any move on the subject, all concur to stamp it as a most insane proceeding, (not to use a harsher term.) The bare introduction of the subject into the debates of Congress always produces bad feelings, and is likely to cause much injury even in peaceful times. How much more should the agitation of this exciting subject in any form be deprecated in the present critical state of public affairs! But when the language of the Proviso itself, and the repeated declarations of prominent Northern politicians assure us that much more than the enunciation of a mere abstract principle was intended—in fact that nothing less was intended than to avow a fixed purpose on the part of the people of the free States to avail themselves of the power conferred by the majority which they have in Congress, to forbid the existence of slavery in any territory now owned, or hereafter to be acquired, by the United States, we scarcely know how to characterize the act. Its insanity is exceeded only by its injustice, and both are glaring enough. Besides, how absurd and how childish! to see a body of grave legislators fall to disputing about the disposal of a territory not yet in existence—but our concern is with the principle involved.

The dogged determination of Northern members at the last session to thrust the slavery question forward on all occasions, and the persevering and nearly successful attempt to attach this most obnoxious proviso to the three million bill, forces us to the mortifying conclusion that the anti-slavery fanaticism, which many fondly hoped was giving place to reason, is really spreading more widely. It is painful in the extreme to every patriotic mind to witness the spread of a madness threatening consequences so disastrous. But one consolation and a great one it is, the South will have, come what may. She is the party assailed *without cause or provocation*, and she will do nothing but defend her *unquestionable* rights. It was declared by a distinguished Senator * from Maine, that a crisis must soon come, and he feared and trembled for the result. He saw in prospect, at no distant day, civil war and all its horrors growing out of this very question of slavery. It would be unworthy of his character as a statesman and a man to suppose that he was merely trying an experiment on the fears of the South, by uttering dark forebodings which he himself did not believe. He certainly would not be guilty of an attempt to conjure up a bugbear for the sake of the little temporary effect it might have on weak minds, and we must therefore conclude that he spoke his true sentiments. If our northern brethren are really approaching such a height of madness, (a thing scarcely credible,) we must prepare to meet the worst, and try to make them enact their follies at home. They will hardly reach a height of philanthropy so sublime as actually to come on a crusade to compel us to do as they dictate. Seriously, they should know enough of Southern character to satisfy them that blustering and bravado are useless, and that the Southern people will at all times be ready to punish any invasion of their rights. If the South choose to hold slaves, *she will do so* without deigning to assign any other reason than her own pleasure to meddling fanatics from abroad. Let all such whining, canting mock-philanthropists know that slavery is an institution with which they have no concern, and with which they *shall not* intermeddle.

The motive which governs the conduct of Northern politicians on this subject may be expressed in the one very short phrase, selfish ambition. It would be preposterous to suppose that they could be affected by the same feelings as the motley assemblages of men, women and children, white and black, who rant so absurdly, and whine so pathetically over the fictitious woes of the poor slave. No, no, they are above all such feelings themselves, but they have discovered that these same feelings may be used as levers to elevate themselves and their favorites to office. By professing some sympathy with the feelings of the fanatics they can gain their confidence and votes, and by those means control all future Presidential elections, provided the present division of parties continues, for it is a well known fact that the abolitionists hold the balance of power between the two parties in several of the larger States. Mr. Calhoun accused them, perhaps not unjustly, of a design to make use of this question in order hereafter to consolidate the vote of the Northern States on a Northern man. Whatever may be the governing motive among them, we may be sure that we do not miss the truth far in calling that motive selfishness, for it is not possible that shrewd, calculating politicians should ever become possessed with the mania of vulgar fanaticism. If they can form a strong Northern party, (and the anti-slavery question is a very convenient means to use for this project,) they can control the result of every Presidential election and the acts of every administration. This is a very tempting prospect to men who love self more than country. To such men it matters little if the fiercest and direst passions are aroused, if feelings of most intense hatred between the North and South are excited, or if the flame of lasting and irreconcilable discord is kindled, so they can effect their schemes of petty ambition by securing the emoluments of office for a short season. Pres-

* Mr. Evans.

ent indications unhappily promise too much success to such nefarious designs. It is to be feared that a majority of the Northern people can be induced in some way, directly or indirectly, to support the movement. To all of them the word slavery is so obnoxious that it may be used as a bugbear to frighten them into almost any thing. Abolitionists and crafty politicians are well aware of this weakness, and very easily take advantage of it. By ringing their various changes on the word they can drive all to support certain measures and certain men. The rabid abolitionist will of course support them because they suit him, the reckless partisan will do it because he thinks thereby to promote the success of his party, the moderate man even will do it at times to escape the imputation of being friendly to slavery, and the timid and conscientious religionist will often be frightened into it by being persuaded that he will otherwise sanction a heinous sin. Thus all shades and modifications of opinion may be made to act in concert in this mad effort against the rights of others. Though every species of anti-slavery man may be found at the North, from the reckless politician who seeks to direct the feeling of his fellow-citizens for his own profit, to the furious abolitionist who would willingly show his love for three millions of Ethiopians by cutting the throats of double that number of his own race, yet they all may be brought together on common ground to make a thrust at the South. This was fully shown by their course in the last Congress. Such were their feelings of jealousy towards the South, that they could not defer their action till the fitting time had come. Fearing that some new territory unencumbered with their conditions might be obtained by the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Mexico before the meeting of the next Congress, they went to work at once to prevent even the possibility of such an event happening. In this affair they showed their hands rather prematurely. To have made sure of success they should have waited till the territory was actually ceded to this country, and then have brought forward their proposition. But great as their blunder was, it showed the South her danger, and taught her what she was in future to expect. Being as she is now fully warned of her danger by the kindness of Mr. Wilmot and his friends, she can take the necessary measures of defence. She has, and will always have, a minority of the Senate great enough to defeat any treaty made under conditions so inimical to her interests and her rights, and she will certainly avail herself of this her only means of defence. If the North decides that she shall have no share in it, she can as easily decide that the North shall not have the territory itself. Northern merchants and capitalists are said to be very anxious to obtain California on account of the great advantages which it promises to their manufacturing and shipping interests. But how are they to obtain it without the concurrence of the South; and this concurrence they can never secure except by consenting to the removal of all obnoxious restrictions in regard to slavery. It is the very blindness of infatuation in them to wish to impose any such conditions. Even their interest, believed to be the governing motive of their conduct, forbids such a course, and it is far from being sanctioned even by their pseudo-philanthropic principles. California is in a latitude, and possesses a soil adapted to the production of cotton and other articles which are profitably cultivated by slave labor, and wherever this is the fact slavery will be introduced. It is folly to dream of abolishing it, or forbidding its introduction in countries where it is very profitable, and the experiment if tried will assuredly prove a failure in all territories whose soil and climate invite it. Congress may forbid it, but there is a principle of cupidity in the human bosom stronger than Congressional mandates, and too generally regardless of real philanthropy to be influenced by its counterfeit imitation. Nothing can be surer than that slavery must and will exist in all countries in which slave labor is very profitable unless it is abolished by an irresistible power. Nor should the strongest anti-slavery man feel shocked at this fact, for the institution itself can in this country be made no stronger than it is already. There can be no more importations of slaves from Africa, consequently they can increase by natural means only, and the number can become no greater by their dispersion over a wider surface. Perhaps the Western territories may prove an outlet through which the race of slaves will ultimately disappear from the continent. As slave labor becomes unprofitable in the older States, (and it has already become nearly so in some of them,) a more profitable field of investment for it will be sought in the wild lands of the West. Thus slavery may travel gradually Westward till it finally becomes extinct on the shores of the Western Ocean. Such a prospect ought to afford some consolation to our Northern brethren who seem to be so uneasy at the continuance of an institution which their fathers had a large share in establishing, and by which many of the fortunes now enjoyed by holy abolitionists were accumulated. It is a well known fact that at the time of the formation of the Federal Constitution citizens of the Northern States were actively, extensively, and quite *profitably* engaged in the slave trade, and by their influence was the abolition of that traffic postponed for twenty years. Perhaps if the South had continued to encourage their trade by purchasing slaves from them, we should not yet have heard of their holy zeal in the cause of immediate emancipation. Pecuniary profit is a great salvo to tender consciences all over the world, and especially it is said to those of some of the pious descendants of the Pilgrims. If they are

really so *horrified* as they pretend at the existence of this *gigantic* iniquity, they could not better prove their sincerity than by giving a portion of that wealth to purchase the freedom of those whose fathers were sold into bondage by their fathers to obtain it. Southern men would perhaps not be averse to selling their slaves at a fair price, and if so, here would be a noble opportunity for the philanthropists to effect their object in a peaceful and unobjectionable manner. They should not deem the suggestion unreasonable on account of the enormous sacrifice it calls upon them to make when they wish us to make the very same, or a greater one, by giving up our slaves without any compensation, save the approval of our own consciences. But as our consciences do not condemn us for participating in the sin, as they call it, it would seem to be but a poor compensation we should have. We therefore think that we can with much more reason propose such a sacrifice to those who consider it necessary than they can propose it to us who do not so consider it. There is yet another means by which they might give a blow to slavery had they the fortitude to submit to such self-denial, viz: by giving up the use of all the products of slave labor—banishing at once all cotton garments from their wardrobes, and sugar, coffee, and rice from their tables. When we see British and American philanthropists stopping their cotton factories and dismantling their ships engaged in the cotton trade, we may conclude that their *negro-philism* is somewhat more disinterested than we have hitherto considered it. And they may be sure that such a course would do far more towards excluding slavery from new territories than all their petitions, remonstrances, and denunciations, or even acts of Congress.

We have said that there are many shades of opinion on the subject among the people of the Northern States, and the anti-slavery party embraces in its ranks several distinct parties. There are the mad abolitionists with whom the feeling of opposition to slavery has become an outrageous and destructive fanaticism; the more moderate abolitionists who look upon slave-holding as a great sin, but are unwilling to go to the extremes of disunion and civil war to get rid of it; the large body of the people who are opposed to slavery in the abstract, but are willing to leave it to the management of the States in which it exists; and the politicians who care nothing about the matter except to use it as an element of political agitation. Between the first and second classes there is really not a great difference, for, although the more moderate profess to disapprove the violence of the ultras, they are continually encouraging it directly or indirectly. They tell the ultras that they cannot approve their violence of language and conduct towards slave-holders, but at the same time they assure them that slave-holding is a most heinous sin under all circumstances—that it is utterly condemned by the word of God, and opposed to every precept of Christianity. How can the ultras when they hear such language as this help thinking that those professing moderation are deterred from acting with them by considerations of mere expediency, and for no better reason tolerating a known and acknowledged sin of the first magnitude in the church? The letters of the celebrated Dr. Wayland to Dr. Fuller of South Carolina show very plainly how the so called moderate men encourage the fanatics in their greatest madness. Though the Reverend gentleman disclaims, very sincerely, no doubt, all connection with the abolitionists as a party, and even highly disapproves their course; yet, when he asserts and labors to prove that slave-holding is, in itself, under all circumstances, a great sin, he does more to encourage them than if he was their avowed friend and champion. If his proposition is true, the legitimate corollary from it is, that the abolitionists are right, for undoubtedly it is every man's duty to wage an exterminating war against a damnable sin. I have nothing to say against the good Doctor who is indeed far above any puny effort of my pen, but when he sees the dilemma into which his arguments inevitably lead him ought he not to doubt the correctness of his premises, and at once proceed to re-examine the whole subject? If he would do this in a spirit of perfect candor and fairness he would certainly wish to recall, or at least greatly modify many of his assertions.

The rabid abolitionists are so wildly insane that it would be the utmost folly in any person to attempt to use reason with them. They are beyond the worst fanatics of the dark ages; and yet, astonishing as it is, a faction holding principles so monstrous—daily giving utterance to doctrines, if their insane ravings can be called so, that would shock the moral sensibilities of a community of Barbary pirates, is not only tolerated but often encouraged among a people claiming a peculiarly eminent degree of moral and political illumination. Strange as it may seem, the very worst moral heresy ever charged upon the Jesuits, the very mention of which struck the universal mind of Christendom with horror, has been openly avowed by leading abolitionists in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the most enlightened portion of a community claiming to be the most enlightened on earth, and no unusual sensation seems to have been excited by it. If the Jesuits ever held that an oath might be disregarded in consequence of "a mental reservation," they never dared avow it. A doctrine so monstrous in its atrocity would have been too shocking to have been borne even by the most ignorant portion of the most ignorant nation in Europe: Yet Mr. Birney, the abolition candidate for the presidency in 1844, deliberately put it forth as the governing principle of his conduct in the event

of his election. He would with all due solemnity take the oath to support the Constitution, and then proceed to violate every part of that instrument which did not suit his wishes, because forsooth, according to his notions, it, (the Constitution,) is wrong, and an oath to support it is therefore not binding. What precious logic as well as morality! This is a sad example of the deplorable infatuation of which the human mind is capable when it becomes madly possessed with one idea to the exclusion of all others—when it selects one object of its aim which it supposes to be a matter of vast importance to the world, and strives to reach it with an utter disregard of the moral fitness of the means used, and of the evil consequences produced. But what must be thought of the moral soundness of public opinion in that community which does not at once place the ban of outlawry upon the authors and supporters of such outrageous moral heresies! The very touch of such men's hands ought to be regarded as a pollution, the very pressure of their feet a profanation to the soil they tread, even their presence a moral blight. But they are winked at by all, encouraged by some, and at times caressed by others. O! tempora! O! mores!

It is not my purpose to trespass on the murky and slippery ground of theological controversy, but as religion has been made the pretext of this mad and wicked crusade against the institutions of the South, I may be allowed to use a few arguments drawn from the sacred scriptures. "Shall mortal man be more just than God? shall a man be more pure than his Maker!" was the searching rebuke administered to a self-righteous one of old by a supernatural messenger; and it certainly deserves to be well pondered by all those who have grown wise above what is written, and righteous beyond God's commandments. God has, as all Christians agree, given a revelation of his will, clear, full and explicit in regard to man's duty in this life. In this Book all duties are positively commanded: all sins positively forbidden: and both are specified, so that in regard to what is positively a duty, or what positively a sin, there can be no mistake. Hence we conclude that the thing which is no where forbidden is not sinful, and must be allowable. And if, in addition, an act is not only forbidden, but expressly permitted and sanctioned by God himself under three dispensations, we can conceive of no stronger evidence in favor of the entire conformity of such an act to the Divine will. How blasphemously presumptuous does it then appear in a poor worm of the dust to arise up to contend with his Maker, and pronounce that a damnable sin which his Maker has pronounced no sin at all! Truly has man dared to presume himself to be more just than God. Poor infatuated souls! Can you suppose that your absurd and impious schemes will prosper? Do you suppose that a God of justice and mercy will bless the efforts of men seeking to effect their dark designs amid the horrors of civil war and servile insurrection—by the conflagration of a brother's dwelling, and the spilling of a brother's blood? Does God bless such designs, or command the use of such means? Never. But in the depths of hearts rankling with the venom of the viper, and filled to the brim with the malice of the father of evil, you have conceived these diabolical designs, and then to cap the climax of your impious presumption you dare to enter the sanctuary of the Most High to invoke his blessing upon them. You have assumed that you are able to fathom the purposes of the Omnipotent. Yea, you will prescribe purposes for Him. You will teach Him how to govern the world He has made, and how to dispose of the creatures of His own hand. You will, in short, teach wisdom to the All-Wise, justice to the All-Just, and mercy to the All-Merciful. With your puny vision you would take in the infinite scheme of things, and dictate to the Almighty where, how, and when He shall do His own work. You, perhaps, think that He has promised that slavery shall one day cease. If He has made such a promise, He will, without any doubt, perform it in His own good time, in His own way, and no effort of man can either retard or hasten His work. Nothing can be more certain than the performance of all His promises, and we may rely upon the absolute fulfilment of every declaration of the prophecies: but whosoever presumes to interpret those oracles had better be very sure that he has made them utter the true voice, or he may find himself in sad difficulties in consequence. Whosoever takes upon himself the office of God's executor should be confident of fully and completely knowing the will which he undertakes to execute. For some wise and good reason the Almighty suffered His chosen people to remain in bondage four hundred years; yet all the time they had His express promise of deliverance made to their fathers long before. Can any man believe they would have been delivered one moment sooner if God had been assisted by all the imposing array of modern abolitionism? In the fulness of time He found ample means to effect His object, without any societies having been organized, without any World's Conventions having been holden, without any missionaries having been sent out to preach the sublime fallacy of universal equality. Men at that day seem to have been content to walk in the plain path of duty easily found and easily followed, without desiring to meddle with things above them. Moses was forty years keeping sheep in a foreign land, serving his God faithfully no doubt, and waiting patiently for the fulfilment of the promise. According to the doctrine of the transcendently pious of the present day, he must have been all this time guilty of a plain dereliction of duty. He should have been lurking about the borders of Egypt stirring up seditions, and assisting his brethren to

make their escape occasionally into some foreign country, (like Canada.) God surely punished him for staying at his ease afar off when a whole people were groaning in bondage, and that people his own brethren. Surprising as it is, God did not punish, nor even reprove him for this great neglect of duty. How remiss! Our pious abolitionists would have done both. God would no doubt have punished him for his presumption had he dared to go in His name before he was called, as many now do, but waiting patiently till he had full authority was doubtless set down to his credit as righteous. What a pity his example is not in higher repute with those who are trying to anticipate the Almighty in his designs! If they would just have a little of the meekness of the great prophet and lawgiver, they would cease to organize societies, hold World's Conventions, and the like, to accomplish the prophecies in their own way and at their own time without any reference to Him who inspired the prophets.

The present age is distinguished by great and gigantic benevolent effort. Men have become perfectly smitten with the idea of doing good on a vast scale. Individual goodness and benevolence are lost, overshadowed, almost unnoticed. Societies do every thing, or profess to do it, for the relief of human misery, and the promotion of human happiness. There is no doubt that the principle of association, guided by judicious counsels has been, and may still be, a means of much good; but there is reason to believe that it has been, and will continue to be, often perverted into a tremendous engine of mischief. Indeed the abuses to which it is liable are so many and so great, that it is to be feared that a curse instead of a blessing will be the result of its universal employment. The most useful medicines in the hands of a skilful physician become deadly poisons in the hands of an ignorant quack. These associations are too generally nurseries of all manner of fanatical extravagance to have much of the favor of men of sound minds and moderate views. Their very nature seems to plunge them at once into the excesses of fanaticism. Formed as most of them are on one idea—to effect one single isolated object, they can see no other evil in the world except that against which they contend, and it appears exaggerated and magnified into horrible proportions to their heated and distempered imaginations. It is perfectly reasonable to suppose that men with such feelings, banded together for the destruction of what they consider an enormous evil, and having their imaginations constantly inflamed by artful leaders, will soon come to think any means lawful to effect so holy an end as theirs. Hence we have seen the abolition party proceeding from one criminal extravagance to another, till it has become in effect nothing but an organized band of robbers and traitors. Witness the continual efforts of abolitionists to seduce slaves from their masters, and listen to their traitorous prattle about dissolving the Union. Of the latter they have been guilty abroad as well as at home, joining the worst enemies of republics in Europe in denouncing their own government, and with them concocting plans for its overthrow: so it seems in order to become a genuine philanthropist of the modern abolition school, a man must, as a first step, turn traitor to his own country. It is a great pity that all those philanthropists would not content themselves with relieving the real distresses of those within their own neighborhood, and not with the Priest and the Levite pass by on the other side to avoid a poor distressed white man, while on their way to a meeting to make pompous speeches about freedom to all, natural equality of men, the iniquity of slave-holding, &c.

As to the third class, or great body of the people at the North, though they are from education and local position opposed to slavery, yet they have no disposition to interfere with it in the South, correctly regarding it as a matter belonging exclusively to the States in which it exists. The only danger to be apprehended from this class is that they may be temporarily misled by artful appeals to their humanity and their sectional prejudices, and induced to cast their votes occasionally for men and measures of a character which, when free from the influence of passion, they would assuredly condemn. The feeling which is represented to prevail among them now, of fixed opposition to forming new slave territories, has been produced by false representations of the grasping ambition and tyrannizing policy of the South. They have been made to believe that the South aims at nothing less than a monopoly of all political power by means of its peculiar institution, and they are tauntingly told to arise and assert their rights like men, or else forever hereafter be the mere vassals of Southern slave-holders. These sneers, taunts, appeals, and false statements plied in the most artful manner by cunning fanatics and politicians, are well calculated to rouse all the latent feelings of sectional pride, envy jealousy, and ill-will, which have long happily slumbered in inaction, and under such influences it cannot much be wondered at that the aspect of public opinion in the North now appears decidedly hostile to Southern rights. But we do not doubt that all these delusive means which have now proved so powerful will soon lose their power, and truth again resume her empire over the public mind.

Fraud and falsehood, though they may be for a time successful instruments of political intrigue, generally in the end overwhelm with ruin those misguided men who have stooped so low as to employ them.

As to the fourth class, or professed politicians, it has already been said that they care nothing at all about the question, except to use it as an element of political agitation. To them it is a matter of perfect indifference whether the limits of slavery

are contracted or extended, provided their political fortunes are not affected by one or the other. But they have now discovered that by agitating the subject they can possess themselves of a very powerful influence in the non-slave-holding states—an influence which may be powerful enough to give them the entire control of the government. And they will, by means of it, secure the control of the government unless the South proves entirely true to herself—that is, unless she presents a front, solid, unbroken, and immoveably hostile to every phase of political abolitionism. Fortunately she has the power to put a stop to this nefarious game of Northern politicians, and if she fails to use it, she will no doubt have ample reason for future self-reproach. She must teach these political intriguers and tricksters that the very *sine qua non* of her support is that they shall cut loose from all connection with abolitionists—that they must cease to court that faction either openly or covertly, that they must, in short, literally and truly wash their hands of it and all that appertains to it before they can hope for the coöperation of any party, sect, or faction within her borders. The man whom they present to her for her suffrage as a candidate for the presidency must, on this subject, be not only free from reproach, but above all suspicion. Let the South take this stand and we will soon cease to hear of abolitionism as an element of political agitation. Politicians when they discover that they must either give up the votes of a few thousand of abolitionists, or the entire vote of fourteen states, will not long hesitate in their choice between the two alternatives. The whole course of their conduct shows that they will cling to their interest, and this principle will always cause them to seek the support of the stronger party. No political party in the North would ever dare to court the abolitionists if it were perfectly certain that by so doing it would lose all its adherents in the South. Let this fact be made *perfectly certain* and the abolition faction, cast off as it will be by both the great political parties, will cease to be at all formidable and soon dwindle down to its native insignificance and contempt.

It seems to me that no mind unperverted by political schemes and intrigues could for a moment doubt the correctness of these views. Let them but be universally adopted and acted upon by the people of the South and we undertake to say that disunion will never take place. Indeed we are not of those who are easily frightened by the cry of disunion, believing as we do that the causes which operate as ties to bind us together are tenfold stronger and more numerous than those which have a tendency to pull us asunder. The Union was formed because the whole people saw plainly that it was their interest politically and commercially to form it; it will be preserved for the same reasons, and these reasons will become stronger instead of weaker by the lapse of time. Already has the Union withstood some as severe shocks as it is likely ever to be exposed to again, and all the time it has been settling more firmly on its foundations, daily acquiring such strength and consistency as to render it alike proof against the assaults of foreign enmity and the insidious efforts of domestic treason. Every consideration of patriotism and interest is in favor of its preservation and against its dissolution. To suppose then that a sufficient number of the people to effect such an act could ever become so blindly infatuated as to utterly disregard all these powerful considerations, would be at once to give up the fundamental article of our political creed, viz: that the people are wise enough to manage their own affairs. To believe that the Northern people are ready to renounce the Union with all its advantages, and plunge at once into all the direful consequences which would inevitably follow its dissolution for a mere abstraction—a mere dream of mad enthusiasts—requires a degree of faith in human folly which I am happy not to possess. Such an act would be without a parallel in the annals of mankind. That a people in the very highest state of prosperity, enjoying the fullest measure of civil and religious freedom, without any grievances of any kind, whose national character is respected and national power dreaded throughout the earth, should wish to sink their national existence, and with it all their distinguished national blessings, for a mere whim, a mere phantom of diseased imaginations, is too monstrous for credulity itself. The wildest fictions, the most extravagant coinage of the wildest imagination can furnish no parallel to such an act. The blind infatuation of the Hindoo devotee, who contrives to cut off his own head as an offering to the deity of the holy river, is something like it, but in criminal atrocity far below it. They would not only cut off their own heads in a political sense, but they would immolate their posterity on the altar of this infernal Moloch of politics—religious fanaticism. In a wild attempt to confer a blessing upon a portion of the human race in their very nature too brutally degraded to appreciate it, they would cast away all the substantial blessings of a free government and open the way for ages of war, bloodshed, and desolation. Like Fool and Want-Wit in Bunyan's admirable allegory, they would attempt to wash the Ethiopian white whom God has made black, and in their foolish effort against the laws of nature would invoke all the powers of darkness to their aid. Some of their friends have intimated that they were capable of such madness, but such an intimation certainly is a very poor compliment either to their hearts or heads, and should be resented by them as a slander upon both. Factious spirits among them may rage, and fume, and in their wrath threaten to rend the Union into fragments, and no doubt some few of them would do it had they the

power, but the great body of the people, even where the mania seems to be most violent, are too sensible of the value of this same Union to attempt to sever it. Much has been said of late about "calculating the value of the Union"—that calculation was made long ago, and showed the Union to be far too valuable to all parties concerned in it to be sacrificed by any for a consideration less valuable than their existence as a free people. Pecuniary interest, though acknowledged to be a low and sordid motive of human conduct, is yet known to be a very powerful, if not the most powerful one. This is all on the side of the preservation of the Union. Indeed the interest of one section is so extensively blended with that of the other that their separation appears to be almost a physical impossibility. The channels of communication, both natural and artificial, between the different sections are strong cords to bind them together. The Mississippi river alone, like a great artery uniting the remote extremities of the confederacy, is a ligament which cannot be cut. The constantly extending chain of rail-roads, by multiplying indefinitely the channels of commercial intercourse and the facilities of travelling; and the magnetic telegraph, conveying intelligence throughout the whole vast extent of the country with the speed of lightning, so as in effect to bring the remotest places together, are additional bonds of almost incalculable strength to the Union. The constant intercourse in a commercial and social way between the people of the various States which will be the result of the employment of these comparatively recent inventions, will have a wonderful effect in removing sectional prejudices, allaying sectional jealousies, and healing sectional animosities. If the Union was strong enough to survive the perilous period of infancy when the interests of its remote sections were hardly united at all, and the people of some States scarcely had any intercourse with those of others, we may surely entertain good hopes of it now when it has been cemented by time and is besides strengthened by so many additional bonds of which our Fathers never thought. It is to be expected that alarms will often be raised, sometimes apparently very serious. Faction, and intrigue, and fanaticism, aided and encouraged by foreign, especially English emissaries, will be busy. There will be much angry discussion, much crimination and recrimination—many evil passions will be aroused, much sectional hatred will perhaps be engendered;—but the union will survive in spite of all.

PUBLICOLA.

*Madison County, Miss.*

## THE SHAWNEE SPRING.

Near the romantic site of the present town of Winchester, is a spring remarkable for the rugged beauty and wildness of the scenery around it. It was formerly the rendezvous for the old Shawnee Chieftains, whose stern, fierce brows and warlike forms were in striking unison with the sublimity of the spot. Connected with this spring, rendered attractive by these natural advantages of scenery, is a legend, that whoever should quaff its waters would be imbued with an undying love and veneration for the hill from which it flowed; and so confident were some of the older members of this ancient tribe of the virtue of the draught, that they lingered around the fountain long after the rest of their tribe had sought peace and quietness in other lands. It is in reference to this that the foregoing verses were composed.

I stood on the brow of the hill, at whose base
Poured a stream in its beauty and freshness along,
And whose waters were dear to the wonderful race,
Who are heroes of story, and spirits of song.

No chronicled legend recounts the brave deeds
Of the Sachem who 'mid those wild mountains has roved;
No bard sings the song of the maiden who bleeds
In silence and sadness, for him she has loved!

Yet, not in the realms of oblivion lost
Are the brave and the true of this patriot band;
For entombed in the soil of the hill is their dust,
And their bones are still bleached on their beautiful land.

As long as the hill of their glory shall stand,
As long as these waters shall flow from its side,
So long shall they tell of the patriot band,
Of the maiden who loved and the valiant who died!

And sacred to legend the streamlet shall tell,
Of those who the sweets of its waters imbibe;
Whose hearts, through all changes, with ardor will swell,
When they view the wild home of their desolate tribe.

Nor need they the charm of its fountain to cause
Their spirits unwilling from Shawnee to roam;
For here the still dust of their ancestors awes,
And here they have felt the pure sweetness of home.

They have gone like the rays of the evening, which fall
On the brow of yon mountain now radiant in light;
Which lives but a moment the glory of all,
And is darkened and quenched in the shadows of night!

And all that the last of their race can desire,
Is to mingle his dust with the withering sod;
And on the calm banks of that stream to expire,
While his spirit ascends to the bosom of God!

1847. S. G. T.

---

## POEMS, BY P. P. COOKE.

This is a charming little volume, and we welcome it as the harbinger of better things. We have been long aware of the high poetic powers that lie locked up in the minds of many of the sons of Virginia. We could readily furnish a list of names cherished by the Muses, but which would be quite new to their professed votaries. We might refer the readers of the Messenger to the pages of that work itself, for many specimens of poetry of which the most gifted bard of America or England need not be ashamed. Some of these have come to us anonymously, and some as the unstudied effusions of minds seeking relaxation from the sterner tasks of thought, the authors of which are known only to ourselves. Hence we have more than once hazarded the opinion, that if the *membra disjecta* of the Orpheus of Virginia could be collected, they would make a whole not unworthy to be classed with Byron, Scott, Campbell and Moore, to say nothing of many others, whom the world, for want of better, distinguishes as Poets. Some antiquarians have conjectured that the poems which have come down to us under the name of Homer are not all the work of one man; and if, by a similar mistake, all the unconsidered trifles produced by Virginians, who make no claim to the name of Poet, were gathered from Magazines, Annuals, Newspapers, and port-folios where they lie hid from light, and all attributed to any one individual, few names would have a fairer chance for immortality than his. The fame of Gray and Collins rests on no broader basis.

It would be strange if this were not so. The population of Virginia, during the lapse of seventy years, has furnished a larger proportion of men whose names will live in history than any equal population in Christendom during the same time. In eloquence especially, so near akin to poetry, their superiority is universally admitted. The names of Henry, Randolph, Clay and Preston stand confessedly prëeminent: and the speeches of these gentlemen want nothing but rhyme and metre, (the hod-work of the poet,) to give them a high place among the impassioned and didactic effusions of the muse. Indeed it may be conceding too much to admit that they are deficient in rhythm. Shelley's Queen Mab has been considered as an exquisite specimen of metrical art, and it may be doubted whether the higher strains of eloquence as they flowed from the lips of these gifted men may not be reduced, by a skilful analysis, to a metre as harmonious and regular as his. Were not they poets? Aye, and more than poets. They were *improvisatori*, who only did not speak in rhyme because of the genius of our language, the infinite variety of its terminations, and the severe and manly taste of the Saxo-Norman race. That their talent did not display itself in the shape of what is familiarly called poetry is because ambition, and the desire to be useful, and the love of fame found a fitter theatre on the rostrum or in the Senate.

There are two states of society favorable to the cultivation of poetic talent: the first and the last—the season of infancy, and that of refined maturity. In this it resembles the individual man. The child delights in rhyme, and will listen from morning till night to the story of Cock-Robin, and the melodies of Mother Goose. As he advances toward manhood this taste disappears, but returns when his faculties have been improved by high cultivation. The highly educated man always delights in poetry, and if he does not himself aspire to be a poet, it is often because his delicate and fastidious taste is disgusted at the rude essays of his own untrained muse. So among the fossil remains of the buried past we find the frequent traces of the scald and bard, who gave to the rude dialects of their day the "helpful ornament" of verse. As society advances these become more rare. The rude ballads of the middle ages which have come down to us might all be comprised in one moderate volume. In the interval between Chaucer and Shakspeare, while civilization was slowly but steadily advancing, and utility was gradually superseding romance, we find no name rendered illustrious by poetic talent. Shakspeare himself stands, not only unmatchable, but almost alone; and we come down nearly to our own time before we find the cultivation of poetry a common pursuit. In tracing its progress, we find the number of candidates for fame and fortune engaged in it steadily increasing, and keeping nearly even pace with the progressive division of labor. First we hear the voice of the solitary nightingale, shrouded in darkness, and deep buried in embowering woods, as she pours her touching melody on the midnight air. As the dawn approaches other songsters begin to tune their feeble notes, and when the sun has risen, the whole grove is resonant with multitudinous tones, of which it is hard to say whether they make a sweet discord, or "harmony not rightly understood." Not only do we hear the wood-lark and the thrush, but the pye and the jay are not less clamorous and eager to be heard than their more musical competitors.

Such, we take it, is the state of poetry at this time both in England and in the Northern States of this Union. The rapid march of improvement

in all that conduces to wealth and enjoyment, has made the love of money and the love of pleasure the ruling passions of the age. "*Alieni appetens. sui profusus*" is the character thus engendered. One such, by the way, was enough to shake the foundation of the Roman State. What is to be hoped for a nation if such it is for the political Philosopher to consider. We leave that to him. But, in such a state of things none is content with the fortune he was born to, and every man brings to the mint whatever faculty of mind or body he may possess, and claims to have it stamped as sterling. Men conscious of intellectual power have always sought employment in the healing art and in the forum. Religion next becomes a trade—then politics, and, last of all, literature. Professional works come first—then Philosophy—then History, and finally Romance and Poetry. This last stage, in which poetic talent is cultivated as a source of profit, Virginia has not yet reached. The Northern States are perhaps twenty years ahead of her in this. Twenty years *ago* it was scornfully asked in England, "who reads an American Book?" This same question is doubtless now asked in the North concerning Virginia. For ourselves we confess it neither mortifies nor pains us, any more than the fact, that we still draw from other regions the productions of the spinning-jenny and power-loom. In due time these things will come together—and whether we shall be better, wiser, or happier when they do come, is a question to which the experience of other countries does not promise a very satisfactory answer. Be that as it may, progress is Nature's law, and we too shall press on as eagerly as the boy anticipates his growth to manhood, in spite of all he sees of the cares that attend it. It was in this spirit we said that we hail this little volume as the harbinger of better things. We believe we have in Mr. Cooke the first instance of a Virginia gentleman, who, after having given his powers a trial in the more prosaic pursuits of life, has come to the conclusion that he owes it to himself to devote them to poetry. We hope, at least that this is the case. If it be so, then Mr. Cooke will be only acting on the advice we should have given him, when, some years ago, in his very boyhood, he made the pages of the Messenger the altar on which he laid his first offerings to the Muse.

About the same time we were indebted to Mr. Cooke for an essay on the ancient English poetry, displaying a depth of research, an accuracy of discrimination, and a delicacy and refinement of taste, which, in so young a man, we thought quite wonderful. We are pleased to find that he has persevered in the same studies, and taken the old masters of song for his models. We do not mean that, like Chatterton, he has attempted to give *fac similes* of the ancient ballads; but that he has endeavored to tell their old-world-stories in their own way, in modern English. How far he has succeeded we shall try to show, and to point out the causes of his failure where he has failed.

Of ballads answering the designation of the title-page, there are but three. At this we felt neither surprise nor wonder. We are not deeply read in the chronicles of Froissart, and that because our interest in the work was soon exhausted. If we can understand our own feelings, that interest is chiefly produced by finding ourselves listening to the familiar gossip of one who had spoken, eye to eye, to such men as Edward III., his gallant son, and his greater brother, Derby, (greatest in our estimation of all who have made famous the proud name of Plantagenet,) and Gaston de Foix, and the Captal of Buch, and others whom our young imaginations have clothed in fleshly forms. We seem to know them, not as shadows of the past, but as beings that still exist; and when we meet with one who knew them in life, it seems like meeting one who had lately parted from a common friend. We have their images in our minds, but we desire to freshen them by asking how they looked and lived, and what they said and did. Let him be monk or priest, menial or clown, driveller or dotard, the man who brings tidings of them is welcome, and, for the time, wit, wisdom and eloquence from the lips of another would be less interesting than his idlest gossip.

The authors of the old English ballads were not gossips. Simple and rude indeed they are, but they possess a skill which no cultivation could have imparted. Led by an unerring instinct they tell exactly as much as needs be told—no more. They seem to have the exact measure of the reader's capacity to supply all the prose that may be necessary to connect the poetry. The warrior bounes him for the war. You are not told how he gets on his cuirass and his mail, his greaves and his ucisses; but you see the hand of his lady as she girds his belt and buckles on his spurs; and the picturesque aspect of his unhelmed head is still before you, until, kissing him perhaps for the last time, she places his casque upon his brow. You may catch a glimpse of him mounted on his battle-steed, and glancing up at the scarf that waves a farewell from the battlements; but when next you see him, he is in the field—(how he gets there you are never told)—in the midst of the strife. You never see him with his sword in the sheath, * or his lance out of the rest: the archer's bow is never exhibited unstrung; and when he draws it you do but see the result—

> "The gray goose wing that was there on
> In his heart's-blood was wet."

No man better understands this secret of the min-

* It is only necessary to remind the reader that he never witnessed the drawing of the large cross-handled sword, till he saw it drawn by Bois Guilbert in Ivanhoe.

strel's art than Mr. Cooke. In proof of this, and as a specimen of his power, we insert a little poem entitled the Power of the Bards.

"THE POWER OF THE BARDS.

"Wisdom, and pomp, and valor,
And love, and martial glory—
Those gleam up from the shadows
Of England's elder story.

"If thou wouldst pierce those shadows
Dark on her life of old,
Follow where march her minstrels,
With music sweet and bold.

"Right faithfully they guide us
The darksome way along,
Driving the ghosts of ruin
With joyous harp and song.

"They raise up clearest visions,
To greet us every where—
They bring the brave old voices
To stir the sunny air.

"We see the ships of conquest
White on the narrow sea;
We mark from Battle Abbey,
The plumes of Normandy.

"We see the royal Rufus
Go out the chase to lead—
Wat Tyrel's flying arrow—
The dead king's flying steed.

"We go with gallant Henry,
Stealing to Woodstock bower,
To meet his gentle mistress,
In twilight's starry hour.

"We see Blondel and Richard,
We hear the lays they sing;
We mark the dames adjudging
Betwixt the bard and King.

"We join the iron Barons,
Doing that famous deed—
Wringing the great old charter
From John at Runnymede.

"We ride with Harry Monmouth
On Shrewsbury's bloody bounds;
We hear the fat knight's moral,
On Percy Hotspur's wounds.

"We mark the bannered Roses—
The red rose, and the white,
And Crookback's barded charger
Foaming in Barnet fight.

"We see bluff Harry Tudor,
To royal Windsor ride,
With fair-necked Bullen reining
A palfrey at his side.

"We join Queen Bess, the virgin,
And prancingly go forth,
To hold that stately revel
At stately Kenilworth.

"We join the ruder revels,
Under the greenwood tree,
Where outlaw songs are chaunted,
And cans clink merrily.

"We join the curtal friar,
And doughty Robin Hood,
And Scathelock, and the miller,
At feast in Green Sherwood.

"We greet Maid Marion bringing
The collops of the deer,
And pitchers of metheglin
To crown the woodland cheer.

"We lie down with the robbers
At coming of the dark,
We rise, with their uprising,
At singing of the lark.

"And, blending with his matins,
We hear the abbey chimes—
The chimes of the stately abbeys
Of the proud priestly times.

* * * *

"And owe we not these visions
Fresh to the natural eye—
This presence in old story—
To the good art and high?

"The high art of the poet,
The maker of the lays?
Doth not his magic lead us
Back to the ancient days?

"For evermore be honored
The voices sweet, and bold,
That thus can charm the shadows
From the true life of old."

We almost wonder after this, to find Mr. Cooke looking for fit themes for ballads in the pages of Froissart. Gallant as Sir John is, and chivalrous in spirit, he is yet a priest: and the deeds of war and the adventures of love, instead of making the staple of his story, are hurried over, as he passes from Court to Court—from Abbey to Abbey—from banquet to banquet. He makes you know his characters—not in the battle-field, nor in the lady's bower,—but over the red wine. Writing after him, Mr. Cooke exhibits that most interesting figure of the romance of history—the Black Prince—not serving his royal captive on bended knee; not conducting him into London with a proud humility in comparison with which the triumphal car of Cæsar is an idle pageant; but "wise with the wine's solemnity," delivering a lecture on Chivalry to show that its most sacred laws were outraged by the Sabine Rape.

The result of this is, that those ballads in which, as Mr. Cooke tells us, he has been "as faithful to the text of Froissart as the necessities of verse permitted," though admirably executed, are less interesting than most of the other poems in the volume. It is not Mr. Cooke's fault that he could not make them interesting. No man could do it. It is not his fault, that in these, instead of the con-

densed elliptical style of the old ballads, we have a rambling gossiping strain. It was impossible in any other way to be "faithful to the text of Froissart."

In the other tales of this volume there is much more to interest the reader. In two of them Mr. Cooke has relied on his own invention, and the third is "an owre true tale" that well deserved to be commemorated in verse. The master of Bolton and Geoffrey Tetenoire are both interesting tales and well told; and the death of Cornstalk is hit off with a spirit worthy of that fierce tragedy. The two last and two minor pieces have already appeared in the pages of the Messenger. But even in these we are inclined to think that Mr. Cooke has been misled by following other lights than those of the old Ballads. The characteristics of these of which we have spoken are wanting. The rhythm too is more after the manner of modern music, in which a studied harshness is made to set off the melting melody of some simple strain wherein all the merit of the piece consists. Judged by the standard faith of the present day, we are somewhat heretical in our taste both in the music of the orchestra, and in that of verse. We are pleased that the ear should be relieved from the sugared sweetness of unvaried melody by an occasional line, which none but a fine reader can bring within the compass of the rhythm. But we cannot agree that these should occur so frequently as in the rugged rhymes of Tennyson, or that the measure should ever be broken by a single line, which no power of voice and cadence can reduce to its laws.

The fashion of introducing studied harshness into verse is a modern device. It is indeed vindicated by the example of the old masters, and they who practice it are said "to catch a grace beyond the reach of art." But let those who justify themselves by this example remember that they whom they desire to imitate were not imitators, and therefore cannot be imitated successfully. The great charm of original writers is in the stamp of originality, which, *ex vi termini*, cannot be counterfeited. We must beg leave to doubt whether one among them ever wrote a line intentionally harsh. They did but prefer sense to sound, and when put to choose between a smoothe phrase and a strong one, chose the latter. When a line could only be made harmonious by enfeebling expletives or inappropriate words, they did not attempt to polish it. Writing in this spirit, the smoothness of the rhythm was sufficiently broken to relieve the mind from the drowsy influence of a continuous flow of melody. Let a writer of the present day catch this same spirit, and he will write most like them when he least intends it. Indeed we must take leave to doubt whether an attempt to write like them must not defeat itself. It is precisely because such attempts at imitation are so common in the most fashionable school of modern poetry, that we think that Mr. Cooke's familiarity with that school has led him astray.

In another particular we think that a want of discrimination has led these imitators to depart from their models. In the ancient ballads the poetry is in the action. There is little or no imagery. The fact is itself poetical, and the clearest and shortest way of placing it before the reader gives it most effect. In doing this they certainly do not scruple to violate the laws of metre. Again, when imagery is used, it is, for the most part, appropriate to the subject, and widely different from the profusion of tints and hues, and lights and shadows, and odors and flowers, which, since the days of Lalla Rookh, form the staple of our figurative poetry. When the old poet condescends to use such materials, he handles them with a delicacy suited to their texture. Our meaning will be made plain by two quotations from Shakspeare, who, in point of time and style, is as near the "pure well of English undefiled" as our imitators need to go. The first is from Coriolanus.—It is his prayer for his little son:

> "The God of Soldiers,
> With the consent of supreme Jove, inform
> Thy thoughts with nobleness: that thou mayst prove
> *To shame invulnerable and stick in the wars*
> *Like a great sea mark, standing every flaw,*
> *And saving those that eye thee!*"

Here the first line in Italics is exceedingly rough, and the phrase rude, but who objects to either?

Now take from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" the speech of Oberon to Puck, when he sends him for the flower. Every reader is familiar with it. Most can repeat it; and we challenge them to show, in the whole range of English Poetry a more perfect specimen of mellifluous verse. At this day we meet with nothing like the first of these passages, but we find its becoming blemishes transferred to objects on which they are deformities. Our poets match the manly beard with the soft blue of woman's eye; or, worse still, they cultivate it on the lip of the Dandy, where nature's badge of manhood becomes the sign of the most contemptible effeminacy.

It was hardly to be expected that as young a man as Mr. C. would escape the contagion of the prevailing taste in poetry, even when essaying a branch of the art to which it is least suitable. It is because we think that he has thus been led into error, by men without a tithe of his taste or genius, that we have thus endeavored to expose it, in the hope of inducing him to shake himself free from their influence. At the same time, we venture to say, that his selections from Froissart confirm us in the opinion that the old Chronicler does not furnish much of the proper raw material for ballad poetry. But he furnishes what to a man like Mr. C. is infinitely better. He brings us to a

personal acquaintance with the men most worthy to figure in such poetry. Let Mr. C. avail himself of this, and trust his own invention for characteristic incidents, and his own true ear for his metre, and his own taste and feelings, at once refined and manly, for the manner in which his tale shall be brought out, and we venture to predict, that he will give us specimens of ballad poetry, such as the writer of Chevy Chase would have written had the English of this day been his mother tongue. This, we conceive, is just what a writer should propose to himself, who desires to revive the minstrelsy of the ballad. It is what Mr. C. *has* proposed to himself; and he will not fail if, turning away his eyes from the *ignes fatui* that flit about the base of Helicon, where Hippocrene spreads into a marshy pool, he walks boldly in the light of his own genius. God speed him!

*Erratum.* For brother Derby, read cousin Derby, on p. 438.

---

## POEMS, BY A VIRGINIAN.

Don Paez and other Poems. By a Virginian. New York, W. H. Graham, Tribune buildings. 1847. 12 mo. Richmond, J. W. Randolph & Co.

Among the distinguishing traits of the ancient and modern literature of every nation, may be remarked the superior facility of thought and expression which characterizes the latter. Look at that of England. The style of even the best writers of the age of Elizabeth is comparatively rough and disjointed, and with all the power and intellectual wealth which they possessed, it is evident that it was with great labor and difficulty they formed their words into sentences of sufficient regularity to be printed. It required real mental strength and worthy ideas to make their style effective. It is true that such a style was not without the advantages of being individual and natural. It took shape and color from the thoughts which called it into being. In modern days we see the thought continually altered, compressed or amplified to make it suit a pleasant sounding form of sentence, or to make a smooth verse.

The inequalities between literary men were more strongly marked. The art of writing well was not possessed by every one. The means of learning it did not then exist, or were not known. If an author wrote well it was from the inspiration of genius, not because he was what we now call "an educated man." Therefore, if his writings were possessed of any worth at all, they were very fine; because grand thoughts and happy expressions were suggested to him by great natural talents. If he was not borne up by these, he had no other support, and he wrote absurdity.

But in latter times we have gradually changed all that. As books of all characters have been multiplied, education has been diffused throughout society, habits of thought and expression have become common, and almost every man you meet is or has been in some measure engaged in literary occupations. Criticism, too, has engaged the public attention for a long series of years. The laws by which thought and expression please or displease have been profoundly discussed and settled; and a knowledge of them is generally diffused through the community. It is rare to find a man who has any pretensions whatever to education who is not familiar with the laws of style, and who cannot tell how and why a page is well or meanly written. It is, therefore, but seldom that a man makes himself utterly ridiculous when he writes, and it is a rare thing that we find a volume which must be pronounced downright nonsense. By study and extensive observation of others, all who have any brains at all may learn how to write a decent prose style and tolerable verse; and authors have the fear of reviews and publishers bills too much before their eyes to send out what is far below the level of the literature of the day. Many a man whom we would, without hesitation, have pronounced an unqualified dunce if he had written two hundred years ago, can now make a book either in prose or verse which we can read without disgust although without much pleasure, and without seeing much that we did not know before. If he had written when style was unformed and the art of book-making unknown, his emptiness would have been apparent. It is now concealed under a layer of those ideas which float about as common property, which he has arranged in a new order, and clothed in excellent sentences, with all the regular clauses, and formed into well-sounding periods. There is probably not a clergyman in the country, who has passed the usual academic course, whose compositions on an average, and as compositions, are not superior to the most celebrated divines of earlier times, or who would place in his sermons one of those weak and half intelligible pages with which Jeremy Taylor's undying works are filled; and there is scarcely a newspaper among us, which does not chronicle events of a country town in a more forcible and readable manner than Stow has done those of London. The History of Virginia by Stith cannot compare with that lately published by Mr. R. R. Howison in point of arrangement or pleasant style; yet Stith was a man considerably above ordinary calibre, and possessed of all the education his times afforded. Nor is this facility of mediocre composition confined to prose. Indeed, a profound knowledge of the laws of poetry and a taste cultivated by great acquaintance with the works of imagination, may enable a man of talent, whom nature has intended for pursuits of a nature altogether different, to compose poetry capable of yielding great delight to the reader, and which, at

first sight, may seem to him the inspiration of genius. An instance of this, in our opinion, is the volume lately published by Ralph Waldo Emerson. This man is not a poet born. He has great and rare powers, and has exercised them to their utmost through his life. But his powers are those of a metaphysician, not of a poet. He has seen deeply into the operations of the mind, and as an interpreter of the soul, he is perhaps without an equal. A psychologist he is, in the truest sense of the word. His Essays startle the reader with revelations of his own consciousness. He has a just and exquisite appreciation of poetry, he is acquainted with the law by which it has pleased him, and with the operation of the poet's mind in the composition of it. He is also possessed of that fancy which always accompanies an intellect above the ordinary grade. But these do not constitute a poet. In his poems you look in vain for that imagination which doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, and bodies forth the forms of things unknown. The most of them are simply presentations of his transcendental theory, in verse of singular sweetness, and in poetic diction of extraordinary beauty. Even those which have been brought forward as specimens of genuine poetry, are not the productions of that fusing fire of genius which melts together all the results of experience and thought to recast them in purer and ideal shapes, but of a keen intellectual perception of what composes those creations of the poet's genius. The most beautiful of his pieces, the ode to that "Insect lover of the sun," is an instance of this. Who could alter one word of its pure molten Saxon for the better. Its melody will forever haunt our ears, like the "breezy bass" of the creature to which it is addressed:

> "Thou in sunny solitudes
> Rover of the underwoods
> The green silence doth displace
> With thy mellow breezy bass."

But let any one compare Emerson's Humble Bee with Shelley's Skylark, and he will see the difference between a production of a true poet, and an imitation of poetry by a true critic. One rises "like an exhalation with the sound of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet." But the other is built, it does not grow. It is an elegant piece of mosaic work, not the glittering chrystals of nature. He must ever hold a high rank among psychologists, but upon Parnassus he must take place among the amateurs and artists, not among the Lords of Song.

But Mr. Emerson is a man of mind. There exists, however, in his neighborhood, a nest of poetasters who are perfect examples of the fact, that men without even ordinary talent, either poetic or otherwise, are now able to write very good copies of verses by availing themselves of the means and appliances therefor which now abound. We allude to the gentlemen who father those little volumes of hot pressed paper, with smooth backs, which the Boston press is so perpetually littering. Of this herd of disguised dunces, Messrs. Read, Story, Brook and Channing may be selected as representatives. Having discovered that there exists a quantity of poetic imagery, sentiment and diction, which have been so often used that they are common property, and that there is a great deal more that may be imitated so closely that no Boston blue can discover the difference between copy and original, and so easily that even *they* can do it; having moreover learned that any body possessed of ordinary ear, and who can count on his fingers, can catch something of Mr. Longfellow's tune, these new world Della Cruscans set up as—POETS. Their folly they conceal under a garment of trancendental words, and instead of the intolerable trash which they would have written two hundred years ago, we can now complain of nothing worse than vapidness. They know the laws of taste too well to be guilty of any gross transgression; and they know the laws of melody too well to offend the ear. Nature intended them to have been dunces; but she poured the stuff into the mould of modern education, and they were shaped by it into decent poetasters.

But it must be admitted, that even in these degenerate days, there are some of the fraternity whose natural bent is too strong to be turned aside by the current of modern civilization, or whose mental boldness is such that they disdain all disguises. As we have already said, they have become raræ aves; and it is with unfeigned satisfaction that we now introduce to the readers of the Messenger one of them, who is courageous enough to come forth from every concealment and send up the unmistakable bray in the face of the sun. Here is at last one who despises common-place. Like Bunyan's Apollyon, he "straddles all across the way," and informs us, that he is "void of fear in the matter." The author of the volume placed at the head of this article, announces that he is "a Virginian," and that is all we know of his name and person. We rejoice that the "mother of States and statesmen" has the honor of giving birth to so perfect a specimen of the genus under consideration. We do not think the nineteenth century has produced a single professor of the art entitled to greater eminence therein; for this volume proves him to be really a phenomenon of bad writing. It has been our lot to peruse much trash; but we must say that this is the most supremely stupid and ridiculous, that we have ever seen. The author exhibits a thickness of skull and a power of plunging which has not been equalled since the days when the heroes of Popes epic performed their "high heroic games" in Fleet ditch. Even among those, Don Paez would have scarcely found his equal; for neither Phillips nor Blackmore, is so

much of their writings as have come into our hands, show such an alacrity and expertness in the art of sinking, as this Albemarle man has exhibited. He seizes the reader like that "diver, lean and strong" in the Revolt of Islam, and carries him into the depths of absurdity, with an ease and a swiftness of which a stranger to his pages can form no conception. His folly seems to us a "chrysolite without flaw." We claim for him the first rank in the duncery of this day, and shall endeavor to prove his right thereto.

Mr. Robert Montgomery is well known as a very bold and manful dunce, and his "Day of Judgment" is justly celebrated as a roaring cataract of nonsense. In this volume we find a "Vision of Resurrection," and we call on our readers to mark how this son of the new world exceeds the foreigner. "No pent up Utica confines his powers." Says he,

"I saw a sight most horrible—at the soul chilling sight
All nature shook with coward fear and shuddered with affright;
I saw the jarring elements *like flashing powder burn*
And the great Orrery in flaming revolutions turn.
I saw the howling ocean sulphureous billows roll,
The sun forsake his course and *plough the skies from pole to pole*,
*The crumbling ships desert their crews—while rang time's thundering dirge*,
*Which sank—no more on earth to rise—beneath the boiling surge*.

He sees the moon weeping tears of blood, the universe in a thunder-stricken state "confessing the dreadful shock," and at the same time, "one vivid lightning sheet" wrapping all creation. The "deep infernal gulf" wrapt in a pitchy shroud, then comes forward, and rises in "scowling columns," while he hears the howlings loud

"Of fiends which in dire concert did their horrid measures troll."

A certain volcano then arises in the form of an immense pyramid of fire, the base of which is the whole of this "poor waning earth," and on the apex whereof, the "Awful Judge" is seated belted with a "golden zone." By a rather singular coincidence at the same moment he also

"Saw the great Jehovah tread the wine press of his ire,
And pour the vials of his wrath,—a hurricane of fire!"

"Mingled thunders" are then heard; and he sees the human race "all floating on the flames," while the waves force them up to the bar of God, and finally, he

"Heard their groans, cries, shrieks and wails vibrating in the air,
The deflagrable world a scene of terror and despair."

This may give the reader some idea of what this author can do when he is "i' th' vein."

This is not the only portion of his volume which this new poet devotes to the truths of religion. There is among other good things an indescribable piece entitled "The Trinity," in which he paints in his peculiar manner the horrible state of the world before the Christian era. At last the "Ark of Redemption was left on the flood," and

IV.

"Like cataracts of lightning its principles flew—
Like firebolts of thunder its precepts it threw;
Like the billows of ocean by hurricanes driven,
They swept over earth and concentered in heaven."

CHORUS.

"Come Christians! we'll follow our three spangled star—
The banners of Peace we will wave in the air;
The way we'll mount upwards which thousands have trod,
And unite in the chorus of one triune God."

After this very intelligible and graphic account of the introduction of Christianity, the "Ark of Redemption" suddenly re-appears in the fifth stanza, as a huge giant "casting its scintillæ" through "earth's wide extent."

VI.

"Suns, moons, stars, comets, appeared on its shield,
And much that the prophets of old had revealed;
On its front stood the Father, on its right the Son,—
On its left the Holy Ghost, all three in One!

CHORUS.

"Come Christians," &c.

But it is chiefly in his secular poems that the genius of this remarkable author appears to the best advantage. Among these there is one entitled the "Alleghanies and Kanawha," in which he speculates upon the origin of mountains. St. Pierre, in the studies of Nature, which seems to be the book Don Paez is most familiar with, propounds a theory that the earth before its formation into its present shape existed in a molten state. "From these premises," says our author in his note, "I conclude that the mountains must have been *landgulf-streams*, cooled off, probably, by some north wester while in great agitation."

"From *fusion* sprang *confusion*, when the earth
In huge landgulf-streams furiously driven,
Gave these twin brothers of the Cyclops birth:
Colossal waves cooled off in forms uneven,
While bubbling through the azure vault of heaven,
Seem cleft as if by thunderbolt in twain;
As if by angry counter-currents riven
Though their dark bowels gushing on amain,
A rolling volcano! a liquid hurricane!"

He then proceeds to describe the scene at large when this *fusion* existed. He tells us it was an ocean of mountains with billows of mountains, hurled about and lifted up by tornadoes, and then "thundering tremendous" from the firmament; and lastly, "Nature" appears in a state of "mad phrenzy" and whirls them "into fantastic shapes." But unfortunately, he gets so whirled away himself

that he forgets that all this took place before the vegetables and animals made their appearance on the earth, and while every thing was in "fusion" from intense heat; and he offers to us the singular spectacle of these waves of molten mountains, which "urge their volume through the continent" crested with "granite hoar and *tufts of trees*." He proceeds:

"Mountains are tumbled into stupendous heaps—
Wild, savage, rough, rude, craggy, rugged, base—
Mountains are crumbled! thundering from the steeps,
Fragments of rocks fall whizzing through the air,
Sounding their peals from cliff to crag afar,
Whilst the ravines repeat their echoings;
The *wolf alarmed* leaps howling from his lair,
The *frightened eagle* from his eyrie springs,
And *buzzards, crows* and *owls* in concert ply their wings."

Here then, certainly, is something new for the geologist. Messrs. Cuvier and Buckland have told us of certain animals which existed centuries before man made his appearance upon Jove's foot-ball. But their gigantic *Saurians*, their *Ichthyosaurus*, *Paleotherium*, *Megatherium*, and *Dinotherium*, roamed about the primeval forests and marshes according to all their theories in an age so distant from those great organic changes alluded to, that the lapse of time was only to be measured by the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. But this Virginian has discovered that owls, bats, wolves, &c., had their places while every thing was in a state of perfect *fusion* from intense heat. Having finished this portion of his lay, in a number of stanzas similar to that just quoted, he proceeds to tell us how he, a "minstrel, with clouds for his companions," had journeyed among these "landgulf-streams cooled off." The Alleghanies, according to him, abound in caves which are

—"dismal mansions *hung with feral shrouds*,
The fit abode of demons, fiends, and ghostly crowds,"

and each of which is a "hollow forge of thunder," to boot. He there sees too a "vexed stream" upon "its bed of tortures, brightly crowned," which howls, hisses, gambols, scowls, sweats, and murmurs through a "horrid vent."

But a little farther on we find a poem entitled "Niagara," which forces us to exclaim with Cassio, "why this is a more exquisite song than the other." We have not room for an extract, however, and must now turn to the chief poem of the volume, "Don Paez." The reader will by this time be prepared for something extraordinary, and we promise him that he will not be disappointed. It consists of something more than two thousand lines, arranged in the Spenserian stanza, and in *Duans* instead of Cantos. We do not recollect ever to have felt so completely mystified as when first reading in this very remarkable performance. But after a good deal of hard study and much reflection, we have been able to get the key thereto. The author seems to have read in his life, three books—Whelply's compend of Ancient and Modern History, St. Pierre's Studies of Nature, and Byron. Out of these three, together with his own "baboon's blood, to make the mixture slab and good," has he compounded Don Paez. He has made "Childe Harold" the model of this most deplorable of all imitations. Don Paez is the author himself; and as Byron makes his tour through the South of Europe a thread on which to hang his miscellaneous reflections upon himself and the scenes through which he passed, so this Albemarle man makes a trip through the Southern States of America a thread upon which to hang his nonsensical rhapsodies about "volcanoes, lions, thunder, lightning, earthquakes, wars." Byron makes apostrophes to Egeria, Gibbon, Talavera, Cadiz, &c.; and our author pours out a multitude, that no man can number, to Freedom, Jefferson, Camden, Mobile, &c., &c. Childe Harold talks about the sea, and sings a famous song when he embarks thereupon, and Don Paez performs a similar feat. The one shows us the "revelry by night in Belgium's capital," and the battle of Waterloo; and the other has an account of New Orleans, and Jackson's battle there. The Mississippi fills the place of the Rhine; and though he cannot find the

"Peasant girls with deep blue eyes,
And hands that offer early flowers,"

to sing for him too, he meets with a "Cigar girl," who "in the tempest cowers" and treats him to a song of four stanzas, containing eight fourteen-syllabic verses each.

Such is the plan of this poem. It commences with a number of unconnected stanzas, in which we are told "the poet *things unknown eviscerates*." After a time he begins to declaim against all imitation in poetry, declaring that "nothing is so painful as to follow schools;" that the "human mind is like a stagnant pool when not excited by some moving cause;" and that it is only when this is done, that "Genius springs, shaking the flames of science from his wings, and at a glance looks through this world of men and things." And then, without any reason whatever that we could discover, except to show what he can do in "'Ercles vein," he bursts out—

"Grave reader, what's a conqueror? Canst thou say?
*Is he some lion, walking upon thunder,*
*And belching lightnings* at his trembling prey?
Is he some monster treading empires under
Foot? Come say! Dost thou the question ponder?
Then thou perhaps canst tell on what he feeds?
Look to the east, dost thou not see him yonder?
Dost thou not see him clad in purple weeds,
Midst heaps of human corpses? On these he feeds,
The more he doth destroy, the greater are his deeds."

Here we must exclaim with Bottom, "This is

lofty! This is 'Ercles vein! this is a tyrant's vein!" The reader is requested to take especial notice of the thunder, lightning and lions; for in these consist the essence of poetry according to this author's theory. If he can get enough of these into a stanza, together with a proper allowance of storms, blood, earthquakes and volcanoes, he thinks it incontinently becomes sublime. If ever he passes the scene of any fight, mentioned in Lee's Campaign, like Guilford Court-house for instance, straightway *enter Lions and Lightnings*. Like Bottom, he evidently knows that his *forte* is roaring. "I will roar, that it will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar that it will make the duke say, *Let him roar again, Let him roar again.*" After continuing the strain just quoted for some time, he leaves it as suddenly as he took it up, and commences a series of apostrophic stanzas to Homer, Virgil, Pope, Dryden, Tasso, Pitt, Emmet, Sidney, Athens, America, Jefferson, Henry, Nimrod, Cæsar, Xerxes, Pilate, Pharoah, Jeroboam, Palmyra, Carthage, Thebes, Liberty, Science, Washington, Oppression, De Kalb,—exactly in the order in which we name them; besides others too numerous to mention. This done, we are introduced to Don Paez in the 50th stanza. He takes leave of his friends, "too much gratified at visiting Southern regions bright, to grieve," we see him get in the stage, and get out at an inn with broken windows, where he sleeps in a "bed-room thundergusted." When he comes to the field of Camden, the Spenserian stanza will no longer contain him. He declares that the "bold lyre of Minerva must be strung," and with a leap and a bound the swift Anapaests throng down his page. The shrill clarion screaks, the bugle brattles her war-breathing tone, fire belching Discord cries, advance! while flame-clad Bellona thrids the war-cloud amid soul-chilling yells, horrid shrieks, drum, trump and gun. Artillery flashes, rockets glare, falchions clash, bayonets gleam, balls whiz, eagles scream, Liberty shrieks, Tranquillity flies, patriots sink weltering in blood, &c., &c., &c.

"Through dark morass enwrapped in sable shroud,
At night Paez by stellar lamps must go,
From whose dark bosom issue screamings loud
Like echoes from the dismal realms below."

We quote these lines as an example of a structure of sentence to which this poet is peculiarly partial, and which is perpetually recurring in this volume. It leaves the reader in a delightful state of obscurity as to whose bosom it is, from which issue the screamings loud,—the stellar lamps', or the dark morass's. He is of the orthodox opinion that obscurity is necessary to the sublime—

"How beautiful it is to contemplate
A Genius wading in a murky cloud,
Which he cannot completely dissipate,
Like night's fair Queen enveloped in a shroud."

He gives us very frequent opportunities for contemplating his genius in this condition. But we really wonder that he makes no use of the transcendental phraseology, now so fashionable among the Boston poetasters. If he would read a little in Coleridge's Friend, he would find it a wonderful assistance in mounting into said "murky cloud." But even with the means which he possesses, he attains the bathos in a manner truly admirable. One of his favorite methods is to involve himself in a "cloud" of long sesquipedalian latinized words, of which he makes the same use that the German English school of poetasters make of the transcendental phraseology. "Genius is a *heteroclite*, that scorns to bend to *pedagogic* rules," Patrick Henry's speech is a "*feral* hymn," &c.

We have already given some specimens of his reveries upon natural philosophy. When he gets in sight of the sea, he breaks forth in the following:

"St. Pierre! how can thy battering rams of fire
Pump up the waves of puncheons many a score?
Where shall this great ascending flood retire?
The atmosphere no doubt would swallow more
Than would produce another flood of Noah;
Wouldst thou cram thy battering rams in nature's craw
And strangle her to bring about a cure
Of her defects? Don't she know her own law?
Where gravitation's neutral, what's the magnet for?"

Rightly conceiving that this is not even "darkness visible," that it is too obscure for even its stupidity to be seen, the author adds the following wise note: "See Studies of Nature, page not recollected, where St. Pierre likens the sunbeams to battering rams of fire, pumping up the waters of the torrid zone, while two counter currents sent down by the melting of the polar ices, from either pole, fill the vacuum thus produced, and restore the equilibrium. Now philosophers all agree that it is impossible for the atoms composing the globe to be increased or diminished. It remains therefore for St. Pierre to inform us how this water, so lifted up in the atmosphere, is disposed of. It cannot return to the ocean it seems, for its place there is occupied by the currents from the poles. Where then shall it be at rest. Would St. Pierre have us to believe that the *sun swallows it.*"

When we were a school-boy we were fond of reading St. Pierre, and we recollect his saying somewhere, that the sun over the tropics, acts as a hydraulic engine upon its waters, raising large quantities of it by the process of evaporation. He also tells us that this vapor is then carried by winds to northern regions, where it is condensed by cold, and falls in the shape of rain, upon the earth and the sea.

Once fairly embarked, Don Paez recollects how Childe Harold "seized his harp" and sung that far-famed "Good Night" to his native land, and immo-

diately "Resumes his harp that in a torpor lies," and chants a ditty which he styles "The Ocean Lyre:"

"The sails are full, the breeze is brisk and fine;
The vessel like a swallow skims the brine;
The sunbeams in *concentric sparkles dance*
Like diamonds *on the aqueous expanse*," &c.

We would like to notice several very striking and interesting scenes which the rest of the volume contains, but must pass them over for want of space. We cannot forbear giving one more extract however. At the battle of New Orleans the poet goes into his finest frenzy. He takes leave of it thus:

"Thou field of *thunder, lightning*, death and fame
Farewell! the tribute of an humble rhyme
Is offered; sparks of the poetic flame
May blazon the liberty's *paradigm*,
Flashing thro' nations, sounding thro' each clime
Like *thunder on the mountains*, while the foes
Of nature *thunderstrike* the shield of Time,
And Earth heave her last groan amid the throes
*Of earthquakes, fire, brimstone, thunder, lightning, volcanoes.*"

We have given this stanza because it is so very characteristical of the author under review. In this last line he has given us all he knows—thunder and lightning, earthquakes, fire, brimstone and volcanoes. After this Paez sails some distance up the river apostrophizing it as a "thundergust of waters," &c.; and when we last see him, he is standing under a magnolia, singing a song composed of bright eyes, mountain snow, nectared dew, smiling cheeks, lovers captive, coral lips, alabaster teeth, raven curls, graceful fringes, white neck, cygnet down, dew-drops, lilies, &c., &c. But the poem does not conclude without a promise of a second part, in which

"We'll tread the land of volcanoes and storms,
Gold, silver, diamonds, mountains, earthquakes, wars,
And view the Andes," &c.

To which we answer, God forbid.

It is well known, that works of the very greatest genius are seldom appreciated by the age in which they appear. It requires time for the public generally to become sufficiently familiar with thoughts of a high and original cast, to be able to understand and estimate them. On account of this established principle, this author does not expect that *Don Paez and other poems* will immediately rise to the rank and fame for which he thinks they are destined. He says: "Those whose footsteps follow the beaten road and whose thoughts reach only to imitation, are not always apt to relish, at first sight, whatever is of an original character till fashion has adopted and consecrated it." In reading this book we have been forcibly struck with the fallacy of a common notion, that a consciousness and a prevision of an immortality of fame is the true reward of genius. Many men of the greatest genius seem never to have dreamed of their immortality. Shakspeare wrote his plays not for fame, but to fill the Globe Theatre, and retired to live a simple yeoman at Stratford on Avon, without even thinking them worth collecting in print. We see poor Collins burning his unfortunate but undying odes, and expiring from sheer hopelessness and melancholy. We also know there have been men of genius who felt assured of their eternal fame. There is Milton, who from his youth knew that he was surely to write that "*which the world would not willingly let die!*" But here is Don Paez who is also sure of his immortality, and talks about his "numbers" and Byron's "rolling in thunders, side by side." See a piece thus headed: "To LELIA: *Over this signature a panegyric on Don Paez appeared in the public prints, wherein the author is compared to Byron.*" The truth is, this feeling does not depend upon the intellect at all. It depends upon the character of the man. If he is ambitious and egotistical, or to speak in the lingo of the phrenologists, if he has the organ of self-esteem large, he will believe himself destined to immortality, whether his intellect is great or small. Thus it may be common to the greatest genius and the most stupendous dunce the world ever produced. But the man of genius has a higher pleasure than that of fame, either future or present, which no other man can enjoy; it is the pleasure of genius itself; it is the sense of power, and the pleasure which a gigantic mind will always feel in its own operations.

We had intended to examine some other pieces in this collection; but we are heartily tired of the task. What we have gone over is a specimen of the rest, for there is none much better or much worse. Fool the second reigns like Fool the first, and we dismiss the volume with a mixture of contempt and disgust which we have rarely felt before. Some of our readers, to whom it is a stranger, may think we have handled its author too roughly. We answer that it is our creed that any man who could deliberately write, transcribe, send to press, correct in proof, and then publish to the world such a batch of stuff as this, is entirely out of the pale of critical courtesy.

---

## TO THE LONELY HEART.

BY MARY S. B. DANA.

'Tis true thou art almost alone, high Heart!
E'en 'mid a thronging worldly multitude;
It is the wise man's fate to stand apart,
But thine is a delightful solitude;
For all thy world in Beauty is arrayed,
And peopled with bright things which cannot fade.

Thou'st many friends the earthly cannot see,
Whose counsels kind, the lonely heart may cheer;
Whisp'ring in soft angelic tones to thee,
They tell thee things none but the wise can hear;
Then, while 'tis thine such company to keep,
Mourn not the want of earth's companionship.

But, scattered here and there, thou still may'st find
Some kindred souls amid the earth-stained crowd,
Men, who were born to elevate mankind,
Uttering pure thoughts in accents clear and loud;
*Then* freely may'st thou, yearning Heart! expand,
And soul be knit to soul, while hand meets hand.

Oh, be it mine above this world to dwell!
Be mine the friendship of earth's chosen few!
Let me receive within my heart's lone cell
None but the great and good, the wise and true!
And may my life's ennobling effort be
Still to increase that glorious company.

*Orangeburg*, 1847.

---

## Wise Liberality.

Great admiration has been very justly excited by the liberal donation of *fifty thousand dollars*, recently made to Harvard University, by the Hon. Abbott Lawrence. In this there is wisdom as well as liberality. There is wisdom in such liberality itself. It is wise thus to invest the superfluities granted by a beneficent Providence, in the improvement and consequent gratitude of posterity. In this way a man evades the awful robbery of death, which strips him so ruthlessly of all his earthly possessions; and carries out beyond the grave the noblest uses of riches, whose ready wings are thus clipped that they can not "flee away."

Such an appropriation of their earthly substance is, for these and similar reasons, frequently made to a liberal extent by persons who can no longer use it themselves;—in their last wills. But how often do their fond schemes fail of realization; and how often does culpable delay rob their beneficence of half its value. The good which many have intended and which they,—being men of prudence and discretion and well comprehending the objects they had in view,—could very probably have secured, by undertaking its accomplishment themselves, has been long deferred and then imperfectly realised. How different would have been the condition of Girard College had its founder himself executed his own will. He might have lived even splendidly,—for which he had no taste,—upon a small portion of his immense wealth, and have devoted the rest to the establishment of his College; and his strong practical mind, gathering aid and information from every available source, would then have had the management and execution of all his plans.

Mr. Lawrence's wisdom, then, is conspicuous in this, that he lives to see his wishes accomplished; to lend the aid of his judgment and experience in arranging the details with the corporation of Harvard; to enjoy the honorable encomiums which his munificence merits; and, we trust, to witness and enjoy still more the important benefits to others which he contemplates. "The liberal man deviseth liberal things." The wisely liberal man, warned by repeated experiences in the world around him, will not postpone till the hour of dissolution the blessings he "devises" for his fellow-men.

Mr. Lawrence's wealth is said to be so great, that this donation is only a fraction of his yearly income. Be this as it may, a question occurs to us, how much may a man reasonably expect to possess to feel himself able to make liberal donations to objects and institutions of high public utility? Take a man of liberal views and principles, but with small resources,—sufficient, however, to maintain him creditably;—and then perhaps he "deviseth liberal things," *if he only had the means.* An accession of fifty thousand dollars to his means would be considered a fortune, and would add elegance and luxury to his style of living, and hush his anxieties for his children. Suppose that such an accession should amount to one hundred thousand dollars, or even more. How much could he then spare for the objects specified? Too few spare any thing like what they might, and the most liberal donations of many are proportionately but a mite to the contributions of the less fortunate. But surely those who possess a hundred thousand dollars, or more, would not miss ten thousand; and by prudent management could soon replace it. To all such, numerous objects make continual and eloquent appeals. Besides all the various schemes and operations of Christian benevolence, are our languishing and indebted Literary Institutions, and the "Historical Society of Virginia." And even where our Literary Institutions are not hampered by debt, their usefulness might be extended by the introduction of new branches of study and the erection of new professorships for their cultivation. State munificence is more likely to be stimulated than diminished by being united with that of private individuals, who thus practically aid and uphold the Liberal Policy of the Legislature.

In the case before us, which has led to these remarks, Mr. Lawrence's design is to establish in the University at Cambridge, a school to promote "the acquisition, illustration and dissemination of the practical sciences forever." It is to embrace three professorships,—of Geology, Engineering and Chemistry. That of Chemistry has already been established upon an enlarged plan, under Professor Horsford, a pupil of Baron Liebig, and supported on the foundation created by Count Rumford.

Mr. Lawrence shews the utility of the proposed school, in a very satisfactory manner. We conclude with a few extracts from his letter, tendering his donation, addressed to the Treasurer of Harvard college,—the Hon. Samuel A. Elliot.

"The application of science to the useful arts has changed, in the last half century, the condition and relations of the world. It seems to me that we have been somewhat neglectful in the cultivation and encouragement of the scientific portion of our national economy.

"Our country is rapidly increasing in population and wealth, and is probably destined in another quarter of a century to contain nearly as many inhabitants as now exist in France and England together.

"We have already in the United States a large body of young men who have received a classical education, many of whom find it difficult to obtain a livelihood in what are termed the learned professions. I believe the time has arrived when we should make an effort to diversify the occupation of our people, and develop more fully their strong mental and physical resources, throughout the Union."

* * * *

"But where can we send those who intend to devote themselves to the practical applications of science? How educate our engineers, our miners, machinists and mechanics? Our country abounds in men of action. Hard hands are ready to work upon our hard materials; and where shall sagacious heads be taught to direct those hands?

* * * *

"Inventive men laboriously reinvent what has been Pro-

duced before. Ignorant men fight against the laws of nature with a vain energy, and purchase their experience at great cost. Why should not all these start where their predecessors ended, and not where they began? Education can enable them to do so." * * *

"The buildings, I have supposed, without having made estimates, could be erected, including an extensive Laboratory, for about thirty thousand dollars. If so, there will remain the sum of twenty thousand dollars; and I suggest, that whatever sum may remain, after the erection and furnishing of the buildings, should form the basis of a fund, which, together with one-half of the tuition fees, till the amount shall yield the sum of three thousand dollars annually, shall be equally divided between the Professor of Engineering and the Professor of Geology, and be made a permanent foundation for these Professorships. The object is, to place the three Professors in this School in the same pecuniary situations."

We may here remind our readers that the liberality of Mr. Appleton and others of Boston has been scarcely, if any, less distinguished than that of Mr. Lawrence.

## The University of Virginia.

We are indebted to Dr. McGuffey for a copy of the Catalogue of the University, for the present session,—its twenty-second, we believe.

The whole number of matriculates the present session,—now just closing—has been one hundred and sixty-three; who have conducted themselves in a manner highly honorable to themselves and beneficial to the University.

It will be recollected that at the close of the last session, a new Proctor was elected,—Colonel Kemper; and that Major Broaddus was appointed to take charge of the beneficiaries, or State students.

These are both gentlemen of character and influence, and we are highly gratified to learn, that the wholesome police of the College is now preserved with more efficiency and success than it has ever been before.

The new system of instructing students on the State foundation has thus far worked very happily. The best feelings prevail between them and the other students, and in nearly every instance they have proved themselves worthy, in respect both of talent and behavior, of the benefits of a higher education thus conferred upon them.

The session at the University now closes on the 29th of June. The exercises this year will be particularly interesting and attractive. In addition to those of the students, will be an Oration before the Alumni, by Wm. M. Burwell, Esq., an Eulogy on the lamented Professor Davis, by Lucian Minor, Esq., and an Historical Discourse, by the Hon. William C. Rives.

By putting these matters relating to the University in juxtaposition with the donation of Mr. Lawrence, perchance it may remind some one to perform a similar act to her, or some of her sister colleges in our own, or some other Southern State:—such an acquisition to any and all of whom would be to us exceedingly welcome and delightful.

*June 18th.*

## The Impartiality of History.

Impartiality in History is what all profess to admire, as they do candor and independence in individuals. But these so universally applauded in the abstract, are often unobserved, disputed, or censured, when particular applications of them are made that do not accord with our preconceived notions of what impartiality, candor, and independence require, and in what they consist.

This is only one of the exemplifications of the difference between theory and practice. For example,—in the abstract, it may well be admitted that much may be said in defence, or extenuation of the tories or loyalists of our Revolution; and that sufficient time has elapsed for them now to be treated with justice and with impartiality. But when the accounts of the times in which they acted come to be written, immediately exciting controversies spring up, involving near descendants of the persons whose deeds are recorded. Such a controversy has arisen in the pages of the Messenger; but we do not deprecate it, because one of the uses of such a journal is to furnish a channel for such investigations. But we wish it to be understood that we hold only to the general views with which we set out; and leave the question of their application to the facts of the case, to the Reviewer and to the author of "Curwen's Journal."

We have reason to suppose that parts of this controversy are unwelcome to particular individuals and families in S. C.; and as is too usual in such cases, they may not only condemn the Messenger, but even "cut its acquaintance."

*But none of these things move us.* Our guiding principles are fixed. We can hear to hear both sides, though our sympathies are strongly with one of them. We edit a Journal *for the Public* and for Truth and Impartiality.

This subject naturally brings before us a work upon our table, *The American Loyalists. By Lorenzo Sabine. Published by Little & Brown, of Boston.* and sent to us through *C. F. Fisher*, bookseller of this city.

It is an extensive Biographical Dictionary of the Loyalists of the Revolution; with an introductory Essay applicable to the subject. This Essay, after a careful perusal, appears to us a specimen of original, independent and impartial historical writing,—such as is *rarely* to be met with. Written by a decided Whig, it yet does justice to the Tories; by a northern man, it yet shows no invidious spirit towards the South. From some passages we were afraid that we would have to withhold this last encomium, but after considering the whole range of the Essay, we think that it is entitled to it to an unusual degree. There are some points upon which we would animadvert, however, had we the space. We may do it hereafter.

A correspondent in Georgia writes us: "When on the subject of 'the Legal Profession,'* you omitted to give an account of the *regulators* in North Carolina, about 1771. They were for the destruction of all officers of government, and all *Lawyers*, and prostrating Government itself. Governor Tryon marched against them, and having, in a decisive battle, totally defeated them, the insurrection was quelled, and order restored. The writer of this has cause to recollect the account of the above transaction, as his Father had a ball of one of the insurgents to pass *through* his body, about the region of the stomach, which he survived more than sixty years."

Before receiving this, we had been reminded of the instance referred to, by reading Mr. Sabine's book. And lest any should suppose that these early revolutionists so opposed to the lawyers were the true friends of American Liberty, we state upon that author's authority, that "a large majority joined the royal party, and enlisted under the King's banner."

The publishers have executed their part of the work in a most admirable manner.

For other New Works, and Literary Miscellany, see cover.

* An article in the June Messenger; and which we unintentionally omitted to say first appeared in the *N. Y.* "*Legal Observer.*"

## NEW WORKS.

Among the new works recently issued are the third volume of "Harper's Fireside Library," Illustrated and Illuminated, containing "The Lawyer's Daughter," by *Jos. Alden*, D. D.; "The Orators of the Age," by *Francis*,—comprising a series of Sketches first contributed for the most part to Frazer's Magazine. The American reader will here find much to interest, and to instruct him in relation to the present great men of England, unless he have turned his attention to such information heretofore; but the work will deeply interest those who need not its instruction;—"The Correspondence and Miscellanies of the Hon. John Cotton Smith, LL. D.," with an Eulogy pronounced before the Connecticut Historical Society at New Haven, May 27th, 1846. By the Rev. Wm. W. Andrews. Dr. Smith was one of the most distinguished Governors of Connecticut, which office was but one of the just rewards of his learning and services;—"The String of Pearls," a Novel by G. P. R. James;—A new "School Algebra,"—containing the latest improvements. By Professor Hackley, of Columbia College, New York;—No. 23 of the "Pictorial History of England; in which the History of the reign of James I. is commenced, cotemporary with the commencement of our own annals; "The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism." By Robert Southey, Esq., LL. D. Besides the name of the celebrated author, itself amply sufficient, this work bears the impress of other distinguished authors. There are notes by S. T. Coleridge and remarks on the life and character of John Wesley, by the late Alex. Knox, Esq., and the work is edited by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey; and this handsome edition, (the 2nd American: 2 vols.) has additional notes by the Rev. Daniel Curry, A. M. The book will be judged of very much according to men's religious affiities, with which we have nothing to do; but all can rejoice to have such a work from such sources, and it can not fail to be extensively sought for and read. The Literary World says, "with all its inconsistences and contradictions, we doubt if a biography more delightful was ever written." These inconsistencies and contradictions may not so appear to many of its readers. All the foregoing works are from the Press of *Harper & Brothers*; and supplied by *Messrs. Drinker & Morris*, Richmond.

*Carey & Hart* have issued No. 3 of "The Greatest Plague of Life," or the adventures of a Lady in search of a good servant; illustrated by George Cruikshank;—and "The Beautiful Widow, A Novel, by T. S. Arthur;"—which are also for sale by Drinker and Morris.

*The Life of William Alexander, Earl of Stirling; Major General in the Army of the United States during the Revolution; with selections from his Correspondence.* By his Grandson, William Alexander Duer, LL. D. (Forming Collections of the New Jersey Historical Society. Vol. II.) Pp. 284. Wiley & Putnam.

"William Alexander, better known as the Earl of Stirling—his right to that title, as nearest of kin to the last earl, being clearly demonstrated by Mr. Duer. He participated in the battles of Long Island, Monmouth, Germantown, and Brandywine, and on several minor occasions conducted himself gallantly and creditably. "It was his good fortune," we are told, "at different periods in the course of the war, to have had under his command every brigade in the American army, except those of South Carolina and Georgia" (p. 259); and yet, up to the present time, very little has been made public respecting him, other than such general information as the histories of the Revolution may contain.

"Although born in New York—being the son of James Alexander, the distinguished provincial jurist and statesman—his residence was for many years in New Jersey; and it was while holding a commission as colonel of the militia of that province that he was selected to command the first of the Continental regiments raised within it. This was in 1775; the following year he was appointed brigadier-general, and in 1777, major-general of the Continental forces. His residence in New Jersey, and his connexion with her public affairs, for several years, render the publication of his life by the Historical Society of that State no unmeaning tribute to his memory.

"It was mainly through Lord Stirling that the infamous conspiracy of Gates and Conway, to undermine the character and destroy the influence of Washington, was brought to light and frustrated.

"Lord Stirling's first military experience was under General Shirley, on the northern frontier, in the French and English war of 1755–56, in the capacity of aide-de-camp; and we understand that a collection of highly interesting papers has recently been discovered in the archives of the New York Historical Society, connected with this particular period of his life, which we trust will be in some way presented to the public, in illustration of that too much neglected portion of our provincial history.

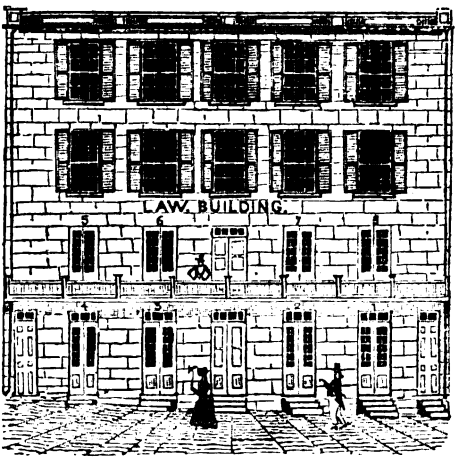
"The volume before us is creditable to the Society under whose auspices it is published, being well printed, and enriched with a miniature portrait of Lord Stirling, and several plans of battles."

*Tancred; or, the New Crusade.* By B. Disraeli, M. P., author of "Coningsby," &c. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia, 1847.

"Another dish by Young England, compounded of all delicate, flying or swimming notions, dressed with elegant art, and highly spiced with all the rare seeds of Araby the Blest."

*The Life of Edmund Kean.* Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

"He was eminently individual, and represented the school of nature in opposition to the artificial dignity of Kemble and his imitators. He created an epoch and developed an original phase of the dramatic art. The best criticism extant upon Kean's acting is by R. H. Dana. The tragedian did not hesitate to express the contempt he felt for ordinary newspaper criticism, but when shown the copy of the Idle Man containing the essay on his performances, he exclaimed, 'This man understand me.' This life of Kean is attributed to Barry Cornwall."




## OFFICES IN THE LAW BUILDING.

There are several handsome and convenient offices for rent, on accommodating terms, in the Messenger "Law Building," near the New Court-House, on Franklin Street. Each occupant will have the use of two rooms, well finished, lighted, and aired, and separated by a sash-door. The location offers many advantages and facilities to men of business and especially to Lawyers; being at the door of the New Court-House, in which several important Courts will soon be held, and within a few steps of the Capitol, the City Hall, the Post Office and the Banks. Also one or two good bed rooms. For terms, &c., apply to

B. B. MINOR.

*May 1st*, 1847.

# BENJAMIN B. MINOR,

## ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

Has removed his office to No. 8, Messenger "Law Building," on Franklin Street, near the New Court-House. He tenders his services to the public, as heretofore, in the various duties of his profession.

Claims due residents or non-residents secured, or settled, and the money promptly remitted.

## WANTED A TRAVELLING AND CANVASSING AGENT.

An active, energetic, and faithful travelling and canvassing Agent would be employed, on liberal terms, to devote himself to the interests of the Southern and Western Literary Messenger and Review. Address this office, post paid, with suitable testimonials and references.

## UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

**Faculty of Physic. Session of 1847-48. The Lectures will commence on Monday, October 25th, and continue until the 1st of March ensuing.**

Richard Wilmot Hall, M. D., *Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence.*
William E. A. Aikin, M. D., *Chemistry and Pharmacy.*
Nathan R. Smith, M. D., *Surgery.*
Samuel Chew, M. D., *Therapeutics, Materia Medica and Hygiene.*
Joseph Roby, M. D., *Anatomy and Physiology.*
William Power, M. D., *Theory and Practice of Medicine.*
George W. Miltenberger, M. D., *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Instruction in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Surgery, will be given every day at the Baltimore Infirmary, opposite the Medical College.

Fees for the entire course, $90. Matriculation fee, $5. Graduation fee, $20. Clinical ticket, free. Dissecting ticket, optional with the students.

WM. E. A. AIKIN, M. D., *Dean of the Faculty.*

*Baltimore, July* 1, 1847.—4*t*

P352.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. AUGUST, 1847. NO. VIII.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

# TABLE OF CONTENTS.

## ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.


PAGE

1. Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia. By Charles Campbell. Chap. XXVIII and XXIX.....449
2. Woe and Weal, or the Transitions of Life. A Tale. By a Lady of Virginia.....465
3. Thoughts on the Decline of Agriculture in ancient Italy. By Philalethes.....474
4. Essays on the Early Language and Literature of England. No. III. By H. R.....479
5. The Fortunes of Esther, the Jewess. A Tale. By Alfred Duke.....486
6. John Pickering, LL. D.....496
7. Thoughts on the Fourth of July, 1847. By Rev. J. N. Danforth.....502
8. Patrick Henry. By Rev. E. L. Magoon .....505
9. The Late Professor Dew.....512
10. The Late Mrs. Jane Tayloe Worthington.....512


## ORIGINAL POETRY.


PAGE

11. Flowers in Ashes. By J. M. Legaré.....471
12. To My Mother in Heaven. By Mrs. Maria G. Buchanan.....472
13. A Dialogue Between the Reviewer of "Nine New Poets," and a surviving Brother Poet.....473
14. My Youth's Angelic Dream." By Alban.....478
15. The Dear Old Seat. A Song. By Byrona.....485
16. We Have Lingered Long Together. By Estelle.....485
17. Nature and God. By N. C.....501
18. Notices of New Books. See cover.....III.


## PAYMENTS TO THE LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Butler, W. F | Virginia | vol 13 | |
| Boyken, J | Alabama | Pd. to July 1847. | |
| Bayly, Hon. T. H | WG | Virginia | vol 9-10-11-12-13 |
| Boulware, Wm | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Bott, Berthier | WG | Virginia | Pd. $10 on accounnt. |
| Bruce, G. M | WG | Virginia | Pd. $15 in full. |
| Bohannan, Dr. R. L | WG | Virginia | vol 9-10-11-12-13 |
| Carroll, G. W | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Claiborne, H. A | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Christian, Judge J. B | Virginia | | vol 12-13 |
| Christian, Miss M. M | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| Cropper, T. T | WG | Virginia | Pd. $12 50 in full. |
| Cherry, Col. J | WG | Virginia | vol 11-12-13 |
| Eastern Lunatic Asylum | WG | Virginia | vol 12 |
| Fall, Alexander | Tennessee | | vol 13 |
| Fry, Mrs. J. J | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Ford, Samuel | WG | Virginia | vol 12 |
| Haslam, W. M | Georgia | | vol 13 |
| Herring, G. I | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Hill, Alex | Virginia | Pd. to July 1848. | |
| Herring, L. W | Mississippi | | vol 13 |
| Irby, Richard | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Jones, Lt. J. M | New York | | vol 12-13 |
| Jones, Miss C | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| Mitchell, S. P | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Mitchell, Jr., Wm | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Marye, S. B | William and Mary College | | vol 12 |
| Minnigerode, C. | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| McCandlish, R | WG | Virginia | vol 9-10-11-12-13 |
| Robertson, Judge John | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Ridley, Robert | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| Riddick, W. L | WG | Virginia | vol 12-13 |
| State Department | WG | D. C | vol 12 |
| Thomas, Jr., Jas. | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Thompson, W. F | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Woodfalk, W. W | Tennessee | | vol 13 |
| Weller, Messrs. D. & C. R | Virginia | | vol 13 |
| Wallace, Thomas H | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |
| Washington Society | WG | Virginia | vol 13 |

## GENERAL COLLECTORS FOR THE MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

Wm. Gouldin, General Agent and Collector for Virginia.

Thomas L. Jones is our General Collector for the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Tennessee and Louisiana.

Israel E. James, is our General Travelling Agent, for the following States, District of Columbia, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Arkansas—assisted by James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, R. A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, and John W. Wightman.

Henry M. Lewis, is our General Agent, for Alabama and Tennessee.

C. W. James, is our General Collector, for Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri; Wisconsin and Iowa—assisted by James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, T. G. Smith, and Frederick J. Hawse. Mr. C. W. James also makes a Fall trip to the Eastern States, and the District of Columbia.

J. F. Johnston, assisted by Eli M. Stevenson, General Collector for Kentucky.

Addison A. Bell, of Ala., is authorised to procure New Subscribers.

J. F. Stanton is authorised to procure New Subscribers for the Messenger, generally.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1847.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### 1700—1723.

Nicholson's tyrannical conduct; Capture of a Piratical vessel; William III. dies and is succeeded by Anne; Nicholson's complaints against the colony; He is recalled; Settlement of Huguenots in Virginia; The Church; Edward Nott Governor; Succeeded by Jennings; Hunter; Alexander Spotswood Lieut. Governor; His early history; Dissolves the Assembly; Assists North Carolina; Rigid economy of Virginia; The Church establishment; Spotswood's tramontane expedition; Condition of Virginia at the accession of George I.; Spotswood's altercations with the legislature; Theach the Pirate; Complaints against Spotswood; Harmony restored; Spotswood displaced; His character.

If we are to credit the accounts of a contemporary writer, Beverley, Nicholson declared openly to the lower order of people: "that the gentlemen imposed upon them;—that the servants had all been kidnapped and had a lawful action against their masters." [1700.] Mr. Fowler, the king's attorney-general, declaring some piece of service against law, the governor seized him by the collar and swore, "that he knew no laws they had and that his commands should be obeyed without hesitation or reserve." He committed gentlemen who offended him to prison, without any complaint and refused to allow bail, and some of them having intimated to him, that such proceedings were illegal, he replied, "that they had no right at all to the liberties of English subjects, and that he would hang up those that should presume to oppose him, with magna charta about their necks." He often extolled the governments of Fez and Morocco, and at a meeting of the governors of the college, told them "that he knew how to govern the Moors and would beat them into better manners." At another time he avowed that he knew how to govern the country without assemblies and if they should deny him anything, after he had obtained a standing army, "he would bring them to reason with halters about their necks." His outrages, (says Beverley,) made him jealous, and to prevent complaints being sent to England against him, he intercepted letters,

employed spies and even played the eves-dropper himself. He sometimes held inquisitorial courts to find grounds of accusation against such as incurred his displeasure. * Such are the allegations against Nicholson. Yet some allowance may safely be made for prejudice, some for the exaggerations of idle rumor. The accusations have reached us, but not the defence. †

In the second year of Nicholson's administration a piratical vessel was captured within the capes of Virginia. The pirate had taken some merchant vessels in Lynhaven bay. A small vessel happening to witness an engagement between the Corsair and a Merchantman, conveyed intelligence of it to the Shoram, a fifth-rate man-of-war, commanded by Captain Passenger and newly arrived. Nicholson chanced to be at Kiquotan, (Hampton,) sealing up his letters and going on board the Shoram, was present in the engagement that followed. The Shoram by day-break having got in between the capes and the pirate, intercepted her and an action took place, [April 29, 1700,] lasting ten hours, when the pirate surrendered upon condition of being referred to the king's mercy. In this affair fell Peter Heyman, grandson of Sir Peter Heyman of Summerfield, in the county of Kent, England. Being collector of the customs in the lower district of James River, he volunteered to go on board the Shoram on this occasion, and after behaving with undaunted courage for seven hours, standing on the quarter deck near the governor, was killed by a small shot.

* Beverley, B. 1, pp. 97-102.

† Robert Beverley author of a History of Virginia, published the first edition of that work [1705.] His namesake, the persecuted clerk, died [1687.] It is probable that the historian was a relative of the clerk. In the preface to his second edition, published [1722,] he says, "My first business in the world, being among the public records of my country," &c. In the same year, [1722,] an Abridgment of the Laws of Virginia ascribed to him, was published at London. (See 1. Hening, p. 5.) If the historian was so related to the clerk, it may account in part for his acrimony against Culpepper and Effingham, who had persecuted his namesake and kinsman, and against Nicholson, who was Effingham's deputy. In his second edition, when time had mitigated his animosities, Beverley omitted many of his accusations against these governors. In favor of Nicholson it is to be observed that his administration was more satisfactory in Maryland and in South Carolina. The fault in Virginia was probably not all on his side.

[March, 1702.] William III. died. His manner was cold and reserved, his genius military, his decision inflexible. In his fondness of prerogative power he showed himself the grandson of the first Charles; as the defender of the protestant religion and prince of Orange, he displayed toleration to all except papists. The government of Virginia under him was not materially improved. He was succeeded by Anne, daughter of James II. Louis XIV. having recognized the Pretender as lawful heir to the British crown, Anne, shortly after she succeeded to the throne, [1702,] declared war against France and its ally Spain. Virginia was but little affected by the long conflict that ensued.

Nicholson, in a memorial to the council of trade, described the people of Virginia as numerous, rich and of republican principles, such as ought to be lowered in time;—that then or never was the time to maintain the queen's prerogative and put a stop to those pernicious notions, which were increasing daily, not only in Virginia, but in all her majesty's other governments, and that a frown from her majesty now would do more than an army thereafter. And he insisted on the necessity of a standing army. * [1701.] Colonel Quarry, surveyor-general of the Customs, wrote to the board of trade that "this malignant humor is not confined to Virginia, formerly the most remarkable for loyalty, but is universally diffused." At length upon complaint of Commissary Blair, and six of the council, Nicholson was recalled, [1705.]

Col. Nicholson, before entering on the government of Virginia had been Lieutenant Governor of New York under Andros, and afterwards at the head of the administration from 1687 to 1689, when he was expelled by a popular tumult. From 1690 to 1692 he was Lieutenant Governor of Virginia. From 1694 to 1699 he held the government of Maryland, where with the zealous assistance of Commissary Bray, he busied himself in establishing episcopacy. Returning to the government of Virginia, he remained till 1705. [1710.] He was appointed General and commander-in-chief of the forces sent against Fort Royal in Acadia which was surrendered to him. [1711.] He headed

* Beverley, B. 1, p. 104.

the land force of another expedition, directed against the French in Canada. The naval force on this occasion was commanded by the imbecile brigadier Hill. The enterprise was corrupt in its purpose, feeble and unfortunate in its conduct, and abortive in its result. This failure was attributable to the mismanagement and inefficiency of the fleet. [1713.] Nicholson was governor of Nova Scotia. Having received the honor of knighthood, Sir Francis Nicholson, [1720,] was appointed governor of South Carolina, where during four years he conducted himself "with a judicious and spirited attention to the public welfare, which proved highly grateful to the inhabitants, and honorably brightened the closing scene of his political life in America. The intriguing politician seemed now to be lost in the eager, busy and ostentatious patron of public improvement, and the distinction which he formerly courted from an enlargement of his authority, he was now contented to derive from a liberal a popular exercise of it. He promoted the establishment of schools and the spread of education, contributing his own time and money in aid of these useful purposes, and he prevailed with the English society for propagating the Gospel, to send a number of clergymen to the province and endow them with liberal salaries in addition to the provincial stipends." He concluded a treaty of peace with the powerful Indian tribe called the Creeks, and by presents and flattering attentions, gained the friendship of the still more powerful Cherokees.* Returning to England, June 1725, he died at London, March 5, 1728. He was "an adept in colonial governments, trained by experience in New York, in Virginia, in Maryland; brave and not penurious, but narrow and irascible; of loose morality, yet a fervent supporter of the church." †

Upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Lewis XIV., [1685,] more than half a million of French protestants, called Huguenots, fled from the jaws of persecution to foreign countries. About forty thousand sought refuge in England. [1690.] King William III., sent over a number of them to Virginia, and lands were allotted to them on James River. During the year 1699, another body of them came over, conducted by their clergyman Philippe de Richebourg.* Others followed in succeeding years. The larger part of them settled at Manakin, (Monacan,) town, on the South bank of the James, about twenty miles above the falls, on rich lands, formerly occupied by the Monacan Indians. The rest dispersed themselves over the country;—some on the James, some on the Rappahannock. The settlement at Manakin town was erected into the parish of King William in the county of Henrico and exempted from taxation for many years. † The refugees received from the king and the assembly large donations of money and provisions and found in Col. William Byrd, of Westover, a generous benefactor. Each settler was allowed a stripe of land running back from the river to the foot of the hill. Here they raised cattle; undertook to domesticate the buffalo; manufactured cloth and made claret wine from wild grapes. Their settlement extended about four miles along the river. In the centre they built a church. They conducted their worship after the German manner, and the surrounding woods echoed their melodious hymns. They repeated family worship three times a day. Manakin town was then on the frontier and there was no other settlement nearer than the falls; yet the Indians never molested these pious refugees. There was no mill nearer than the mouth of Falling Creek, ‡ twenty miles distant, and the Huguenots having no horses, were obliged to carry their corn on their backs to the mill. Many amiable and respectable families of Virginia are descended from these Huguenots, among them the Maurys, Fontaines, Dupuys, Lacys, Munfords, Flournoys, Duvalls, Guerants, Bondurants and Trents. [1702.] There were twenty nine counties in Virginia and forty-nine parishes; of which thirty-four were supplied with ministers, fifteen vacant. In each parish was a church of timber, brick or stone; in the larger parishes one or two chapels of ease; so that the whole number of places of worship for a population of 60,000 was about 70. In

* Graham, American Edition, vol. 2, p. 330.

† Bancroft, vol 2, p. 82.

* Martin's History of North Carolina, p. 232 and Hawk's, p. 78, et seq. Grahame, American Edition, vol. 2, p. 383. Hodge's History of the Presbyterian Church, Part 1, p. 51.

† Hening, vol. 3, p. 201.

‡ Which empties into the James about 8 miles below the falls of that river.

every parish a dwelling-house was provided for the minister, with a glebe of 250 acres of land and sometimes a few negroes or a small stock of cattle. The salary of 16,000 pounds of tobacco was in ordinary quality equivalent to £80; in sweet-scented to £160. It required the labor of twelve negroes to produce this amount. There were in Eastern Virginia three Quaker congregations, and as many Presbyterian. *

[1699.] A penalty of five shillings was imposed on such persons as should not attend the parish church once in two months. Dissenters qualified according to the Toleration Act of the first year of William and Mary, were exempted from this penalty, provided they should attend "at any congregation or place of religious worship permitted and allowed by the said act of Parliament once in two months." *

Many of the ministers sent out from England were incompetent; some profligate. Religion slumbered in languor. Altercations between minister and people were not unfrequent. Sometimes an exemplary pastor was removed from mercenary motives, or on account of his faithful discharge of his duties. More frequently the unfit were retained by popular indifference. The clergy in effect, did not enjoy that permanent independency of the people, which properly belongs to a hierarchy. The vestry "thought themselves the parson's master," and the clergy deplored the precarious tenure of their livings. The Commissary's powers were few and limited;—he was but the shadow of a bishop. He could not ordain, nor confirm; he could not depose a minister. Yet the people, most jealous of ecclesiastical tyranny, watched his movements with a vigilant and suspicious eye. The church in Virginia was destitute of an effective discipline. †

[1705.] Appeared the first American newspaper, "The Boston News-Letter." [August, 1705,] Edward Nott came over to Virginia, lieutenant governor, under George, earl of Orkney, who had been made governor-in-chief. From this time the office of governor-in-chief became a pensionary sinecure, enjoyed by one residing in England and who out of a salary of two thousand pounds a year, received twelve hundred. The Earl of Orkney enjoyed this revenue for forty years. Nott was a mild, benevolent man, but did not survive long enough to realize what the people hoped from his administration. In the fall, after his arrival, he called an assembly, which at length concluded a general revisal of the laws that had been long in hand. Some

* Two in Accomac under the care of Rev. Francis Makemie—the other on Elizabeth river. "It seems from Commissary Blair's report on the state of the church in Virginia, that it existed before the commencement of the last century. From the fact of Mr. Makemie's directing in his will that his dwelling-house and lot on Elizabeth river should be sold, it has been inferred that he had resided there before he moved to the opposite side of the Chesapeake, and that the church in question was gathered by him. If so, it must have been formed before 1690; for at that time Mr. Makemie was residing on the Eastern Shore. Others have supposed that the congregation was composed of a small company of Scotch emigrants, whose descendants are still to be found in the neighbourhood of Norfolk." [1710.] In a letter written by the Presbytery of Philadelphia to that of Dublin, it is said, "In all Virginia we have one small congregation on Elizabeth river, and some few families favoring our way in Rappahannock and York." [1712.] Rev. John Macky was the pastor of the Elizabeth river congregation. Hodge's History of the Presbyterian church, Part 1st, pp. 76-77.

"The Rev. Francis Makemie, who is often spoken of as the father of our church, was settled in Accomac county, Virginia, anterior to the year 1690, when his name first appears upon the county records. According to some accounts, he was a native of Scotland; according to Mr. Spence, of the North of Ireland. Mr. Spence thinks that he was ordained by the Presbytery of Donegal. It is certain, however, that he came to this country an ordained minister and was "in principle and upon conviction a thorough Presbyterian." He is represented as having been "a venerable and imposing character, distinguished for piety, learning and much steady resolution and perseverance." His successful labors on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, his imprisonment in New York for preaching in that city, and his able defence upon his trial, are familiarly known to the public. He died in 1708, leaving a large estate." Ibid, pp. 88-89. "Makemie's Tryal," may be seen in 4 Force. Makemie, at the time of his trial, was a resident of Accomac, in Virginia. The "Tryal," p. 50, contains a copy of a license to preach "at his own house at Accomack-town and his dwelling-house at Pocamock." This license was procured October 10th 1699 from the county court of Accomac.

* 3 Hening, p. 171. The following is Hening's note on this law:—"This is the first notice taken by the laws of Virginia of the *toleration* act, as it is called in England, of 1. William and Mary. It is surely an abuse of terms, to call a law a *toleration-act*, which imposes a religious test on the conscience, in order to avoid the penalties of another law equally violating every principle of religious freedom. The provisions of this act may be seen in the 4th volume of Blackstone's Commentaries, page 53. Nothing could be more intolerant than to impose the penalties by this act prescribed for not repairing to church, and then to hold out the idea of exemption, by a compliance with the provisions of such a law as the Statute of 1. William and Mary, adopted by a mere *general reference*—when not one person in a thousand could possibly know its contents."

† Hawks, chap. 5. Beverley, B. 4, p. 26.

salutary acts went into operation, but those relating to the church and clergy proving unacceptable to the Commissary, as encroaching on the sacred confines of prerogative, were suspended by the governor and thus fell through. Nott procured the passage of an act providing for the building of a palace for the governor. This assembly passed a new act for the establishment of Ports and Towns; "grounding it only upon encouragements according to her majesty's letter," but the Virginia merchants of England complaining against it, this act also failed. In the first year of Nott's administration, the college of William and Mary was burnt down. He died [August, 1706.]

His successor, Edward Jennings, president of the council, was a man of strong passions, but singular integrity. His zeal for the church and the crown was excessive. He evinced a contempt for wealth and performed many generous acts; which however his enemies attributed to vanity. During his time, excepting an alarm from French privateers hovering on the coast, quiet reigned in Virginia.

[1708.] Robert Hunter, a scholar and wit, friend of Addison and Swift, was appointed lieutenant governor of Virginia; but was captured on the voyage by the French. [1710.] He became governor of New York and the Jerseys.

[1710.] Colonel Alexander Spotswood was sent over as lieutenant governor under the Earl of Orkney.* Colonel Spotswood was born at Tangier, in Africa, on board of a man-of-war, his father being a commander in the British navy. Alexander Spotswood was bred in the army from his childhood. Blending genius with industry, he seldom failed in any of his undertakings. He served with distinction under the duke of Marlborough,† and was dangerously wounded in the breast at the battle of Blenheim.‡

Spotswood was received with acclamations in Virginia, because he brought with him the right of Habeas Corpus, a right guaranteed to every Englishman by Magna Charta, but hitherto denied to Virginians. [1711.] The new governor wrote to England:—"This government is in perfect peace and tranquillity, under a due obedience to the royal authority and a gentlemanly conformity to the church of England."* Shortly after, however, upon a threat of a French invasion, the assembly would only agree to raise twenty thousand pounds by taxes laid chiefly on British manufactures. The governor declined this proffer. The assembly, however, appropriated two thousand pounds for completing the governor's palace. Spotswood finding that nothing further could be obtained, dissolved the assembly and in anticipation of an Indian war, was obliged to solicit stores from England. [1712.] However the assembly made liberal appropriations to discharge the public debt and in aid of the Carolinas. And Spotswood was now enabled to repel the Indians from the frontier and reduce the surrounding tribes to subjection. Anarchy prevailing in North Carolina, the assistance of the governor of Virginia was invoked. He sent a mediator to endeavor to reconcile the contending factions. But his efforts having proved unavailing, and another express arriving to solicit his aid, Spotswood despatched a land and naval force to that province. Cary, Porter and other ringleaders in the disturbances having escaped to Virginia, were seized by Spotswood, [July, 1711,] and sent prisoners to England. In the Tuscarora war, he again lent his aid to North Carolina. Blending vigor with humanity, he taught those ferocious tribes, that while he

* Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 1, p. 394, and Keith, p. 173.

† "He was in the habit of shewing to his guests a four-pound ball that struck his coat." Burk, vol. 3, p. 102, in note.

‡ It is in allusion to this that Blenheim castle is represented in the back-ground of Spotswood's portrait. There are still in Virginia, in possession of a descendant of the governor, portraits of him and his lady. She it is said was Ann Butler Brain, whose middle name was taken from the Duke of Ormond, her God-father. There is another portrait of Gov. Spotswood at Chelsea, in the county of King William, Virginia, as also of Dolly Spotswood, his younger daughter, who married Captain Nathaniel West Dandridge of the British navy, son of Captain William Dandridge of Elson Green. Chelsea was the seat of Bernard Moore, who married Ann Catherine, elder daughter of Gov. Spotswood. The governor's sons were John and Robert. John married Mary Dandridge. Their children were General Alexander Spotswood and Major John Spotswood of the Revolution. The governor's lady surviving him, married Rev. Mr. Thompson of Culpepper county, from whom was descended the late Commodore Thompson of the U. S. Navy. See a curious letter from Rev. Mr. Thompson to lady Spotswood, in Hist. of St. George's Parish, pp. 55-57. Robert, younger son of Governor Spotswood, a Captain under Washington, detached with a scouting party from Fort Cumberland, in May 1757, was killed by the Indians. 2 Washington's Writings, pp. 239-252.

* Bancroft, vol. 3, p. 29.

could chastise their insolence, he commiserated their fate, and thus concluded a satisfactory peace. *

Some Germans settled about this time on the Rapidan, in Essex county. They received from the assembly the same humane treatment that had been shown to the Huguenots. During eleven years, from 1707 to 1718, while other colonies were burthened with taxation for extrinsic purposes, Virginia steadily adhered to a system of rigid economy, and during that interval 83 pounds of tobacco per poll, was the total sum levied by special acts. The Virginians put themselves "upon a nice inquiry into the circumstances of the government." "The assembly concluded itself entitled to all the rights and privileges of an English parliament."

The act of 1642, establishing the church in Virginia, reserved the right of presentation to the parish. The license of the bishop of London and the recommendation of the governor availed but little against the popular will. Republicanism was finding its way even into the church; vestries were growing independent. The parishes sometimes neglected to receive the ministers;—sometimes received but did not present him. The custom was to employ a minister by the year. [1703.] It was decided that the minister was an incumbent for life and could not be displaced by the parish. But the vestries by preventing his induction, excluded him from acquiring a freehold in his living and he might be removed at pleasure. The ministers were not always men who could win the affections of the people, or command their respect. There was a lethargy in the church of England on this head, aggravated by the difficulty of procuring suitable ministers. The Virginia parishes were so extensive, that parishioners sometimes lived fifty miles from the parish church. The assembly would not increase the taxes by narrowing the bounds of the parishes, even to avoid the dangers of "paganism, atheism or sectaries." "Schism" was indeed threatening "to creep into the church" and to generate "faction in the civil government." *

[1714.] The year in which George I. succeeded to the crown, Spotswood made the first complete discovery of a passage over the Blue Ridge of mountains. † He was accompanied by a volunteer troop of horse. As the flower of Virginia youth wound through the shadowy defiles, the trumpet now for the first time startled the echoes of the mountains, and from their summits Spotswood and his companions beheld with rapture the boundless panorama that suddenly spread itself before them, robed in misty splendor. Spotswood on his return, instituted the Tramontane order and presented each of his companions with a golden horse-shoe with the inscription: "Sic juvat transcendere montes." ‡

At the accession of George I., the population of Virginia had increased to seventy-two thousand whites, and twenty-three thou-

* Chalmers' Introduction, vol 1, p 404. Compare Martin's Hist. N. Carolina, vol. 1, pp. 235-241, whose account is very different from that of Chalmers. According to Martin "Governor Spotswood, in a letter to Lord Dartmouth, complained of the reluctance he found in the inhabitants of the counties of his government, bordering on Carolina, to march to the relief of Governor Hyde." These counties were chiefly settled by Quakers, who were not only opposed to war, but also to Hyde. From Martin it does not appear certain that any succor was actually received from Virginia. And he mentions Carey alone as apprehended by Spotswood.

* Bancroft, vol. 3, pp. 27-28. See also Hawks, p. 88.

† Beverley, 2nd Edition, London, 1722, in Preface, says, "I was with the present Governor, [Spotswood.] at the head-spring of both those rivers, [York and Rappahannock] and their fountains are in the highest ridge of mountains." Beverley, as I infer from this extract, accompanied Spotswood in his celebrated Tramontane exploration and gives here the only clue that I have met with for tracing the route of it. Since the preceding was printed, I have met with the following account by the Rev. Hugh Jones, in his Present State of Virginia, as quoted in the History of St. George's Parish, by Rev. Philip Slaughter, p. 53. "Governor Spotswood when he undertook the great discovery of a passage over the mountains attended with a sufficient guard of pioneers and gentlemen with a supply of provisions, passed these mountains and cut his Majesty's name upon a rock upon the highest of them, naming it Mt. George and in complaisance to him the gentlemen called the mountain next to it, Mt. Alexander. For this expedition they were obliged to provide a great quantity of horse-shoes, things seldom used in the Eastern parts of Virginia, where there are no stores. Upon which account the Governor, upon his return presented each of his companions with a golden horse-shoe, some of which I have seen covered with valuable stones, resembling heads of nails with the inscription on one side, 'Sic juvat transcendere montes.' This he instituted to encourage gentlemen to venture backward and make discoveries and settlements, any gentleman being entitled to wear this golden shoe who could prove that he had drank his Majesty's health on Mt. George."

‡ A novel, called "The Knight of the Horse-Shoe," by Dr. William A. Caruthers, derives its name and subject from Spotswood's exploit. The miniature horse-shoe that had belonged to him, (as I have been told by a lady, his great-grand daughter, who had seen it) was small enough to be worn on a watch chain.

sand blacks. Their number was enlarged by ten thousand Africans imported during this reign. Their condition was a rather rigorous servitude. Virginia and Maryland, the two tobacco colonies, exceeded in commercial consequence all the other Anglo-American colonies put together. Virginia exchanged her Indian corn, lumber and provisions, for the sugar, rum and wine of the West Indies and the Azores. The number of counties was now twenty-five. The government consisted of the governor, twelve councillors, who mimicked the English House of Lords, and fifty-two burgesses. The revenue of four thousand pounds being inadequate to the public charge, was eked out by three hundred pounds from the royal quit-rents. The militia numbered fifteen thousand. The Virginians "chose such burgesses as had declared their resolution to raise no taxes for any occasion whatsoever." [1715.] They expelled two burgesses for serving without pay; which they termed bribery. At this session Spotswood conceiving the assembly to be actuated only by faction, after five weeks spent in fruitless altercations, dissolved them with harsh and contemptuous expressions, which offended the spirit of the burgesses. He had already wounded the pride of the aspiring council, long the oligarchy of the Old Dominion. Anonymous letters were now continually transmitted to England against him. The board of trade justly reproved him for his offensive language to the burgesses. In other points, Spotswood vindicated himself with vigor and success. When, [1717,] the ancient laws of the colony were revised, the acts of 1663, for preventing the recovery of foreign debts and for prohibiting the assemblage of Quakers, and that of 1676, (one of Bacon's laws,) excluding from office all persons who had not resided three years in the colony, were repealed by the king.

John Theach, or Teach, a pirate, commonly called Blackbeard, [1718,] established his rendezvous at the mouth of Pamlico, in North Carolina. He bribed Eden, the governor of that province, and Knight, secretary of state with gold and enjoyed their protection. Theach surrendered himself with twenty men to his patron, Eden, and took the oath of allegiance, in order to avail himself of a proclamation of pardon offered by the king. Wasting the fruits of sea-robbery in gambling and debauchery, Blackbeard again embarked in piracy. Having captured and brought in a valuable cargo, the Carolinians gave notice of it to the government of Virginia. Spotswood and the assembly immediately proclaimed a large reward for his apprehension, and Lieutenant Maynard, attached to a ship of war stationed in the Chesapeake bay, was sent with two small vessels and a chosen crew, in quest of him. A bloody action ensued in Pamlico bay, [21st Nov., 1718.] Blackbeard had posted one of his men with a lighted match over the powder-magazine, to prevent a capture, by blowing up his vessel. This order failed to be executed. Blackbeard surrounded by the slain, and bleeding from his wounds, in the act of cocking a pistol, fell on the bloody deck and expired. His surviving followers surrendered. Maynard returned with his prisoners to James River, Blackbeard's head hanging from the bowsprit. The pirates were tried in the Admiralty Court at Williamsburg, [March, 1718.] Thirteen of them were hung. Benjamin Franklin then an apprentice in a printing office, composed a ballad on the death of Theach. *

At length eight members of the council, headed by Commissary Blair, complained that

* Grahame's Hist. U. S., vol. 3, p. 88, and Franklin's Memoirs. See also "A General History of the Pyrates," published at London, [1726.] and "Lives and Exploits of Banditti and Robbers," by C. Macfarlane. There is, it is said, a place near Hampton, called "Blackbeard's Point," where his head was stuck up in terrorem. Martin in his History of North Carolina, volume 1, pp. 281-285, indirectly exculpates Eden and Knight. "There were men unfriendly to governor Eden and to the judge, [he was then acting Chief Justice,] Tobias Knight, who said that the governor had received sixty hogsheads of sugar as a douceur and the judge twenty; and in order to elude every means of enquiry into the affair, the ship on a suggestion that she was leaky and unseaworthy, was consumed by fire," p. 283. And it is true that Eden and Knight were acquitted of blame by the council, p. 286. In Appendix to the same, volume 1, p. 15, may be seen Knight's defence before the council. It is prevaricating in several points. There was a letter found among Theach's papers, after his death, addressed to him by Knight, dated November 17th, 1717. This letter goes strongly to prove a confederation between the governor, the secretary and the pirate. It concludes thus: "I expect the governor this night or to-morrow, who I believe would be glad likewise to see you before you go. I have not time to add, save my *hearty respects to you and am your real friend and servant.*—T. Knight."

Knight acknowledged that he wrote this letter at the Governor's instance. Why was it, that Eden took no measures to apprehend Blackbeard?

Spotswood had infringed the charter, by associating inferior men with them in criminal trials. Blair would have been better employed in those spiritual functions, which properly belonged to him and which he adorned. The government sustained Spotswood. While he exploded the clamors of an arrogant cabal, he lamented to the board of trade, "how much anonymous obloquy had been cast upon his character, in order to accomplish the designs of a party, which by their success in removing other governors, are so far encouraged, that they are resolved no one shall sit easy, who doth not resign his duty, his reason and his honor to the government of their maxims and interests." This bold statement exposes a secret under-current in the colonial administration,—the domineering ambition of the council, *—long the fruitful source of mischiefs to Virginia. It is on this account that many of the accusations against the governors are to be received with caution and many grains of allowance.

[1718.] The assembly refused to pass salutary measures recommended by the governor; attacked his powers by investing the county courts with the appointment of their own clerks and strove to embarrass his administration and to displant him. He displayed ability and moderation in these disputes, and when the assembly had completed their charges, prorogued them. This effervescence of ill humor excited a re-action in favor of Spotswood. In a short time addresses poured in from the clergy, the college, and almost every county, reprobating the factious conduct of the burgesses and expressing the public happiness under an administration which had raised the colony from penury to prosperity. Meantime Col. William Byrd, who had been sent to London, the colonial agent, having failed in his efforts against Spotswood, begged the board of trade "to recommend forgiveness and moderation to both parties." The recommendation of the board, enforced by the advice of Lord Orkney, the governor-in-chief, the Duke of Argyle and other great men who patronized Spotswood, buried these discords in oblivion. Spotswood, the council and the burgesses, now united harmoniously in promoting the public welfare. Predatory parties of the Six nations were repelled by force and conciliated by presents. The frontier was pushed to the foot of the Blue Ridge and two new piedmont counties, were by the governor's solicitations, exempted for ten years from quit-rents.

Sir Alexander Spotswood urged upon the British government the policy of establishing a chain of posts beyond the Alleghanies, from the lakes to the Mississippi, to restrain the encroachments of the French. But the ministry did not enter into his views and it was not till after the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, that his wise admonitions were heeded and his plans adopted. He also failed in an effort to obtain from the British government compensation for his companions in the western exploration. At length, owing to the intrigues and envious whispers of men far inferior to him in capacity and honesty, Spotswood was displaced [1722,] and succeeded by Hugh Drysdale. An English historian * thus speaks of Spotswood:—"Having reviewed the uninteresting conduct of the frivolous men, who had ruled before him, the historian will dwell with pleasure on the merits of Spotswood. There was an utility in his designs, a vigor in his conduct and an attachment to the true interest of the kingdom and the colony, which merit the greatest praise. Had he attended more to the courtly maxim of Charles II., 'to quarrel with no man, however great might be the provocation; since he knew not how soon he should be obliged to act with him,' that able officer might be recommended as the model of a provincial governor. The fabled heroes who had discovered the uses of the anvil and the axe; who introduced the labors of the plough with the arts of the fisher, have been immortalized as the greatest benefactors of mankind; had Spotswood even invaded the privileges while he only mortified the pride of the Virginians, they ought to have erected a statue to the memory of a ruler, who gave them the manufacture of iron and showed them by his active example, that it is diligence and attention which can alone make a people great."

Spotswood was well skilled in the mathematics. He built the octagon magazine at

* Stith complains of this evil and expresses his apprehensions in a tone delicate indeed yet so firm, as must have been very unpalatable to the body referred to.

* Chalmers in Introduction, vol 2, p. 78.

Williamsburg and rebuilt the college, which had been burned down and made improvements in the governor's house and gardens. He was an excellent judge on the bench. At his instance a fund was established for instructing Indian children in Christianity, and he erected a school for that purpose on the frontier.* He was the author of an act for improving the staple of tobacco, and making tobacco-notes the medium of ordinary circulation. Being a perfect master of the military art, he kept the militia of Virginia under admirable discipline. The county of Spotsylvania, formed [1720,] was called after him. Here he had founded, previous to 1724, the town of Germanna, so called from some Germans sent over by queen Anne and settled there,† and at this place he resided. Owning an extensive tract of country and finding it abounding in iron ore, he engaged largely in the manufacture of it. He has been styled "the Tubal-Cain of Virginia;" he was indeed the first person who ever established a furnace in North America.‡ [1730.] He was made deputy post-master-general for the colonies, and he held that place until 1739,§ when he was appointed commander-in-chief of the colonial troops, in the expedition fitted out against Carthagena. He died, however, when on the eve of embarking, at Annapolis, [June 7th, 1740.] ‖

* "He [Gov. Spotswood,] built a fort called Fort Christina, not so far back, where I have seen seventy-seven Indian children at school at a time at the governor's sole expense. The children could read and say their catechism and prayers tolerably well. But this pious design being laid aside through opposition of pride and interest, Mr. Griffin was removed to the college, to teach the Indians placed there by the benefactions of Mr. Boyle. The Indians so loved and adored him that I have seen them lift him up in their arms, and they would have chosen him king of the Saponey nation." Hugh Jones' Present State of Virginia, cited by Rev. Philip Slaughter, in his History of St. George's Parish, p. 53.

† Howe's Hist. Collections of Virginia, p. 475. Hist. of St. George's Parish, pp. 10-11.

‡ Westover MSS., p. 132. Col. Byrd's account of his visit to Spotswood.

§ It was Spotswood that promoted Benjamin Franklin to the office of postmaster for the Province of Pennsylvania. 2 Grahame, p. 156, American Edition.

‖ 3 Burk, p. 101. Lempriere's Biog. Dic., Art. Spotswood. From the Virginia Gazette.—1739. "Col. Spotswood intending next year to leave Virginia with his family, hereby gives notice that he shall in April next dispose of a quantity of choice household furniture together with a coach, chariot, chaise, coach horses, house slaves, &c. And that the rich lands in Orange county, which he has hitherto reserved for his own seating, he now leases out for lives, renewable until Christmas 1775, admitting every tenant to the choice of his tenement according to the priority of entry. He further gives notice, that he is ready to treat with any person of good credit, for farming out for 21 years Germanna and its contiguous lands with the stock thereon and some slaves. As also for farming out for the like term of years an extraordinary grist-mill and bolting-mill, lately built by one of the best millwrights in America, and both going by water, taken by a long race out of the Rapidanne, together with 600 acres of seated land adjoining to the said mill.

"N. B. The chariot, (which has been looked upon as one of the best made, handsomest and easiest chariots in London,) is to be disposed of at any time, together with some other goods. No one will be received as a tenant who has not the character of an industrious man."

Governor Spotswood left in MS. an historical account of Virginia, in the time of his administration. Mr. Bancroft had access to this MS. and refers to it in his History. I have been informed by him, that he esteems it a document of eminent value. After remaining long in the Spotswood family of Virginia, it was communicated by one of that name to a foreign gentleman then in this country, and is, it is said, still in his possession in Europe. It would be a matter of regret for all interested in Virginia history, if such a manuscript should be lost. Rev. Robert Rose, a native of Scotland, came over to Virginia about the same time with Spotswood; according to a tradition among some of his descendants, *with* Spotswood, in capacity of Chaplain. It is said that he afterwards settled near West Point in the county of King William, and finally removed to Albemarle. He kept for many years a Diary, in which he was in the habit of recording many particulars, which would no doubt gratify the curiosity of a reader of the present day. The MS., said to be quite a large volume, is still extant in possession of his descendants on the banks of the Mississippi. Rev. Mr. Rose lies buried in the yard of St. John's church in the city of Richmond.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### 1723—1749.

Drysdale Governor; His feeble administration; Succeeded by Gooch; Miscellaneous affairs; Expedition against Carthagena; Lawrence Washington; Virginia troops enlist to succor Oglethorpe in Georgia; The Virginia Gazette; Richmond; Scotch-Irish settlers; German settlers; John Lewis a pioneer in Augusta; Burden's Grant; Rencontre with the Shawnees; Treaty of Lancaster; Death and character of William Byrd; Rebellion in favor of the Pretender; Loyalty of Virginia; Miscellaneous incidents; Dissenters in Virginia; Whitefield; Origin of Presbyterianism in Hanover; Morris; Missionaries; Rev. Samuel Davies; Gooch's measures against Moravians, New Lights and Methodists; Gooch resigns; His character; Robinson; Lee; Burwell.

[September, 1723.] Hugh Drysdale assumed the administration of Virginia amidst the tranquil prosperity bequeathed him by his predecessor. Drysdale, a man of weak calibre, yielded to the current of the day, solicitous

only to retain his place. In his name an act regulating the importation of convicts was passed but rejected by the Board of Trade. To free the people from a poll-tax, a duty was judiciously laid on the importation of liquors and slaves. But owing to the avaricious opposition of the African company and interested traders, the measure was repealed, as an encroachment on the trade of England. Drysdale congratulated the Duke of Newcastle, "that the benign influence of his auspicious sovereign was conspicuous here in a general harmony and contentment amongst all ranks of persons." * [1727.] Drysdale dying, July 22, 1726, and Col. Jennings next in order of succession being suspended, Col. Robert Carter took upon himself the administration as President of the Council. This gentleman, owing to the ample extent of his landed possessions and to his being Agent of Lord Fairfax, proprietary of a vast territory in the Northern Neck—acquired the sobriquet of "King Carter." He was Speaker of the House of Burgesses for six years, Treasurer of the Colony, and for many years member of the Council. He remained at the head of the government upwards of a year. † [1727.] About the 13th of October, [1727,] William Gooch, who had been an officer in the British army, became governor. The council without authority allowed him three hundred pounds out of the royal quit-rents. He in return resigned in a great measure the helm of government to them. Owing partly to this coalition, partly to a well-established revenue and a rigid economy, Virginia enjoyed prosperous repose during his long administration. [1727.] There was one Presbyterian congregation in Virginia and preachers from the Philadelphia Synod visited the colony. * An act of Parliament prohibiting the exportation of stripped tobacco was complained of by the planters, as causing a decline of the trade. They undertook, however, to enhance the value of that commodity by improving its quality, and in July 1732, sent Randolph to England to lay their complaint before the crown. Virginia, nevertheless, continued to prosper, and from the year 1700 her population doubled in twenty-five years.

Now for the first time American troops were transported from the colonies to cooperate with the forces of the mother country in offensive war. An attack upon Carthagena being determined on, Gooch raised four hundred men as Virginia's quota and the assembly appropriated five thousand pounds. Gooch commanded the colonial troops in the expedition. It proved unsuccessful. Upon this occasion the amount of Virginia's appropriation exceeding the sum in the treasury, the remainder was borrowed from wealthy men, with a view to avoid the frauds of depreciation and to secure the benefits of circulation. Lawrence Washington, eldest brother of George, served in the rank of Captain at the siege of Carthagena and in the West Indies. An accomplished gentleman, he acquired the esteem and confidence of General Wentworth and admiral Vernon, the commanders of the British forces and after the latter named his seat on the Potomac. Shortly after the failure at Carthagena an express from South Carolina brought tidings that the Spaniards had made a descent upon Georgia. Captain Dandridge, commander of the South-Sea Castle, together with the Snows Hawk and Swift, was despatched to the assistance of General Oglethorpe. The Spaniards were repulsed. Georgia, however, being still threatened by a Spanish force, concentrated at St. Augustine, in Florida, Oglethorpe sent Lieut. Col. Heron to recruit a regiment in Virginia. Captain Lawrence Washington with a number of officers and soldiers of Gooch's Car-

* Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 2, pp. 79-80.

† 4 Hening, p. 7. He lived at Corotoman on the Rappahannock in Lancaster county. Here a church was completed in 1670 under the direction of John Carter, first of that family in Virginia. A fine old church built by Robert Carter on the site of the former one and still in good preservation has been described by Bishop Meade in his interesting account of some of the old churches of Virginia. Robert Carter, (sometimes called Robin,) married first Judith Armistead, second Betty, "a descendant of the noble family of the Landons," by whom he left many children. His portrait and that of one of his wives are preserved at Shirley, on James river, seat of Hill Carter, Esq. The arms of the Carters bear cart wheels vert. John Carter first of the family and one of the Council is mentioned in 1 Hening pp. 432, 514, 515. Edward Carter, Bufgess and member of the Council, Ib. 430, 526.

* Chalmers' Introduc., vol. 2, pp. 161-162. As to the early Presbyterians see Hodges' Hist. of the Presbyterian church, part 1, pp. 76-77. Hawks, p. 94. Beverley, B. IV, p. 27. anno 1705, said, "those counties where the Presbyterian Meetings are, produce very mean Tobacco and for that reason can't get an Orthodox Minister to stay amongst them."

thagena regiment lately discharged, just now arriving at Hampton and meeting with Heron, many of them enlisted under him.

[1736.] The first Virginia newspaper, the Virginia Gazette, appeared. It was published by William Parks weekly, at 15 shillings per annum. It was a small sheet, in the interest of the Government, and long the only journal of the colony. Parks printed Stith's History of Virginia and the Laws of Virginia. A printing-press was first established in South Carolina and a newspaper in 1734. [1726.] A printing-press was introduced into Maryland. One had been established at Cambridge in Massachusetts before 1647. [1719.] Two newspapers were issued at Boston, and [1725] one at New York. * [1737.] The town of Richmond was laid off near the falls of James river by Col. William Byrd, who was proprietor of an extensive tract there. Shocco Warehouse had been already established there for a good many years. †

During Elizabeth's reign, the disaffected and turbulent province of Ulster suffered preeminently the ravages of civil war. Quieted for a time by the sword, insurrection again burst forth in the second year of the reign of James I. Repeated rebellions crushed [1605] left a large tract of country desolate and fast declining into barbarism. Nearly six counties of Ulster thus, by forfeiture, fell into the hands of the king. James colonized this unhappy district, with emigrants partly English, principally Scotch—one of the few wise and salutary measures of a feeble and inglorious reign. The descendants of these colonists came to be distinguished by the name of Scotch-Irish. The persecutions of the house of Stuart only rivetted more closely their attachment of these Presbyterians to their religious and political principles, and Cromwell found in them unbending, indomitable disaffection. It was not however before the Revolution of 1688, that the Scotch-Irish began to emigrate to America. Many of them came over and settled in Pennsylvania. Thence they gradually migrated to the Western parts of Virginia and North Carolina, inhabiting the frontier of civilization and forming a barrier between the red men and the whites of the older settlements. *

After the settlement of Jamestown, a century elapsed before Virginia began to extend herself towards the foot of the Blue Ridge. [1714.] Spotswood had explored these mountains as far as to the sources of the confluents of the York and the Rappahannock. The fertile valley of the Shenandoah first allured some hardy adventurers, and before the year 1738, some pioneer cabins erected near the Shawnee Springs, formed the embryo of the town of Winchester—long the frontier out-post of

* Grahame, Amer. Ed., vol. 1, pp. 237-393. Vol. 2, pp. 91-99. Howe's Hist. Coll. of Va., p. 331, citing Thomas's Hist. of Printing. [1671.] Sir Wm. Berkley thanked God that there were "no free schools nor printing" in Virginia. 2 Hening, p. 517. "Feby 2, 1682, John Buckner" had been "called before the Lord Culpepper and his Council, for printing the laws of 1680, without his excellency's license and he and the printer ordered to enter into bond in £100 not to print any thing thereafter until his majesty's pleasure should be known." 2 Hening, p. 518. Grahame not adverting to this authority fell into the error of dating the first introduction of the printing press into Virginia in 1729. See his Hist. of U. S, Amer. Ed., vol. 2, p. 91. The first evidence of printing done in Virginia is the edition 1733 of the Revised Laws. 2 Hening, p. 518.

† [1645.] Fort Charles, called after the Prince royal, afterwards Charles I., was established at the Falls of James river. 1 Hening, p. 293. [1679.] A tract of land at the falls, extending five miles in length and three in breadth and lying on both sides of the river, was claimed by Capt. William Byrd. 2 Hening, pp. 453-454. A large part of this land on the North side had a few years before belonged to Nathaniel Bacon, Jr. Byrd had been active in bringing some of the rebels to punishment. The names Bacon's Quarter and Bacon's Quarter Branch, are still preserved there. [1733] Col. Byrd made a visit to his plantations on the Roanoke river accompanied by Maj. Mayo, Maj. Munford, Mr. Banister and Mr. Peter Jones. While here, he says, "We laid the foundation of two large cities, one at Shacco's to be called Richmond, and the other at the point of Appomattox, to be called Petersburg. These Major Mayo offered to lay out in lots without fee or reward. The truth of it is, these two places, being the uppermost landing of James and Appomattox rivers, are naturally intended for marts, where the traffick of the outer inhabitants must centre. Thus we did not build castles only but cities in the air." Westover MSS., p. 107.

From the Virginia Gazette, April 1737.

This is to give notice, that on the north side of James river, near the uppermost landing and a little below the falls, is lately laid off by Major Mayo a town called Richmond, with streets sixty-five feet wide in a pleasant and healthy situation and well supplied with springs and good water. It lies near the public warehouse at Shoccoe's and in the midst of great quantities of grain and all kinds of provisions. The lots will be granted in fee simple, on condition only, of building a house in three years time, of twenty-four by sixteen feet fronting within five feet of the street. The lots to be rated according to the convenience of their situation and to be sold after this April General Court by me,

WILLIAM BYRD.

* Foote's Sketches of North Carolina, chap. 5. Grahame, American Edition, vol. 2, pp. 57-58, in note.

the colony. The population of this region was composed of English from lowland Virginia, Germans, and Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania. The country bordering the North and South branches of the Shenandoah, was settled by a German population, which retains its language and simplicity of manners at the present day. At length a few bold adventurers, finding their way into the Western portion of the Valley, brought back attractive descriptions of the charms of that country and some pioneers were tempted to plant themselves in that wild, picturesque, remote region. John Lewis, a Huguenot by descent and a native of Ireland, established himself in the forests of Augusta county, near the site of the town of Staunton and on the border of a creek which yet bears his name. Assaulted in his native country by an oppressive landlord and a band of ruffian retainers, seeing his wife wounded and a brother slain, Lewis slew the lawless nobleman and found it necessary to escape from Ireland to America. He reached Virginia, accompanied by his family and thirty of his former tenantry. The king of England afterwards granted him a pardon and patents for an extensive tract of Western Virginia. The residence of this fearless pioneer came to be known as Fort Lewis. [1736.] Lewis visiting Williamsburg, met with Benjamin Burden, who had lately come over to Virginia, agent for Lord Fairfax, proprietor of the Northern Neck. Burden accepted Lewis's invitation to visit him at his sequestered home in the backwoods. The visit was occupied in exploring the virgin beauties of the Valley and in hunting. A captured young buffalo was given to Burden, and he on his return presented it to Governor Gooch, who, thus propitiated, authorized him to locate 100,000 acres of land in Augusta. Whether the young buffalo was reckoned a consideration equivalent to the land is left to conjecture. [1737.] Burden to settle his territory brought upwards of 100 families from the North of Ireland, Scotland and the border counties of England. Other colonies emanating from the same quarters, followed and settled that portion of the valley intervening between the German settlements and the borders of the James river. * In December, 1742, a skirmish occurred in the county of Augusta between a party of the Shawnee Indians and some militia under Colonel Patton. Captain McDowell and seven other militia-men were slain. In 1722 Spotswood had effected a treaty with the Six Nations, by which they stipulated never to appear to the east of the Blue Ridge nor South of the Potomac. As, however, the Anglo-Saxon race gradually extended like a vapor beyond the western base of that range, collisions ensued. July 31, 1743, a treaty of peace was concluded at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, between Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania on the one hand and the Six Nations on the other. The tomahawk was buried; the wampum belts of peace delivered to brighten the silver chain of friendship, and the red men for the consideration of four hundred pounds reluctantly relinquished the country lying westward from the frontier of Virginia to the river Ohio. The expense of this treaty was paid out of the royal quit-rents.

In November 4th of this year, William Fairfax, son of the proprietor of the Northern Neck, was appointed of his majesty's council, in the place of Commissary Blair. About this time died Col. William Byrd, one of the Council. A vast fortune enabled him to live in a style of hospitable splendor before unknown in Virginia, and to indulge a munificent liberality. His extensive learning was improved by a keen observation and refined by an acquaintance and correspondence with the wits and noblemen of his day in England. His writings display a thorough knowledge of the natural and civil history of the colony and contain daguerrotype sketches of the manners of his age. His diffuse style is relieved by humor, which, according to the spirit of his times, is often coarse and indelicate. To him is due the honor of having contributed more perhaps to the preservation of the historical materials of Virginia than any other of her sons. *

* Howe's Hist. Coll., pp., 181-451, citing extract from MS. by Rev. Henry Ruffner.

* He lies buried in the garden of his seat, Westover, where a marble monument bears the following inscription: "Here lieth the Honorable William Byrd, Esq. Being born to one of the amplest fortunes in this country, he was sent early to England for his education, where under the care and direction of Sir Robert Southwell and ever favoured with his particular instructions, he made a happy proficiency in polite and various learning. By the means of the same noble friend, he was introduced to the acquain-

[1744.] France endeavoring to impose a popish pretender of the House of Stuart upon the people of England, the colonies were advised to put themselves in readiness against the threatened blow. Accordingly in the following year the assembly was convened; but still adhering to a rigid economy, the burgesses refused to make any appropriation of money for that purpose. About this period, Edward Trelawney, Governor of Jamaica was authorized to recruit a regiment in Virginia. A rebellion burst forth in Scotland in favor of the pretender Charles James. When the news of it reached Virginia, the assembly was called together. The college, the clergy and the burgesses unanimously pledged their private resources and those of the colony to support the house of Hanover. A proclamation was issued against Romish priests sent, it was alleged, as emissaries from Maryland to seduce the people of Virginia from their allegiance. Intelligence of the overthrow of the pretender at Culloden, [16th of April, 1746,] was joyfully received in the Ancient Dominion and celebrated by effigies of the unfortunate prince, bonfires, processions and illuminations. In May the assembly appropriated four thousand pounds to the raising of Virginia's quota of troops for the invasion of Canada. The troops so raised sailed from Hampton in June under convoy of the Fowey man-of-war. The expedition proved abortive. Gooch was knighted during this year.

Not long after, the capitol at Williamsburg was burned. The burgesses availed themselves of this conjuncture to propose the establishment of the metropolis at a point more favorable to commerce. This scheme was rejected by the council. Gooch on this occasion displayed duplicity. To the Board of Trade he praised the noble views of the burgesses, while he censured the selfishness of the council; yet in public he blamed the burgesses, "as he thought this the best method to stifle the flame of contention." In this case he seems not to have reckoned "honesty the best policy." Perhaps it was not and is not generally, else there would be more of it in the world.

[1747.] The town of Richmond was established and in the following year Petersburg and Blandford. A committee was appointed to revise the laws; it consisted of Peyton Randolph, Philip Ludwell, Beverley Whiting, Carter Burwell and Benjamin Waller. [1748.] The vestries were authorized to make presentation to benefices.

Dissent from the established church began to develope itself in Virginia. Many of the early settlers of the Western frontier were Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Their remote situation afforded them entire religious freedom. [1740.) The celebrated Whitefield visited Virginia and preached at Williamsburg by the invitation of Commissary Blair. The extraordinary religious excitement aroused in America by the impassioned eloquence of Whitefield was styled "the New-light Stir." In lower Virginia Presbyterianism had its origin chiefly in the county of Hanover. Between 1740 and 1743 a few families of this county segregated themselves from the established church and were accustomed to meet for the purpose of worship at the house of Samuel Morris, the zealous leader of this little band of dissenters. Of singular simplicity of character—sincere, devout, earnest, he was in the habit of reading to his neighbors from favorite religious works, particularly Luther's commentary on the Galatians, with the view of communicating to others, impressions that had been made on himself. [1743.] Having met

tance of many of the first persons of that age for knowledge, wit, virtue, birth or high station, and particularly contracted a most intimate and bosom friendship with the learned and illustrious Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery. He was called to the bar in the Middle Temple; studied for some time in the Low Countries; visited the Court of France and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society. Thus eminently fitted for the service and ornament of his country, he was made receiver general of his majesty's revenues here; was thrice appointed public agent to the court and ministry of England and being thirty-seven years a member, at last became president of the council of this colony. To all this were added a great elegancy of taste and life, the well-bred gentleman and polite companion, the splendid economist and prudent father of a family, with the constant enemy of all exorbitant power and hearty friend to the liberties of his country. Nat. Mar. 28, 1674. Mort. Aug. 26, 1744. An Ætat 70." His portrait, a fine old cavalier face, is preserved at Berkley.

Beverley, B. 4, p. 62, thus alludes to the garden at Westover: "Colonel *Byrd*, in his garden, which is the finest in that country, has a summer-house set round with the *Indian* honey-suckle, which all the Summer is continually full of sweet flowers, in which these birds delight exceedingly. Upon these flowers I have seen ten or a dozen of these beautiful creatures together, which sported about me so familiarly, that with their little wings they often fanned my face."

with a volume of Whitefield's sermons, he commenced reading them to his audience, who met to hear them every Sunday and frequently on week days. At length his dwelling being found too small to contain his increasing congregation, a meeting-house was built merely for reading, and it came to be called "Morris's Reading-room." He was soon invited to read these sermons in other parts of the country and thus other reading houses were established. Those who frequented them were fined for absenting themselves from church, and Morris himself often incurred this penalty. When called on by the General Court to declare to what denomination they belonged, these unsophisticated dissenters, not knowing what else to call themselves, assumed for the present time, the name of Lutherans, (quite unaware that this appellation had been appropriated by any others,) but shortly afterwards they relinquished that name. *

Partaking in the religious excitement which then pervaded the colonies, limited in information and in the means of attaining it, discordant opinions began to divide this little association of unorganized dissenters. Some seemed to be verging towards Antinomianism, and it became a question among them whether it was right to pray, as prayer could not alter the divine purposes and it might be impious to desire that it should.

[1743.] Rev. William Robinson, a missionary sent out by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, visited the frontier settlements of Virginia. He preached among the Scotch-Irish settlers of Prince Edward, Campbell, and Charlotte counties, and in the last founded a congregation. Invited to Hanover, he preached for four successive days to large congregations of people. Some of them could not refrain from publicly giving vent to their overwhelming emotions. Many were converted. Robinson before his departure succeeded in correcting some of the errors of the dissenters and brought them to conduct public worship with better order, prayer and singing of psalms being now introduced, so that "he brought them into some kind of church order on the Presbyterian model." * Another Missionary, Rev. Mr. Roan, from the Newcastle Presbytery, preached with success in Virginia, and the consequent excitement, together with his speaking freely of the degeneracy of the clergy of the colony, gave alarm to the supporters of the established church and measures were concerted for arresting these inroads of dissent. To aggravate the indignation of the government, a perjured calumniator, whose name has not survived, swore "that he heard Mr. Roan utter blasphemous expressions in his sermon." An indictment was drawn up against him, although he had left the colony. Some of those who had invited him to preach at their houses, were summoned to appear before the General Court, and two of them were fined. The indictment, however, was dropped; the witnesses summoned to testify against him having testified in his favor, and the accuser fled from the colony. However, the intolerant spirit of the government continuing unabated, the Synod of New York, [1745,] at the instance of a deputation of Morris and some other dissenters of Eastern Virginia, sent an address to the Governor of Virginia, in their behalf, by two clergymen, William Tennent and Samuel Finley. They were kindly received by Gooch and were allowed to preach in Hanover, but they returned in a week to their own country. The first Presbyterian ministers who visited this part of Virginia, Robinson, Todd, Roan, &c., were by the people denominated New Lights—a name employed by their adherents in a favorable sense; by their opponents as an epithet of ridicule. In 1743, when Morris and some other dissenters had at Williamsburg professed their adhesion to the tenets of the Presbyterian "Confession of Faith," Gooch had received them kindly and recognized their right to the privileges

* Memoir of Samuel Davies in Evan. and Lit. Mag., (edited by Rev. Dr. John H. Rice,) vol. 2, pp. 113, 186, 201, 330, 353, 474. This work contains a large mass of valuable historical and biographical materials appertaining to Virginia. "Origin of Presbyterianism," Ib. pp. 346, 353. This is a traditional account given from memory after an interval of 25 years. In some points it is erroneous; in general it is no doubt authentic,—in particulars it admits of doubt. Sketch of Hist. of the Church, (by Rev. Moses Hoge, sometime President of Hampden Sydney College,) appended to Campbell's Hist. of Va., pp. 290, 310. Hawks, chap. 6. 3 Burk, pp. 119, 125. Hodge's Hist. of Presbyterian church, part 2, pp. 42, 46, 284, 285.

* "Origin of Presbyterianism," Evan. and Lit. Mag., vol. 2. p. 351. Whitefield afterwards preached for some days in Hanover. Mr. Madison, it is said, esteemed Whitefield the greatest orator that he had ever listened to.

of the Toleration Act. * In this year, 1745, it has been seen he gave a like reception to Tennent and Finley. Yet in April of the same year he delivered a severe charge to the grand jury against "certain false teachers, lately crept into this government, who without order, or license, or producing any testimonial of their education, or sect, professing themselves ministers under the pretended influence of new light, extraordinary impulse, and such like satirical and enthusiastick knowledge, lead the innocent and ignorant people into all kinds of delusion." In the summer of the following year he issued a proclamation against Moravians, New Lights and Methodists, † prohibiting under severe penalties their meetings. In regard to the dissenters, Gooch exhibited inconsistency if not duplicity in bringing such harsh and sweeping charges against these ministers whom he had received so courteously. Perhaps he intended to apply his denunciations only to Roan and a few others who had rendered themselves particularly odious. But it is more probable that the Governor at first, when he reckoned the visits of these missionaries transient and their influence inconsiderable, was willing to indulge his courteous and obliging disposition towards them. But when dissent was found spreading with such unexpected rapidity, Gooch, together with the clergy and other friends of the establishment, became alarmed and had recourse to measures of intolerance which they would rather have avoided. *

Rev. Samuel Davies was pre-eminently instrumental in organizing and extending Presbyterianism in Eastern Virginia. Born in the county of Newcastle, Delaware, November 3, 1724, and educated principally in Pennsylvania, he visited Hanover county for the first time, transiently, in April, 1747. Languishing under consumption, which threatened to cut him off prematurely, he however recovered sufficient strength to return to Hanover, 1748, and settled at a place about 12 miles from the Falls of James river. † Severe laws had been passed in Virginia in accordance with the English Act of Uniformity, though with less penalty, and enforcing attendance at the Parish church. The Toleration Act was little understood in Virginia; Davies examined it carefully and satisfied himself that it was in force in the colony, not indeed by virtue of its original enactment in England, but because it had been expressly recognized and adopted by an act of the Virginia assembly. He had accordingly, upon qualifying according to the act of toleration, procured from the General Court, upon his first arrival in Hanover in 1747, a license of four places of worship, meeting-houses in the language of that day, situated in the counties of Henrico, Hanover and New Kent. [October, 1748.] Licenses were upon the petitions of the dissenters with difficulty obtained, for three other meeting-houses lying in Caroline, Louisa and Goochland. Davies was now only about twenty-four years of age, yet his fervid eloquence attracted large congregations, including many churchmen. On several occasions he found it necessary to defend the cause of the dissenters at the bar of the General Court. In one instance Peyton Randolph, the king's Attorney General, made an elaborate argument to prove that the act of Toleration did not extend to Virginia. When Davies, by permission, rose to reply, a titter ran through the court. It vanished however at the first

* According to "Origin of Presbyterianism," 2 Evan. and Lit. Mag., p. 349. "The Governor, Gooch, (who it was said had been educated a Presbyterian, but for the sake of an office, or for some other reason, had become a member of the established church,) immediately observed, on seeing the confession, that these men were Presbyterians and that they were tolerated by the laws of England." The interview between the Governor and Council and Morris and his companions, was interrupted by a thunderstorm of extraordinary fury. This was one of a train of providential events, which the dissenting deputation believed to have been instrumental in bringing about the favorable issue of their application.

† 3 Burk, p. 119, 122, 125. Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander in the Richmond Watchman and Observer for March 18th, 1847, says—"These first Presbyterian Ministers who visited Middle Virginia were by the people denominated NEW LIGHTS. This name was not given to them in the North, where on account of the division of the Presbyterian Church into two parties they were called *New side* and the other party *Old-side*. But as those zealous servants of God preached up the doctrine of justification by faith and regeneration by the Spirit—doctrines in those days never heard from the pulpits of the established clergy of Virginia—they were very commonly denominated NEW LIGHTS."

* Dr. A. Alexander in the communication to the Watchman and Observer before cited.

† Rev. John Rodgers, who accompanied Davies, finding it impossible to obtain from the Government permission to settle in Virginia, returned to the North. Miller's Life of Rodger's cited by Dr. Alexander, ubi supra.

sentence that he uttered. He contended that if the Toleration Act did not extend to Virginia, then neither did the act of Uniformity. His masterly argument commanded admiration, and, during his stay in Williamsburg, he received many civilities, especially from Dr. Blair and Sir William Gooch. And when Davies visited England some years after, he obtained from Sir Dudley Rider, the king's Attorney General, a decision that the Toleration Act *did* extend to Virginia. Peyton Randolph, his "old adversary," happened to be in London at the same time.

Sir William Gooch had now been governor of Virginia for twenty-two years, when 14th of August, 1749,] he left the colony amidst the regrets of the people. Notwithstanding an occasional flexibility of principles, he was a man of virtuous character, and this together with singular amenity of manners, made him uncommonly popular. His zeal for the church betrayed him, towards the close of his administration, into something of intolerance, yet he seems to have commanded the esteem and respect even of dissenters.* During his administration, from 1728 to 1749, the number of the Virginians had nearly doubled and there had been added one third to the extent of their settlements. †

The government devolved upon Robinson, president of the council; but he dying within a few days, Thomas Lee succeeded as president. The duke of Albemarle ‡ was now governor-in-chief. This Thomas Lee was father of Philip Ludwell, Richard Henry, Thomas L. Arthur, Francis Lightfoot and William. As Westmoreland, their native county, is distinguished above all others in Virginia, as the birth-place of genius,—so perhaps no other Virginian could boast so many distinguished sons as president Lee. He was succeeded by Lewis Burwell of Gloucester, an eminent scholar. During his brief administration, nine Cherokee chiefs, with thirty warriors, visited Williamsburg. A party of the Nottaways, animated by inveterate hostility, approached to attack them. The President, however, effected a reconciliation and they sate down and smoked together the pipe of peace. *

* Campbell, p. 301. Rev. Samuel Davies spoke of Gooch and the council as follows:—"The Hon. Sir William Gooch, our late governor, discovered a ready disposition to allow us all claimable privileges and the greatest aversion to persecuting measures; but considering the shocking reports spread abroad concerning us, by officious malignants, it was no great wonder the council discovered a considerable reluctance to tolerate us. Had it not been for this, I persuade myself they would have shown themselves the guardians of our legal privileges as well as generous patriots to their country, which is the character generally given them."

† Chalmers' Introduction, vol. 2, p. 202.

‡ Of Lord Albemarle, then ambassador in Paris, Horace Walpole says:—"It was convenient to him to be anywhere but in England. His debts were excessive, though he was ambassador, groom of the Stole, Governor of Virginia, and Colonel of a regiment of guards. His figure was genteel, his manner noble and agreeable. The rest of his merit was the interest Lady Albemarle had with the king through Lady Yarmouth. He had all his life imitated the French manners since he came to Paris, where he never conversed with a Frenchman. If good breeding is not different from good sense, Lord Albemarle at least knew how to distinguish it from good nature. He would bow to his postilion while he was ruining his tailor."

* Carter's Creek, (the old seat of the Burwells,) is situated on a creek of that name and not far back from the York river. The high, diamond-shaped chimneys and the panelling of the interior, remind the visitor that Virginia is truly the *Ancient* Dominion. In the family grave-yard, shaded with locusts, overrun with parasites and grape-vines, the following inscriptions are to be found:—

Here lyeth the Body of
Lewis Son of Lewis BVRWELL and Abigall
his wife on the left hand
Of his brother Bacon and
Sister Jane. He departed
this life ye 17th day of
September 1696 in the 15th yeare of his age.

To the Sacred Memory of Abigall,
the loveing and Beloved wife of Matthew
Burwell, of the county of Gloster,
Virginia, Gent. who was descended
of the illustrious family of Bacons and
Heiresse of the Honble. Nathaniel Bacon, Esq.,
President of Virginia, who
not being more Honorable in her
Birth than Vertuous in her Life departed
this world the 12th day of November
1692, aged 36 years, having Blessed her
Husband with four sons and six daughters.

Beneath this tomb lies the body of Major Nathaniel Burwell, eldest son of Major Lewis Burwell, who by a well-regulated conduct and firm integrity justly established a good reputation. He died in the forty-first year of his age, leaving behind him three sons and one daughter by Elizabeth eldest daughter of Robert Carter, Esq, in the year of our Lord Christ MDCCXXI.

Here lyeth the body of the Honle. Lewis Burwell, son of Majr. Lewis Burwell and Lucy his wife of the county of Gloster, who first married Abigall Smith of the Family of the Bacons, by whom he had four sons and six daughters and after her death to Martha the widow of the Honble. William Cole, by whom he also had two sons and three daughters, and departed this life the 19th day of December, Anno Domini 1710, leaving behind him three sons and six daughters.

In perpetual memory of the virtuous Lucy Burwell the loveing and beloved wife of Major Lewis Burwell, of the county of Gloster, in Virginia, long since deceased, from the ancient family of Higginsons and was the only daughter of the valiant Capt. Robert Higginson, one of the first commanders that subdued the country of Virginia from the power of the Heathen, who not being more worthy in her birth than virtuous in her life, exchanged this life for a better on the 6th of November in the — year of her age — 1675.

## WOE AND WEAL, OR THE TRANSITIONS OF LIFE.

### A TALE.

BY A LADY OF VIRGINIA.

"Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow,
Naught may endure but mutability."

*Mrs. M. W. Shelby.*

Harcourt and Reginald Delacy were twin brothers and the only children of a brave officer, who was killed at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, Maryland, during the war of 1812, between the United States and Great Britain.

That "misfortunes rarely come singly," is as true a proverb as it is common, and this, their first calamity, was quickly followed by a second equally severe, the loss of their mother, whose constitution had been so enfeebled by long declining health, that she sunk under the affliction occasioned by her husband's untimely death, and a few months after that melancholy event, her sainted spirit took its flight from earth, to rejoin him in a happier sphere.

A sketch of Mrs. Delacy may not be inopportune. She was the daughter of an Irish peer, beautiful, and an heiress, and as might be expected, received numerous offers of marriage, but rejected all for the sake of him who had gained her young affections before she entered society—her cousin, Oswald,—the gallant Major whom she wedded.

Her disposition was extremely gay, perhaps too volatile, but when maternal feelings were developed, they triumphed over every other propensity and she readily abandoned the haunts of pleasure and devoted herself to her children and a husband, whom she idolized. He being a sensible and religious man, the force of his example caused her to render a lovely character still more lovely by the additional graces of piety and its attendant virtues, humility and gentleness. Although in her fortieth year, and a prey to blighting sickness, many personal attractions still remained; a set of delicately chiselled features, a fair skin and large, lustrous hazel eyes, to which consumption, with that mysterious effect peculiar to *it*, communicated unusual brilliancy, while the softness of her voice, the elegance of her manners, for she had been bred in the highest circles, and the conviction which her fragile appearance instantly produced, that her life was fast waning away, created interest and sympathy in the minds of all who knew her.

A touching and a holy scene did the chamber of that dying mother present, in the agonizing moment of separation from the loved ones of earth!

It was a gloomy November evening, and the wind in fitful gusts shook the closed blinds of the invalid's apartment, but comfort and quiet reigned within. A carpet and curtains of rich crimson, a brisk fire and an astral lamp diffused a cheerful glow around the room, and the atmosphere savored of an aromatic perfume from a pastil burning in a miniature castle of gilded porcelain. Near a table, covered with books and implements for drawing, and a tray of oranges and candied fruits, reclined Mrs. Delacy in an easy chair, while Reginald read aloud one of Mrs. Sherwood's excellent volumes and Harcourt inspected a portfolio of engravings. Suddenly a slight faintness assailed her and she requested them to extinguish the pastil and open the door to admit air. They did so, but she grew worse and they summoned her nurse, who alarmed at the death-like hue and expression of her face, immediately sent for a physician and despatched a messenger for Mr. Fitzgerald, an intimate friend of the family, who resided a few miles off and had acted as their protector from the period of the Major's death.

They came, and Mrs. Delacy was soon aware of her approaching dissolution;—she was undismayed, for she knew that the benificent Creator she had served in prosperity, would not forsake her in the hour of trouble, and on the threshold of eternity she was calm and collected. Raising her beautiful eyes and hands to heaven, for some minutes she appeared absorbed in fervent supplication, she then embraced and solemnly blessed her weeping sons, as they knelt by her side, and committed them to the guardianship of Mr. Fitzgerald, and the smile of an angel beamed over her countenance as she thanked him, the doctor and nurse for their kindness, and left affectionate messages for absent friends.

Ere morning, the vigils of love and duty were no longer necessary—the sufferer was at rest; and the convulsive sobs of the bereaved brothers, the stealthy tread and low whispers of sympathizing assistants and the moaning of the autumn wind, which seemed chanting a requiem for the dead, were the only sounds that fell upon the ear throughout the mansion of the departed.

> "Until the grave shut from our sight its
> Victims, there is hope."

And although their mother's increasing pallor and debility ought to have prepared them for the "coming woe," Harcourt and Reginald clung to the fond anticipation of her recovery, and their bereavement was a shock that overwhelmed them with despair.

Mr. Fitzgerald was faithful to his trust, and when the last sad rites of sepulture had been performed over the remains of Mrs. Delacy, he removed his wards, then fifteen years of age, to Cherwell Cottage, his own rustic, but tasteful resi-

dence in the vicinity of Oxford. Here Mrs. Fitzgerald and her two little daughters greeted them with cordiality, and every thing was done to soothe and content them. Grief has but temporary power over the young; it may cause them to droop like flowers for awhile, but like flowers will they revive, if bedewed with the waters of consolation and kindness, and thus treated, Harcourt and Reginald by degrees resumed their cheerfulness and shared in the sports of their blythesome associates, Amanda and Rosa; these little lassies were several years younger than themselves and as bright and blooming as the roses of Damascus. The income arising from the Delacy property, was amply sufficient for the support and education of our young heroes, and after a sojourn of considerable length at the cottage, they were placed at school at Eton, in Buckinghamshire, that famous establishment founded by Henry the Sixth, where they continued several years, in which interim, Harcourt, who was as wild and bold as D'Israeli's "Vivian Grey," headed a row for amusement whenever he had a chance, and was careful not to injure himself by too close an application to Greek and Latin or the classics; Reginald, on the contrary, became their *devotee*. In truth, the patriarchal twins of yore, Jacob and Esau, were not more widely different in appearance, tastes and dispositions, than were these, our pen portrays, and when qualified for their terms at college, the intellectual and study-loving Reginald was fain to go, but the enterprising Harcourt insisted upon seeking his fortune in the West Indies. Mr. Fitzgerald remonstrated in vain against the proposal; his objections were overruled and he yielded a reluctant consent.

Harcourt sailed for Cuba and never trod his native soil again! He vested his property in a successful speculation, this tempted him to try another, then a third—a fourth—each proved fortunate, and in less than five years, he was the proprietor of a large and flourishing plantation, well stocked with negroes and overseers to cultivate it. Yet in the midst of this wondrous prosperity and augmenting wealth, he felt as did Damocles, when feasting with the sword suspended over his head; the slow but sure destroyer, withering consumption, which he inherited from his mother, attacked him, even in Cuba's Southern clime, and notwithstanding the utmost prudence and care, for life to him was sweet and he was loth to die, he became its victim ere he attained his twenty-fifth anniversary. He bequeathed his estate to Reginald, whose career had been far happier. Though fortune had showered no *golden* favors over him, love had lavished on him his rosiest smiles. Amanda Fitzgerald, now a beautiful woman of nineteen, had plighted to him her faith, and their nuptials were to be celebrated as soon as he commenced the practice of his profession, the law. The intelligence of poor Harcourt's decease afflicted him deeply, though accompanied by the information of his rich bequest. Interest required that he should hasten to take possession of it, and he prepared to do so—to leave, for six tedious months, his betrothed! Had the inheritance consisted of Golconda's diamond mines, he would have thought them well paid for, by the performance of such a pilgrimage. But the dread of evil, like the anticipation of enjoyment, generally exceeds its realization.

The evening appointed for his departure arrived and he sauntered with Amanda, in tender conversation, on the banks of the Thames, at Oxford, where he had graduated with distinction the preceding year. A full orbed moon poured down her silvery rays upon the turrets and buildings of the University, that venerable and illustrious seat of learning, and varied with light and shadow the thickly foliaged trees which reared themselves around. The calmness of the night diffused its influence over the minds of the lovers and for awhile they ceased to speak; Delacy at length resumed—"My sweet friend," said he, "*think of* me when gone as I shall think of *you*, frequently, fondly, fervently! Pray for my welfare as I shall pray for *yours*, and Heaven will surely bless me with a prosperous voyage and a speedy return, to claim this precious hand, and make it mine forever."

Amanda responded to his affectionate appeal and promised all he desired.

It was late ere they rejoined the inmates of Cherwell Cottage, and not till long after the college bells had chimed twelve, (which seemed to them a parting knell,) did they separate. The family had retired at an earlier hour and left them together.

As he bade farewell, Reginald drew from his vest a chain of gold and clasped it around Amanda's neck. "Dearest, this sacred relic, the gift of my angelic mother! I leave with thee; its purity and strength render it a fit emblem of our attachment, so wear it for my sake, and now I claim the braided lock you promised to have ready for me." The boon was given and he tore himself away.

Amanda accompanied him to the door, and thence gazed upon his receding figure as he traversed the lawn, till in the depths of the avenue beyond, it was hidden from her view.

With an aching heart she sought her chamber and there yielded to the fullness of its sorrow. "Oh that I could have been his bride and shared the perils of this voyage!" she exclaimed; "the wide, wide seas will soon roll between us, and I have sad forebodings we shall never meet again." Pressing the chain to her lips, she knelt and prayed for the beloved donor, then threw herself on the couch beside her sleeping sister, but day dawned ere slumber closed her eyelids. Her perturbed feelings communicated themselves to her dreams, and in them she beheld Reginald struggling amid the ocean's briny waves, and vainly trying to reach

an island, near which the vessel was wrecked—at length with extended hands he grasped the shore, when a huge billow enfolded him and he disappeared. She uttered a piteous cry and awoke;—the sun was shining through the lattice and an April shower falling rapidly in large drops, whose loud pattering had probably contributed to the illusion of her stormy dream.

Rosa was dressed and the matin bell had rung, so springing from her bed, with her sister's aid she was soon ready to descend to the saloon, where the family were at prayers, and as she joined in devotion, she felt her heart relieved of despondency and filled with faith that her lover would be protected and restored to her.

Happy those who thus can find solace in communion with a merciful Providence! Amanda now reaped the blessings of a religious education; her parents were strict members of the Protestant Episcocal Church and had brought up their children in accordance with its holiest precepts—had taught them to love, honor and trust in God.

At present, trace we Delacy in his perigrinations. After quitting Cherwell Cottage he walked on without venturing a glance upon temptation in the form of the fair being he had left standing in the door-way. Guided by the light of the still presiding moon, he pursued the path to Magdalen bridge, so remarkable for its position and the beauty of its architecture. Spanning both branches of the Cherwell, a considerable portion of it lies over the ground which divides the river.

Here he paused to cast a "lingering look" upon the exquisite landscape, and especially upon the poplar and beechen trees which towered in perspective, and sheltered the abode of the beloved one from whom he had just separated perhaps forever! The very idea was insupportable and he hurried away to his lodgings to try and banish it in the forgetfulness of sleep; but his repose, like Amanda's, was disturbed and unrefreshing, and when at day break he entered the stage coach for London, his feelings were as sombre as the sky above him, then darkened by masses of clouds, which ultimately descended in the plentiful shower already mentioned. Soon, however, the sun shone out and a rainbow arched the heavens; it seemed an omen of good, and with the cheerful villages, verdant hedges and parks, and an exhilarating breeze, revived his spirits and his hopes.

Those who have travelled in "merry old England," well know the ease and velocity with which its smooth and level roads are glided over by vehicles public or private; the comfort and neatness of the inns—the smiling physiognomies and obligingness of the landlords, landladies, waiters and waiting-maids, particularly when the style and appearance of the traveller betoken liberal custom and *sure* payment. Reginald experienced all these, and in due time was set down at Wright's hotel near the strand. The following day he made purchases and preparations necessary for his voyage and wrote a farewell letter to Amanda; the second found him on board of a noble packet ship with full spread canvass, moving like a stately swan across the blue waters of the British channel.

Among the passengers were a gentleman and lady from New York, Colonel and Mrs. Danvers, who with their three daughters had been making a tour through England and Wales and spending a winter in London. The trio were lovely looking girls and Delacy perceiving a strong resemblance between Adelaide, the eldest, and Amanda, often sought her society and paid her marked attention, reading or playing chess and backgammon, or promenading when the sea was smooth, they were constantly together. It was a dangerous intimacy for susceptible and sympathetic souls!

For many days the voyagers were favored with propitious winds and sunny skies, but when within a week's sail of the American coast, the aspect of the heavens suddenly changed and darkness seemed brooding over the vessel as it rolled heavily from side to side on mountainous waves. Anon, flashes of lurid lightning gleamed upon the deep, accompanied by peals of hoarsest thunder, and white-crested billows dashed in furious tumult over the deck of the struggling ship, washing off all things that had not been securely corded to its masts or bulwarks. The straining and creaking of the timbers, the rattling of the ropes, the cries of the sailors as they dragged down the torn and soaking canvass in obedience to their Captain's orders, issued with stentorian voice through a speaking trumpet, rendered the scene terrific! Those who have not witnessed a storm at sea, cannot conceive its sublime horror and the *awful* fear it excites in the breasts of the timid and inexperienced! Then the dizziness—the qualmishness—the revolting sickness! Oh, it is a time of trial! a rigorous test of every mental and bodily nerve!

The female passengers of the "Trident" were frantic with terror. Mrs. Danvers and her younger daughters clung to their father for support and protection, but Adelaide flew to Delacy. "If doomed to be lost, let us perish together," she exclaimed, and threw herself into his arms, where she remained motionless, almost breathless, till the rage and violence of the elements abated, when recovering her presence of mind and abashed at this involuntary exhibition of a passion she had hitherto concealed, she broke from him and hastily retreated to her state-room.

Then and thus it was that Delacy discovered his civilities and kindness had been misinterpreted and had won the heart of his artless companion. The conviction filled him with pain; generous, honorable and benevolent, he would not allow even vanity to be gratified by so great, so fruitless a sacrifice on the part of another, complimentary as

it was. What course to pursue, he hesitated—to change in his demeanor and treat with reserve and coldness an innocent creature who evidently adored him seemed cruel—nay, impossible! and yet to persevere in his attentions would be cherishing a hopeless, and perhaps a fatal attachment. He thought not of danger to *himself*. Alas! for Amanda. Alas, for woman's love and man's fidelity!

After a vast deal of meditation, Reginald determined as young people generally do, in cases of difficulty, to be guided by circumstances, (in other words their own *impulses*,) and with that *perilous* resolve, instead of disclosing his engagement and restraining his inclinations, he continued his usual intercourse with the bewitching girl, whose blushes and averted looks, when next they met, plainly betrayed her recollection of the inadvertent confession she had made during her alarm. Reginald was equally confused and tremulous with emotion, and his agitation was not lost upon Adelaide—*again* was he misunderstood.

They reached New York in safety, and more than a month elapsed ere Reginald found a vessel bound for Havana, his destined port, beyond which lay the plantation bequeathed him by his brother. It was a month replete with incidents, which kindled hopes in one fond breast, that never were to be realized.

Delacy became domesticated at Col. Danvers', and strange to say, was unconscious of the spell that drew him there, till a fervent letter from Amanda awakened his sleeping conscience and made him aware that the fascinating American had engrossed too completely his time and thoughts and that the hours spent with her in that luxurious parlor in Washington Square, or strolling through Broadway, or accompanying her in parties of pleasure on the water to Staten Island, Flushing and other places of amusement, had caused him to neglect the sweet friend, who so lamented his absence. Only *once* had he written to her since he landed.

Repentant of his delinquency, he kissed as he refolded the letter and hastened to answer it, and struck with his injustice towards Adelaide and the danger and impropriety of his own position, he determined to mention his engagement and forego the enjoyment of her society during the remainder of his sojourn in the city. He fulfilled his purpose the next evening, and the alternate flush and paleness of her cheek alone betrayed the pangs his communication occasioned the unhappy girl, for wounded pride and dignity yielded strength and support through the hard trial, and not a reproach, or even a remark escaped her lips. She quickly changed the conversation to an indifferent topic, and they parted tranquilly, yet *her* heart was almost breaking and *his* was truly grieved.

He now saw too late how imprudent, how *irrational* his course had been and the pain of retrospection was only alleviated by the consideration that he had at last done his duty, and by the hope that time and absence would heal the wounds his presence had inflicted.

Fallacious reasoner! little he knew of the depth and durability of woman's tenderness, the only *sure* conquerors of which are harshness and neglect. 'Tis *these* which destroy the *romance* of attachment and gradually weaken and undermine the *citadel* of strong affection. Time and absence are frail adversaries, when busy memories act as *sentinels* to oppose them.

At the end of a melancholy week, he called to bid the Danvers family a final adieu, and was not surprised at their treating him coldly, nor could he blame them, for he felt that his conduct appeared cruel and ungrateful. Adelaide he did not see—they told him she had gone to visit a relation in Brooklyn. * * *

Reginald embarked for Havana;—he was an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and but for the gloomy state of his mind, would have luxuriated in the magnificent scene around him, as the vessel scudded before a brisk wind through the harbor of New York on the morning of his departure. He remembered too well, however, with *whom* he had oft descanted upon the beauties of *that* prospect even at that very hour, when, as then, a brilliant sunrise gilded the forests of masts which arose from the wharves of the city and mellowed the green of the hills and shores encircling its bay. As he gazed upon the villas on some of the islands, with their teeming orchards and gardens, he remembered too well with *whom* he had visited their shades and culled their fruits and flowers—and as they entered the "Narrows," the splendid sea-view occasioned such painful reminiscences, as forced him, absolutely *soal-sick*, to descend to his cabin.

It was the 5th day after leaving New York, that he was suddenly aroused from a sound nap at early dawn, by a terrible noise and commotion on deck, mingled with the clashing of swords and discharge of pistols in quick succession: he leaped from his birth, and hastily dressing, rushed up the gangway—the next instant he was struck down senseless by a heavy blow from the blunderbuss of one of a pirate band, who had attacked and captured the ill-fated schooner in which he was a passenger. How long he remained in this situation he knew not, but when he revived, and feebly raising himself looked about, an appalling sight presented itself,—the vessel's deck was clotted with blood and strewed with corpses! She was entirely dismantled, and floated without sail or rudder, at the mercy of the waves and winds. The pirates had carried off every article that was valuable, and not a trace of them remained, save the dreadful carnage and devastation they had made.

Reginald reclosed his eyes in horror, but not

despair—he inwardly prayed to Heaven for protection and relief and again sank into unconsciousness. His petition was not in vain—towards evening the gory hulk with its ghastly burdens was espied by the Montezuma, a Spanish merchantman, and was immediately pursued and boarded. On perceiving that Reginald still breathed, the humane captain had him gently removed to his ship and used every effort to restore him—the bodies of the slaughtered crew were consigned to the deep with every mark of respect customary on such solemn occasions. Rolled up in hammocks, containing weights to make them sink, they were laid in a row, prayers read over them, a gun fired from the bows of the Montezuma, and then, one after another, the dead were launched into the ocean.

For several days, Reginald was unable to rise—he had a severe cut and contusion on his head and the loss of blood and appetite rendered him weak and pale. With sorrow, too, he discovered that the braid of Amanda's hair which he wore round his neck, was gone. It was attached to his watch, of which he had been robbed during his swoon.

Captain Laplata, from Cadiz, was bound for Havana, so that our traveller was neither turned from his course nor delayed by his adventure; in one respect it was favorable to his interest; it proved the means of an acquaintance and intimacy with his deliverer, which led, as will be shown hereafter, to important results.

The worthy captain once resided in Havana, and was pleased to show him the town and give him much useful information; he also introduced him to several agreeable families, and Reginald was astonished at the degree of luxury and fashion which prevailed among the high classes, and at the magnificence of the churches and that of many private mansions, where he was entertained in quite a princely style. But being impatient to wind up his business and return to Europe, he soon hired a "*Quitrine*"—a light carriage peculiar to the country—and proceeded to his plantation, where, in the midst of overseers and a numerous horde of slaves, we shall leave him for the present, and hold intercourse with the other characters of our story. About four months after Reginald's departure from England, Rosa Fitzgerald, who had matured into as graceful and lovely a woman as her sister, received and accepted the addresses of a young gentleman of fortune and genteel standing, whose father was a Spaniard. Mr. Deltavega married in early life a lady of Liverpool and became a resident there. He was the head of an extensive mercantile establishment and had amassed considerable wealth. Having fitted his only son Francesco to succeed him, he determined to retire from business and to begin his future holiday, by a visit to Cadiz, his native city; thither, after the union of Rosa and Francesco, Mrs. Deltavega and the new married couple were to accompany him and the latter to spend the remainder of the summer in travel before finally settling in Liverpool, to enjoy the sweets of connubial felicity and domestic life.

Amanda had heard but twice from Reginald. His last letter mentioned that he intended to leave New York immediately for Cuba, and should write without delay after reaching it, but he had not done so and she knew not even where to address him, consequently all communication between them had ceased and she was so disturbed and depressed and her health so evidently impairing from anxiety of mind, that her parents insisted on her joining the party to Spain, promising to forward without delay all packages that might arrive for her, while she was absent. She yielded to their wishes, and after the ordinary routine of calms and storms, the voyage was accomplished in due time and safely.

They found the city of Cadiz in great commotion—a gang of pirates had been captured and brought into port, and a crowd of soldiers and citizens were conducting them to prison.

The Deltavegas were soon established in comfortable quarters and warmly greeted by relatives and friends. Time rolled tranquilly on with all save Amanda—tidings from home brought none of her truant lover, and she grew more and more restless and unhappy. She thought he must be *dead*, or *ill*, she could not, *would* not doubt his truth.

In fine weather, Rosa and herself usually walked out of an afternoon, and though not Roman Catholics, they frequently went to the Cathedral at the hour of vespers, to listen to the strains of sacred music which then pealed through its aisles.

One evening while thus employed, "Sister," whispered Amanda, "what tender memories do those sweet and solemn notes revive! tender, and painful too—oh let us away! they oppress me, and I feel as if some dire calamity was hanging over me. 'Tis folly I acknowledge to yield thus to superstition, yet I cannot resist its influence."

And here we would ask, how is it, that between the spirit and the future a mysterious and strange communion *does* sometimes exist which sways the strongest minds and saddens them with apprehensions of coming ill? It is one of the secrets of nature that cannot be explained.

The sisters quitted the church, and after a short stroll returned home. In the parlor they found father Anselmo, a relation of Mr. Deltavega, sitting with the family and giving them an account of the execution of the pirates, which had taken place that morning. The good old man had been summoned to shrive one of them and had received from him, as an offering to the Virgin, a rich gold watch, attached to a braid of auburn hair, and bearing the initials R. D.

The penitent confessed that he had rifled it from the person of a young gentleman who was killed on board of an American vessel, which he and his accomplices had attacked and destroyed nine weeks previous to their own capture.

As he finished speaking, father Anselmo drew forth the watch from the folds of his gown, and no sooner did Amanda behold it, than she recognized it as Reginald's, and the hair chain as the tress she had bestowed on him at parting.

"Now by that token of death are my mournful forebodings realized!" cried she, and fainted away; a brain fever ensued, and for a long while her life was in danger.

Poor Rosa hung over her pillow night and day, and listened with tearful eyes to her delirious lamentations. She insisted upon substituting her own watch as a votive gift in lieu of her lover's and kept *that*, with the chain he had presented her, in her bosom, and often covered each with kisses and tears.

It was a melancholy period; but close attention are careful nursing at length prevailed, and the sufferer began to regain consciousness and health.

Oh the fallacy of human hopes and earthly happiness! Scarcely six months had elapsed since Amanda's heart beat high with both and all seemed bright and fair; now, dejected and care-worn, to *her* the world appeared shrouded in darkness, and now were *hers*, though yet so young, thoughts that banish sleep, affections withered in the bud, and sorrowful remembrances.

Change of air and scene was prescribed by her physician, and she accompanied Rosa and her husband in a tour through the South of Spain.

*Our* scene must now change also—'tis done—the curtain again rises, and lo! the interior of a hovel in an obscure street of New York, and on a coarse, but clean bed, a woman lying apparently in the last stage of consumption. Her sunken and heavy eyes brighten, and over her pallid cheek a slight flush diffuses itself as she listens to a youthful female who is sitting beside her, smoothing her path to death with words from Holy Writ—those precious promises therein contained of mercy and salvation to all who believe and *repent*—that, "though their sins be as scarlet they shall be made white as snow."

The gentle girl lays down the book to administer nourishment to her dying charge and as she turns round, the lovely countenance of Adelaide Danvers is revealed to us. Yes, it is *she* who thus performs the duties of charity and seeks to assuage her own griefs by alleviating those of her fellow creatures, and to exchange her earthly idol for a Heavenly one! A blessed balsam for a wounded heart! and verily she found it so. For although she could never entirely subdue her hopeless passion, and therefore never married, yet was her life in after years serene and almost happy, it was devoted to piety and beneficence.

Again must our curtain fall—again it rises and displays a more familiar scene—the road to Clarewell Cottage, and Reginald moving as rapidly over it as post-horses can convey him.

He has arranged his West India affairs, has crossed the Atlantic and is hurrying to his affianced bride. The chaise stops at the door—he alights and is about to enter the house, when an exclamation of rapture is heard within, and the next moment his arms encircle his sweet Amanda who has flown to meet him. The bloom of health is once more on her cheek, and "the smile of contentment and love" in her soft blue eye.

Perhaps our readers will not object to be informed of the occurrences which brought to pass this pleasing termination of what has hitherto been a gloomy tale.

Shortly after the excursion through Spain, which proved less beneficial to the invalid than was anticipated, our old acquaintance, Captain Laplata, returned to Cadiz and was invited to dine with Mr. Deltavega. In boyhood they were friends, but since then had not met before.

When the ladies retired from the dinner-table they remained discoursing over their wine, and the captain remarked upon the beauty and extreme dejection of Amanda, whereupon Mr. Deltavega related her touching history.

When he concluded, the benevolent seamen replied, "How fortunate, my dear sir, that you have communicated to me these facts! for I can meet them with others which will doubtless act like the elixir of life upon the withering heart of Miss Fitzgerald."

He then detailed the circumstances of his encounter with the plundered vessel, his discovery and rescue of Reginald and their subsequent association; and read aloud a letter which he had just received from him, stating that since they parted he had suffered from a dangerous fever, but was convalescent and having satisfactorily completed his business was on the point of embarking for England, where he feared some misfortune awaited him, as he had no reply to any of his letters since leaving New York.

The delight which this intelligence created may well be imagined. How to impart it to Amanda in her present nervous state was a difficulty.

Some writers maintain that sudden joy is harder to bear than sudden woe; and history avers that the messenger who brought to Athens the news of the victory at Marathon died of ecstasy the instant after he had told the "glad tidings;" nevertheless, we are doubtful of the theory in question and opine that the poor fellow's death *might* have been the result of over-exertion in his vocation. Be that as it may, it was deemed expedient not to inform Amanda of her lover's continued existence till Rosa had

epared her for the blissful revelation in the gentlest manner, and an unexpected auxiliary in the form of a dream favored her design.

On entering her sister's chamber, (according to wont,) the next morning, she found her sitting the window, with her head resting on her folded ms.

"Dear Amanda what is the matter?" inquired osa, "I hope you are not ill, though I perceive ou are paler than usual."

"No, my kind Rosa, I am not ill, but surely I ear a charmed life, or could I thus linger in this eary world a prey to such wretchedness? Oh, Rosa, what a blessed dream was mine last night! Alas! that it was but a dream! Methought that he dead to whom my fate is linked was restored o life—that he had been saved from shipwreck and borne to a beautiful and fertile island—that we were sailing hence for England and stopped at this island to procure water and fruits; there we discovered him, and amazed and transported I uttered a scream which aroused me and I awoke to bitter disappointment and vain regret."

Rosa listened in mute astonishment—she was not superstitious, yet the remarkable coincidence of the dream, with the events she had to disclose, made her almost believe that Providence had sent the vision to prepare her sister's mind for the happiness that was in store for her.

Tenderly putting aside the ringlets which clustered round her brow and looking earnestly and somewhat archly in her face, she said—

"Suppose Amanda that this extatic dream should be realized, could you support the transition from woe to weal, from misery to gladness?"

Amanda started and regarding her intently was struck with the expression of her countenance.

"Rosa, Rosa," she exclaimed, "what *do* your words and manner imply? Rosa, you would not, you *could* not venture to trifle with feelings so sacred as mine!"

Rosa was silent, but drew from her pocket Reginald's letter to Captain Laplata, unfolded and placed it in her sister's hand—with convulsive grasp and throbbing heart she seized it, read it, and throwing herself upon her knees, poured forth thanks to heaven for its mercy. Then completely overcome she wept and sobbed aloud.

When this burst of feeling was passed, relieved by it she became more composed, and Rosa called in her husband and his parents, who added their congratulations to hers.

The embarkation of the happy party for England speedily ensued and they arrived at Cherwell Cottage just a week before Delacy made his appearance there, as above described.

Satisfactory explanations soon took place between the reunited lovers. Reginald had written several times, but there being no regular mail to Havana from his plantation, which was situated far in the interior, his letters had doubtless miscarried; illness too had prevented his writing for a long while.

The *episode* of Adelaide Danvers he did not dare to touch upon, nor ever could, till long after he was a married man and had heard of her well-doing and prosperity. Amanda's excuses we need not detail as they are already known to our readers.....

A merry wedding at Mr. Fitzgerald's added its festivities to those of Christmas in the month of December succeeding these events. The names of the bride and bridegroom may easily be surmised, and a handsome couple they were, as they stood before the clergyman to be joined in holy wedlock—*she* in her white crape and roses—*he* in his blue coat and snowy vest—*her* sole ornament a rich gold chain—*his* a watch fastened to a braid of glossy hair—which same valuables were carefully preserved and bequeathed to their descendants, with an interesting legend concerning them. And now, as "all's well that ends well," we trust our story, with its happy denouement, will prove satisfactory to those who may chance to peruse it, and concluding after the manner of a celebrated author—"we bid them a friendly adieu."

J. M. C.

---

## FLOWERS IN ASHES.

BY J. M. LEGARE.

Where with unruffled surface wide,
The waters of the river glide
Between the arches dimly in the early dawn descried,

While musing, sweet, of thee,—once more
I crossed the bridge as oft of yore,
I saw a shallop issue from the shadow of the shore.

With practised ease the boatman stood
And dipped his paddle in the flood:
And so the open space was gained, and left behind the wood.

The dripping blade with measured stroke
In ripples soft the surface broke,
As once Apollo, kissing oft, the nymph Cyrene woke.

And fast pursuing in his wake,
I heard the dimpling eddies break
In murmurs faint, as if they said—"Herefrom example take.

"Unruffled as this river, lies
The stream of life to youthful eyes;
On either bank a wood and mart, and overhead
God's skies.

"Behind thee slopes the pleasant shore,
The tumult of the town before,
And thou who standest in the stern, hast in thy hand
an oar.

"Oh, son of toil, whose poet's heart
Grieves from thy quiet woods to part,
And yet whose birthright high it is, to labor in the
mart:

"To thee a child, the bloom was sweet,
But manhood loves the crowded street,
And where in cloves, loud and clear the forging
hammers beat.

"Yet even there may bloom for thee
The blossoms childhood loved to see,
And in the cinders of thy toil, God's fairest flow-
ers be."

*S. Carolina.*

---

## TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

BY MRS. MARIA G. BUCHANAN.

When in the cloudless heaven of opening mind
Shone the first stars of thought;
When youth's fair visions, fair though undefined,
Were with hope's morning radiance sweetly fraught;
When joy, of young love born, was known to me,
And when experience wrought
Life's dreams to fill the mould of stern reality:—

Through all, the shadow of one awful fear
Forever haunted me.
It fell upon my heart when none were near;
'Twas felt amid the hours of social glee;
Joy sighing fled; e'en *hope's* bright cheek grew pale
At my soul's agony,
When that all-dreaded fear whispered its thrilling
tale:—

The fear that *she* should die:—and art thou gone,
*Mother!*—oh! 'tis not so—
Thou hast *not* left me—I am *not* alone—
I see thy smile—thy voice in murmurs low
As in *old times* now steals upon my ear.
These are vain dreams—oh no!
On earth that music sweet I never more shall hear.

Yes, that dark shadow deepened into night.
When by thy bed I knelt
To watch the fading of *my* spirit's light.
I heard thy sighs—my trembling fingers felt
Thy hand grow cold. I watched thy failing sight
Love its chains could not burst—
It flickered on thy lips, 'twas gone, I looked upon

—The morning came, I saw thee in thy shroud
Pure as the falling snow.
Upon thy form in wild despair I bowed.
My anguish, Thou, oh, God! alone could know
When death's cold chill I felt upon that brow,
Where, ever dwelt love's pure
Which makes a *mother's* heart the dearest yet
rest.

The faint, sweet shadow of thy lovely smile
Upon thy features lay;
'Twas surely gentle pity's softest wile
To lure the ghastliness of death away.
It seemed as sleep but held thee.—not a trace
Remained of suffering's sway
To mar the holy beauty of thy saint-like face.

The truth, the loveliness of thy pure life
Were fully imaged there;
—Far from the rushing waves of worldly strife
Thy path had ever been; thou breathedst in air
Of Paradise while still upon the earth.
Oh! as I gazed—despair
Fled fast—within my soul a gentle peace had birth.

Of perfect faith this blessed calm was born.
And 'neath her spell so bright
Death and the grave seemed dreams,—the glorious
morn
Of Immortality bursts on my sight:
With sweetest sound the pearly gates unclose.
Arrayed in robes of light
I see thy spirit blest freed from earth's vain
woes.

My mother, thou *art* gone; but in my heart,—
This bursting heart of mine—
From ev'ry worldly eye a thing apart
Thy spotless virtues have a living shrine.
*There* dwell my thoughts—there *memory* and love
Their votive garlands twine—
The *tomb* of earth's most valued joys above.

But memory and love haunt not alone
This dear, this sacred spot;
*Hope* hangs her coronal upon the stone,
(Sorrow is *perfect* where *her* smile is not,)
Then points with kindling eye to that blessed time
When all earth's griefs forgot
*Thee, Mother, thee* I shall rejoin in heaven's bright
clime.

*Independence, Missouri.*

## A DIALOGUE

*Between the Reviewer of "Nine New Poets," and a surviving Brother Poet.*

POET.

Sir, will you please inform me how you feel;
Just having gulp'd nine poets at a meal?—
I should presume your conscience is oppress'd,
If not the *viscus* just below your breast.

REVIEWER.

Neither, good sir! quite undisturb'd I snore,
And wake with appetite for twenty more.

POET.

*Monstrum Infandum!* with such rage to rend us,
Causing *hiatus maxime deflendus!*—
There's but one feat in all recorded time,
Can match such havoc 'mong the sons of rhyme;
One of the royal belly-gods of old,
Slaughter'd so many singing-birds, we're told,
Their tongues alone, unhelp'd by other meat,
Furnish'd more dishes than his guests could eat!—
The boldest tyrants pause at decimation,
But you seem bent upon extermination.
Such wholesome murders 'mong the tuneful clan
Shock all the sensibilities of man!

REVIEWER.

Murder! a fiddlestick! that heinous crime
Can't be committed where there's only *rhyme;*
*Reason*, the law-books tell us, must belong
To every creature, subject to the wrong;—
And who, save one, of your lamented nine
Could urge pretension to that spark divine?—
Rhyme, sure they had, enough to throw away,
But sir, of reason, scarce a single ray!—
T. Babington Macaulay is to blame,
For no small share of Parnassus' shame;
He says, a slight unsoundness of the mind,
Belongs to all the true poetic kind.
What is the consequence when such a hint
From such a quarter, comes abroad in print?—
If little madness cause a bard to shine,
More, some will argue, makes him quite divine;—
Thus every rhymster, who essays a strain,
Taking the cue, grows utterly insane.
'Tis quite superfluous for critic schools
To publish recipes for making fools;
Unless to shew, how exquisite a dunce
Results, when Art and Nature work at once.

POET.

Your zeal's terrific, rising to a flame!
Emotion seems to shake your very frame;
And verily, to judge from what I see,
'Twould not take much to make you swallow me!
But be not angry, tho' a brother's love
Constrains him e'en a Critic to reprove;—
Might, you possess; that cannot be denied;
And e'en supposing Justice on your side,
Yet, O what lovely lustre 'twould impart,
Did Mercy temper all within your heart!—
Now if you wish us poets to indite
The very sort of thing you'd have us write,
Lay down some general *formulæ*, and say,
"All who conform are in a hopeful way;
Those who do not, are soporific, tame,"—
Or what you please, but never call a name.
'Bove all, no more *Panjandrums* if you please!
For such unlawful implements as these,
Betray a fervor of satiric rage,
That's far beneath the spirit of the age.

REVIEWER.

No sir! that principle would never do;
And to be candid, you must own it too;
These straws of precepts, from Abstraction's quiver,
Would ne'er reform Parnassus; no sir, never!
Lost labor all—examples must be made
Of these empirics in poetic trade.
Preachers, and moralists, forever may
Declaim against the vices of the day;
Unless you resolutely hang and flog,
A mute, dead letter, is your Decalogue.
One culprit writhing in the pangs of death,
Is worth a world of sermonizing breath.

POET.

But one would think the credit of the Nation
Should hint the policy of moderation;—
John Bull, you know, has rais'd a deal of mirth,
O'er what he fancies our poetic dearth;
He sometimes condescends to read our prose,
But at our poetry, turns up his nose;
And British critics long ago declar'd
Columbian soil could never grow a bard;
Far as your principles and practice go,
It seems, you are content it should be so;
No living minstrel, for some time, we hear,
Has play'd with master hand to Bully's ear;
Such a long fast might recommend our lays,
As want obliges him to eat our maize;—
This, surely, were a most propitious time
To ship some manufacturers of rhyme;
But if you ope your critic jaws so wide,
Our home demand can scarcely be supplied.

REVIEWER.

No fear of that—for so like frogs they teem,
We are preparing to review by steam!

POET—(*Aside.*)

If that's your project, I sincerely trust
To see your largest, strongest boiler burst,
And scatter your reviewing generation
To the remotest corners of creation!

REVIEWER.

'Tis true, with maize we scratch his hungry throat;
But lacerate his ear with Discord's note,
The double outrage might provoke a war;
Or, in our social commerce cause a jar.
But I'm disgusted with your vulgar cant,
About Bull's prejudices, and his want
Of charity and candor, as regards
The claims and merits of Columbian bards;
John Bull is doubtless, much like other folks;
He loves to have his laugh, and crack his jokes;
Nor does it matter whether he, or we
Furnish a proper subject for his glee;
For you must own, he makes his children skip
At times, when flourishing his critic whip.
Whene'er our artists furnish to the full
As good, or better verse, than those of Bull,
Tons of our poetry will cross the sea,
Not only welcom'd there, but duty-free.
He never utter'd to the full extent
The words, to which your spleen has given vent;
For I myself, have seen him pausing, stand
*Arrectis auribus*, on Albion's strand,
Drinking with greedy ear, some dulcet strain,
That from our shores came floating o'er the main.
But try t' impose upon his practis'd ear,
Such grating ditties as we sometimes hear!
Sooner than relish such poetic food,
He'd live upon the past, and chew the cud.

POET.

Perhaps, if Bull unbias'd had his way—
But O those myrmidons he keeps in pay!—

REVIEWER.

Who, the Reviewers?

POET.

Yes, sir, I'm afraid
Your guilty conscience took the hint convey'd!
And the best compliment my lips can pay,
Is, that you are not quite as bad as they.

REVIEWER.

They're but th' inspectors of Parnassus' ports,
Or Major-domos in the Muses' courts!
In other kinds of traffic I am sure
We have in every city a Reviewer
To see the laws of commerce are obey'd,
And supervise the general health of trade.

POET.

But Bull's officials, much like those of ours,
Transcend the lawful limit of their powers;—
'Tis most revolting, to observe how cool
They fix for torture, when they catch a fool;
They seem to feel with such complacent art,
All o'er the creature, for the tend'rest part,
And as they squirt the mortal venom in,
The victim's queer contortions make them grin
With as much pleasure, as would Kindness feel,
To see the famish'd creature eat a meal!
Sir, you may laugh, but 'tis no merry theme;
'Tis Mohawk cruelty, in the extreme.
If it were possible for Chemist's art,
To words, a tenfold rigor to impart,—
Or could they Webster's folio distil,
And give the glowing spirit to my quill,
'Twould fail to picture, with its vivid whole,
Th' intense abhorrence of my inmost soul!
Drag me alternately thro' fire and snow,—
Or give me pris'ner to a Ranchero,—
Raise me to Opulence', and Grandeur's height,—
Thence plunge me deep in Want's obscurest night,
Snatch me benumb'd from Saturn's frigid zone,—
And hurl me in the furnace of the Sun,—
Heap on my flesh all complicated pangs,—
But save, O save me, from Reviewer's fangs!!!

(*Ad prandium acciti, exeunt ambo.*)

*Charlotte, Va.*

---

## THOUGHTS ON THE DECLINE OF AGRICULTURE IN ANCIENT ITALY.

At the first blush of the subject it appears rather surprising that, when the Roman power had risen to its utmost height and splendor, Italy, which was its centre, should have declined in agricultural products. The natural effect of large towns and a dense population, especially in a nation triumphant over all enemies, and occupying one of the most fertile regions on the globe, was to stimulate agricultural production. In Italy, too, there must have been a vast accumulation of capital from the spoils of the conquered nations, which became so productive, that, after the Macedonian war, for a very considerable period, the Romans were relieved from some of the taxes which, up to that time, had been found necessary to the maintenance of government.

Yet, notwithstanding all these favorable circumstances, it is all well known that, in the very zenith of Roman power, the inhabitants of Italy, whose number is not believed to have increased, were to a great extent dependent on importation for bread.

The desolation of the civil wars, the number of large estates cultivated by slaves, the attractions which carried so many into the provinces, all preclude the idea that the whole peninsula had become more populous, whatever may have been the influx of people into the metropolis. Neither can the deficiency of grain be attributed to the poverty of Italian soil, while Lombardy and Campania are known to have been among the richest portions of

the earth, and other parts of the peninsula, less remarkable for fertility, to have furnished to *industrious* cultivators many of the necessaries, comforts, and even luxuries of life.

Neither can it be said that property was more secure and the people better treated in Sicily, Egypt, and that portion of the Barbary States then called Africa, which countries were often called the granaries of Rome. Those regions were conquered provinces, and their inhabitants far worse off than the Italians, who, if not actual Roman citizens, had at least the rights given to the Latins, to the municipal towns, or some of those privileges, which although inferior to those attached to Roman citizenship, yet elevated them greatly above the condition of provincials.

Yet the following circumstances out of many which might be adduced, show the entire dependence of triumphant Italy on the very regions which she had trampled on and plundered. In the time of the triumvirate, Sextus Pompey by cutting off the supplies of grain usually brought from Sicily, then in his possession, made Augustus feel the imperious necessity of subduing him at all hazards, an enterprise which he found extremely difficult, and only accomplished by the military talents of his celebrated son-in-law, Agrippa.

Tacitus tells us that in the reign of Galba, Galvia Crispinilla, a woman who, being deeply implicated in Nero's crimes, had fled to Africa, there used her influence with the governor to prevent the exportation of corn to Italy, and thus to produce a famine at Rome. A short time afterwards, when Vitellius and Vespasian were struggling for the imperial throne, the latter having the control of Egypt, withheld the supplies from that fertile region and thereby reduced Rome to within a few days of starvation.

Some persons, who like simple theories, account for all this to their perfect satisfaction, by telling us of the great increase in slaves occasioned by the foreign wars, in which the Romans habitually reduced so many prisoners to bondage.

Those who take this view of the subject say that when the senators cultivated their own small farms as Cincinnatus did, the lands were well managed and productive; but when those farms became large and were cultivated by slaves, the necessary consequence was bad management and diminished productiveness. The strong influence of this cause is undeniable. But when it is called the *only* cause, its prominence is unduly estimated. There certainly were others in operation and worthy of being noticed.

It seems to be often the case that the most splendid successes, when attained by rapacity and cruelty, bring destruction on those who have gloried in them. Two striking examples of this may be found in ancient Rome and modern Spain.

The warlike prowess of the Romans appeared irresistible: the persevering valor of the Samnites, the skill, the phalanx, and the elephants of Pyrrhus, the overwhelming defeats of the Romans and defections among their allies achieved by the mighty genius of Hannibal, the irruption of the Cimbri, the social war, the revolt of Spartacus, the civil wars of Marius and Sylla, Pompey and Cæsar, Antony and Augustus stayed not their onward progress; in their own language, the Orbis terrarum became their empire. But although the metropolis was changed from brick into marble, and the country studded with splendid and luxurious villas, yet Roman citizens were often dependent on foreigners for bread, and the armies which had established their dominion riveted their chains.

So those hopes of permanent greatness and prosperity which modern Spain derived from the discovery and bloody conquest of her American possessions, were doomed to disappointment. In vain were the treasures of the Indies poured into her lap, in vain did her armadas become the terror of the seas. Those treasures destroyed her freedom by making her monarchs independent of their subjects; they destroyed her agriculture and her internal prosperity by offering hopes of employment far more tempting than the cultivation of Spanish lands, or the working of Spanish mines, which had in ancient times excited the cupidity of Rome and Carthage. Finally, those advantages of commerce which she had endeavored to secure by restrictions melted from her grasp when her colonies became independent.

As soon as the Romans had conquered a new region they sent into it governors, tax-gatherers, and colonists. Those who were thus sent out considered it a privilege, a compensation for the toils and burdens which they had endured in domestic or foreign service. They were proud of being Roman citizens, but sought power, money and glory, by ruling and robbing conquered provinces. The Senators, who as prætors, proconsuls, or quæstors sought in the provinces rest from their more toilsome employments, and still more remuneration for their expenditures in those public exhibitions which were necessary to secure the popular favor, usually returned with their spoils to Italy, which they converted into one great pleasure ground, and which they regarded as the great fountain of political power. They attended not so much to the profitable cultivation, as to the adornment of their estates; Horace says that the sterile plane-tree took the place of the vine-supporting elm and the olive-orchards of olden times. The knights, who mostly farmed the revenues in the provinces, being the publicans mentioned in the scriptures, had much less opportunity of political advancement than the Senators, and probably remained much longer abroad. But when they did return home, they returned like the English nabobs from India, to spend the remainder of their lives in luxury, or

to secure other contracts with the vain hope of satiating their avarice.

Even the plebeians deeply felt the influence of foreign conquests on their habits and character. Immense numbers of the free cultivators of Italy must have been carried away from their peaceful occupations, as soldiers, as colonists, or as attendants on the knights and senators. If instead of one war, as we have at present, we had several on hand for a series of years, we would then begin to understand from experience the serious drain, so long made on the population of Italy, and the injury which its agricultural and all its other interests must have thereby sustained.

The effects of the superior attractions held out in the provinces was to diminish the love of agriculture which once pervaded all classes in Italy, just as the discovery of a gold mine is apt to be the ruin of the discoverer, and often involves many of his neighbors. The buildings, the style of living in Italy became more splendid and luxurious both in town and country; but those who enjoyed these luxuries, depended not on their own industry, the products of their own farms, but on the wealth which they had drawn or expected to draw from the plundered provinces. Hence their lands were not improved except in those things which ministered to their pleasure or their vanity, as gardens, fish-ponds, parks and chases. Productive agriculture was neglected.

It may be said, and said with truth, that the immense number of slaves introduced from abroad, of itself, drove out free laborers, as free laborers are prevented from coming among us by negro slavery, and that lands cultivated by slaves under taskmasters set over them by owners, whose own attention was engrossed by other things, must have been infinitely worse managed than the same lands when subdivided into small farms, each under the eye and hand of its own master. Yet it is plain that the same effect must have been produced to a great extent, even if domestic slavery had not existed among the Romans. The same attractions would have drawn them into the provinces, the same large estates would have accumulated in the hands of individuals, and would have been cultivated by the hands of dependents, whether slaves or hired servants, who would of course have neglected them, when not under the immediate supervision of an owner whose schemes of money-making were usually turned in another direction, and the indulgence of whose pride and pleasure would have seriously diminished the productiveness of the labor bestowed on their estates. It would be unfair to maintain that the evil would have been equally great without slavery. Slave and free labor cannot coexist to any great extent or with much benefit, and it is admitted that servants who can change employers and lay up money for themselves without restriction, feel a more powerful stimulant to industry and care than the scourge can ever furnish to slaves. But yet it is undeniable that, if the principles of the abolitionists had been adopted in their fullest extent in ancient Italy, they could only partially have prevented the evils which have been mentioned.

This will be more apparent from a consideration of the other causes which had the same tendency. One of these was the centralization of political power in Rome. Other cities indeed had valuable privileges, but did not participate in those acts which regulated the empire of the world. The right of voting was gradually extended to all the Italians; but it was a right which for a long time could only be exercised in the Roman comitia. Hence all who sought any political influence went to reside at Rome. Even now, with all our improved modes of transportation, would it not be considered a mockery to offer all the citizens of Virginia a right of suffrage which could be exercised in Richmond alone?

But the ambition of the great added other motives to this for removing to the capital. Desiring a party to support them by votes and too often by blows, they proposed agrarian laws and largesses of corn to secure the favor of the populace. It may be that the true interest of the country often demanded those measures, it being recollected that the object of the agrarian laws was not, as formerly supposed, to seize the property of one citizen and divide it among others, but to make the nobles, who had received enormous shares of the *public* lands, or had not fulfilled the contracts binding them to the payment of rent, or had even in American phrase become absolute *squatters*, disgorge a portion of them for the benefit of those by whose toil and blood they had been conquered. But real grievances like these usurpations of public land, and the occasional scarcity which sometimes rendered the interposition of the state necessary, afforded an opportunity of working on the public feelings, of which demagogues availed themselves to the utmost extent. Bread was distributed either gratis, or at very low prices, to those who constituted what was called the turba fori, until that which as an occasional measure of relief might have been justifiable and even laudable, became a great industrial, social and political evil.

In the time of Juvenal, when their votes were no longer a marketable article, the people of Rome, as he assures us, cared for nothing but "bread and the Circensian games." At an earlier period there can be no doubt that these were a portion of the price which great men paid to voters for their support, and that these donations largely contributed to the indolence and worthlessness of the multitudes who thronged to Rome for food, to exercise political power, and seek in the pay of some grandee the subsistence which they ought to have earned by the sweat of their own brows.

But another strong reason for the neglect of agriculture among the Romans, was the insecurity of landed property. From an early period of Roman history, it was the practice to seize all the land of a conquered people, or a large portion of it, and either rent or give it to the citizens of Rome. There can be no question that this whole system of domain lands, especially when abused, as it was by the patricians on the one hand and demagogues on the other, was highly pernicious. But when the lands of peaceful Romans or Italians were seized to furnish settlements for mercenary soldiers, a system commenced by Sylla, and carried to villainous perfection by Julius and Augustus Cæsar, the evil assumed an alarming magnitude. It roused so fierce a spirit of resistance, even among the degraded Italians in the time of Augustus, as was near arresting his rapid march to despotism.

The Italians had not only seen the public lands reapportioned, but had often beheld their own lands wasted by enemies, or confiscated for treachery, or some political offence against their own government. When it is recollected how long the wars lasted with the Samnites, with the Gauls, with the Etrurians, with the allies, a name given to the other nations of Italy, and mostly in the very heart of that country, it cannot be a matter of surprise that the region was desolated and the soil rendered comparatively unproductive.

But the injuries which have been mentioned came either from avowed enemies, or by way of punishment from the country which they had betrayed or offended. Others, if not equally great, more intolerable from the circumstances connected with them, were inflicted by the professed saviors of their country. It has been admitted, that the agrarian laws were sometimes rendered necessary by the usurpations committed on the public domain; yet the mode in which those laws were executed, often led to great abuses. A commission was usually appointed and invested with powers almost absolute for that purpose.

When a considerable period had elapsed since the original distribution of the lands, it often became difficult to ascertain, whether particular tracts long occupied by individuals belonged to them or to the public, and also, whether these individuals were not entitled to compensation for improvements made with a well-grounded expectation of permanent occupation. The summary and arbitrary manner in which decisions were made by these high commissioners, was not calculated to produce either content on the part of the occupants, or general confidence in the security of property. Yet bad as this was, agrarianism assumed a still worse form, when bloody aristocrats like Sylla, or tyrannical demagogues like the two Cæsars, Julius and Octavius, took land without distinction between private and public property, as it appears, and partitioned it among the soldiers who had been the instruments of their guilty ambition.

Before, the Gracchi and others had attempted to relieve the plebeians with substantial justice, yet often in an exceptionable manner and from improper motives. But now the sentiment of Cicero's "cedant arma togae" was reversed, and all landholders, whether patrician or plebeian, were at the mercy of a military commander. The military influence did not immediately overwhelm all others, but even then alarmed all men who loved their country and indeed all who loved their own interests, without being immediately connected with the cold-blooded miscreant who destroyed the liberties of Rome by finally establishing tyranny on a sure foundation. The distribution of lands among his soldiers made by Augustus created such dissatisfaction that, if instead of Lucius Antonius, brother of the triumvir, any virtuous and able man had been present, and had turned it to proper account, it is possible that tyranny might have been postponed, if not altogether averted. As it was, the want of such a leader prevented the decision of the interesting question, whether the Romans had in themselves sufficient virtue and intelligence to preserve them from absolute slavery, and insecurity of property, one of its worse consequences. Virgil, and a few others, who had been deprived of their lands, obtained their restoration by the special favor of Augustus, while this much lauded patron of literature, this ancient "Napoleon of peace," drove thousands of peaceful citizens from their homes to wander as beggars on the face of the earth. Those who have read the first eclogue of Virgil will see how this act, one of the most atrocious recorded in history, is smoothed over by the great poet who had been degraded into a courtier.

The triumph of Augustus proved the lives and fortunes of the people to be in the power of a military despot, who could at any time sacrifice them to the cruelty or rapacity of those great kingmakers, the soldiers. Whether such a state of things was pernicious to agriculture, as well as to every other species of industry, can hardly need argument; nor can it be doubted that the evil was greatly aggravated by the existence of those swarms of informers which desolated the empire, and fattened on the spoils of those whom they had destroyed.

Let us inquire for a moment into the sources of those gratuitous distributions of corn so common among the Romans. Slavery existed in all the provinces, which we know were not better located than Italy. Yet it is notorious that some of them, viz: Africa, Egypt and Sicily furnished the grain-market of Rome. They were fertile, it is true, but little more so than some parts of Italy. They had slaves in great numbers, for the first servile insurrection mentioned in Roman history occurred

in Sicily, and slavery had existed immemorially in Egypt and Africa.

In Egypt, where rain never falls, and where the system of cultivation requires constant irrigation, civilization, agriculture and an exceedingly dense population existed at an earlier period, than in any other country of which we have any historical account.

Can it be because those provinces were more mildly treated than others under the Roman dominion? We shall at once perceive that this could not have been so, when we call to mind that Sicily was the region where Verres practised his extortions and oppressions, that Africa was the land of the Carthaginians to whom the Romans certainly never showed any peculiar mercy,—Juvenal representing the Africans even in his time as stripped to their very girdles by some cruel proconsul,—and that Egypt from the time of Augustus was considered as a dangerous province, to be governed with peculiar care and rigor.

But hard as the condition of the provinces was in other respects, they were not subjected so frequently to those agrarian proceedings which harassed Italy. Much of their land was confiscated and fell into the hands of the Romans, who made these provincial estates *productive* farms instead of luxurious country-seats like those which they possessed in Italy. But after the arrangements immediately following the conquest, they do not seem to have been annoyed so often by those distributions of land which were intended to secure the favor of the soldiers or the populace.

It will be seen, therefore, that apart from domestic slavery there were at least five causes for the decline of agriculture in Italy, viz: The absence of many of its citizens in the provinces,—the devotion of so large a portion of Italy to purposes of mere luxury,—centralization of political power in the metropolis,—frequent largesses of corn, and insecurity of landed property. Although the serfs were emancipated in Italy about the time when literature revived, its agriculture is not yet flourishing. It would be straying from the point to say that its population still groans under *political* and *ecclesiastic*, if not *domestic* slavery. The blighting influence of the former must be freely acknowledged; yet, it must be recollected that political despotism was as well established in the time of the emperors, and that superstition held sway at Rome from its very foundation. In the Middle Ages, too, Venice, Genoa and Pisa were as well entitled to the name of republics, as Rome during a large part of her nominally free existence.

It would be foreign from the design of these remarks to enquire why modern Italy has not advanced pari passu with other countries of Europe in the cultivation and improvement of its soil. But enough has been said to show that in tracing its original decline to slavery *alone*, we should completely overlook some of the best ascertained and most prominent facts in Roman history.

PHILALETHES.

---

## "MY YOUTH'S ANGELIC DREAM."

> "I bear beneath this altered brow
> The ashes of a thousand dreams."—*Willis.*

I have been fashioned thus. And this cold world
May rail, and laugh, and think to laugh to scorn
A being formed so different from the mass,
But it is vain. As well attempt to turn
The current of the wind, or strive to stay
The flow of some vast river with a hair,
As to attempt, by jests and ridicule,
To rein the spirit in, or to prevent,
By jibe, or sneer, or freezing frown, or dry
Philosophy, or look, or harsh remark,
The pure outpourings of a deathless soul.
No earth-born influence, no human force,
Can break the wave of its aspiring dreams.
No arrow shot from mortal hand can reach
Free fancy "soaring in its pride of place."

I have been by the world called dreamy, wild.
The world I little heed. Its sentiments,
Its sayings, and its sympathies have not
With me the weight they have with some, e'en kings.
To its opinions I have never bowed,
And will not, altho' priests and prudes may blame.

Yes, I have dreamed; if with the sense awake,
Awake to sight, and sound, and sympathy,
Be dreaming deemed, then I have surely dreamed.
Within the crowded city I have been,
And mingled with the busy multitude,
But there my spirit found no resting-place.
In the deep forest, on the lonely shore,
On lofty mountain tops, in wild ravines,
Where human footstep seldom mars the reign
Of Nature's silence, I have loved to be.
In these lone solitudes I've learned a love,
Unknown to those who traffic in the marts.
Reclining on some beetling rock whose brow
Has felt the whirlwinds of a thousand years,
Free friendship with the thunder I have made,
And in the lightning thought or *dreamed* I saw
The flashes of the great Eternal's eye.
The whispering of the rill, the melody
That zephyrs breathed upon the midnight air,
Have been to me a sound from heaven—
The music of departed loveliness.

But where, O where is it! the pure, the bright,
The beautiful embodiment of love!

The incarnation of my life-long dream!
Where can it be? or what? It may be vain,
But I have thought there might be such on earth:
A woman of angelic gentleness;
A being of enchanting charms, as pure
As the fresh-blown flower and beautiful
As pure. 'Tis true I've gazed with rapt delight—
It may have been perchance with love—on one
Whose smile was sweet and winning as the first
That mantles on the face of infancy;
Whose voice went to the heart like melting tones
Of far off music in the midnight hour;
And she appeared so innocent withal,
Her cheek would blanch just at the name of sin;
But is this it? the being of my being?
For which I've suffered sleepless nights, and days
Of fever and of thought?—thought which usurps
Upon my brow the place of youth. Is this
The flesh and blood of my congenial dream?
The real image of my mind's ideal?
It may be so, and as the dream of her
Has been a part of me, a lovely part,
May she not be so too? Say, lady, say.

ALBAN.

---

ESSAYS ON THE

# EARLY LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

OF ENGLAND.

## No. III.

*The Age of Wicliff and Chaucer, from A. D. 1350 to A. D. 1400.*

### PART I.—THE RISE OF ENGLISH PROSE LITERATURE.

The fact is general, if not universal, that the first literary compositions of a nation are poetical. They are either songs expressive of the passions, or recitals of interesting events, which, partly for embellishment, and partly to aid the memory, are put into a metrical form. Orpheus composed his hymns, and Homer his immortal rhapsodies, in Greece, many ages before Herodotus told the story of his country in simple prose. So it was, (to cite no more examples,) among the Anglo-Saxons. The author of Beowulf composed his metrical legend about four centuries before King Alfred and the translators of the Bible laid the foundation of Saxon prose literature. When the old Saxon language, after the Norman conquest, first degenerated into semi-Saxon, and then, by gradual admixture with French and Latin, became our English language; its scanty literature, during nearly 300 years, consisted almost wholly of metrical compositions. Even that which, in the form of chronicles, was designed to convey the sober truths of history, was still formed into regular numbers, sweetened with rhyme, though destitute of all the intellectual beauties of poetry: so much did the popular taste require the form of poetry, even when, from defect of genius, or from the nature of the subject, the spirit of poetry was wanting. No prose composition, aspiring to the dignity or deserving the name of a book, was written in English before the year 1356.

We are not to infer from this, that England had no sort of prose literature for so long a time. Latin, as we have before remarked, was the language of the church and of the schools; few could read, or had any taste for prose writings who did not understand Latin, and did not prefer this classical language to the crude dialect of the illiterate commonalty. Hence, as a matter of course, every work designed for the use of scholars was composed in Latin; and even during the dark ages not a century passed without bringing forth some writer, or several, who, in England, produced Latin prose writings, good, bad, or indifferent. During the 13th and 14th centuries a considerable number of such appeared. Some English authors wrote Latin poetry too, either grave or gay,—such as it was—and it was not always bad;—some might be called good poetry, but none so good as to redeem it from its obscure imprisonment on the shelves of old libraries. Dr. Henry did, however, in spite of dust and cobwebs, draw forth and examine some of it, and they who wish to see specimens of it, may find them in his most *useful* and most *neglected* History of England. Our theme is the English language and its literature; to which we now return.

By the year 1350, the vernacular tongue of the English had come into such general use even among the educated classes, and had been so far improved in the course of ages, that some scholars began to consider it a proper medium of communication with the reading public. It had before this time come into frequent use in epistolary correspondence, a fact which shows it to have become the common household language even of the more intelligent classes of people.

The first book of any note, written in English prose, is entitled,

"The Voiage and Travaille of Ser John Maundeville, knight."

This Sir John Maundeville was born about the year 1300. He was liberally educated, and became a physician. While yet a young man he was led by an ardent curiosity to leave his native country, and to spend more than 30 years in foreign countries. He visited the greater part of Europe, much of Asia and Northern Africa, and made sundry voyages by sea. In one of these he penetrated far into the Southern Hemisphere. During his long peregrinations he learned many languages, and ac-

quired a vast store of information respecting the countries which he visited. On his return he wrote the history of his travels, first in Latin, then in English, in French and in Italian.

His book was highly esteemed for a long time after it had been written; for in those ages the foreign world was little known among the English; and the information, conveyed by such a traveller, must have been great in its amount, and novel and interesting in its nature. But much of what he relates in his book has been, in later and more enlightened ages, considered as fabulous. It may be observed, however, that "his design seems to have been to commit to writing whatever he had heard or read concerning the places which he visited. Hence he has taken descriptions of monsters from Pliny, copied accounts of miracles from legends, and related fabulous stories upon the authority of authors, who are now classed as mere romancers, so that many, perhaps most of the falsehoods of his work, properly belong to preceding writers, who, however much they may be now despised or disregarded, were considered as of good credit at the time when he wrote. But this does not appear to be any good reason why he should not be believed in regard to circumstances which he relates from his own observation."

So says the writer of the sketch of his life in the Encyclopædia Britannica. Without pretending to determine whether or not this great traveller used the traveller's privilege of telling marvellous stories of his own invention to make people stare, we will venture to remark, that if former ages were too ready to swallow, in their ignorance, every tale of wonder that was told them with a serious face, we, in these latter days, presuming on our superior knowledge, are often too ready to reject as fabulous every report of distant times and places which does not conform to our notions of probability. So that delightfully garrulous old historian, Herodotus, was long thought to have, in his credulous simplicity, retailed as historic verities a number of fictitious stories, which he had gathered from the Egyptian priests and other dealers in the marvellous, whom he had met with in his travels. Yet strange to say, recent discoveries of the existence or of the signification of ancient monuments in Egypt have confirmed—or at least tended to confirm—some of the discredited statements of the old historian. And Marco Polo, who, like Mandeville, was a great traveller in the Middle Ages, told so many strange things of what he had seen in the remote parts of Asia, that when modern science began to make sophomore philosophers sceptical, his book was scouted as a mere romance. But the extension of geographical knowledge within the last age or two has restored, in a great degree, the credit of the old Venetian traveller. "Drinking deep has sobered us again." However, our concern is not with Sir John Mandeville's credibility, but with "the form and pressure" of his old English style. The English copy of his work was written in the year 1356, and the last edition of it was printed in 1727. Copies of it are now rarely to be had. For want of one we have to borrow a specimen from the long extract given by Dr. Johnson in the preface to his English Dictionary.

We shall first give some sentences in the original orthography, to show how he spelled his English in those days of orthographical liberty, when every man—for want of an acknowledged standard—spelled in the way that seemed good in his own eyes. We shall then give a farther specimen with the spelling modernized, and also the form of the words, when it differs unessentially from the modern form of the same words. We shall *Italicise* the words of foreign origin, to show the reader what progress had now been made in the adoption of terms from the French, Latin, and other languages. It will be seen that the custom of mixing foreign words with the old English stock was now fully established, though as yet the number of these alien terms was not nearly so great as it afterwards became.

### Specimens from Sir John Mandeville.

1. *An exact copy of the original.*

"In that lond, ne in many othere bezonde that, no man may see the sterre *Transmontane*, that is clept the sterre of the see, that is *unmevable*, and that is toward the Northe, that we clepen the lode sterre. But men seen another sterre, the contrary to him, that is toward the Southe, that is clept *Antartyk*. And right as the schip men taken here *avys* here and *governe* hem be the lode sterre; right so don schip men bezonde the *parties*, be the sterre of the Southe, the which sterre *appereth* not to us. And this sterre that is toward the Northe, that wee clepen the lode sterre, *apperethe* not to hem. For whiche *cause* men may well *perceyve* that the lond and the sea ben of rownde schapp and *forme*; for the *partie* of the *firmament* shewethe in o *contree*, that shewethe not in another *contree*; and men may well preven be *experience* and *sotyle compassement* of wytt, that zif a man fond *passages* be schippes that wolde go to serchen the world, men myghte go be schippe all aboute the world, and aboven and benethen."

Thus far we have copied word for word and letter for letter. Sir John proceeds to prove the rotundity of the earth by his own observation of the North Star, as he travelled Southwards, until it disappeared, and the South pole star arose, and continued to ascend as he proceeded, until, at the Southern extreme of his travels, it had reached the altitude of 33 degrees. If he be correct in this, he must have approached the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope.

We shall now continue the quotation by giving

2. *A modernized verbal copy of the original.*

"And if I had company and shipping for to go

more beyond, I trow well in *certain* that we should have seen all the roundness of the *firmament* all about.—I have seen the three *parts* of all the roundness of the *firmament*, and more: by the which I say you *certainly*, that men may *environ* all the earth of all the world, as well under as above, and turn again to his *country*, that had *company* and shipping and *conduct;* and always he should find men, lands and isles, as well as in this *country*. For ye wit well, that they that be toward the *Antarctick*, they be straight feet against feet of them that dwell under the *Tramontane*, as well as we and they that dwell under us, be feet against feet: for all the parts of sea and land have their *opposites*, *habitables* or *tresspassables*, and they of this half and (of the) beyond half. But it seemeth to *simple* men unlearned, that men may not go under the earth, and also that men should fall toward the heaven from under! But that may not be, upon less than we may fall toward the heaven from the earth, where we be: for from what *part* of the earth that men dwell, either above or beneath; it seemeth always to them that dwell, that they go more right than any other folk. And right as it seemeth to us that they be under us, right so it seemeth them that we be under them. For if a man might fall from the earth unto the *firmament*, by greater *reason*, the earth and the sea that be so great and heavy, should fall to the *firmament*. But that may not be: And therefore saith our Lord God, Non timeas me, qui suspendi terram ex nihilo? [Wilt thou not fear me, who have hung the earth upon nothing?] And albeit that it be *possible* thing, that men may so *environ* all the world; nevertheless of a 1000 *persons*, one might not happen to *return* to his *country*. For, for the greatness of the earth and of the sea, men may go by a 1000 and a 1000 other ways, that no man could rede [direct] him *perfectly* toward the *parts* that he came from, but if [except] it were by *adventure* or hap or by the *grace* of God. For the earth is full *large* and full great and holdeth in roundness and about *environ* [in circumference] by above and by beneath, 20425 miles, after the opinion of the old wise astronomers; and their sayings I *reprove* nought. But after my little wit, it seemeth me, *saving* their *reverence*, that it is more." *

We shall close our extracts from Mandeville with the following passage taken from the conclusion of his book: "which," says Dr. Johnson, "is valuable for the force of thought and beauty of expression."

"And I, John Maundeville knight above said (although I be unworthy) that *departed* from our *countries* and *passed* the sea, the year of *grace* 1322, and have *passed* many lands and many isles and *countries* and searched many full *strange places*, and have been in many a full good *honorable company*, and many a fair deed of *arms* (albeit that I did not myself, from mine *unable insufficience*:) now I am come home (*maugre* myself) to rest: for *gouts*, *arthritics*, that me *distrain*, they *define* the end of my *labor*, against my will (God knoweth.) And thus taking *solace* in my wretched rest, *recording* the time *passed*, I have fulfilled these things, and put them written in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of *grace* 1356, in the 34th year that I *departed* from our *countries*. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me; and I shall pray for them. And all they that say for me a *paternoster*, with an *Ave Maria*, that God forgive me my sins, I make them *partners*, and *grant* them *part*, of all the good pilgrimages and of all the good deeds that I have done, if any be to his *pleasaunce:* and not only of them, but of all that ever I shall do to my life's end," &c.

The soft plaintiveness of this passage—its rhythmical tone of sorrow, reminds us strongly of some passages in Alfred's Boethius. It is a style more Saxon than English. He that would now write in a similar strain, must leave the artificial stateliness of our modern style and go back to the ancient simplicity—"the pure wells of English" *unrefined* as well as "undefiled;" the product of feeling, not of rhetorical rules.

On the religious sentiments of this passage, we cannot forbear to remark that the pious old traveller seems not to have thought of any other merits through which sins might be forgiven, but those arising from the saying of Paternosters and Ave Marias, and the doing of goodly pilgrimages, and other good deeds of like sort. Such were the notions of religion taught by the church in those days.

The next prose author of note, who appears on the stage, is the celebrated John Wicliff, "the morning star of the Reformation."

Wicliff was born in Yorkshire about the year 1324. He studied in the university of Oxford, and in a few years began to distinguish himself by his learning and strength of mind. He took orders and might have risen to high honors in the church if he had chosen to pay court to the pope, and to sustain the reigning abuses in the church. But he was not long in discovering and lamenting the sad state of religion. In 1356 he wrote his first treatise in English, entitled "The Last Age of the Chirche," in which he showed his deep feeling on account of the evils and corruptions universally

* Sir John was right in believing the circumference of the earth to be more than "the old wise astronomers" made it: but then he overrates it as much by estimating a degree of the meridian at 87½ miles instead of 69½, the true measure. The reader can see from the above extract, that although the learned, in the 14th century, had ascertained that the earth was spherical, and not as "flat as a pancake," according to the more ancient notion, yet the sciences of astronomy, and geography, and the art of navigation, were yet insufficient to enable men to circumnavigate the globe. It was not until the following age that the Southern nations of Europe entered upon their brilliant career of maritime discovery. In Mandeville's time, the mathematical sciences were wholly neglected in England, and any man—such as the famous Roger Bacon—who meddled much with mathematics or with physical science, was accused of dealing with the devil, and had to operate secretly, to avoid being burnt for a magician.

prevalent in the church. As a specimen of his English style at this period, cotemporary with Mandeville, we copy the concluding sentences of this tract:

"Whanne we weren synful and children of wraththe, Goddis sone cam out of hevene, and *preyying* his fadir for his *enemyes*, and he deyed for us, thanne myche rathere we, ben maad rightful bi his blood, schul be *saved*. Poul writith to the romaynes v. c. He schal *praye* for us. Jhesus went into hevene to *apere* to the *semlant* [presence] of God for us. Poul to the hebrees: the which *semlant* he *graunte* us to see, that liveth and *regneth* withoute eende, Amen."

Wicliff's first quarrel was with the mendicant friars, who swarmed in the country like locusts, exercising the trade of pardoners, preachers and sellers of holy nostrums. Under vows of poverty and chastity most of them led lives of luxury and lewdness, while their trade and the pope's authority gave them access to every family in the land. Circumstances afterwards brought him into conflict with the pope himself, who demanded tribute of England as a dependency of the Holy See. This led him to examine the foundation of the Papal claims to dominion in church and state. The result was, a conviction that all these claims were destitute of Divine authority; that many of the doctrines and practices then prevalent in the church were mere corruptions of true christianity; and that the Bible is the only infallible standard of christian doctrine and morals. Hence he undertook to translate the scriptures into English, and finally accomplished the work, notwithstanding the persecutions which the Pope and the higher clergy of England directed against him.

During the Anglo-Saxon times, the clergy of England, being less intimately connected than others with the See of Rome—or less slavishly submissive to it at least—expounded the scriptures to the people; and it was to aid them in this work of instruction, that they made the glosses or translations formerly mentioned. But after the government was seized by the Normans, who were much more zealous papists than the Anglo-Saxons, the church, now governed by French priests, no longer gave scriptural instruction. The prescribed routine of Bible lessons was read only in Latin, which not one in 500 of the people—and not all even of the clergy—understood. The priest might as well have read the Koran, or any thing else, so far as popular instruction was concerned. So it continued during 300 years, until Wicliff's time, when both clergy and people had almost entirely lost sight of the inspired writings: the illiterate multitude knew little more of the word of God than the idolatrous heathen.

Now when the English language was coming into general use, and the gift of reading, as many circumstances show, was less rare than formerly, Wicliff's translation of the Bible marks an important era in the history of English literature, as well as of the English church. Luther's German Bible became, in the 16th century, the parent and the model of classical German, though the half of Germany spoke a different dialect. But two circumstances prevented this first English translation from having the same effect in fixing the standard of classical English. One is, that the art of printing having not yet been invented, copies of the Bible could not be generally circulated, as in Luther's time, 150 years later. The other is, that although Wicliff escaped the persecuting fury of his enemies, his numerous disciples, called Lollards, and his heretical writings—including his English Bible—were, after his death, pursued and destroyed with unrelenting vengeance; so that the incipient reformation in England was crushed before it had time to ripen.

What Wicliff's version, for the reasons just mentioned, could not accomplish, was afterwards done by new translations made by the English Reformers in the 16th century. They first gave to the English language a settled form, from which it has not materially departed since.

The first translation, after Wicliff's, was Tyndal's, whose New Testament in its revised form was printed in the year 1534, while the tyrant Henry VIII. was still a papist. This was soon followed by Coverdale's and Cranmer's English Bibles, after the same tyrant had declared himself pope of England. During the reign of the "bloody Mary," the English Protestant Exiles at Geneva published another translation in 1577. A few years after her death and the restoration of the Reformed religion, the English Roman Catholics published at Rheims, in France, an English translation of the Vulgate Latin, or Romish New Testament, for the purpose of counteracting the influence of the Protestant translations, which were all, from Tyndal's downwards, made from the original Greek and Hebrew. Finally, King James I.—that "bonnie King and muckle wise mon" as he thought himself to be—ordered a new translation to be made. This, which is our common version, was completed and published in 1611.

From a comparison of these protestant translations, after Wicliff's time, it is easy to see that the later translators imitated the phraseology of the earlier ones, as nearly as they thought the sense of the original would permit. Hence there is through the whole of them a general uniformity of style, showing the influence of the earlier translations in giving currency to a particular style; and the influence of the whole in giving stability to the language. Though the English classical style has been gradually changing since the time of James I., and many new words have been introduced, yet the language of our English Bible has not become obsolete. With the exception of

three or four idioms, ten or a dozen words, and two or three other small particulars, the English of our Bible is still our vernacular English, though 236 years have elapsed since the translation was made. Now, if we go back as many years from 1611, we shall come to the year 1345; or rather, if we deduct 236 years from 1539, the date of Cranmer's Bible, which differs very slightly from King James', we come to the age of Robert of Gloucester, whose uncouth and unintelligible English, we noticed in the preceding essay. The comparison illustrates what we have said on the influence of the English Bible, from the time of the Reformation, in fixing the form and style of our language. From Wicliff to Cranmer was an interval of 150 years; from Cranmer to the present time, a period more than twice as long; yet the language changed more in the former than in the latter period.

Presuming that those who have curiosity enough on the subject to read these essays, would like to see specimens of some of these translations, (if they have not heretofore met with them,) we shall give a synoptic view of the changes of the language for the space of 1800 years, by presenting successive translations of the same passage of the New Testament. The translations that we have selected are, 1st, the Anglo-Saxon, made A. D. 900; 2nd, Wicliff's A. D. 1380; 3rd, Tyndal's, 1534; 4th, King James', (our common version,) 1611; and 5th, Dr. George Campbell's, 1788. The two first were made from the Latin Vulgate; Wicliff's because he was ignorant of Greek, which was not yet taught in England; and the Rheims translation, also, because the Vulgate was the standard Bible of the Romanists.

The passage that we have selected is Luke VIII, 27—29, 33. We give the versions an interlinear arrangement, for the sake of easier comparison. We *italicise* some important words in which the translations chiefly differ; we distinguish each translation by numbers and initial letters before every line; and we add foot-notes to explain certain Anglo-Saxon words, now obsolete. We retain the original orthography of each version.

*Luke VIII*, 27—29, 33.

1. A-S. Tha he to lande com, him *agen-arn*[1] sum man,
2. W—f. Whanne he wente out to the londe, a man *ranne to* him,
3. T—l. As he went out to londe, ther *met* him a certayne man,
4. C. V. When he went forth to land, there *met* him out of the city a certain man,
5. G. C. Being come ashore, a man of the city *met* him,

1. A-S. se haefde *deoful-seocnysse*[2] lange tede, and *naes* mid
2. W—f. that hadde *a devel* long tyme, and he was not
3. T—l. out of the oite, which had *a devyll* long tyme, and *ware*
4. C. V. which had *devils* long time, and *ware*
5. G. C. who had been long *possessed by demons*, and who *wore*

1. A-S. *nanon*[3] reafe *gescrydd*[4] and ne mihte on huse *gewunian*
2. W—f. clothed with cloth, nethir *dwellid* in hous,
3. T—l. *noo* clothes, neither *aboode* in eny housse,
4. C. V. *no* clothes, neither *abode* in any house,
5. G. C. *no* clothes, and had no *habitation*

1. A-S. ac on *byrgenum*.[5] Tha he geseah *thaene Haeland*,[6]
2. W—f. but in *sepulcris*. This whanne he saie ihesus,
3. T—l. but amonge *graves*. When he sawe Jesus,
4. C. V. but in the *tombes*. When he saw Jesus,
5. G. C. but the *sepulchres*. When he saw Jesus,

1. A-S. he *astrehte*[7] hine toforan him, and *cwaeth*,[8]
2. W—f. *fil doun* hyfor him, and he cried with
3. T—l. he cried, and *fell doune* before him, and with a *loud*
4. C. V. he cried out, and *fell downe* before him, and with a *lowd*
5. G. C. he roared out, and *threw himself* at his feet,

1. A S. *mycelre* strefne*hrymende*,[9] Hwaet is me and the,
2. W—f. a *greet* vois, seide, What to me and to thee,
3. T—l. voyce saide, What have I to do with thee,
4. C. V. voyce said, What have I to doe with thee,
5. G. C. crying what hast thou to do with me,

1. A-S. Ia Haeland, thaes *hehstan* Godes sunu? Ie *halsige*
2. W—f. ihesus, the sone of the *higest* God? I *biseche*
3. T—l. Jesus, the sonne of the God *most highest?* I *beseche*
4. C. V. Jesus, thou sonne of God *most high?* I *beseech*
5. G. C. Jesus Son of the *Most High God?* I *beseech*

1. A—S. the that thu ne wreage me. Tha bead he
2. W—f. thee that thou turmente me not: For he comaunded
3. T—l. the torment me not: Then he commaunded
4. C. V. thee torment me not: (For he had commanded
5. G. C. thee, do not torment me: (For he had ordered

[1] *agen-arn*, ran against, met. [2] *deoful-seocnysse*, devil-sickness [3] *nanon*, not any, none. [4] *gescrydd*, clothed. [5] *byrgenum*, burial places. [6] *Haeland*, healer, Savior. [7] *astrehte*, stretched. [8] *cwaeth*, quoth. [9] *hrymend*, screaming.

1. A-S. tham unclaenan *gaste*[10] that he of tham man
2. W—f. the unclene *spirit* that he schulde *go out* fro the
3. T—l. the foule *sprete* to *come out* of the
4. C. V. the uncleane *spirit* to *come out* of the
5. G. C. the unclean *spirit* to *come out* of the

1. A-S. *ferde;* sothlice lange tide he hine *gegrap;* that
2. W—f. man; for he *toke* him ofte times, and
3. T—l. man; for oft tymes he *caught* him, and
4. C. V. man; for oftentimes it *had caught* him, and
5. G. C. man for it had frequently *seized* him, insomuch

1. A-S. he waes mid *racenteagum* gebunden, und mid
2. W—f. he was bounden with *cheynes*, and
3. T—l. he was bounde with *chaynes* and
4. C. V. hee was kept bound with *chaines* and
5. G. C. that when he was *chained* and

1. A-S. *fot-copsum* gehealden, and *toborstenum* ben
2. W—f. kept in *stockis*, and whanne the bondis
3. T—l. kept with *fetters*, and he *brake* the
4. C. V. in *fetters*, and he *brake* the
5. G. C. *fettered*, he *broke* his

1. A-S. dum, he waes fram *deofle* on *westen*[11] gelaedd.
2. W—f. weren *broken*, he was ledde of *devilis* into *desert*.
3. T—l. bondes, and was caryed of the *fende* into *wilderness*.
4. C. V. bands, and was driven of the *devill* into the wildernesse.
5. G. C. bonds, and was driven by the *fiend* into the desert.

Here we skip two verses and conclude the extract with the 33rd.

1. A-S. Tha *eoden* hig of tham man on tha swyn;
2. W—f. And so the devilis *wenten* out fro the man and entriden into the swyn,
3. T—l. Then went the devyls out of the man and entred into the swyne,
4. C. V.—Then went the devils out of the man and entred into the swine,
5. Then the demons, having quitted the man, entered into the swine,

1. A-S. tha ferde *seo heord* mycelum raese on *thaene mere*
2. W—f. and with a birre, *the flock* went heedlynge into *the pool*,
3. T—l. and *the heerd* toke their course and ran heedlynge into *the lake*
4. C. V. and *the herd* ranne violently downe a steep place into *the lake*
5. G. C. and the herd rushed down a precipice into *the lake*

1. A-S. an wearth thar adruncan.
2. W—f. and was drenchid.
3. T—l. and were choked.
4. C. V. and were choked.
5. G. C. and were drowned.

[10] *gaste*, ghost, spirit. [11] *westen*, wastes.

The first age of English prose literature produced two other writers worthy of attention in our historical sketch. The one of these is Trevisa, from whom we formerly quoted two or three sentences: the other is the famous Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and a distinguished prose writer also. Both these were cotemporary with Wicliff and the three will together afford us a complete view of English prose style near the close of the 14th century.

We quote a little more from Trevisa, because his subject in our extract is the English language, about which he makes some curious observations. We somewhat—not perfectly—modernize his spelling.

"As it is known, (says he,) how many manner peple beeth in this lond; there beeth also so many divers longages and tongues. Notheless Walshmen and Scots that beeth nought meddled [mixed] with other nations, holdeth well nigh hir [their] first longage and speech.—Also Englishmen, they had from the beginning three manner speech; northern, southern and middle speech in the middle of the lond; as they come of three manner of peple of Germania: notheless by commixtion and melling first with Danes, and afterwards with Normans, in many the contrary longage is *apayred* [corrupted.]—Het seemeth a great wonder how Englishmen and her [their] own longage and tongue, is so divers of soun [sound] in this one island.—Also of the foresaid Saxon tongue, that is deled [divided] a three, and is abide scarcely with few uplondish men, [men of the country] is great wonder. For men of the east with men of the west—accordeth more in soun[d]ing of speche, than men of the North with men of the South. Therefore it is that Mercii, that beeth men of middle Englond, as it were parteners of the ends, understondeth better the side longages, northern and southern, than northern and southern understondeth either other. All the longage of the Northumbers, and specially at York, is so sharp, slitting and frotynge, and unshape, that we southern may that longage unnethe understond. I trow that that is bycause that they beeth nigh to strange men and nations that speketh strangly," &c.

In another place Trevisa says, (we copy his words exactly,) "Some use straunge whaffing, chytryng, harring, garryng and grysbyting" in their speech. These northern English must have had a horrible way of utterance to deserve such a description of it.

While Trevisa uses comparatively few terms of foreign origin, Chaucer, as the following extract will show, uses them so profusely as to have subjected him to the charge, even in his own age, of corrupting the English language. His language is, however, on this very account more like modern English; and if he offended by a too copious introduction of French and Latin words, he deserved the praise of excelling all his cotemporaries in the construction of his sentences, which have a neatness and a felicity of expression which few writers attained for a long time after him.

We qnote from his Persone's Tale in the Canterbury Tales. It is not properly a tale, but a Tract on Penitence, suitable to the character of a Parson, in whose mouth Chancer puts it.

"What say we eke of them that delight themselves in swearing, and hold it a *genterie* or manly deed to swear great oaths? And what of them that of very *usage* cease not to swear great oaths, all be the *cause* not worth a straw. Certes, this is horrible sin. Swearing suddenly without *avisement*, is also a great sin. But let us go now to that *horrible* swearing of *adjuration* and *conjuration*, as doen these false *enchanters* and *necromancers* in basins full of water, or in a bright swerd, in a circle, or in a fire, or in a shoulder bone of a sheep: I cannot sayn but that they do cursedly and *damnably* agenst Christ and all the faith of holy church.

What say we of them that believen on *divinales*, as by flight, or by noise of birds, or of beasts, or by *sorte* of *geomancy*, by dreams, or by chirking of doors, or by cracking of houses, by gnawing of rats, and such *manner* of wretchedness? Certes; all these things ben *defended* [forbidden] by God and holy church; for which they ben accursed, till they come to *amendment* that on such filth set their believe. Charms for wounds, or for *maladies* of men, or of beasts, if they take any effect, it may be *peradventure* that God suffereth it; for folk should give the more faith and reverence to his name."

We have partially modernized the orthography, and in so doing have made this passage of Chaucer quite easily intelligible to the common English reader. We cannot fill our small remaining space with any thing better than some more sentences from Chaucer. The following are from "The Tale of Melibeus."

*War.*

"There is full many a man that crieth War! War! that wote full little what war amounteth [to]. War at his beginning hath so great an entering and so large, that every wight may enter when him liketh, and lightly find war: but Certes, what end that shall befall, it is not light to know. For sothely, when that war is once begun, there is full many a child unborn of his mother, that shall starve, [perish] young, because of that war; or else live in sorrow or die in wretchedness; and therefore, ere that any war be begun, men must have great counsel and great deliberation."

*Revenge.*

"In no case of the world should a man do outrage or excess to avenge himself. For Cassidore saith, that as evil doth he that vengeth himself by outrage, as he that doeth the outrage. And therefore ye shallen venge you after the order of right, that is to sayen, by the law and not by excess nor by outrage. And also if ye woll venge you of the outrage of your adversary, in other manner than right commandeth, ye sinnen. And therefore saith Senek, that a man shall never venge shrewedness [ill nature] by shrewedness."

These extracts suffice to exemplify the prose style and the moral sentiments of Chaucer. In our next number we shall notice his poetry and and that of his cotemporaries.

H. R.

*Virginia.*

---

## THE DEAR OLD SEAT.—A SONG.

BY BYRONA.

I.

I see ye, as ye gather there
  Around the hearth-stone gray,
To live again, each word and look,
  That bless'd ye, through the day:—
I see ye all—each seat ye fill—
  Each look—each smile ye wear,
And hear again each word of love
  Ye fondly whisper there:—
    And O! the seat,—the dear old seat—
      That's waiting there for me—
    O keep it still—let no one fill
      The seat so lov'd by me!

II.

I know to-night, ye're sadder all—
  Each word—each look—each smile—
For ye are thinking now of one
  Who thinks of you the while,
And wishes for that seat again
  Where ming'ling hearts are one,
And ming'ling voices sweetly rise
  Around that old hearth-stone.
    And there that seat—that dear old seat—
      So fondly lov'd by me—
    O keep it still—let no one fill
      The seat once filled by me!

*Memphis, Tenn.*

---

## WE HAVE LINGERED LONG TOGETHER.

We have lingered long together—
  We have loved each other well—
The tears now lightly falling
  That gentle story tell.

But a silly sadness hovers
  Around the mourning heart,
We feel the gloomy sentence:—
  We love and we must *part*.

Dost thou deem that time will coldly,
  A change upon us cast?

That the future 'll prove me faithless,
Forgetful of the past!

No;—kind thoughts of thee will linger,
And Memory oft will dart,
With a glance undimmed by absence,
Like sunshine through the heart.

Tho' smiles as bright may lure me,
And hearts as warm there be,
My fancy still untravel'd
Will whisper still of thee.

I know 'tis vain to murmur,—
But oh, I'll not forget,
One thought, one feeling cherished,
Since we, as strangers, met.

ESTELLE.

*Holly Springs, Miss.*

---

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER V.

Mordecai had several times met Haman, and once encountered his prying eye, which seemed to wear in its expression some vague reminiscence of his person, but withdrew its gaze, effectually baffled by his metamorphosis. Embolded by this success, he ceased to avoid him, and confronted him in the streets with the indifference of any unknown passenger. On one of these occasions, Haman stopped his horse and motioned him to approach, and in a tone of authority asked, "what is your name?"

"*Mardocheus*," replied Mordecai,—the two names being the same among the Jews.

"The intonations of your voice are not Persian, and your name and person resemble a creature I have seen before. Of what nation are you?"

"I am a Jew," replied Mordecai boldly.

"A Jew! I thought as much," continued Haman soliloquizing, "and was struck with that face the first time I beheld it. The features and the voice are the same; but the gait, the decrepitude and the snowy locks are wanted to complete the personage. Pray, know you a Jew named Mordecai?" he resumed aloud, fixing a look of intense scrutiny upon the old man.

"I do know him," answered Mordecai concisely.

"Is he a kinsman that you so much resemble him?"

"Yes: a very near kinsman. His parents were also mine."

"Ha! your brother! then you can tell me where he may be found. I owe him some favors, which I would fain bestow without delay."

"Many a long day has it been since my eyes greeted so near a kinsman," replied Mordecai, "nor can I give a probable guess where you may find a brother of mine."

"Get thee gone, thou dog of a Jew," said Haman with impatient disappointment, "why do I waste words on one of thy subtle race? I might have known the answer before I put the question."

"I am safe," said Mordecai smiling as he walked away. "He remembers me no more, and Esther, my little Esther, need not fear him, since under the powerful protection of the prince. Yet the prince! the prince!" resumed he with a sigh—"there is danger from that source. I fear his kindness is the child of passion."

This encounter awakened the hopes of Haman to discover Esther's retreat, and calling one of his attendants, he bade him watch the motions of Mordecai, pursue him unobserved to his dwelling and learn, by whatever means, whether the Jewess Hadassah had ventured to return to Susa. Yet Haman was not without some misgivings and terrors of superstition: for in addition to her hitherto successful defiance to his power and the ready means which seemed continually at hand to effect her rescue from his grasp, the guards, who had heard Mordecai's figurative language, and witnessed the triumphant departure of Esther from Babylon, in conjunction with the ministers employed by Zeresh to mutilate her person, in palliation of a seeming neglect of duty, and to soften the resentment of their powerful superiors, reported a miraculous interposition of the gods, who had suddenly veiled them from their sight and pursuit. Some of them did not not scruple to declare Esther a witch, who had transformed herself into an eagle and flown away, and others gave their opinion that she was one of the Grecian goddesses. Though affecting to despise this version of their transit, his mind, imbued with the superstitions of the countries in which he had lived, was harrassed with doubts and fears upon the subject; though the reflection that a supernatural being, and not a mere mortal, had baffled his power, afforded a consolatory balm to his haughty spirit. Haman's spy, obedient to his master's commands, kept up his torturous pursuit of Mordecai, stealthily following him with cat-like vigilance, through winding alleys and crowded thoroughfares and crouching or retiring from view whenever he stopped or looked around, till he fairly trailed him to his dwelling. Thus far successful he prowled about the house, as a wolf about a sheep-cot, intent upon his errand. After a long and unsuccessful espionage his eyes caught the graceful form of Esther returning home from the prince's palace accompanied by the eunuch. He had assisted in forcing her to Haman's palace in Susa, and knew her slight and graceful figure at once.

Besides, if any confirmation of the identity of her person had been wanted, a slight movement of her veil, as she turned her head towards the eunuch, uncovered enough of her features to satisfy all doubts. Exulting in his success, he hastened to his master and reported his discovery of the fugitive Jewess.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "found! and here in Susa! this looks like bearding the lion, and savors of defiance indeed. But be she witch, goddess, or devil, I will put her powers to the test once more and see if she will slip my fingers a third time. Zeresh is away and so are the little dancing imps, and we shall see what new device she will conjure up to baffle me. This time I have her safe—so lead the way."

The guide hastily led the way and quickly brought Haman to the well-noted house, when throwing his bridle to the slave, he entered it without delay. In the first room from the street door sat Esther, poring over some abstruse work and so deeply absorbed in its study as to be unconscious of the intruder's presence till he addressed her. "Ah, fair and enchanting dream that never leaves me! have I traced you at last!"

Esther leaped from her seat with a loud scream, and hastened to escape by flight, but Haman caught her by the arm and forcibly stopped her, and in a tone of triumph said, "Neither demons nor familiar spirits can free you now, my own lovely one, so cease to struggle. Haman may be baffled twice—yourself have proven it—but surely never thrice. I have thought of nothing else but thee since last we met, and now I hold thee mine in despite of men and gods combined. The vulgar may call thee goddess and indue thee with powers divine, and surely the error is fairly graced by a form so goddess-like; yet I am armed with proof against such idle dreams. Be mine at once without resistance and I swear to keep concealed your flight from Babylon and absence from the fall of Belus. You know the tenor of the king's decree—there is no fiction in this—and one word of mine will cause this lovely head to be severed from this heaving bosom."

"Your threats bring to me no terrors, thou cruel oppressor," replied Esther intrepidly; "I passed the walls of Babylon by your wife's commands, and the king is too just to punish an involuntary disobedience. Zeresh, not I, is accountable to the King."

"Simple one, think you that tale will ever reach the king, or if it should, that it will avail you aught against one so far above you? I tell you, girl, I am incessantly lashed to madness by the chidings of a woman's tongue, and you the theme of discord. By the glorious light of Mithras, I think I am as much moved to spite my wife in loving thee, as by thy beauteous person; and are not you concerned to spite her too? What favors she intended you, I need not tell you; for your disobedience of her orders plainly proves you knew her purposes, though by what hidden arts you discovered them is a mystery yet. However, I daily bear the charge of warning you, impossible as it was to do so, without a knowledge of your danger."

"I have no revenge to gratify," replied Esther firmly. "Your wife's displeasure was natural, and however unjustly and cruelly she may have meant towards myself, I rather pity her, yoked as she is with one so unworthy of a woman's love, than hate her."

Haman's countenance became crimsoned with rage, and grasping her arm till he caused her pain, he muttered through his clenched teeth, "My gentleness has made you insolent, you little fury. Experience shall teach you as soon to chafe a lion in his den, as throw your taunts at Haman, the Amalekite. I know your race, your juggling priestcraft, and the power to which you ascribe each accidental casualty. Your God, in the shape of two pantomimes freed you once from my power, and again in Babylon He takes the shape of my wife and sets you free. In truth He gets your thanks on easy terms. This time I surely will teach you how vain is your trust in him you call your God; for I will not leave you a minute in the charge of others, nor is Zeresh in the city to succor you now."

"You cannot make me tremble, fearful as you are," replied Esther. "That God whom you impiously blaspheme is my Shepherd. In His presence and under the shadow of His crook, I can mock your threats and laugh your malice to scorn."

"You will!" exclaimed Haman with vehemence and attempting to bear her away in his arms.

"Forbear, I command you in the name of Artaxerxes," cried Esther, presenting to his view the prince's ring.

Haman relaxed his hold, and with a countenance as pale as marble, stood as if transformed to stone.

"Now begone, thou hateful oppressor," resumed Esther—"and believe henceforth, that the God of Israel is able and willing to protect those who trust in Him; and that He has not smitten thee to the dust, attribute to his merciful forbearance. Go, proud, ungodly man, subdue thy evil passions and reform thy vicious life, and peace may yet attend thee."

"Thou art indeed some deity in the shape of woman," said Haman, recovering his speech—"no mortal being could thus obstruct my ends and mock my power. I leave you, not foiled by flesh and blood, but by a spirit, whether invisibly affording you protection, or assuming that shape, is all the same." Thus concluding, with a look of confirmed faith in what he said, Haman left the house.

In an ecstasy of pious gratitude, Esther clasped her small white hands over her forehead and bowing her head till it touched the table by which she

knelt, poured out her spirit in one long, fervent thanksgiving to that Providence whose power to comfort and succor the oppressed knows no barrier, penetrating alike the massy walls and gloomy dungeons of the prison-house, and the sunny fields of space. Yet there remained to her one source of apprehension, mingled with a feeling of indefinable tenderness, which she in vain struggled to overcome—the apprehension of being sought by the young prince. While she firmly resolved to oppose his advances and feared his displeasure, she could not suppress an involuntary yearning towards him. His generous and compassionate treatment of her, so widely contrasting with what she had experienced from other Persians, was deeply touching, because so unexpected. And his manly beauty, too, together with the gentle and affectionate tones of his voice, as he held her hand in his, breathing language of compassion and tenderness, while the harsh reproaches of Vashti still grated on her ear, and her blows yet tingled on her cheeks—and lastly, the ring and the secure protection it brought—all conspired to impress her with sentiments which troubled her when she attempted to analyze them. In this perplexity, her mind recurred to Mordecai as her proper counsellor, to whose guidance she had always implicitly submitted; but for the first time in her life she shrunk from the disclosure, even to him, of feelings that brought the color to her cheeks from simple meditation. Such is the exquisite delicacy of a refined and modest young female. From these reflections and the causes and dependencies that brought her in contact with the prince, in this land of bondage, her mind recurred to the land of her fathers—the once happy Canaan. Though she had never seen it, her heart yearned towards her father-land with all the endearment of an infant to its mother. In her enthusiastic dreams she had clothed it in all the ideal beauties of an enchanting Paradise. "O, Zion!" she exclaimed aloud, "would that I could climb thy holy mount and breathe the air where Godly prophets stood and poured forth, in burning words, the Oracles of God to warn rebellious Israel of the doom of sin. Here, too, I might behold the spot where David stood and tuned his harp in melodies to God. Yes, Zion!—mysterious word, implying blessings yet to come. Among thy cedars, too, famed Lebanon, my spirit loves to roam and contemplate the busy scenes of men when Solomon, the Wise, sat on Judah's throne. Along thy shady banks, too, Jordan, emblematic river, in fancy oft times I have trod, and while gazing on thy peaceful waters, the form of good old Joshua, followed by the host of Abraham's seed, has passed dryshod thy divided waters. How have I longed to press the spot where little Samuel slept when awakened from his slumbers by the voice of God." Esther's rhapsody was here suddenly broken off by a gentle tap at the door. Supposing the visitor to be some Jewish friend, she cried, "come in," but started to her feet greatly agitated, when the door opened, and prince Artaxerxes entered.

"Ah! Esther, my little minstrel, do I indeed find you here, and alone?" asked the prince.

"Yes, my lord," replied Esther in a tremulous and deprecating voice; "you find the orphan girl, whom you nobly protected, *alone*," deeply emphasizing the last word.

"I understand your appeal, my little songster," resumed the prince—"your voice and eye convey your meaning. You would remind me that you are alone and unprotected against any wrong intended you. But still your fears and think better of your prince. Artaxerxes is not the man to harbor in his heart designs of brutal outrage towards one so meek, so lovely, and defenceless—that were worse than cowardice. Besides, poor girl, something in the short acquaintance I have had with you, tells me you have been too much the child of sorrow already; and surely much more noble were the act to soothe than add to it."

So great was the contrast between the prince's generous sentiments and Haman's brutal violence, and so forcibly did it strike upon the heart of Esther, softened as it was by a tender melancholy, that unable to suppress her tumultuous feelings, she buried her face in her hands and wept convulsively.

"I have guessed aright," continued the prince, taking one of her hands in his and gently pressing it. "You are friendless and the ungenerous have dealt cruelly by you. Now let me wipe away these, and take a prince's word for it, that whoever henceforth offers you a wrong, makes Artaxerxes his mortal foe. That ring you wear will give you or your messenger access to me, through bolts and guards and every opposing obstacle at any hour."

"Great prince," replied Esther, "I am unworthy of this generous condescension. Your kindness overwhelms me—yet deep and fervent is my gratitude. Prayers for your happiness shall mingle in my daily devotions, and though they be but the breath of a frail mortal and a poor return for such goodness, yet they are all I have to bestow."

"Nay, charming girl," said the prince, "I claim nothing on the score of gratitude; to protect the weak and defenceless is a duty of every generous mind and brings its own reward to every feeling heart. So regard my protection as a right you may justly claim of a prince, who cannot rightly withhold it. So you are burdened with no obligations. Yet, lovely one, princes sometimes in their turn become suitors to their subjects, and surely they may hope to escape the cruelty of denial. Notwithstanding the eunuch's report to me of your indifference to a prince, I come a confirmed lover, nor will you hear me sue in vain. Indeed, dear girl, you must be mine. Start not that I said you must be mine—I do not mean by force; no! but

by your own free choice, and on such terms as a prince of the blood royal cannot be denied by the gentle heart of a Persian beauty. The laws and customs of all nations, not excepting the sanctimonious zealots, the Jews, permit polygamy. There is nothing to forbid it in the eyes of men or Gods, and surely a prince may enjoy the privilege permitted to the meanest subject. I therefore come to raise you to the dignity of a wife, and, lovely one, unless my person is repulsive, you surely can not refuse an offer both honorable and ennobling. Vashti, whatever her wishes may be, cannot reasonably complain of this, since it is my lawful privilege to take more wives than one. But for your sake I give the pledged word of a prince to limit the number to two. When a princess, you will be raised above the enmity of Vashti and the fear of every molestation."

Esther's heart sank depressed with anguish at the scoffing allusion unwittingly made by the Prince to the Jews. The injustice was doubly painful as falling from the mouth of the man, whose fine person graced by the most gentle and captivating manners, and whose generous sentiments and noble nature had thrown over her susceptible heart the thrilling rapture of a first and fervent love. "He knows not my descent," she reasoned with despondingwretchedness. "To reveal to him my people would excite his disgust; and I should be despised and rejected as a *Jewess*, perhaps with more vehemence than I have been sought as a *Persian*. For what mind, however virtuous, can act independently of preconceptions and prejudices! No! it may not be—God has ordained the captivity of my people and I must share their destiny, nor sinfully seek to avoid it by concealing my origin. God's righteous will has marked out for me a different path and I must pursue it."

"Why are you pale and silent, thou beautiful being!" resumed the prince after waiting in vain for an answer. "Do you yet doubt the purposes of Artaxerxes after his honor is pledged to you? Speak freely as to an equal, and not to a prince. I ask your hand as a lover and claim no right to control your will; for your heart I would have as a free offering, and your station, I repeat, shall be that of a wife. In earnest of my sincerity I seal the pledge with this kiss," concluded he pressing his lips to hers.

Great was the tumult in Esther's bosom at this trying moment, and intense the anguish of her heart, responding so fully to the prince's passion, yet compelled by stern necessity to suppress its emotions and affect a coldness while yearning towards him. However, this conflict was but for a moment, and she replied without further hesitation:

"Most noble prince, you are both generous and just, and will pardon the determination to which circumstances force an unhappy girl to come—more unhappy at this moment than ever before, and believe me prince on your account. O would to God, I *could* be yours, to prove how fond how *ceaselessly* devoted a woman's love can be."

"How is this!" asked the prince letting go her hand and turning pale in his turn. "Do you then love another, Esther, and are you the promised bride of some more happy man! Do not deny it, I see it is so. But fear nothing—you have the word of a prince to determine freely and without a dread of consequences. I am not selfish and will not blight the peace of your young life by crossing the affections of so tender a heart as yours."

This last touch of generosity forced Esther to weep afresh and for several minutes she was unable to speak. Subduing her feelings she at length replied:

"No! noble and generous benefactor, you totally mistake the truth. In this hour of bitter trial I will unbosom a secret I had determined to keep buried in this heart and not suffer you to leave me with the offensive conviction that another is prefered before you by a capricious and ungrateful woman. I owe it to you, great prince, and I owe it to myself to declare, that you have my heart in all the gushing tenderness of a woman's love. How fervently—how intensely it yearns to you. God and myself can only know. Yet dear and loved one we must part and part forever."

"Why what is the meaning of this conclusion!" asked the prince in astonishment. "Why do you dash a cup so thrillingly delightful from my lips just as you had raised it! No! now that the sweet music of that little tongue has told me that dear heart gives throb for throb with mine, it is no longer by force that I cling to you as mine. No! Esther, no! we cannot part," continued he, suddenly springing forwards and clasping her in his arms, "some parent or guardian would force you to marry where you do not love and even to reject your prince, but it shall never be."

"No! prince," replied Esther, in vain endeavoring to escape from his arms, "you again mistake me, the barrier between us is not the work of man. I cannot reveal it, were I to do so, you would acknowledge its power to separate us forever."

"No! no! dear one," continued the prince looking fondly in her uplifted eyes, "I will not let thee go—this is some romantic dream that fills this little throbbing bosom. No force can separate two hearts so fondly pressed together."

"O, prince, indulge not such fond hopes, I repeat, *we must part*," said Esther pressing her head to his bosom and weeping bitterly.

"*Never*," replied the prince vehemently, "at least until I am fully satisfied of the sufficiency of the cause that should sever us. To know of it and to judge of it is surely not too much to ask."

"Dear generous prince, pardon and forgive me, and judge not unkindly, but my tongue cannot utter it," said Esther, unable to endure the thought of

converting his affection into disgust by revealing her kindred and people.

"Then, Esther, I will not give you up. I promised not to force your inclinations, nor would I have done it for all the love I bear you; but you acknowledge your heart and inclinations are all with me, and I shall be perfecting the happiness of both of us."

"Yes, prince," said Esther mournfully, "you must give me up. There is a power to separate us, and you force me to use it. This ring and your princely word to hear my petitions must cause you to leave me free."

"Esther," said the prince, at once releasing her, "Is it kind? is it generous to use that pledge of my protection, meant to defend you from outrage and oppression, against the peace of the donor? Then be it so. I perceive that notwithstanding all your professions you regard me as a fearful tyrant whom you must propitiate to have the power to cast him off. But you do injustice to my nature—you are free, and since you wish me to speak it, farewell forever."

Esther, stung with anguish at the prince's language, caught hold on his robe to stop him as he turned to leave her, and looking up with a countenance yet moist with tears, besought him not to leave her with such suspicions on his mind.

"As I hope to enjoy future peace, dear prince," said she, "I have spoken simple truth and given you all the secrets of a maiden heart—now say you forgive me and do not break my heart by leaving me in anger."

The prince paused, and looking steadfastly upon the distressed and beautiful being at his side, repeated, "forgive you! lovely and impenetrable mystery! what heart could harbor resentment against you?"

Then wiping the tears from her cheeks, he pressed her lips with his and tore himself from the house.

—

## CHAPTER VI.

Xerxes, humbled from his imagined supremacy over men and elements, by the overthrow of his mighty armaments in the little Grecian republics and his own disgraceful flight, sunk, like most creatures of mere impulse and passion without any fixed principles of action, into the opposite extreme of mere animal existence, revelling in all the excesses of sensual policy, or too deeply buried in indolence to endure the burdens of a vigilant administration, he suffered the reins of power over his vast dominions to drop into the hands of the Eunuchs and courtiers of his palace. The murmurs of his oppressed subjects never reached his ear, and the wretches who reaped the benefit of his indolent vices already regarded him as an object of contempt and disgust. This state of things could not long exist; and, as generally happens when anarchy and wild confusion take place of wholesome government, a few daring and ambitious spirits conceived the plan of overturning the Persian dynasty and elevating themselves to power. Artabanus, the Hyrcanean, captain of the king's guards, and his favorite, placed himself at the head of the faction and was eventually to be placed on the throne. The rewards of the other conspirators were the satrapies of the largest and richest provinces. The plan agreed upon to accomplish their objects, was to murder Xerxes and his sons successively, and so to accomplish the massacre as to throw the odium upon the conflicting aspirations of the king's sons and their partisans. Accordingly, at an appointed hour, Artabanus was conducted by Mithridates, the king's favorite eunuch and high-chamberlain, into Xerxes' private chamber, where they murdered him in his sleep. Then hastening to Artaxerxes, and with well-feigned horror and alarm, declared to him that Darius, his oldest brother, impatient to mount the throne, had murdered his father and seized upon the government. Artaxerxes, struck dumb by this horrible intelligence, stood for a moment like a statue of marble, but a revulsion of feelings quickly succeeding, he, in a transport of passion, seized on his sword and was rushing from the room with some desperate intent when Artabanus, quickly interposing, exclaimed, "stop prince, for your life venture not from your palace, but hear my counsel and you are both safe and your father revenged. The detestable parricide, judging of others by his own unscrupulous ambition, is persuaded that his offer of enormous bribes and my seeming acquiescence have made me the creature of his will, and even now I am sent here to dispatch you to prevent the consequences of your just resentment. But," continued he with vehemence, "the bloody assassin shall find in me not only a faithful officer and devoted servant of his unhappy father, but a prompt defender of my honor, which has been trampled on by his degrading construction of my character and principles implied in his offers of bribes. Speak prince, there is no time for delay. He exults while we now speak in the full persuasion that you are already taken out of his way. A hint, a bare suspicion that you live will send you from the palace, a quietus that thunders shall not disturb, and me you will involve in your fall. Keep your palace, I am unsuspected and can approach his person in his guilty seclusion. Speak your will, it is my law, and Artabanus pledges his sword and life that Artaxerxes shall sit on the throne of his ancestors."

"Then seize the wretched parricide and imprison him till he is regularly convicted of the crime," replied the prince.

"You speak the language of madness, great prince," continued Artabanus with perturbed haste. "Is he not already fortified in the king's palace,

surrounded by the numerous guards and proclaimed by the capricious populace, who are pleased with the novelty and ever ready to hope for new blessings under a new government! There is but one remedy and I have spoken it."

"Then in the names of the gods of Persia go and apply it," said the prince with an impatient conflict of passions.

Accordingly, the innocent Darius, ignorant of what had happened and unconscious of any danger, was suddenly surrounded by the creatures of Artabanus and as quickly murdered. The crafty regicide, fearing at once to assume the reins of government, determined to place Artaxerxes on the throne, and by insidiously circulating against him throughout the empire the charges of both fratricide and parricide, to prepare the public mind for revolt, when he purposed to murder Artaxerxes and mount the throne. That prince was accordingly proclaimed king and at once assumed the sceptre of the Persian empire. Artabanus, craftily maturing his plans, now represented to the new king the necessity of raising a mighty army to be in readiness to repel any attempt against his government by Hystaspes his elder brother then governor of Bactriana, and, who it was but reasonable to suppose, would contest with him the possession of the empire. Judging this to be a wise precaution, the young king commanded an army to be assembled and gave Artabanus the general superintendence of it. Accordingly Artabanus, with the greatest despatch, drew together at Susa a numerous army and gave to his seven sons, who were in the conspiracy, the most important offices in the army, and to his other accomplices all the subordinate ones. Thus strengthened and supported, he was now confident of the means to crush Artaxerxes and to repel Hystaspes his brother; but he resolved to proceed cautiously and to secure the hearts of the army before striking the final blow. Troops were incessantly mustered through the streets and constantly drilled. Artabanus and his sons were ever present with the soldiery, and by every art of condescending gentleness sought to ingratiate themselves in their favor. The army was already charmed with their gracious and affable deportment, so foreign to the haughty and unbending nobles of Persia, and rent the air with acclamations whenever these men passed along their lines. Every hour added to the sense of success and security now distending with exultation the bosom of Artabanus.

"My fortunes are rapidly growing to a head and the throne is already within my grasp," he mused in ecstasy of thought. "I am in fact, at this moment, the ruler of this mighty empire and lack only the title that graces the power, nor can all the powers of earth withhold even that. These creatures, with arms in their hands, are already moulded to my will, and what remains to stay me? My plans are now ripe and this is the moment for execution."

At that very minute the eunuch Sophron, the same that had accompanied Esther from Vashti's palace and who was now promoted to the office of chamberlain to the king, rode up to Artabanus with an anxious countenance and whispered,

"Be sudden or all is lost. News has just reached the palace that Hystaspes is indeed approaching Susa with a vast army, and I am dispatched by the king in double haste to command your instant departure with all your forces to meet and give him battle. You are forbidden to quit your horse and required to turn his head and lead the way at once."

"Think you this an unlucky incident, Sophron?" asked Artabanus with exultation. "It is the most fortunate event that could have happened. Indeed, the most happy conjunction of circumstances seems to conspire to our success. The most cautious circumspection must be observed in this business, you know," continued he with a smile of complaisant wisdom "the slightest suspicion of our agency in the king's death would ruin us with the army. We must seem as ignorant of the conspiracy as the king himself, and to show a zeal for his cause and an abhorrence for his murderers, we must be the first to cut to pieces the assassins we employ to murder him. I have held secret intelligence with Hystaspes and persuaded him that I favor his cause. My messenger, by directions, has brought me a score of Bactrian archers, zealous supporters of Hystaspes, and safe instruments for my purpose. These men I have distinguished by their dress that not one may escape to tell the tale, and placed them in a position where the fairest mark will be presented by the king as he passes along to review the army. My sons, with a chosen body of cavalry, will take a station near these archers, and as soon as the king is slain shall fall upon them and massacre the whole. Then we shall easily impose upon the army that Hystaspes had insinuated these men in among our forces in the guise of friends to murder his brother and open his way to the throne. By this double stroke of policy we shall not only grasp the sceptre, but exasperate the army against Hystaspes and thus confirm our fortune by the overthrow of both brothers at once; for many of Hystaspes' own adherents will fall off from his cause, at best weakly supported. Go therefore hastily to my sons and hand them these instructions, which I have written out for the occasion that no blunders from the imperfection of verbal orders may occur. Bid them be perfect to the very letter, and beyond all things, to be in time upon the ground. After this, return quickly to the king and urge him in my name to show himself to the army before we go forth to battle, that his presence may inspire them with love for his person and zeal for his cause. The new captain of the body-guard will take care to expose the king's person to the

Bactrian archers at the proper time. If, however, the king should hesitate to show himself, tell him the army refuses to march until he has reviewed them."

"It is most unfortunate," replied the eunuch, "that the king has just retired within his palace, and no one may dare to enter within the inner court without expressly ordered to do so. The violation of this law, you know, is certain death unless the king hold out his sceptre in token of pardon."

"This is terrible indeed," replied Artabanus; "but the emergency is a pressing one and a remedy must be found. Is there no one who will venture on this errand?"

"No Persian noble will venture to expose his head to the caprice of a king naturally suspicious of all about him from the recent assassination of his father and the dread of his opposing brother; and to send one of less dignity than a noble would offend the king and frustrate your purpose."

Perplexed and foiled by this unexpected obstacle, the two conspirators remained anxiously silent for several minutes, when Sophron suddenly raised his eyes with an expression of exultation and exclaimed, "I have it. There is a young woman in Susa whose simple face so pleased the king—then third son only to Xerxes, and plain prince Artaxerxes—that he gave her a costly ring and commanded that all should respect the wearer of it and admit her to his presence at whatever hour she should present herself. Now I am well persuaded I can prevail on her by a well-varnished tale to venture on the king and deliver your message."

"But will the guards, who are unacquainted with the story of that ring, permit a woman unbidden to intrude upon the king?" suggested Artabanus.

"I will inform the guards," replied Sophron, "that the king commanded that freedom to be permitted to her. He shall not have an opportunity to examine me on the subject before the review and you will scarcely permit him to do it afterwards."

"Then, my good Sophron," said Artabanus rubbing his hands with glee, "what punishment he may award you after the review I promise you to bear by proxy. The reward of your fidelity, however, shall be great. Go now seek that lucky damsel and be speedy."

The eunuch hastened to Esther's dwelling, where were assembled several Jews with Mordecai discussing the subject of the king's death and the probable consequences to the Jews from the new reign. Esther, whose overflowing heart made her unmindful that her personal interviews with Artaxerxes were unknown to her hearers, launched forth in the most extravagant praises of the new king and augured the happiest auspices to her nation from his reign. "His noble and manly person, his generous sentiments, his gentle and affable manners, and his exalted sense of justice," she continued, "constitute him in my mind the most worthy person in the whole empire to mount the Persian throne."

The eyes of her hearers were turned upon her with surprise, and Mordecai sharing their astonishment, asked, "why how is this, Esther, my daughter! Where saw you the king, and what know you of him, that you so confirmedly extol his person and qualities?"

This question, recalling Esther to herself, sent the blood in one gushing torrent of crimson over her face, neck and bosom, nor could she at first utter one word of reply.

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed Mordecai with trembling anxiety, "thou hast not dealt falsely by me, girl! Thy confusion bespeaks shame;—thou surely hast not sinned against thy God by receiving stealthy attention from a prince of Persia, whose views upon one of thy nation, and in thy humble station, could only tend to abominable crime!"

Esther, though at first stunned by a sense of disingenuousness towards Mordecai, and by virgin modesty, was roused by his suspicions and replied with rapid vehemence, "No! father, no! I have not encouraged"—

Here she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of Sophron the eunuch. This was a fresh source of agitation to her; for judging he bore some message to her from the king, which would but confirm Mordecai's suspicions, she asked in an almost inarticulate voice, and with a bloodless countenance, "In the name of God Almighty, what brings you here?"

Sophron bowed low and told her what he had to say was for her ear alone. "I am the king's chamberlain," said he, looking round upon the assembled Jews, who started with astonishment from their seats, and not daring to oppose the eunuch, hastened to leave him and Esther alone. Old Mordecai shook his head with awful forebodings and groaned deeply as he cast his eye upon her and left the room. Esther understood the import of this, and felt with aggravated force the wrong she had committed in concealing the prince's visit and offers from her guardian and benefactor. "Noble and beautiful lady," began Sophron, "who might have been and may yet be queen, the king's officers and servants moved by love to their king, ask at your hands an humble boon. Hystaspes, the king's brother, intent upon dethroning him, has raised a mighty army of disciplined troops, and is now rapidly approaching Susa, where if he arrives without a battle, strengthened as he is by every step of his advance, all will be lost and Artaxerxes tortured to death. The king, covered with consternation at the revolt of the provinces to Hystaspes, because he is the elder brother, and overwhelmed with trouble at his seemingly inevitable

destruction, first gave hasty and incoherent orders to Artabanus to hasten with our forces to oppose if possible the advance of the enemy and then retired in deep melancholy within his palace, strictly forbidding any one to intrude upon his privacy. In vain has Artabanus ordered the army to march to meet the foe. They mutiny and refuse to move till they have seen their new king and shall have been reviewed by him. Every moment's delay adds to the peril of the king, and no one dares to venture unbidden into his presence. In this pressing emergency, we have happily bethought us of the ring the king gave you, and the gracious privileges it confers, and knowing that you alone may dare to enter the court of the palace, we humbly beseech you, if you esteem the life of the king at any price, that you will without delay enter unto him—for which you are in advance assured of pardon—and speedily inform him of the condition of things and the indispensable necessity of his immediate presence. Thus you may do the king, your benefactor, a noble service and make some return for his generosity."

Esther, whose suspicions were roused by the character of the messenger, gave no credit to the improbable story, judging too truly of Artaxerxes, to believe him thus timidly shrinking from the face of men. She judged this a mere ruse of an unscrupulous pander to decoy her into the king's private chamber, and his former solicitations in Artaxerxes' behalf left no doubt upon her mind. The language of Mordecai too had cast a painful suspicion of the king's duplicity and uncandid declarations upon her mind. "I may have been deceived," she thought, "by prepossessing manners and the artful assumption of virtues that are wanted. Mordecai's experience has been acquired in the school of wisdom, and he can better judge than I. Yet, O God, save me the painful knowledge of it if it be so. I would still regard him in my waking dreams as the same generous and noble being I first believed him" These doubts, however, she prudently suppressed and answered the eunuch with a discrimination of judgment that surprised him, "This ring I wear was given me by a prince then in a comparatively private station, and not by a *king*. It was conferred, too, solely for my own protection and not as a license to interpose in other matters, and least of all in affairs of state. This present of a subject prince can afford no pretext to violate a positive statute of the kings of Persia, of long standing and immutable. The laws and usages of kings are not lightly to be violated. They are not regarded as the mere expression of a reigning monarch's will to be reversed or enforced as caprice may dispose him; but as the props and safeguards of a throne and of a continued dynasty. As I might not therefore have dared to intrude upon Xerxes by virtue of this ring, because it could have plead no exemption from the penalty of the royal edict, so neither can I approach Artaxerxes for the same reason. All the indulgence I could expect would be based solely on a reliance upon his generosity and some persuasion—perhaps a vain one—that he entertains towards me a feeling of some partiality."

"That is the very thing," said Sophron, eagerly catching at the conclusion of her remarks. "It is the favor you have found with the king that secures to you perfect impunity, and sure I am we shall not plead in vain to your generous nature in behalf of so noble and generous a king. Should harm befall him by delay, you would surely be ever after covered with a sense of the blackest ingratitude."

A doubt came over Esther's mind as she reflected that even this wretch might possibly speak truth;—and suppose it should be so, and the king, whose slightest sorrow would give her pain, should fall a sacrifice by her incredulity? Starting from her revery and determining without delay to consult Mordecai and be guided, in this moment of indecision, by his counsel, but without the knowledge of the eunuch, lest she should subject him to danger from the eunuch's resentment, she said determinately, "Leave me for the present, till I shall have collected my thoughts and maturely considered what you ask. A half an hour will suffice—and I will then give you a definite answer."

Sophron in vain combatted this delay and retired accordingly, urging her as he went to be speedy, but beyond all things to determine favorably. As he rose from his recumbent posture and drew his robe around him, a slip of parchment closely written on dropped on the floor. Esther saw it as it fell and at once conceived it to be some artful device of the eunuch's to give a seeming confirmation to the truth of his seductive story.

"If these lines," said she, taking up the parchment when the eunuch was gone, "are dropped to add strength to his petition, the wily deceiver will have foiled himself, and there will be no need of further deliberation." But what was her surprise and consternation when she read the following terrible disclosure:

"From Artabanus, by the trusty hands of Sophron, to his well-beloved sons these presents come greeting. The fortunes of our House are now grown to maturity, and we have but one blow to strike to become a new and glorious dynasty, firmly established on the Persian throne. Be prompt and firm—station your chosen troop as near as possible to the Bactrian archers. Watch the fall of the king, who will be decoyed to review the army. Be certain of his death, then charge as if with vindictive fury upon the archers and cut every man of them to pieces. Thus shall we ward off suspicion from ourselves and secure the love of the army. Mark this—if the king escape, we shall be lost;

for there will not be wanted traitors in our party, who, to advance their interests, or from personal pique, will buzz our conspiracy into the king's ears. Then we shall have removed Xerxes and Darius merely to fall by the hands of a younger sprout of royalty. Remember again and again—Be firm—be resolute—be prompt."

Esther paused not a moment, but with terror in her countenance precipitately entered the room where the Jews sat in troubled silence, and having with breathless haste recounted her before-concealed interviews with Artaxerxes, as well as what had just passed between herself and Sophron, thrust the parchment into Mordecai's hand, saying, "This the wicked traitor unwittingly dropped as a testimony against him, as he left the house."

"You, then," said Mordecai, starting from his seat, "who have been the object of this prince's noble generosity, are selected by the traitors as the instrument of his destruction. But see and adore the guiding wisdom and goodness of a righteous God! He has made you the king's preserver and a snare to the wicked tempters, whose feet lead them swiftly to their own perdition. Daughter of the tribe of Benjamin, the Lord God of our fathers has chosen thee out from among thy people for some special purpose of good to Israel. His strong arm is stretched out over thee and in safety thou walkest under its shadow. But this disclosure calls us to action without delay. I go to Megabysus,* the king's brother-in-law, to place this matter in his hands; for I dare not enter unto the king should the guards permit it, and you, Esther, follow me to the palace to confirm with your own lips what God has revealed to you. But tarry till Sophron return, and tell him without embarrassment that you are interested for the king's safety and will go immediately to the palace. Be careful that you let not a word or sign escape you to betray your knowledge of the conspiracy lest he slay you and flee from Susa."

Mordecai then hastened to Megabysus, was admitted to his presence, and with a hasty explanation placed in his hands the treasonable letter. Megabysus ran his eyes over the parchment, and leaping from his seat with a look of horror, asked, "Where is this young woman, and where is the accursed eunuch, Sophron?" and having heard the answer, he without a moment's pause burst through the guards and hastily approached the king, who was then sitting on his throne. Artaxerxes, though astonished by this abrupt and hasty appearance of Megabysus, plainly discovered matter of importance in his countenance and extended his sceptre in token of mercy to his prostrate kinsman.

"Speak, Megabysus," said the king, "what brings you thus unbidden into our presence? You presume too far on our forbearance. These are not times for such indulgences when even children imbrue their hands in the blood of parents to reach a throne. We pardon the husband of our sister this once, but beware of the future."

"This, great king," answered Megabysus, handing the letter given him by Mordecai, to Artaxerxes, "will best explain the cause of my intrusion."

The king hastily perused the lines and seemed for a moment utterly confounded with astonishment. At length he said as if to himself, "This seems rather the delusion of a horrid dream than a thing possible in nature. Shall I believe this and discredit any thing hereafter? What! Artabanus, whom I raised to the dignity of friend and confidant and honored above all others—the man whose life seemed a continued devotion to my cause, prove the detestable wretch this scroll makes *him* out? Yet it is his own hand-writing and I have been his dupe, have consented to an innocent brother's death and accepted a throne at the hands of my father's murderer, but to become a king of straw, or a stepping-stone for this unprincipled assassin to mount the throne of my ancestors. And this ungrateful Sophron—the black-hearted wretch whom I have loved and covered over with honors—he, too, is plotting against my life and throne. Guard the palace and its precincts," continued he aloud to the guards, "and suffer no one to leave it." Then motioning Megabysus to approach nearer, he questioned him as to the letter and the means by which he intercepted it.

Megabysus related all he had heard from Mordecai, and informed the king that the old man yet tarried in an ante-chamber to confirm what he had revealed.

"A Jew! did you say?" asked the king. Report speaks not favorably of that people. They are accused of misanthropy towards all mankind but their own race—are said to be crafty intriguers in affairs of state and unscrupulous in their means. Who shall say what purpose these people may not have conceived against the state? It may be they are in secret alliance with Hystaspes by force of promised enlargement, to cripple our resources by a conspiracy against our only approved military Captain. It is said, too, they are ready adepts in all kinds of handicraft and communicate their ideas one with another in characters and tongues unknown even to the Magi. This you therefore see may be a counterfeit scroll implicating an innocent man. The accusation must be carefully investigated. Introduce the Jew."

Mordecai was accordingly ushered in and examined by the king in person. He stood before the throne calm, collected, and unembarrassed.

"Are you a Jew?" asked the king.

"I am a Jew, and of the tribe of Benjamin."

"You are the bearer of this note purporting to

* History informs us that Megabysus revealed Artabanus' conspiracy to the King.

be the writing of Artabanus? How came you possessed of it? Answer me truly and without prevarication: Your life depends upon it. I would much rather find this a false accusation and pardon the malicious perpetrator, than find Artabanus the ungrateful and bloody-minded monster it makes him."

"That sentiment, great king," said Mordecai. "fully accords with the report of your noble nature, but it cannot alter the immutability of truth. Artabanus is a thrice guilty traitor and an unscrupulous assassin."

"What moved you to make this disclosure? dislike of Artabanus, or fidelity to me?"

"I know nothing of Artabanus save this evidence of his guilt, nor have I personally any complaint against him. A moral and religious obligation to prevent crime, esteem for your character as a man, but above all considerations, my allegiance to One superior to yourself would have constrained me to warn you, had you been the worst of men."

"Allegiance to one superior to myself!" repeated the king with kindling anger, thinking Mordecai meant Hystaspes; "whom do you dare to call my superior."

"The King of kings and Lord of lords," replied Mordecai.

"And who is that mighty King?" persisted Artaxerxes, still misconceiving him.

"The God of creation, before whose throne all kings on earth must bow," was the bold reply.

The king smiled and said, "Nay, we are content to be below the gods; but to the purpose—where got you the letter?"

"A certain maiden pious and godly was visited by Sophron and vehemently besought to appear before you and entreat you in the name of Artabanus, to come forth and show yourself to the army without a moment's delay, as there was a dangerous mutiny in all the ranks, and the men refused to begin the march against the enemy till they had seen the new king. She took time to consider his request and bade him return in half an hour. As he obeyed and was leaving the house that parchment dropped from beneath his robe upon the floor where he unwittingly left it."

The king turned to Megabysus with apparent disgust, and said, "You see to what an issue this miserable tissue of malice and falsehood is brought. A silly and unknown girl is sought out from among the vast population of Susa, in preference to nobles and courtiers, to be the bearer of a foolish story to a Persian king. My officers, kinsmen and favorites, I repeat, are all passed by for the superior persuasion of an obscure girl, and that girl no doubt a Jewess."

"A Jewess, great king," continued Mordecai, "your generosity will admit may speak truth, though humble and obscure. Yet this young woman, to whatever kindred or people she may belong, is not so totally unknown. Her name is Esther, and she wears a ring, which Sophron judged would secure to her an impunity for venturing unbidden in your presence, that others were not so sure of."

The kings face became as red as crimson at the name of Esther; and Megabysus judging it to be the effect of anger at Mordecai's boldness, expected an immediate order for the old man's execution. But what was his surprise when the king turned to him and resumed in a fixed and determined tone, "Arrest immediately the bloody traitor Artabanus and the accursed deceiver Sophron."

"Will the king permit me to speak?" asked Mordecai.

"Speak, old man," said Artaxerxes. "I have done you wrong, but I know how to make amends."

"Then let the king send for Artabanus to the palace, who will suspect nothing, but joyfully obey the summons, in the full persuasion that Esther has succeeded in removing the last remaining obstacle to his success. So shall the king avoid any uproar in the army and satisfy himself by confronting the murderer of his father with that written evidence of his guilt."

"You speak well, old man," said the king, "this traitor has made himself popular with the army and there might be an attempt at a rescue."

A single messenger was then despatched to summon Artabanus and Sophron to the king's presence.

"Aye," said Sophron in a whisper when he heard the summons, "did I not tell you this witch of a Jewess could move the king to any measure she chose? I knew her power over him before he sat upon his tottering throne, and yet she keeps him at a distance as though despising him. Haman, the Amalekite, avers she is as powerful as she whom the Jews call the witch of Endor, and can, like a moonbeam, slip through the fingers of her pursuers."

"You are sure my sons fully comprehend your directions?" inquired Artabanus without seeming to have noticed what the eunuch had said.

"Sure! my lord; the dullest man in Persia could not have mistaken my instructions so often and so impressively given," replied Sophron.

"The loss of that letter directed to my sons disturbs me much," continued Artabanus. "Suppose it should fall into the hands of our enemies? What terrible consequences!"

"O rest contented, my lord," said the eunuch. "It is deeply burried ere this under the dirt of the streets by the feet of the numerous troopers. No foot passengers have ventured out, and what horseman would alight to pick up a slip of parchment? Besides, I have sent several sharp-eyed confederates to search for it. I know how and when I lost it. My horse partaking of the animation of the dashing cavalry I met, would fain turn me back

to keep them company, when sundry curvets and plunges were performed before I could arrest his impetus; and in this conflict my robe being buffetted about like the sails of a ship in a storm parted company with the letter."

"In any event," resumed Artabanus, "it cannot reach the king before it is too late to avail him; yet I would not have exposed to the army and people the part we are acting, and after the urgency of the business on hand gives us leisure we must use all diligence to recover it."

Thus familiarly discoursing, the guilty couple reached the palace and were ushered into the king's presence. The king bade Artabanus approach the throne, and extending to him the fatal letter, asked, in a calm voice and with a steady gaze, "if his sons had obeyed his commands, and if the Bactrian archers were ready to do their homage."

Confounded and overwhelmed by the suddenness of this unexpected evidence of his guilt, Artabanus stood at first as if petrified, but feeling that all was lost, and becoming desperate, he recovered his natural courage, and turning fiercely upon Sophron, exclaimed with the most passionate vehemence.

"Thou traitor, demon in human shape! This is thy work. Truth, honor, and the obligations of an oath are as foreign to thee as manhood. I could willingly die the death of the meanest slave in Persia to take one hour's vengeance on thee."

"Accuse not him! infamous assassin and regicide!" said the king. "He is a traitor and the blackest ingrate upon earth, but no traitor to you—that he would have been, had your villainous schemes succeeded, is too probable to admit of doubt. You taunt him with want of truth and honor and most truly, though the reproach comes with a wretched grace from you. For how can that ennobling virtue dwell in bosoms prepared for the blackest crimes like his and yours. Know, false and ungrateful wretches, that your murderous plots, so well concerted and seemingly so near their accomplishment, have been frustrated by innocence and virtue in the person of a generous and loyal maiden."

"The eunuch who had not yet spoken but stood with down cast looks in stupifying horror, started at the king's concluding words, and turning to Artabanus said in a low voice,

"It is surely as I have heard. She is no woman, but a Grecian goddess attending on Themistocles in his exile, and favoring the king for giving her favorite protection. In vain we strive against her power."

This mythological solution of the eunuch did not escape the king's ears, who slightly shrugged his shoulders and seemed with difficulty to suppress a lurking smile. But resuming the business before him he asked,

"What, Artabanus, have you to offer in extenuation of your horrid crimes? I would fain hear some shadow of an apology for such a blot in human nature, that I may not be forced to regard my kind as capable of unmitigated depravity."

"King of Persia," replied Artabanus, "I have ventured a throw at the game of kings and if I have lost, it was not without a full knowledge of the risk incurred. It was a hazardous one for a subject, but success, had it followed, would have carried with it a corresponding degree of glory. If you consider the part I have acted as isolated by its enormity, you are but little versed in the records of history. As to gratitude upon which your mind seems so much to run, learn, if your commerce with mankind has not already taught you, that where two passions, like contrary minds, contend for mastery, the weaker must always yield to the stronger. A restless and consuming ambition is too powerful for the passive and quiet virtue, *gratitude*, when their promptings clash. Your life, great king, or that of Xerxes was not sought for revenge nor for the love of slaughter, but simply as obstacles that obstructed my passage."

"Unhappy wretch!" replied the king, "you are a striking example of the force of guilty passions nurtured by criminal indulgence. Had your mind been properly regulated, that ambition of which you speak could never have so hurried you into crime." Then turning to Megabysus he commanded him to take away the criminals, and after compelling them to declare their accomplices, to see them executed. While this order was given two of the king's chamberlains, Bigthan and Teresh by name, who were among the guards, whispered Artabanus not to betray them, promising with an oath to revenge his death.

(*To be continued.*)

---

## JOHN PICKERING, LL. D.

Sit sine labe decus.

This most distinguished philologist to which the western continent has given birth, departed from a world which his learning and virtues had enlightened and adorned, on the 5th of May, 1846. It was soon after his great exertions in the formation of the American Oriental Society, an object which he had much at heart. It had then but recently been his sad duty to pronounce an eulogy on his lamented friend, Dr. Duponceau of Philadelphia, whose love for and attainment in letters were scarcely inferior to his own. To offer a like tribute to his memory has now fallen to the lot of one * whose first public essay was an ora-

* Eulogy on John Pickering, President, delivered before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, by Daniel Appleton White, L.L. D., a fellow of the same. Cambridge, Mass. Metcalf & Co., 1847.

tion on the death of Washington, since which an occasion has scarcely occurred that his pen could have been employed in illustrating a purer or more elevated character, regarding both its public and private relations. To recount the various literary productions of Dr. Pickering and his long devotedness to, and the sacrifices he made in the cause of letters, could not but have been a labor of love to his erudite biographer whose early friendship for him had been strengthened by half a century of daily intercourse. Fortunate indeed is it that one so intimate through all his walks should have been spared to give so full a record of his course.

The last publication of Dr. Pickering was his inaugural address as President of the Oriental Society in which he observes, "that the various new sources of information which modern perseverance and zeal have opened to us, have materially extended the boundaries of a liberal education; and it has become indispensable to unite with our Greek and Roman a portion of oriental learning. If there were no other motive for the pursuit of this branch of knowledge, there would be a sufficient one in the fact that the great parent language of India, the *Sanscrit*, is now found to be so extensively incorporated into the Greek, Latin, and other languages of Europe, and, above all, in those which we consider as peculiarly belonging to the Teutonic or German family, that no man can claim to be a philologist without some acquaintance with that extraordinary and most perfect of the known tongues."

The following deduced from Judge White's eulogium show that Dr. Pickering's long and spotless life was devoted to learning and the best interests of man.

John, eldest son of Timothy Pickering, (who was a member of Washington's cabinet,) was graduated at Harvard College, 1796. The part assigned him on that occasion was "a panegyric on classic literature," in which he honorably acquitted himself.

Having chosen the law for his profession, he entered the office of Edward Tighlman, Esq. of Philadelphia and closely pursued his legal studies for about nine months, when he was appointed secretary of legation to William Smith, who had been a distinguished member of Congress for South Carolina, and was then to be our minister at the court of Lisbon. On his passage to that port he studied the Portuguese language, so that taking a few lessons after his arrival he was able to speak with tolerable ease.

* * * *

Whatever related to the human mind or to human society in any state or form of its existence, institutions, laws, manners, arts, education, language engaged his deep attention. In pursuing his studies at Lisbon, he felt at first the want of books; but making friends, in his wonted manner, of some learned monks whom he visited in an old convent, he obtained, through their kindness, those which he most needed. He read Vattel's Law of nations in the original French, and entered upon Justinian's Institutes. Meeting with a learned native of Damascus, where the Arabic was spoken in its greatest purity, he studied that language; and at the same time made it the occasion of acquiring a more familiar knowledge of the literature and affairs of Portugal, by conversations on the subject, with his friendly instructor, who had lived many years in the country. He also studied the Italian language at this time and probably the Spanish. It having been expected that Mr. Smith would be sent on a mission to Constantinople, Mr. Pickering indulged the pleasing vision of seeing the East, and treading the classic ground of Greece and Rome. With this view he undertook the study of the Turkish language, but the mission to that country was abandoned and he never realized his anticipated delight. In November, 1799, Mr. Pickering found himself happily situated in the family of Rufus King, our minister at the court of St. James, surrounded by the most desirable means of intellectual progress and rational enjoyment. He was honored by an intimate reception in the family of Christopher Gore, then residing at London. He gained the warm friendship of both these eminent gentlemen, and met in their respective families the best society whether for his taste or manners.

Our consul at London was Samuel Williams, Mr. Pickering's friend and cousin, who, freely offering to advance whatever funds he might desire for the purchase of books, the latter selected and brought home with him an extensive and choice library, which became a rich acquisition to the literature of new England.

* * * *

All his spare time was devoted to various juridical and philological studies, which he pursued in a systematic and thorough manner. Taylor's Elements of the civil Law he completely mastered, making it a point to read entirely through the various recondite Greek quotations with which the work abounds,—an entertainment, we venture to say, never before indulged in by any American lawyer. In connection with this he read parts of Livy relating to the Roman law and constitution, investigating any matters of difference between these authors. He of course kept up his intimacy with the classic writers of Greece and Rome, and read various learned works connected with them, among the most considerable of which was Havercamp's *Sylloge Scriptorum de Linguæ Græcæ Pronunciatione*. He generally took up in the morning some ancient author, frequently Cicero, delighting at that moment to read a portion of his ethical or philosophical writings. Along with Taylor, which he made a severe study, he read through Dryden's prose works, which, with his philological taste

and views, were highly entertaining. With Euclid's Geometry, Locke's Human Understanding and the philological works of Harris and Murray, he read a copious history of the French revolution and several works of Edmund Burke on the same eventful subject,—an author with whom he was greatly delighted on all subjects and of whose genius and sagacity he appeared through life to feel an increasing admiration.

* * * *

In the winter and spring of 1801, he passed several months in travelling through France and the Netherlands. In Paris he was introduced to Madame De Staël, the object of attraction to the literati and politicians of the day. He saw Bonaparte at the height of his renown with Italy at his feet, whose noblest works of art he had transported to France. As a lover of the fine arts Mr. Pickering could almost visit Rome in Paris. At Leyden he became acquainted with the celebrated Luzac, Greek professor in the University, who afterwards honored him with his correspondence.

In Amsterdam he gained the friendship of Dr. Ballhern, who soon after published a learned juridical work dedicated "Viro Clarissimo Joanni Pickering." To a youthful scholar, such testimonials of merit must have been as gratifying as they were honorable.

* * * *

In November, 1801, Mr. Pickering, with his noble library, arrived in Boston, and in order to complete his law studies entered the office of Mr. Putnam, afterwards a judge of the supreme court of Massachusetts.

"Here," says Judge White, "attracted by Mr. Pickering's well known character, I joined him to finish my own professional studies. While he had been abroad, expanding his views of men as well as books, I had been confined to a didactic sphere within the walls of college. On emerging into the world, nothing could have been more welcome to me than such a companion. His society was alike instructive and delightful. It brightened the whole time I was with him, and made it one of the sunniest spots of my life. From that moment I was for many years a close observer of him in public and in private, at the bar and among his friends, in his walks and amid his studies, in the bosom of his family and at my own fireside; and to my view his whole path of life was luminous with truth and goodness;—never obscured, no, not for a moment, by the slightest shade of obliquity in him. I cannot withhold this cordial testimony. To the eye of reflecting age truth and goodness are every thing, mere genius and fame nothing, in the comparison—absolutely nothing."

In March, 1804, Mr. Pickering was admitted to the bar; having previously revised an edition of Sallust, pronounced by an able critic in the *Monthly Anthology*, to be in "every respect preferable to the Dauphin Sallust, and not unworthy of the classical reputation of the reputed editor."

As an evidence of Mr. Pickering's undiminished ardor in the pursuit of Greek literature, it deserves notice, that when he was thus dividing his time at the office between Sallust and the law, he was employing a portion of his hours at home in reading an old edition of Homer, with the Scholia of Didymus. It appears to have been his practice through life thus industriously to mingle literary occupation with his domestic enjoyments.

His first publication after his admission to the bar, was a Fourth of July oration, delivered in 1804, and it reminded us of the opinion which Mr. Smith expressed at Lisbon, that Mr. Pickering's abilities remarkably fitted him for a diplomatic career.

* * * *

Had the spirit of Washington continued to preside over the destinies of the country, such men as Mr. Pickering would have continued to be preferred for high political trusts. But I think we cannot doubt that our honored friend, both by nature and education, belonged to learning and not to politics; or even to the law, distinguished as he was in the science of jurisprudence.

> "Spirits are not finely touched,
> But to fine issues."

Providence in bestowing his rare philosophical and literary abilities, destined him for the purest intellectual pursuits. Spirits far less "finely touched", might, for that very reason, succeed in the ordinary conflicts of the forum; conflicts in which fine powers and finer feelings like his must be quite out of place. Instruments of exquisite metal and polish are not suited to work upon rude and rough materials.

In June, 1806, Mr. Pickering was appointed Hancock professor of Hebrew and other oriental languages, and Mr. Bowditch, Hollis Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. These eminent men, near neighbors and intimate friends, were doubtless better qualified for the chairs to which they were appointed than any other two individuals in the whole country. Both were liberal, elevated and disinterested in their views of education and learning; both had an insatiable thirst for knowledge, and a supreme love of truth and goodness; the one was devoted to science, the other chiefly to literature, both exalted and spotless in reputation, alike raised above all suspicion of moral failing, yet with some striking point of contrast: the one, quick and ardent, would leap to a logical conclusion at a single step; while the other, cautious and patient, like Lord Eldon, could never weigh his arguments, or consider his subject too deliberately. But both, to the deep regret of the University, declined their appointments.

Several years later, on the establishment of the Elliot Professorship of Greek Literature, Mr. Pickering was still more urgently pressed to be a candidate for the new professor's chair. A friend to him and the University was authorized by the President to ascertain "whether any and what definite amount of compensation would induce him to accede to the proposition." But Mr. Pickering gave no encouragement,—the literary duties no doubt were attractive, but the disciplinary cares connected with them had a forbidding aspect. Mr. Pickering was a grateful and devoted son of the University, which so justly appreciated his merits, and which, at a subsequent period, bestowed upon him its highest honors. For many years he was an efficient member of the Board of Overseers; and his last report as one of the Visiting Committee in 1840 embodies views and principles of University education, which ought never to be overlooked or forgotten.

* * * *

We need not here dwell upon his learning as a jurist, nor upon his qualities as a practising lawyer. We should remember, however, that while pursuing his intellectual labors for the public and his extensive literary researches, he was incessantly engaged to the last year of his life in the arduous duties of his profession.

* * * *

The friends of humanity and learning, however, will not cease to regret that the labor and drudgery which others might have well performed, should have taken so much of his precious time from those noble intellectual pursuits for which he was so peculiarly competent.

Mr. Pickering's literary productions and labors, aside from the practice of his profession, were so abundant and multifarious, that it is impossible to take on this occasion a complete or distinct view of them.

His able discussion of "National and State Rights," in the case of Alexander McLeod, will be remembered as long as any value is attached to the union of the States.

The article he wrote upon Curtis' Admiralty-Digest, in the *American Jurist*, is little known, except to lawyers; yet I could not point to a work containing more matter of permanent interest to readers of American history, and which throws more light upon the foreign policy of our government, from the time of Washington's declaration of Neutrality in 1793 to the Declaration of War in 1812 under President Madison.

Another dissertation, published in the *Jurist*, entitled, "Remarks on the Study of the Civil Law," is highly useful to the classical scholar as well as to civilians and lawyers.

* * * *

As akin to this subject, we may glance at his article on the "Agrarian Laws of Rome," written for the "*Encyclopædia Americana*," a correct view of which laws he considered indispensable to general readers as well as lawyers, who would have just notions of the Roman history and constitution. Contrary to the general impression, that these laws were a direct infringement of the rights of private property, he shews that the original object of them was the distribution of the public lands and not those of private citizens, though they might sometimes violate private rights; as certain laws of our State Legislature, agrarian in principle, made for the relief of illegal settlers on Western lands, violated the rights of proprietors of those lands.

Mr. Pickering's "Lecture on the Alleged Uncertainty of the Law," delivered before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is an excellent production. His object was to promote a just respect for the science of the law, by securing for it a proper confidence.

The article written for the *North American Review*, entitled "Egyptian Jurisprudence," is as characteristic as it is curious. He mentions an Egyptian deed of a piece of land, in the city of Thebes, written on the papyrus of that country, more than a century before the Christian era, with the impression of a seal attached to it and a certificate of registry on its margin, in as regular a manner, Mr. Pickering adds, as the keeper of the Registry in the county of Suffolk, would certify to a deed of land in the city of Boston at this day. Of this curious document, written in Greek, a learned and ingenious explanation, together with a *fac simile* of it, is given by Mr. Pickering, affording a beautiful specimen of his learning as well as his philosophical taste and skill in the application of it.

His elaborate "Report on the subject of Impressed Seamen, with the Evidence and Documents accompanying it," in 1812, is a durable monument to his patriotism as well as his ability and learning. We cannot justly appreciate this undertaking, without looking back to his position in the midst of that dreadful war with England—most dreadful to all reflecting men, who saw and felt that it bound us to fight the battles of Bonaparte against the civilized world. When this overwhelming conqueror was in his triumphant march against Russia, our government, at the very moment which seemed to suit his views, declared war against England, the only remaining barrier in his way to universal dominion. The power of the elements could not have been foreseen. The repeal of the orders in council, the chief alleged cause of the war, having taken place before its declaration, though not known here till afterwards, left the impressment of American seamen the only remaining pretext for prosecuting the war. In relation to this subject, great errors had crept into the public documents, and great delusion existed in the public mind. Mr. Pickering thought he

could in no way render a greater service to his country than by correcting those errors and dissipating that delusion. It is sufficient to add, that he showed conclusively that the further prosecution of the war was as unnecessary as it was disastrous.

Mr. Pickering, in conjunction with others, was repeatedly on committees for revising the statutes of Massachusetts, which was accomplished so as to entitle him to the gratitude of the commonwealth.

The translation of Professor Wyttenback's "*Observations on the Importance of Greek Literature and the best method of studying the Classics*," by Mr. Pickering, was published in 1819. But his great work was his "*Greek and English Lexicon.*" How he could have had the courage and resolution to undertake such a work in the midst of professional toils, is inconceivable without a knowledge of the man. This work, first published in 1826, has passed through several editions, both here and in Europe, enlarged by the addition of more than ten thousand *entire* articles and very numerous parts of articles.

During Mr. Pickering's residence in England, he began the practice of noting *Americanisms* and expressions of doubtful authority, and as he continued the practice after his return, the collection so swelled under his hands, that he was induced to prepare them for publication, and in 1815 completed the "*Vocabulary*," which formed the first of his learned communications to the "American Academy." With its preface and introductory essay it has served to guard the purity of our language and literature. He had the same general design in his elaborate and learned article on Johnson's English Dictionary, first published in the Quarterly Review, for September 1828, and justly considered as one of his most interesting and useful publications. His article on "Elementary Instruction," published in the "*North American Review*," is richly imbued with his classical and philosophical spirit.

His Lecture on "*Telegraphic Language*," is a beautiful specimen of his familiar application of his various learning to the useful purposes of life. His Eulogy on Bowditch, in which he traced the loftiest efforts of philosophical genius, ranks among the richest treasures of the academy whose memoirs it adorns.

Baron William Von Humboldt of Berlin, attracted by Mr. Pickering's articles on the Language and Religion of the Indian Tribes of North America, opened a correspondence with him, which continued till the Baron's death; when Mr. Pickering's portion of it was deposited in the library of the Royal Academy of Berlin. The articles were translated into German and published at Leipsic with marks of distinguished honor.

In studying the oriental languages, he hunted for specimens of unwritten dialects, with as much ardor as Audubon hunted for those of unknown birds, and he could give them forms as distinct if not as beautiful. The address to the Oriental Society alluded to at the commencement of this article, shows the compass, variety and depth of his philological erudition, and the vast extent of his views and plans for making it useful to the world. His "*Memoir on the Language and Inhabitants of Lord North's Island*," affords ample evidence of the manner in which, had his life been spared, he would have performed his part in this great literary enterprise.

Mr. Pickering's strongest claims upon our admiration and gratitude, arise from the exalted spirit and principles which actuated him in all his works. No selfish ends or views ever appear, and nothing to set off his powers or to gain notoriety; while all his important writings are imbued with his rare learning and philosophy; and conspire to establish his fame. He spoke from his inmost heart when he reminded his brethren of the Oriental Society, that, "to be beneficial to our fellow-men" is "the great end of all our intellectual labors." Wisdom and love were delightfully blended in his whole deportment. With much reserve in expressing his religious feelings, he was profoundly conscientious and lived in the fear and love of God.

Truly of him we may say with nature's great poet—

> "His life was gentle and the elements
> So mixed in him that nature might stand up,
> And say to all the world, *This was a man.*"

The elaborate and able sketch by Judge White, from which we have deduced the foregoing, is well worth the careful perusal of every class of readers. The career of John Pickering, when it becomes known, will form a standard of excellence for coming ages:—the student will learn by it that knowledge, to a vast extent, can be attained by perseverance in a single life, even though it be surrounded by cares incident to the support and education of a family—as well as the rich reward which the cultivation of letters affords to its votaries:—the statesman will satisfy himself that the doctrine of expediency should never be resorted to—the end justifying the means, not being found in the code of ethics from which he was taught:—the religionist and moralist, that "*he can't be wrong whose life is in the right.*"

## NATURE AND GOD.

I've gaz'd on the Heavens, all cloudless and still;
When the sun pour'd his rays o'er valley and hill;
I have watch'd the pale moon, as peerless and bright,
She shed o'er creation a tide of soft light.

I have gaz'd on the stars, the bright beaming throng,
As they silently march'd, in grandeur along;
Like jewels of beauty, clear, glittering stones,
That adorned the dark night, and garnish'd the Zones.

I've gaz'd on the mountains, as lofty and high,
They raised their proud heads to meet the blue sky.
I've list to the streamlets, the cool silv'ry tides,
That gush'd from their bosoms, and dash'd down their sides.

I've gaz'd on the ocean, when storms were asleep,
When no mountain billow roll'd o'er the broad deep;
And I've seen the waves dash, high, wildly and free,
When gloomy clouds shadow'd the deep briny sea.

I've list to the thunder, I've felt the fierce blast,
As in its wild fury it swept swiftly past;
I've heard the Sea-Gull, as shrilly it scream'd,
When thro' the black Heavens the red lightning gleam'd;

And I've wander'd afar thro' field and wildwood;
And pensive and musing and mute I have stood,
'Neath the refreshing shade, the green canopy flung;
Whilst round me in gladness, the gay warblers sung.

I have list to the rills, as they glided along,
'Midst the murmur of waters, and echo of song;
And the low, plaintive moan, of the cold wintry winds,
As they swept thro' the boughs of the cloud piercing pines.

I have gaz'd on the works, which every where stand,
The monuments mighty of *His* potent hand,
By whose will the bright sun and silv'ry moon pour
Their rays on the mountains and spray whitened shore;

Who spreads o'er the forest the green robe of spring;
Who causes the songters in summer to sing;
Who is heard in the torrents as onward they dash;
Who roars in the thunder, and speaks in the flash;

Whose image is traced in the valley and dale;
On every wild flower that sips the sweet gale;
On hillock and meadow, and high rocky peak,
Where clouds love to gather, and winds whistle bleak;

On the bright glittering beam that plays on the waves,
When the waters surge not thro' Ocean's deep caves;
On the shadows that flit o'er earth and the sea,
When tempests howl fiercely, and the storm king is free.

His name is impressed on each verdant tree;
It is heard in the notes of the summer birds' glee,
It is writ in the heavens on blue sky and cloud;
And the winds that sigh by, repeat it aloud;

It is painted distinctly on river and stream,
As their clear waters sparkle and crystal tides gleam,
Like gold in the lustre of the sun's evening ray,
As he sinks to his rest in grandeur away.

* * * * *

And I've felt as I gazed on each noble sight,
My heart thrill with rapture and throb with delight;
And my soul hath o'erflown with pure, grateful love
For the Lord of all might, who dwelleth above.

And I've left the gay crowd for some lonely bow'r,
Where my spirit with nature might worship that power;
Whose presence is stamped on all that is made,
In letters that never, no never can fade!

No never, whilst Heaven preserves its clear blue;
Whilst morning shall sparkle, with bright jems of dew;
Whilst the moon over earth shall cast her soft ray;
And the sunlight disperse night's dark shades away:

Whilst the meadows grow green 'neath the mild breath of Spring,
And her garment of snow cold winter shall fling;
Whilst the cascade leaps gaily, and foams o'er the rock;
And mighty Peaks tremble 'neath the Volcano's shock:

But firm and unchanged, the same in each clime;
As billows dash swiftly down the current of time;
Unaltered as ages shall circle away,
Will nature his image more plainly display,

Until man from rebellion and sin shall depart—
And feel the sweet presence of God in his heart;
And know the pure pleasure, the ecstatic joy,
Which naught else can e'er give, without an alloy.

Then his soul fill'd with rapture will burst forth in praise,—
The warblers chant sweetly their most tuneful lays;
From ocean and mountain a voice will arise,
And swell the loud chorus 'till it's heard in the skies.

The bright stars above us as they quietly float,
Thro' the ether in glory, will reëcho the note;

And onward, still onward the anthem be borne,
'Till it rolls up to Heaven, and reaches the throne.

Then love with *its* power will govern the world;
The snowy white banner of peace be unfurl'd;
And ev'ry land where the foot of his creature hath trod,
Will honor and worship the only true God.

N. C.

*University of Va.*

---

## THOUGHTS

## ON THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1847.

BY REV. J. N. DANFORTH.

INDEPENDENCE is a favorite word with us Americans, though literally and in fact there be no such thing in the world. All men are more or less dependent on their fellow men and on God absolutely, for he is the only independent being. The very necessity, therefore, of modifying the term, admonishes us that we should modestly use our independence; that we should study its nature, and clearly understand its limitations. Were all our Fourth of July Orations to be believed, we are the greatest, wisest, bravest, most magnanimous people that ever arose to bless the earth, and give lessons to all its inhabitants. But as there were "other heroes before Agamemnon," so have there been other illustrious nations before us, whose career is completed, whose history is written, whose monument is erected. We, however, have but just commenced our existence. We are only about seventy years old. What we *shall* be, it is not so easy to tell with certainty. How long we shall endure as a nation, depends on a variety of contingencies, all under the control of an all-wise Providence. The past is certain. Deeds of valor—great conceptions—high patriotism—penetrating sagacity—inflexible firmness—ardent enthusiasm for the rights of man—all these have been exhibited and illustrated by the heroes of *our* antiquity; but who will insure us against that fatal degeneracy, which has marked the history of the proudest empires of earth?

The great revolutionary names—at the head of which stands, in the splendor of its eminence, that of WASHINGTON—are safe. God raised those men up, and qualified them for the great work to which they were called, as manifestly as Moses was called to be the deliverer of Israel from Egyptian bondage, or Joshua to lead them into the promised land. They are before the world, and the world admires them. But the dead cannot save the living. They acted well their part, and received their reward. We and our successors have also a part to act; duties to perform; responsibilities to meet. And if those were "times that tried men's souls" in one form, these are times that are trying us in another form. Prosperity has her crucibles, as well as adversity. Success its dangers, as well as its delights. We are tried by our very successes. We are embarrassed by the plenitude of those results, which follow in the train of our achieved independence. The national pride has become inflamed; the passion for acquisition has been indulged by way of contemplation, until it has actually broken out in practical invasion, and our attention is diverted from the work of subduing the soil to that of subduing armed men. No greater calamity could befall our country, than to become possessed of the spirit of conquest, like that of ancient Rome, or of modern Spain.

In the progressive developments of an overruling and never-erring Providence, the former was conducted by that spirit, as by an *ignis fatuus*, to degradation and ruin; the latter has sunk into a position, the obscurity and impotence of which are relieved only by those outbursts of anarchy, with which she is at times convulsed. The former was mistress of the old world; the latter of the new. Where now is their great power, their regal state, their proud supremacy over subject tribes and nations? The genius of the poet, musing among the ruins of the "Eternal City," thus breaks forth:

> "A thousand years scarce serve to form a State,
> An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
> Can man its shattered splendors renovate,
> Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?
> Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
> Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
> And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
> The stranger, slave or savage; their decay
> Has dried up realms to deserts."

We have begun the march of empire on a new principle. The end of our government is the happiness of the people, not, as in so great a portion of the past history of States and kingdoms, the advancement of the interests of crowned heads. The hand of God is visible in all our history. It was not until the machinery of the press began to be set in motion, that this continent was discovered; a region of earth predestinated to be inhabited by millions of inhabitants; to be irradiated by the light of superior minds; to be the home of free thought and of religious liberty, and in a word, to furnish a field for the widest scope of human genius, intellect and enterprize.

It is thus that the very existence of evils seems to lead to the discovery of their appropriate remedies. The evil of *ignorance*, almost universal, which was completed by the influence of the mid-

dle ages, found its remedy in the *art of printing*, an art which has essentially altered the state of the world, and which is destined to act an important part in the final overthrow of tyranny, superstition, infidelity, and idolatry. The press, indeed, like every other good thing, may be converted into an engine of evil, but of its natural tendency to elevate and bless man, there is sufficient evidence in the fact, that the advocates of human rights, and the friends of the liberty of man, have always used it without scruple and without fear, while despots in Church or State have shackled, where they could not silence it.

The want of commerce among the nations of the earth, a real evil when seen by the reflected light of this improving age, was supplied by the discovery of the mariner's compass, which has had its full share of efficiency in modifying the relations of men toward each other.

The absurdity, equalled only by the effrontery of certain practices at the commencement of the sixteenth century, connected with the sale of indulgences, perpetrated under the sacred garb of the Christian religion, first provoked the spirit of Reformation, which, rising with the exigency of the times, gathered strength as it rose, and eventually dealt such a blow to the reigning ecclesiastical power of the earth, as mortified, and humbled it in the dust.

The destitution and misery of human beings in prisons and dungeons first awoke the benevolent spirit of Howard, who flew like an angel of mercy to relieve their sufferings.

The vulgarity and profaneness of a knot of idle children, at play on the Sabbath in the streets of Gloucester, England, led to the establishment of the Sabbath School, which has filled the world with its beneficent influence, while it has placed the name of ROBERT RAIKES high on the scroll of sacred fame.

The monstrous evils and disasters that followed in the train of intemperate drinking, cried aloud for REFORM, since the brightest, fairest, noblest in the land were sliding into that yawning gulf; while innumerable victims had sunk in this maelstrom of souls—to rise no more. The sovereign, saving remedy was found to be TOTAL ABSTINENCE. It acted like a charm on the intellect, the imagination, the physical organization, the moral powers, the hopes, and the fortunes of all who thoroughly tried the panacea. It has saved thousands, and will save thousands more, if they will adopt the remedy. Its simplicity is as wonderful as its efficiency and universal adaptation.

The same principle of COUNTERACTION holds good in the history of nations and of the intercourse of mankind. The time had come when it was necessary to quicken that intercourse. The old style of movement was too dull and slow for the good of the world. Journeys both by land and sea, that required many long weeks for their performance, are now accomplished in a few days. And in the communication of thought and language, science, in her ardent and daring flight, has not only outstripped the speed of the wind and the light, but has caught and chained the lightning of heaven to its car of progress, and summoned into its service a herald that can travel round the globe, as I am assured from the lips of him, whose genius called into exercise this sublime natural agency, in the eleventh part of a second!

The severity and oppression of a foreign Government, which, in the plenitude of its power, forgot the imperativeness of its obligations, roused the spirit of resistance among the Colonies, whose inhabitants, with no specific or systematic design in that direction, were gradually led on by circumstances—that is, by the active providence of God, until they were ready to declare themselves independent of all powers save that Supreme Potentate, to whom they appealed for the rectitude of their intentions, and on whose aid they relied for success in the difficult enterprise they had undertaken. It was no sudden outbreak of a faction, headed by ambitious and unprincipled demagogues. There was no bursting forth of volcanic fires, like those of the French Revolution, that rolled the burning lava over the fairest part of God's creation, but there was a steady flame of patriotism kept alive in every heart; a high moral courage, which no opposition could daunt, no blandishments impair, no threats of failure deter from its purpose. It was rather a moral and a political, than a military revolution. There was the shock of armies indeed, but there was also the more powerful collision of opinions and sentiments, which struck out light on subjects interesting to communities and nations. Washington and his compeers *thought*, as well as *fought*. They thought much, and therefore they fought well. Such men eminently were Green and Hamilton. "Washington," said a great statesman, "changed MEN'S IDEAS OF POLITICAL GREATNESS." He taught the world, and his mausoleum is the heart of the free throughout the world. The pilgrim comes from the remotest corner of the earth to worship the image of liberty at his tomb.

It may be said with equal truth, that Washington and his associates changed the world's ideas of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. In the French revolution, infidelity was the ruling spirit. In the American, religion. The religious principle swayed the leading minds of the age, and its action. There were more praying and wrestling with God—more days of public fasting and prayer appointed by the constituted authorities of the land, than have ever since been observed, however much we need them.

When in September 1775, the first Congress met in Philadelphia, Mr. Cushing made a motion that it be opened with prayer. It was objected that the composition of the body was too hetero-

genous to observe any unity in worship; it would better therefore not be attempted. We are, said the objectors, divided into Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, Congregationalists and Quakers, all having different views. To this it was replied by Samuel Adams, who was a Puritan as well as a Patriot of the first water, a godly man, that prayed daily in his family: "that he was no bigot, and could hear a prayer from any gentleman of piety and virtue, who was at the same time a friend to his country." He then moved that the Rev. Mr. Duche, an Episcopal clergyman, be requested to open Congress with prayers to-morrow morning. It was carried, and Mr. D. having read several prayers, concluded with the collect for that day, which was the 35th Psalm! The report had come to town the day before, that the city of Boston had been cannonaded by the enemy. The coincidence—the pertinence of the Psalm was the theme of universal surprise and admiration. The finger of Heaven itself would seem to have pointed in that direction. Mr. Duche himself felt the inspiration of the subject and the scene, and unexpectedly to all, burst forth into an extemporaneous prayer that thrilled with its electric eloquence the bosoms of all the members present. It seemed like the notes of the trumpet of salvation rung out with piercing distinctness to proclaim deliverance and liberty to the people of the land; sounding the year of jubilee to all the inhabitants thereof.

"Plead my cause, oh Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them that fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for my help. Draw out also the spear and stop the way against them that persecute me. Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Such was the voice of the living oracles of Heaven.

No *aruspex* was needed to add his mysterious sanction to the lofty enterprise of freedom. The smile of the Supreme beckoned the brave and the wise, the bold and the free onward to the consummation. There was Washington on his knees—with his calm, confiding, determined spirit; Henry, too, with his warm and sanguine trust in an overruling Providence; Randolph, Rutledge, Lee and Jay. Then there were the inflexible old New England patriots, Hancock and the Adamses, all praying for God's protection of Massachusetts Bay, on which the enemy first wreaked his vengeance. "It was enough," said John Adams, "to melt a heart of stone. I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Philadelphia."

These were strong-minded, intelligent men, the sons of like-minded sires. The first colonists were not mere adventurers. They were a peculiar race, fitted of God for a peculiar work. Their posterity bear their stamp—the very image of their progenitors. How different the colonies planted by France, Spain, Portugal—in whatever quarter of the world they have taken root. Ignorance, superstition, anarchy, despotism, seem to be the ruling powers of their destiny. It needs no very expert pencil to draw the contrast which at this moment exists between the moral, intellectual, and physical resources of Northern and Southern America.

Nor is this said by way of boasting. Rather to set forth the excellency of that divine grace, the profundity of that divine wisdom which so ordered the volitions of thousands of individuals, and the events of nations; which so selected and arranged the materials for the foundation of this North American empire, as that they might bear the weight of the vast superstructure which is now rising upon them. Two centuries of preparation were allowed before the tide of foreign emigration began to set in with a strength and impetuosity, which at an earlier period might have overwhelmed our infant institutions. But now the landmarks are fixed; the barriers stand erect and firm; the Constitution of our country, protecting equally the civil, political and religious rites of all who seek a shelter under its ægis, has, by the blessing of God, proved itself adequate to the ends for which it was formed. And we welcome the world to the privileges and blessings of our institutions.

God is permitting us to try the experiment of self-government, with Himself for our Lawgiver and our Lord. As yet he has not given us a king in his wrath, as he did to Israel, who rejected his gentle and benevolent reign. But let us not provoke him by our sins to take back the birthright so freely bestowed. Let us cherish the testimony of great and good men; of Washington who said: "Of all the dispositions which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports:" of Harrison, who said: "A just sense of religious responsibility is necessary to all true and lasting happiness:" of Franklin, who, in the Convention which formed the Constitution, declared: "I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth—that God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall without his notice, neither can an empire rise without his aid."

A greater than Washington, Franklin, or Harrison has said, that "righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Let us then abstain from the sin, and we shall avoid the reproach, while we gain that noble exaltation which God himself will bestow and approve.

Let us not deceive ourselves with the phantom of MILITARY GLORY, after which so many are grasping only to be disappointed. Military glory depends for its acquisition on war, and war is one of the most bitter and blasting conditions of humanity. It is the daughter of pride and the mother of all kinds of abominations and disasters. It is one of the greatest curses to which humanity was ever abandoned. It breeds idleness, intemperance, infidelity, and all manner of licentiousness. It robs

wives of their husbands, and children of their fathers. As it authorizes murder on a large scale, so it affords the opportunity and the shield for all sorts of petty murders and assassinations. It involves an enormous expenditure of money, and encourages all kinds of wastefulness, creating bloated fortunes for some, and ruining others. It converts peaceful fields into the arenas of horrid strife, making of them shambles for the shedding of human blood, and instead of the quiet, cheerful, golden harvest of nature, substitutes the gloomy harvest of death, where, instead of the grateful song of the reaper, may be heard the bitter oath and the burning execration; instead of the tranquil toil of the husbandman, yielding fruit, may be seen the fierce tumult of armed men, resulting in nothing but weeping widows, childless parents, and mourning brothers and sisters.

The burnished steel, the gorgeous banner, the animating drum, and the spirit-stirring trumpet may give pomp and circumstance to the march of armed hosts, but DEATH follows in the train.

Thousands of our poor fellow citizens have already laid their bones beneath some obscure sod of that foreign land, and many of those who have escaped death will return mutilated and mangled for the rest of their days.

War introduces a train of evils which a whole generation is scarcely sufficient to repair, polluting the morals and prostrating the barriers of society.

It presents man in one of his most unamiable and repulsive attitudes, that of endeavoring to injure his fellow man to the utmost of his power; robbing him of his home, his domestic peace; often of his property; bereaving him of life itself, and sending souls reeking from the battle-field to the dread bar of the Eternal Judge. And all this varnished over with that glittering thing called *honor*, a sort of *beau ideal* to men, who, as in the days of chivalry, not relishing the calm virtues of domestic life, but smitten with the love of wandering, seek their chief pleasure in scenes of turbulence and bloodshed. The amount of ruin of character and principle, accomplished in one short war, is inconceivable. Could it be collected in one portentous mass, it would present a spectacle appalling to every virtuous mind.

Our policy, like that of heaven, should be *peace with all the world*. We have enough of other kinds of conquest to engage our attention. In the words of the divine Milton:

> "Yet much remains
> To conquer still; peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than war."

Very foolish are we to plunge into foreign wars, when we have so much home territory to subdue. May we undertake this enterprise of conquest with ploughshares made out of American swords, and pruning hooks made out of Mexican spears. Would to God that all the cannon on the continent might be melted and metamorphosed into innocent, stalwart and useful AXES, with which the hosts of sturdy emigrants should open a tremendous charge on the western forests.

See what these peace invasions have done. The first settlement made in Ohio was in 1788. She has now 1,732,000 inhabitants. Michigan, towards which the attention of emigrants was turned fourteen years ago, has now 300.000 people. Indiana, admitted into the union in 1816, has increased half a million since 1830, and now numbers more than 900,000 inhabitants. In the last five years, Illinois has ascended from 476,000 to 700,000. Ten years ago, Iowa was scarcely heard of in these parts. More than 100,000 now call that land their home. Wisconsin, ten years old, now numbers 150,000.

Such is the march of empire; such the fruits of free institutions. Power is concentrating in that part of the union. The christian should pray that it may be a sanctified power. It is not alone necessary that our country should be GREAT. She must also be JUST, if she would look for the smile of Heaven.

Otherwise, the justice of God will speedily write her epitaph, and the lament of England's noble poet over the grave of departed empires will be but too applicable to her condition:

> "*There* is the moral of all human tales,
> 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past;
> First Freedom and then Glory—when that fails,
> Wealth, vice, corruption; barbarism at last.
> And history with all her volumes vast
> Hath but one page;—'TIS BETTER WRITTEN HERE."

And it is but the fulfilment of the prophetic words: "For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee SHALL PERISH."

*Alexandria, D. C.*

---

## PATRICK HENRY.

The ancients set up statues of renowned citizens in the most public resorts, to keep passing generations in remembrance of the worthies whose patriotism and piety they ought to emulate. Sometimes filial love would prompt admiring disciples to bring garlands, not with the vain hope of adding to the intrinsic worth, or external elegance of the venerated form, but simply to wreathe round its brow a token of fond regard. In the present instance, our ambition "hath this extent, no more." We do not herein expect to elicit any new facts in the life of Patrick Henry, but shall attempt only to group as comprehensively as possible some of our views respecting the source and characteristics of his eloquence. The circumstances relating to his parentage, birth and early history have

been carefully compiled by his biographer, Wirt, and are freely copied in the historical portion of the following sketch:

Patrick Henry, the second son of John and Sarah Henry, and one of nine children, was born on the 29th of May, 1736, at the family seat called Studley, in the county of Hanover, and colony of Virginia. In his early childhood his parents removed to another seat in the same county, then called Mount Brilliant, now the Retreat; at which latter place, Patrick Henry was raised and educated. His parents, though not rich, were in easy circumstances; and, in point of personal character, were among the most respectable inhabitants of the colony.

His father, Col. John Henry, was a native of Aberdeen in Scotland. He was, it is said, a first cousin to David Henry, who was the brother-in-law and successor of Edward Cave in the publication of that celebrated work, the Gentleman's Magazine, and himself the author of several literary tracts: John Henry is also said to have been a nephew, in the maternal line, to the great historian, Dr. William Robertson. He came over to Virginia, in quest of fortune, some time prior to the year 1730, and the tradition is that he enjoyed the friendship of Mr. Dinwiddie, afterward the governor of the colony. By this gentleman, it is reported that he was introduced to the elder Col. Syme of Hanover, in whose family, it is certain, that he became domesticated during the life of that gentleman, after whose death he intermarried with his widow, and resided on the estate which he had left. It is considered as a fair proof of the personal merit of Mr. John Henry, that, in those days, when offices were bestowed with peculiar caution, he was the Colonel of his regiment, the principal surveyor of the county, and for many years the presiding magistrate of the county court. His surviving acquaintances concur in stating, that he was a man of liberal education; that he possessed a plain, yet solid understanding; and lived long a life of the most irreproachable integrity and exemplary piety. His brother Patrick, a clergyman of the Church of England, followed him to this country some years afterward; and became, by *his* influence, the minister of St. Paul's parish in Hanover, the functions of which office he sustained throughout life with great respectability. Both the brothers were zealous members of the established church, and warmly attached to the reigning family. Col. John Henry was conspicuously so: "there are those yet alive," said a correspondent in 1805, "who have seen him at the head of his regiment, celebrating the birthday of George III. with as much enthusiasm as his son Patrick afterwards displayed, in resisting the encroachments of that monarch."

The mother of this "forest-born Demosthenes," was a native of Hanover county, and is said to have been eminently endowed with amiability, intelligence, and the fascinations of a graceful elocution. She had a brother who was one of the most effective orators of that day.

It is seldom or never that we meet with a man distinguished in any intellectual pursuit who had a numbskull for a mother. How much does England and the world owe to Alfred? Liberty, property, laws, literature; all that makes the Anglo-Saxon people what they are, and political society so nearly what it ought to be. And who made Alfred all that he became to his own age, all that he is destined perpetually to be? She who nursed his first thought and moulded his regal mind. "The words which his mother taught him," the lessons of wisdom she instilled into his aspiring soul, were the germs of thought, genius, enterprise, action, every thing to the future father of his country.

And to "Mary the mother of Washington," whose incomplete monument at Fredericksburg lies shamefully neglected, we owe all the mighty debt due from mankind to her immortal son. He has himself declared that to her influence and early instruction he was indebted for all that was human in the direction of his fortunes.

Curran's mother was comparatively an obscure woman, but one of strong original understanding and glowing enthusiasm. In her latter years, the celebrity of her son rendered her the object of increased attention; and critical observers could easily discover, in the irregular bursts of her eloquence, the primitive gushings of the stream which, expanding as it descended, at length attained a force and majesty that excited unbounded admiration. Mr. Curran himself felt his indebtedness for hereditary talent. Said he, "the only inheritance that I could boast of from my poor father, was the very scanty one of an unattractive face and person, like his own; and if the world has ever attributed to me something more valuable than face or person, or than earthly wealth, it was that another and a dearer parent gave her child a portion from the treasure of her mind." He attributed much of his subsequent success to the early influence of such a mother, and to his latest hour would dwell with grateful recollection upon the wise counsel, upon the lessons of honorable ambition, and of thorough piety, which she enforced upon the minds of her children. The mother of the Schlegels is said to have contributed greatly to form the character of her accomplished sons. We know that Canning, and Brougham, and Guizot are indebted mainly to the same source of success.

The Scotch "gumption" and Virginia ardor inherited from his parents and so finely blended in his own mental organization, constituted a richer patrimony for Patrick Henry, than all the splendors of remote pedigree and ancestral fame.

The basis of Mr. Henry's character was acute common sense. His insight into the workings of human nature was early exercised to an extraordinary degree. In the common acceptation of the word, he was not educated; like Shakspeare, according to Ben Jonson, he "knew little Latin and less Greek." But in the best sense of the term, he was superlatively disciplined for the mission he was destined to fulfil. His principal book was the great volume of human nature. In this he was deeply read; and hence arose his great power of persuasion. The habit of critical observation formed in early youth went with him through life. Meeting, in a bookstore, with his friend, Ralph Wormley, who, although a great book-worm, was infinitely more remarkable for his ignorance of men than Mr. Henry was for that of books—"What, Mr. Wormley," said he, "still buying books?" "Yes," said Mr. Wormley, "I have just heard of a new work, which I am extremely anxious to peruse." "Take my word for it," said he, "Mr. Wormley, we are too old to read books; *read men*—they are the only volumes that we can peruse to advantage." But Mr. Henry neglected neither. From his earliest youth he studied both with care, though his education was desultory in the extreme. As early as most boys he had learned to read, write, and perform the ordinary tasks in arithmetic. At ten years of age he was taken home, and under the instruction of his father learned the elements of Latin and Greek.

Men of rare genius are generally fond of the extremes of existence—profound solitude or boisterous glee. Such was the case with Henry. While yet a youth, he would spend protracted seasons in silent meditation, and then with phrenzied zeal would abruptly plunge into the greatest hilarity. He was much addicted to field sports, but these were employed as the occasions of mental discipline, rather than for purposes of dissipation. He was habitually frugal, though constitutionally sanguine and impetuous. If he freely used the angle and the gun for pastime, he assiduously pondered some great theme, or deduced an argument while a superficial observer would scarcely have supposed him to be at the same time employed in pursuits so widely diversified. His violin, his flute, a few favorite books, habitual and critical study of mankind, frequent ramblings in the wild woods, and profound meditations by flowing streams, occupied the early years of his youth. The only science he loved was mathematics, and the book he most read, among uninspired authors, was a translation of "the pictured Livy." With respect to reading, his motto seems to have been, "much, but not many." He might have adopted Hobbes' opinion, "that if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they were." But the books he did peruse, he digested thoroughly. He was not a thing made up of fragments,—he was himself, a man self-developed,—he thought more than he read.

By this kind of severe self-tuition amid the beauties and sublimities of nature, he cultivated a flexile majesty, a natural grandeur of soul. It was not the artificial groves of the Academy, the polished pavements of the Portico, nor Grecian steeds constrained with bit and curb, that listened to the harp of Orpheus, but the wild trees of unfrequented haunts, the rocks of deserts unadorned, and the untamed tigers of the wood.

When fifteen years old, Mr. Henry was placed behind the counter of a country store; but the hands destined to forge thunderbolts, were unskilful in measuring tape and hoarding worldly gains. Pegasus chafed in the contracted sphere, and struggled for escape. By enlarging the domain of more exalted excursions, however, he ruined the petty profits of the shop. At the early age of eighteen, he was married. This apparently indiscreet act was probably an advantage in fact. It furnished him a secluded home of his own, a solace in pecuniary trials, and a restraint on vicious indulgence. Thus in lonely studies, healthful toils and domestic joys, he cultivated in deep obscurity the giant faculties of his soul.

> "There have been those that from the deepest caves,
> And cells of night, and fastnesses, below
> The stormy clashing of the ocean-waves,
> Down, farther down than gold lies hid, have nursed
> A quenchless hope, and watch'd their time, and burst
> On the bright day, like wakeners from their graves!"

Fortunately for our hero, he was endowed with a fine flow of elastic spirits; with a noble fortitude he braced himself boldly against every disaster of life. Mr. Jefferson made his acquaintance in the winter of 1759–60, and has left us the following impressions respecting him. "On my way to the college, I passed the Christmas holydays at Col. Dandridge's in Hanover, to whom Mr. Henry was a near neighbor. During the festivity of the season, I met him in society every day, and we became well acquainted, although I was much his junior, being then in my seventeenth year, and he a married man. His manners had something of coarseness in them; his passion was music, dancing, and pleasantry. He excelled in the last, and it attached every one to him. He had, a little before, broken up his store, or rather it had broken him up; but his misfortunes were not to be traced, either in his countenance or conduct." Says another cotemporary, "He would be pleased and cheerful with persons of any class or condition, vicious and abandoned persons only excepted; he preferred those of character and talents, but would be amused with any who could contribute to his amusement." Habitual cheerfulness is doubtless a mighty auxiliary to the mind, and happy is he who can rise above lowering storms and say,

"I will dash these fond regrets to earth,
E'en as an eagle shakes the cumbering rain
From his strong pinion."

After a six weeks preparation, he obtained a license to practice the law, being then twenty-four years of age, and almost entirely ignorant of the simplest forms of the profession he had embraced. For these facts we are also indebted to Mr. Jefferson. In the Spring of 1760, he says, Mr. Henry "came to Williamsburg to obtain a license as a lawyer, and he called on me at college. He told me he had been reading law only six weeks. Two of the examiners, however, Peyton and John Randolph, men of great facility of temper, signed his license with as much reluctance as their dispositions would permit them to show. Mr. Wythe absolutely refused, Robert C. Nicholas refused also at first; but, on repeated importunities and promises of future reading, he signed. These facts I had afterwards from the gentlemen themselves; the two Randolphs acknowledging he was very ignorant of the law, but that they perceived him to be a young man of genius, and did not doubt that he would soon qualify himself."

Henry was one of those who are "victory-organized," and will ever "find a way or make one." The same rule applies to all such, as it was announced to the Directory by the principal in command, when young Napoleon first began to display his astonishing power,—"Promote this young man, or he will promote himself."

For some time he was entirely unnoticed, but in his famous speech in *the parson's cause*, he at length began to engross public attention. As counsel for Mr. Dandridge, in a contested election, he made a brilliant harrangue on the rights of suffrage. Such a burst of eloquence from so plain and humble a man, struck the popular mind with amazement, and at once made the speaker an object of universal respect. The incident is described as follows, from the pen of Judge Tyler. It was the young advocate's first appearance in the dignified and refined society at Williamsburg, then the seat of lordly arrogance and colonial power. "The proud airs of aristocracy, added to the dignified forms of that truly august body, were enough to have deterred any man possessing less firmness and independence of spirit than Mr. Henry. He was ushered with great state and ceremony into the room of the committee, whose chairman was Col. Bland. Mr. Henry was dressed in very coarse apparel; no one knew any thing of him; and scarcely was he treated with decent respect by any one except the chairman, who could not do so much violence to his feelings and principles, as to depart, on any occasion, from the delicacy of the gentleman. But the general contempt was soon changed into as general admiration; for Mr. Henry distinguished himself by a copious and brilliant display on the great subject of the rights of suffrage, superior to any thing that had been heard before within those walls. It struck the committee with amazement, so that a deep and perfect silence took place during the speech, and not a sound but from his lips was to be heard in the room."

Let us at this point dwell a little on his personal appearance and modes of address.

In his youth, Mr. Henry was exceedingly indifferent to both costume and style, but as he rose in experience and influence, he became more refined. Through all vicissitudes, however, his personal appearance was wonderfully impressive. He was nearly six feet high; spare and raw-boned, with a slight stoop of his shoulders. His complexion was dark and sallow; his natural expression grave, thoughtful and penetrating. He was gifted with a strong and musical voice, often rendered doubly fascinating by the mild splendors of his brilliant blue eyes. When animated, he spoke with the greatest variety of manner and tone. It was necessary to involve him in some great emergency in order to arouse his more sterling qualities, and then, to the surprise of himself as well as every body else, he would in the most splendid manner develop,

"A treasure all undreampt of:—as the night
Calls out the harmonies of streams that roll
Unheard by day."

Gleams of passion interpenetrating the masses of his logic, rendered him a spectacle of delight to the friendly spectator, or of dread to his antagonist. He was careless in dress, and sometimes intentionally and extravagantly awkward in movement; but always, like the phosphorescent stone at Bologna, he was less rude than glowing. He could be vehement, insinuating, humorous, and sarcastic by turns, and to every sort of style he gave the highest effect. He was an orator by nature, and of the highest class, combining all those traits of figure and intellect, action and utterance which have indissolubly linked his brilliant name with the history of his country's emancipation.

The true orator is not the actor of his subject, but its organ. His spontaneous thunders burst forth from elements surcharged with the electric fire of intellectual enthusiasm. With him who has something to say, under the importance of which he trembles, and is anxious to disburden his soul in the most direct and forcible manner, there will be no hollow wordiness, no gaudy decoration, no rhetorical sophisms, but a profound and manifest feeling of truth and honesty will gleam all over the speaker's person and fork the lightnings of his eloquence. The inspiration will be profound, the thought will be lucid, and the action natural; looks, gestures, and tones will be such

"As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic muse."

The ethereal splendors which burned through

Patrick Henry's words, were not elaborated, spark by spark, in the laboratory of pedantic cloisters. It was in the open fields, under the wide cope of heaven, full of free, healthful and livid atmosphere, this oratorical Franklin caught his lightnings from gathering storms as they passed over him; and he communicated his charged soul with electrical swiftness and effect. *He was the incarnation of revolutionary zeal.* He had absorbed into his susceptible nature the mighty inspiration which breathed throughout the newly awakened and arousing world. He tempered and retempered his soul in boiling premeditations against tyranny, as the cutler tempers a sword by plunging it into water while yet red hot from the furnace. The popular orator must be lucid if he would be influential. He must not be a metaphysician, an antiquarian, nor a pedant

> "Plunged to the hilt in musty tomes and rusted in."

He cannot have too much learning, but he must show the edifice and not the scaffolding; or rather he must show nothing, but let all be seen without effort. He may possess subtle schemes and recondite erudition, but these must be dragged from their obscurity into a full blaze of light. He may be skilful in fine theories and cumbered with much learning, but they must be rendered plain and prominent to common sense, or they have no claims to the honors of eloquence. That which cannot be invested with a blaze of imagination and made palpable to the public gaze is not a fit subject for the orator. It is not meant by this that in order to be comprehended by the general mind one must be superficial; on the contrary, nothing so soon palls on the popular taste as shallowness, and nothing so soon disgusts as flippant uniformity. Affectation and common-place are as loathsome to the masses as to the most refined individuals; and nothing will long interest them but deep thought in clear expression, a compound of untameable vigor, and daring originality. Assembled multitudes are enthralled by a style that is rich in meaning, vivid in color, and varied in tone; its combinations must be bold, unexpected, clearly significant, pertinent to the topic in hand, and powerfully directed to one great end. Then will be realized the poet's vision—

> "Words potent as the fabled wizard's oils,
> With the terrific smoothness of their fire
> Wide sheeting the hush'd ocean;
> ——————————they spread
> Beyond the sphere of sound, th' indignant brow,
> The stately waving of the arm discoursed,
> Flow'd argument from every comely limb;
> And the whole man was eloquence."

Mr. Henry's knowledge of legal science was quite limited, but his great natural sagacity enabled him to make the most successful use of such resources as he possessed. His great forte lay in arguing questions of law, or in the defence of criminals before a jury. "There, his intimate knowledge of human nature, and the rapidity as well as justness of his inferences, as to what was passing in the hearts of his hearers, availed him fully. The jury might be composed of entire strangers, yet he rarely failed to know them, man by man, before the evidence was closed. There was no studied fixure of features that could long hide the character from his piercing and experienced view. The slightest unguarded turn of countenance or motion of the eye let him at once into the soul of the man whom he was observing. Or, if he doubted whether his conclusions were correct from the exhibitions of countenance during the narration of evidence, he had a mode of playing a prelude as it were upon the jury, in his exordium, which never failed to 'wake into life each silent string,' and show him the whole compass as well as pitch of the instrument: and, indeed, (if we may believe all the concurrent accounts of his exhibitions in the general court,) the most exquisite performer that ever 'swept the sounding lyre,' had not a more sovereign mastery over its powers than Mr. Henry had over the springs of feeling and thought that belong to a jury. There was a delicacy, a taste, a felicity in the touch that was perfectly original, and without a rival. His style of address, on these occasions, is said to have resembled very much that of the scriptures. It was strongly marked with the same simplicity, the same energy, the same pathos. He sounded no alarm; he made no parade to put the jury on their guard. It was all so natural, so humble, so unassuming, that they were carried imperceptibly along, and attuned to his purpose, until some master touch dissolved them into tears. His language of passion was perfect. There was no word 'of learned length or thundering sound,' to break the charm. It had almost all the stillness of solitary thinking. It was a sweet reverie, a delicious trance. His voice, too, had a wonderful effect. He had a singular power of infusing it into a jury and mixing its tones with their nerves in a manner which it is impossible to describe justly; but which produced a thrilling excitement in the happiest concordance with his designs. No man knew so well as he did what kind of topics to urge to their understandings, nor what kind of simple imagery to present to their hearts. His eye, which he kept rivetted upon them, assisted the process of fascination, and at the same time informed him what theme to press, or at what instant to retreat, if by rare accident he touched an unpropitious string. And then he had such an exuberance of appropriate thoughts, of apt illustrations, of apposite images, and such a melodious and varied roll of the happiest words, that the hearer was never wearied by repetition, and never winced from an

apprehension that the intellectual treasures of the speaker would be exhausted." *

After Mr. Henry's death there was found among his papers one sealed, and endorsed as follows in his own hand-writing: "The within resolutions passed the house of burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act, and the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. All the colonies, either through fear, or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the House, and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight opposed to the opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised, and unassisted, on the blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within. Upon offering them to the House violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries, and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed on us. If they are wise they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation. Reader, whosoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere practice virtue thyself and encourage it in others.

P. HENRY."

The speech made by James Otis, in Boston, against "Writs of Assistance" made John Adams the orator. The eloquence of Patrick Henry, in the Colonial Assembly at Williamsburg, May 1765, created another college student, Thomas Jefferson, the patriot. This great statesman was young when the orator whom he styled "the magnificent child of nature" first appeared in public with his famous resolutions against the stamp act, referred to in his own record just quoted. "The debate," to use Jefferson's strong language, "was most bloody," but torrents of indomitable eloquence from Henry prevailed, and the resolutions were carried.

Incidents which occurred during this famous debate indicated new features in Mr. Henry's oratorical character. A remarkable instance proved that his power of self-control was as great as that of his habitual impetuosity. Like as a courser of high mettle and pure blood suddenly reined in, stands on his haunches with every nerve trembling, so he could arrest the impetuous course of his eloquence and turn in a moment to reply to any pertinent or impertinent interruption. The following illustration of this point is preserved to us by Mr. Jefferson. "I well remember the cry of 'treason' by the speaker, echoed from every part of the House, against Mr. Henry. I well remember his pause, and the admirable address with which he recovered himself, and baffled the charge thus vociferated." The allusion here is to that memorable exclamation of Mr. Henry: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III.—"Treason," cried the speaker, "treason! treason!" echoed the House—"may profit by the example," promptly replied the orator, "if this be treason, make the most of it."

It seems to be a fundamental law, that moral courage should constitute the true basis of oratorical success as well as personal honor. "No slave can be eloquent," says Longinus, and all literary history shows that the highest attainments can be secured only by the union of the most unshackled and uncorrupted qualities of head and heart. To think, vigorously and fearlessly to say what you think is the only way to be effective in the use of speech. The faculty of profound and penetrating thought was a distinguishing feature in Henry's mental character, and the boldness with which he expressed his opinions at the hazard of personal convenience was equally remarkable. Exalted sentiment was the informing soul which invested his person with an imposing grandeur; but the nobleness of his mien was enhanced by the perfect independence with which he employed his resources in defence of whatever he deemed essential to individual integrity or the public weal. His mind was ardent and prolific of illustrations; it threw off a profusion of beauties in its progress as naturally as a current of molten iron glows and sparkles as it issues from the furnace. His eloquent soul was one of that elevated class that revels in the luxuriance of splendid imagery, in every succeeding sentence changing its hue and form with Protean facility, throwing out something original at each remove, and generally terminating the brilliant chain with a link more magnificent than all the rest.

Jefferson was present during the whole of the occasion alluded to above. He stood in the door of communication between the House and the lobby, where he heard the whole of the violent discussion. Like the boy, John Adams, he thenceforth consecrated himself to the service of his country. Scipio Africanus, while yet in his early youth, stood one day on a hill near Carthage and looked

* This outline, drawn by Mr. Wirt, is a fine sketch of his own wonderful abilities, as well as those of his admired predecessor at the bar.

down on a terrific battle-field where those veterans, Massanissa and Hamilcar crushed through opposing legions in the tug of war. This chance view gave direction to his life. But Adams and Jefferson, in the presence of Otis and Henry, were inspired with loftier impulses and far nobler ends.

On the fourth of September, 1774, the old continental congress of the United States met for the first time at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia. It is not our intention to dwell here on the wonderful effect produced by Mr. Henry's eloquence in that body in the opening of its solemn session. Neither at present do we more than simply allude to his still more extraordinary speech made in the convention of delegates which assembled on the 20th of March, 1775, in the old church at Richmond, Virginia. Those were scenes of stupendous interest which we reserve for another article on *The Battle-Fields of Early American Eloquence.*

Mr. Henry was actively employed in promoting the welfare of his country through a long series of years. In his habits of living he was severely temperate and frugal. He seldom drank any thing but water, and furnished his table in the most simple manner. His morals were strict; and, especially in his mature life, as a christian he was very decided.

Education among the Greeks was not effeminate. Themistocles says of himself that he had learned neither to tune the harp nor handle the lyre, but that he knew how to make a small and inglorious city both powerful and illustrious. He could not sleep for the trophies of Miltiades. In his boyhood he shunned puerile sports, and spent his time in severe self-discipline. Having been a poor and disinherited child, he achieved the highest honors in Athens, and for a season controlled the destinies of the civilized world. In like manner, Patrick Henry won and worthily wore the most exalted honors. He collected the first corps of volunteers in the South after the battles of Lexington and Concord, and was first governor of his native commonwealth, which, by repeated reëlections, he continued to rule until 1779.

Probably no man ever passed through so long a series of public services with a reputation less tarnished. In the year 1794, he bade adieu to all professional toil, and retired to the bosom of his family, attended by the gratitude, confidence, admiration, and love of his country.

"It is said that there stood in the court, before his door, a large walnut tree, under whose shade it was his delight to pass his summer evenings, surrounded by his affectionate and happy family, and by a circle of neighbors who loved him almost to idolatry. Here he would disport himself with all the careless gayety of infancy. Here, too, he would sometimes warm the bosoms of the old, and strike fire from the bosoms of his younger hearers, by recounting the tales of other times; by sketching, with the boldness of a master's hand, those great historic incidents in which he had borne a part." Thus employed, in his sixtieth year, disease met him and began to waste away the mighty energies of his body and mind. He sank rapidly, but in the placid confidence inspired by christian hopes, and on the sixth of June, 1799, a great man in Israel had fallen, Patrick Henry was no more.

The great orator of Virginia, whose career we have so rapidly delineated, never worried his prey by darting on him javelins from afar; he advanced directly up with raised sledge and smote his victim between his two horns with a blow that felled him at once. The effective speaker will be more intent on striking with force than with elegance; wholly absorbed in his great purpose, he will not stop to polish a phrase when he should compel his antagonist to fall. He will make his weapon keen rather than glittering.

There are two kinds of eloquence. The highest order flows directly from the soul, as from a perennial and prolific fountain. Its current is incessant and irresistible; if opposed a moment, it accumulates its own chafing mass and will inevitably crush the obstacles by which it is impeded. The other multiplies its delicate threads around its object, betraying him into the meshes of a skilful net, by the fascination of a look, in the meantime strengthening every tiny bond until the victim is secured and tortured to death by a thousand malignant stings.

Henry's mind was not disciplined into symmetry by severe science, nor was it embellished with the decorations of classical learning; but massy fragments of original thought frequently appear in the progress of his speech, like shattered colonnades and broken statues, hurled from pedestal and base buried in common dust. He was richly endowed with that permeating imagination which gives vitality to the body of thought, and which makes the fortune of every great master in the divine art of eloquence. He was imbued with that vehemence of conviction, that oratorical action, which modulates the tones and tinges the visage with irresistible power, and suggests to the rapt listener more than articulated language can express. His soul melted when he spoke, and there were tears in his voice which no heart could withstand. His argument grew luminous as it arose, like a majestic tree on fire, and its combustion shone with a splendor inextinguishable and unexcelled.

The insipid prettiness of rhetorical mechanism no more resembles the soul of true eloquence, than the unconscious quiverings of galvanized muscles resemble the spontaneous throbs of a living and impassioned heart. Sampson chose an uncouth weapon, but three hundred Philistines felt its force.

It is necessary to bring into bold relief the natural grandeur of things by simplicity of expression.

The orator must be familiar without vulgarity, original without eccentricity, natural and yet highly artistic,—in apparent carelessness "snatching a grace beyond the reach of art,"—fluent in language, but elaborate in thought, speaking at once to the instincts that are most profound, as well as those that are most superficial. Ordinarily, Henry's style was the natural current of his thought and glided along in limpid, glowing abundance, as if it reflected the still beams of the sun. But when some exciting crisis occurred, his speech became impetuous and rugged with scythes and daggers, like a Saxon war-chariot; then his livid bolts shot off in every direction with the concussion of lightnings which in the same instant shine and kill. He drew the great masses of mankind closely around him by the exaltation of his sentiments; he held them still more enthralled by the simplicity of his language.

The April shower is grateful to the soft herbage and the still snow falls gracefully to earth, but neither of these produce strong impressions on the beholder. On the contrary, when rugged clouds, fringed with electric fires and buffeted by terrific winds, pour down piercing hail and torrent rain, intermingled with thunders that shake the skies and astound the earth, then do men tremble unbidden in the presence of natural sublimity.

Tradition and history speak in rapturous terms of Patrick Henry's eloquence, and some of his speeches reported by cotemporaries substantiate his fame. But as well might one attempt to paint lightning with charcoal, as to delineate a soul like his in dull words. In order properly to appreciate his power, we

—"Should have seen him in the Campus Martius,—
In the tribunal,—shaking all the tribes
With mighty speech. His words seemed oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn,
And gaze in wonder on his neighbor's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
Then some would weep, some shout, some, deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable."

We should have seen him when he knew that he spoke under the shadow of the scaffold,—when British cannon were booming in the north, and, standing in the outlawed assembly of Virginia, like a lion at bay, he caught the first cry of distress from Lexington and Bunker Hill,—with a generous devotion that made no reserve and knew no fear,—with a voice solemn, tremulous with patriotic rage, and swelling over the thrilled audience like a trumpet-call to arms, and with an eye flashing unutterable fire, he exclaimed—"Give me liberty, or give me death!"

E. L. M.

*Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Business having called us to Williamsburg, we took occasion to be present at the closing exercises of William and Mary College, on the 3rd and 5th of July. Of these, and of the appointment of Dr. Francis L. Hawkes, of New Orleans, as President, we had prepared a brief account, accompanied with a few thoughts relating to "our Colleges in Virginia,"—all of whom we wish unbounded prosperity.

But all that we had written has been excluded by the necessary arrangement of the matter of the present number; and we have only room for the following brief memorials of two whose loss has left an irreparable void in the spheres which they adorned, and whose pens have given value and dignity, grace and beauty to the pages of the Messenger.

## THE LATE PRESIDENT DEW.

At a meeting of "the Society of Alumni of William and Mary College," held on Monday, the 5th day of July, 1847, the following preamble and resolutions were reported to the Society by Prof. Saunders, (Chairman of a Committee to draft a preamble and resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Society for the loss of Thomas R Dew, its late President,) and unanimously adopted.

"Since the last meeting of this Society it hath pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from this life, Thomas R. Dew, its late distinguished President, and at the same time President of William and Mary College; and it being equally becoming in itself and grateful to our feelings to express in a formal manner our respect for his memory and our regret for his loss, be it therefore

*Resolved*, That by the death of President Dew, this Society was deprived of an eminent and efficient head, and its individual members of a cherished associate and friend.

2. *Resolved*, That in him, this College lost an able, a faithful and a dignified Professor—his Country a loyal citizen, a pure Statesman and a profound philosopher, and Society a true, kind and courteous gentleman: in whom it was difficult to decide whether was most to be admired the expansion of his mind, the extent of his information, the rectitude of his purpose, the simplicity of his manners, or the goodness of his heart."

On motion of Prof. Millington, it was ordered that the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger be requested to publish the foregoing preamble and resolutions.

Ro. Saunders, *President.*

W. S. Peachy, *Secretary.*

---

Died—June 3rd., of Consumption, Mrs. JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON, wife of Dr. Francis A. Worthington, of this city.

The deceased was a daughter of the late Major Lomax of the U. S. Army, and formerly of Virginia.

She was known to the public as a frequent and graceful writer for the Southern Literary Messenger and other periodicals, in each of which she was distinguished both as a writer of Prose and Verse. With a highly cultivated Intellect, and delicate Taste, she was qualified not only to adorn, but to soften and purify our native Literature.

Accomplished in mind—and fitted to be useful as a writer—she was no less worthy in all the qualities which constitute a Christian lady. Refined in manners—sensitive in feelings—alive to all the proprieties of life—and attentive to the minutest duties—she was unselfish in conduct, and full of kindness towards others. Gradually wasting away, she was yet resigned—and, at the last hour, peacefully glided from the presence of Earth, as we trust, to the brightness of Heaven.—*Cincinnati Chronicle.*

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Though the necessary arrangement of the matter of the present number has driven our acknowledgment of new works to the cover, yet there are some too well entitled to our readers' patronage and attention to be neglected.

To *Harper & Brothers*, we are indebted for the following:

1. *Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the most eminent English Poets.* This work is comprised in two neat volumes, the greater part of whose contents are agreeable and pleasant reading. In poetry, W. Howitt seems to have a very catholic taste and most unbounded charity. His style is neither correct, elegant, nor forcible; and he exhibits very little more than surface knowledge. Had he strictly confined himself to the Poets' "homes and haunts," these volumes would have been meagre and dull. The most pleasant portions are rather biographical, though he makes his professed object of describing only the most noted and interesting scenes and localities connected with their lives and writings his excuse for not entering farther into their memoirs. Of course, biography had to be interwoven with his descriptions, and in some of the sketches, as in that of Cowper, he has properly and judiciously made the poet "live and move" among his favorite haunts. But in other cases, as that of Chatterton, what would the sketch be without the memoir which it contains! As a whole, then, the work is only mediocre, and less graphic and animated than the author's "visits to remarkable places." We think he has indulged his spleen unnecessarily towards the Tighes of Ireland. Other volumes are to follow with sketches of the Homes and Haunts of the Dramatic Poets; though the Poems of Shakspeare and other dramatists are made the ground of embracing them in the present gallery. The work is handsomely published, and contains numerous illustrations engraved by H. W. Hewett.

2. *The Boy's Summer Book* is filled with the scenes, the occupations, the sports, and sketches of natural history, appropriate to the season,—and all thrown together in an admirable manner, by Thomas Miller, a sort of Peter Parley of the Seasons and of Rural Life.

3. *Trail's new Translation of Josephus*, Part I, has been issued, fulfilling the promise of its announcement; also the

4. *Pictorial History of England*, Nos. 24 and 25, down to the reign of Charles I.

5. *The Inheritance.* A Novel in 2 Parts. By *Miss Ferrier*, author of "Marriage," &c., &c.

All the above are for sale by *Drinker & Morris.*

*Lea & Blanchard* have sent us another of Youatt's useful treatises on domestic animals. "The breeds, management, feeding, and medical treatment of swine, with directions for salting pork and curing bacon and hams," also parts in continuation of Dombey & Son, by Dickens:—also Cæsar's Commentary "De Bello Gallico," being one of Schmitz Zumpt's classical series. With a map, notes and geographical index.

These are for sale by *Nash & Woodhouse.*

*Butler & Co., Phil.*, have sent us "A Critical Corrector of the Common Errors of Speech," which contains nearly two thousand barbarisms, cant phrases, errors and inelegances too frequently to be met with even in the conversation of the educated and well-informed. Such a work may be defective and yet of infinite service in promoting elegance and accuracy of speech.

B. & Co. have a long catalogue of standard, educational and other works, with recommendatory notices.

*Drinker & Morris*, agents, have from L. & B. the July number of *Hays' Quarterly Journal of Medical Sciences*, one of the most valuable journals devoted to medicine.

"*Orators of the Revolution*" is a small neat volume from Cincinnati, containing sketches of the eloquence of the Colonial and Revolutionary Times, delivered before the New England Society of the Queen City of the west, by our former townsman, the Rev. E. L. Magoon, and published by the request of that society. The paper on Patrick Henry in the present number is an enlarged sketch in the same spirit and from the same pen.

Another work relating to our Revolutionary era is the

*Life and Correspondence of Joseph Reed*, by his grandson, *William B. Reed.* 2 vols. 8 vo. Lindsay & Blakiston, Phil., 1847. Mr. Reed was the military secretary of Washington, at Cambridge; adjutant general of the continental army; member of the Congress of the U. S., and President of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. The work is composed chiefly of the correspondence of many distinguished characters during and after the Revolution; connected, explained and illustrated by the author and editor. We like the frank avowal of the honorable motives which actuated him in the execution of his work; and have read considerable portions of it with great pleasure. Though it does not seem to possess any peculiar claim to merit as a biography, yet it is a valuable accession to our Revolutionary and State Histories; and has been produced with patience, caution and industry. Our thanks to the author and publishers for a copy,—through *J. W. Randolph & Co.*, who have it for sale.

Various New periodicals of the sounder sort occupy our table. Silliman's Journal; The Charleston Journal of Medicine; The Southern Quarterly Review, filled with more variety than usual and equal ability; De Bow's Commercial Review; The North American Review; Leonard Scott & Co's Republications of the English Reviews, from the agents, Nash & Woodhouse,—have been by us often commended to public favor and patronage.

## OFFICES IN THE LAW BUILDING.

There are several handsome and convenient offices for rent, on accommodating terms, in the Messenger "Law Building," near the New Court-House, on Franklin Street. Each occupant will have the use of two rooms, well finished, lighted, and aired, and separated by a sash-door. The location offers many advantages and facilities to men of business and especially t the door of the New Court-H ral important Courts will soo a few steps of the Capitol, th Office and the Banks. Also rooms. For terms, &c., ap

*May 1st*, 1847.

## BENJAMIN B. MINO

### ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR

Has removed his office to No. 8, Messenger "Law Building," on Franklin Court-House. He tenders his services to the public, as heretofore, in the various d Claims due residents or non-residents secured, or settled, and the money pr

### WANTED A TRAVELLING AND CANVASSING

An active, energetic, and faithful travelling and canvassing Agent would be terms, to devote himself to the interests of the Southern and Western Literar view. Address this office, post paid, with suitable testimonials and references.

## UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

**Faculty of Physic. Session of 1847-48. The Lectu menee on Monday, October 25th, and continue un March ensuing.**

Richard Wilmot Hall, M. D., *Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence.*
William E. A. Aikin, M. D., *Chemistry and Pharmacy.*
Nathan R. Smith, M. D., *Surgery.*
Samuel Chew, M. D., *Therapeutics, Materia Medica and Hygiene.*
Joseph Roby, M. D., *Anatomy and Physiology.*
William Power, M. D., *Theory and Practice of Medicine.*
George W. Miltenberger, M. D., *Demonstrator of Anatomy.*

Instruction in Clinical Medicine and Clinical Surgery, will be given every day firmary, opposite the Medical College.

Fees for the entire course, $90. Matriculation fee, $5. Graduation fee, free. Dissecting ticket, optional with the students.

WM. E. A. AIKIN, M. D., *Dean*

*Baltimore, July 1*, 1847.—4*t*

## WM. MACFARLANE & JOHN W. FERGUSS

## BOOK AND JOB PRIN

**Nos. 14 & 15, Law Building: Up Stair**

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. SEPTEMBER, 1847. NO. IX.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1847.

# INTRODUCTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### 1752—1755.

Dinwiddie Governor; George Washington; His birth and family; A Surveyor; Promoted to rank of Major; His mission through the Wilderness; Is made Lieut. Colonel; Commencement of hostilities between France and England; Washington surprizes a French party; M. de Jumonville killed; Death of Col. Fry; His character; Washington besieged in Fort Necessity; Capitulates; Dinwiddie's injudicious orders; Washington resigns; Arrival of Braddock; Washington joins him as aid-de-camp; Benjamin Franklin; Braddock's expedition; Braddock's defeat; Washington's bravery; His account of the defeat; Davies; Washington made Colonel of the Virginia Regiment; Indian incursions; General consternation; Patriotism of Davies; Progress of Presbyterianism.

A new epoch dawns with the administration of Robert Dinwiddie, who arrived in Virginia, as Lieutenant Governor, [1752.] In his time the name of George Washington began to attract the public attention. The third son of Augustine Washington he was born [22nd Feb., 1732,] on the border of Pope's Creek, about half a mile from where it empties into the Potomac, in the county of Westmoreland—the eldest child of a second marriage. His mother's maiden name was Mary Ball. Shortly after the birth of George, his father removed to a seat opposite Fredericksburg, where he died [1743.] George was now ten years of age. He received a plain English education. The bent of his early genius was so strong towards entering the navy, that [1747,] when at the age of fifteen, a midshipman's warrant was obtained for him. The affectionate opposition of his mother, prevented the execution of this scheme. [1743.] Lawrence, his eldest brother, married the daughter of the Honorable George William Fairfax, and this connection introduced George Washington to Lord Fairfax, who gave him an appointment as surveyor in the Northern Neck of Va.* He was now [1748] little more than sixteen years of age. After crossing the first range of the Alleghanies, the surveying party entered a wilderness where they were exposed to the inclemency of the season, and subjected to great fatigues. It was March, but snow still lingered on the mountains, and the streams were swollen into torrents. The surveylands lay on the South Branch of the Potomac, about seventy miles above Harper's Ferry. This mode of life was well-fitted to train young Washington for his future career. A knowledge of topography taught him how

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 1, pp. 1-2.

to choose a ground for encampment or for battle. Hardy exercise and exposure invigorated a frame naturally athletic and fitted him to endure the fatigues of military life. He now became acquainted with the habits and temper of the Indians and the people of the frontier, and grew familiar with the wild country which was to be the scene of his early military operations. Promoted to the place of a public surveyor, he continued to engage in this pursuit for three years, except during the rigor of the winter months.* [1751.] At the age of nineteen, he was appointed one of the adjutants-general of Virginia, with the rank of major. In the Autumn of this year, he accompanied his brother Lawrence, then in declining health, to Barbadoes in the West Indies. He returned to Virginia and after lingering a short time, died.

After the arrival of Governor Dinwiddie, the colony was divided into four military districts, and the Northern one was allotted to Major Washington. France was now undertaking to stretch a chain of posts from Canada to Louisiana, in order to secure a control over the boundless and magnificent regions West of the Alleghanies, which she claimed by a vague title of discovery. England claimed the same territories upon grounds equally slender,—a cession † made at the Treaty of Lancaster, 1744, from the Six Nations, or Iroquois, who by an uncertain tradition, pretended to have conquered those regions at some remote period. A title better than either,—that of the tribes actually inhabiting the country, commanded no consideration from the contending powers. The French troops had now commenced establishing posts in the territory on the Ohio, claimed by Virginia. Dinwiddie finding it necessary to demand a suspension of these encroachments, a trusty messenger was wanted, and Major Washington cheerfully undertook the hazardous mission. Starting from Williamsburg [31st of October, 1753,] he reached Will's Creek on the 14th of November. Thence accompanied by an Indian, a French interpreter, Mr. Gist an expert woodsman, and four other attendants, he traversed a savage wilderness, over rugged mountains covered with snow and across rapid swollen rivers. He reconnoitred the face of the country with a sagacious eye and selected the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers, where they form the beautiful Ohio, as an eligible site for a fort. Fort DuQuesne was afterwards erected there by the French. Provided with Indian guides, Major Washington ascended the Alleghany and delivered Dinwiddie's letter to the French commander, Monsieur Le Gardeur de St. Pierre, a courteous knight of the order of St. Louis. Detained there some days, Washington examined the fort and prepared a plan and description of it. It was situated on a branch of French Creek, about fifteen miles South of Lake Erie, and about seven hundred and fifty from Williamsburg. When he departed, his canoe was hospitably stocked with liquors and provisions. After a perilous voyage of six days, he reached Venango. Accoutred in an Indian dress, he now proceeded on foot, accompanied by Gist and an interpreter. After three days, the interpreter taking charge of the exhausted horses, Major Washington, with a knapsack on his back, containing only his papers and food, and a gun in his hand, pursued his journey with no companion but Gist. At a place of ill-omened name, Murdering Town, on the South East Fork of Beaver Creek, they met with an Indian who undertaking to guide them through the woods, shot at either the Major, or Gist, within a short distance, but without effect. Gist would have killed the savage on the spot, but was prevented by the prudence of Washington. Upon reaching the Alleghany river, they were compelled to sleep on the snow, with no covering save their blankets. The next day they employed in making a raft of logs, with the aid only of a hatchet. Just as the sun set behind the mountains, they launched it and undertook to cross. The river was covered with floating masses of ice; by which before they were half-way over, they were blocked up and near being sunk. Washington putting out his setting-pole to stop the raft, was thrown by the revulsion into the water, but recovered himself by laying hold of one of the logs of the raft. He and his companion forced to abandon it, betook themselves to an island near at hand, where they passed the night in wet clothes and without fire. Gist's hands and feet were frozen. In the

* Sparks' Life of Washington.

† 2 Writings of Washington, pp. 13-14, in note. The consideration of this cession was £400 paid by Virginia in money and goods.

morning they crossed the river on the ice, and passed two or three days at a trading post near the spot where the battle of the Monongahela was afterwards fought. Washington arrived at Williamsburg on the 16th of January, after an absence of eleven days, and a journey of 1500 miles, one half through an untrodden wilderness. A journal which he kept of his route, was published in the colonial newspapers and in England.* For this hazardous and painful journey he received no compensation, save the bare amount of his expenses.†

St. Pierre's reply being deemed unsatisfactory, Dinwiddie despatched Capt. Trent with a small party to commence a fort at the fork of the Ohio. The assembly raised a regiment of three hundred men. The command was given to Colonel Joshua Fry, and Washington was made Lieut. Colonel. [April, 1754.] He obtained leave to proceed with two companies to the Great Meadows. At Will's creek he learned that an ensign in command of Trent's company had surrendered his fortlet to a large French force.‡ This first act of hostility between France and England, in North America, took place near the site of Pittsburg. In the war that ensued, England indeed triumphed gloriously, yet that triumph served only to bring on in its train the revolt of the colonies and the dismemberment of the empire.

Lt. Col. Washington ascertaining the capture of the fort, (now called DuQuesne after the governor of Canada,) and that a detachment was then on its march towards his camp, determined to anticipate them. Guided by friendly Indians, in a dark and rainy night he approached the French encampment. At day-break on the 28th of May, with forty of his own men and a party of Indians, he surrounded the French. A skirmish ensued; M. de Jumonville, the French commander, and ten of his party, were killed and twenty-two made prisoners. Of Washington's men, one was killed and two or three wounded. While the regiment was on its march to join the detachment in advance, the command devolved, [May 31st,] on Washington, by the death of Col. Joshua Fry. This officer, a native of England, was educated at Oxford. Coming to Virginia, he was appointed professor of mathematics in the college of William and Mary, and was afterwards a member of the house of burgesses, and engaged in running a boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina to the Westward. In concert with Peter Jefferson, father of Thomas, he made a map of Virginia, and he was a commissioner at the treaty of Logstown, [June 1752.] He died universally lamented.* Some friendly Indians having reported that the French and Indians were advancing as numerous as "wild pigeons in the woods," and the provisions of the detachment being nearly exhausted, and the ground occupied disadvantageous, a council of war, held June 28th at Gist's house, thirteen miles beyond the Great Meadows, advised a retreat, and Colonel Washington fell back to the post at the Great Meadows, now styled Fort Necessity.† His force amounted to about four hundred men. A ditch was commenced around the stockade. Forty or fifty Indian families took shelter in the fort and among them Tanacharison, or the Half-king, and queen Aliquippa. They proved to be of more trouble than advantage, being as spies and scouts of some service; in the field useless. Before the completion of the ditch, M. de Villiers appeared, [July 3rd, 1754,] before the fort with nine hundred men, and, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, commenced an attack, by firing at the distance of six hundred paces. The assailants fought under cover of the trees and high grass on the side of rising ground near the fort. They were received with intrepidity by the Americans. The rain fell heavily during the day, and the trenches were filled with water. The engagement lasted until eight o'clock in the evening, when the French commander having twice sounded a parley, it was accepted, and about midnight, during a heavy rain, the fort was surrendered. By the articles of capitulation it was stipulated that Washington's troops, retaining their arms (artillery excepted) and baggage, should march out of the fort on the following morning, with drums beating and colors flying, and return home unmolested. The articles of surrender according to the French copy, implied an acknowledgment

* 2 Sparks' Writings of Washington, pp. 432-447.
† Ib. p. 92.
‡ Sparks' Life of Washington, p. 43. Marshall (Life of Washington, vol 1, p. 4.) says erroneously, that Washington received this intelligence at the Great Meadows. See 2 Writings of Washington, p. 6.

* Sparks' Writings of Washington, vol. 2, p. 27, in note.
† Ib., p. 51, in note. 1 Marshall's Washington, p. 5.

on the part of Washington, that M. de Jumonville had been assassinated. It was, however, alleged by Washington, that he had been misled by the inaccuracy of Vanbraam, the interpreter, a Dutchman.* It was so stormy at the time, that he could not give a written translation of the articles, and they could scarcely keep a candle lighted to read them by, so that it became necessary to rely upon the interpreter's word. The officers present averred that the word 'assassination' was not mentioned and that the terms employed were "*the death of Jumonville.*" Of the Virginia regiment, three hundred and five in number, twelve were killed and forty-three wounded. The loss of Capt. Mackay's independent company was not ascertained. The Indians were with difficulty restrained from plundering the baggage. All the horses and cattle having been destroyed by the French, it became necessary to leave a large part of the baggage and to convey the remainder, with the wounded, on the backs of the soldiers. Thus they returned to Will's Creek, whence Colonel Washington proceeded to Williamsburg. The assembly voted him thanks and gave him three hundred pistoles, to be distributed among his men. But a good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at some of the articles of the capitulation when they were made public.† The Virginia regiment, quartered at Winchester, was re-inforced by some companies from Maryland and North Carolina. Dinwiddie injudiciously ordered this force to march at once again over the Alleghanies and expel the French from Fort Du Quesne, or build another near it. This little army, now under command of Col. Innes of North Carolina, did not exceed half the number of the enemy, and was unprovided for a winter campaign. But the assembly making no appropriation for the expedition, it was abandoned and the regiment dissolved into independent companies. Dinwiddie censured the assembly's "republican way of thinking," and wrote to the ministry that "the progress of the French would never be effectually opposed but by means of an act of parliament, compelling the colonies to contribute to the common cause, independently of assemblies." This scheme had been broached a long time before. During the winter, Dinwiddie, under pretence of peremptory orders from England, dissolved the Virginia regiment into independent companies. The effect of this upon Washington, would have been to reduce him to the grade of Captain, and to subject him to officers whom he had commanded. He therefore resigned and passed the winter at Mt. Vernon. He was now aged 22. In a letter to Col. William Fitzhugh, dated November 15th, 1754, he said:—"if you think me capable of holding a commission, that has neither *rank nor* emolument annexed to it, you must entertain a very contemptible opinion of my weakness, and believe me to be more empty than the commission itself."*

[February 20th, 1755.] General Braddock arrived in Virginia with two British regiments, each consisting of five hundred men—the 44th and 48th, commanded the one by Sir Peter Halket, the other by Colonel Dunbar. At Braddock's invitation, Washington entered his family as a volunteer, retaining his former rank. The General's head-quarters were at first at Alexandria,† and his troops were stationed in that place and in the neighborhood, until they marched for Will's Creek.

[April 13th.] The governors of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, met General Braddock at Alexandria, to concert a plan of operations. Col. Washington was courteously received by the governors, especially by Shirley, with whose manners and character he was quite fascinated. Overtaking Braddock at Fredericktown, Maryland, Washington accompanied him to Winchester and thence to Fort Cumberland, on Will's Creek. Early in May, Washington was made an aid-de-camp to the General. The army now consisted of the two regiments of British regulars, numbering 1,000, and as many provincials, including the fragments of two independent companies from New York, one of which was commanded by Captain Horatio Gates, afterwards a major-general in the Revolutionary War. There were also thirty sailors granted by admiral Keppel, who

* He and Capt. Stobo were retained by de Villiers as hostages. They were sent to Quebec, and thence to England, and appear not to have returned to Virginia. M. de Villiers was brother to de Jumonville. See 2 Washington's Writings, pp. 460, 465, 468.

† 2 Writings of Washington, pp. 456-459.

* 2. Writings of Washington, p 67, in note.

† Then sometimes called Belhaven.

commanded the squadron that brought over the two regiments. The army was detained by the difficulty of procuring provisions and conveyances. The apathy of the colonial legislatures, and the bad faith of the contractors, so irritated Braddock, that he indulged in vehement denunciations against the colonies. These led to frequent disputes between him and Washington, who however found the General deaf to his arguments on that subject. The plan of employing pack-horses for transportation, instead of wagons, suggested by Washington, was, after some delay, in some measure adopted. Benjamin Franklin, deputy postmaster general of the colonies, visited Braddock at this time for the purpose (or as some allege under the pretext) of facilitating the transmission of a mail to and from the army. Learning the General's embarrassment, he undertook to procure the requisite number of horses and wagons from the Pennsylvania farmers and sent them in a short time to Will's Creek.* Thus Franklin and Washington were unconsciously co-operating with a British General in a movement destined in its consequences to dismember the empire. The army with its baggage, extending four miles in length, moved from Will's Creek, [June 12th.] Within two days Washington was seized with a fever and obliged to travel in a covered wagon. Braddock, however, continued to consult him, and he advised the general to leave his heavy artillery and baggage with a rear division and press forward with expedition to Fort DuQuesne. In a council of war it was determined that Braddock should advance with twelve hundred select men, and Col. Dunbar remain with a rear-guard of about six hundred.† The advance corps proceeded only nineteen miles in four days. Washington was now compelled to stop (by the general's order) his physician declaring that his life would be jeoparded by a continuance with the army, and Braddock promising that he should be brought up with the army, before it reached Fort DuQuesne. On the day before the battle of the Monongahela, Washington in a wagon rejoined the army at the mouth of the Youghiogany river and fifteen miles from Fort Du Quesne. On the morning of the 9th of July, 1755, Braddock's troops, in the highest spirits, confident of entering the gates of Fort DuQuesne triumphantly in a few hours, crossed the Monongahela, and advanced along the Southern margin of it. Washington in after life was heard to declare it the most beautiful spectacle that he had ever witnessed,—the brilliant uniform of the soldiers, arranged in columns and marching in exact order; the sun gleaming on their burnished arms; the Monongahela flowing tranquilly by on the one hand; on the other the primeval forest projecting its shadows in sombre magnificence.* At one o'clock the army had crossed the river at a point ten miles from Fort DuQuesne. From the river a level plain extended Northward nearly half a mile; thence the ground gradually ascending terminated in hills. The road from the fording-place to the Fort, led across this plain, up this ascent and through an uneven country, covered with woods.† Beyond the plain, on both sides of the road, were ravines. Three hundred men under Lieut. Colonel Gage,‡ made the advanced party and it was immediately followed by another of two hundred. Next came Braddock with the artillery, the main body and the baggage. Brigadier General Sir Peter Halket was second in command. No sooner had the army crossed the river, than a sharp firing was heard upon the advanced parties, who were now ascending the hill about a hundred yards beyond the termination of the plain. A heavy discharge of musquetry was poured in upon the front and right flank; yet no enemy was visible, and their position was only discovered by the smoke of their muskets. A random and ineffective fire was returned. Braddock hastened forward; but the van already overwhelmed with consternation by the savage war-whoop, fell back upon the main body, communicating a panic from which the troops could not be recovered. Braddock and his officers made every effort to rally them, in vain. In this confusion they remained for three hours, huddled together, doing

* Gordon's History of Pennsylvania. It was a long time before Franklin recovered compensation for the farmers for this service. Shirley at length paid the amount, £20,000.

† 2 Washington's Writings, p. 82. A number of the men were disabled by sickness.

* 2 Washington's Writings, p. 468-470.

† See plan of the ground in 2 Washington's Writings, p. 90.

‡ Subsequently commander of British troops at Boston.

the enemy little injury and shooting one another. The Virginians* alone retained their presence of mind and behaved with the utmost bravery. They adopted the Indian mode of combat and fought each man for himself from behind a tree. This was done in spite of the orders of Braddock, who still endeavored to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been manœuvring in the plains of Flanders, or parading in Hyde Park. The French and Indians, entirely concealed in deep ravines and behind trees and high grass, kept up a deadly fire, singling out their objects. Colonel Washington, shortly after the commencement of the engagement, was the only aid not wounded. Although still feeble from the effects of his illness, on him now devolved the whole duty of carrying the General's orders, and he rode a conspicuous mark in every direction. Two horses were killed under him; four bullets penetrated his coat. But he escaped unhurt, while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. Dr. Craik afterwards said, "I expected every moment to see him fall. His duty and situation exposed him to every danger. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him." After an action of three hours, Braddock, under whom three horses had been killed, received a mortal wound, † and his troops now fled in great disorder and could not be rallied until they had crossed the Monongahela. The wounded General, by the care of Colonel Stewart, of the Virginia troops, and his servant, was brought off from the field at first on a small tumbril cart, then on a horse, finally by the soldiers. He expired on the fourth day after the defeat and was buried in the road, near Fort Necessity, Washington reading the funeral service on the occasion. More than half of the army were killed or wounded; two-thirds of them by their own bullets, according to Washington's conjecture. Sir Peter Halket was killed on the field. Secretary Shirley was shot through the head. Colonels Burton, Gage and Orme, Major Sparks, brigade Major Halket, Captain Morris, &c., were wounded. There were ten Captains killed and five wounded, fifteen lieutenants killed and twenty-two wounded. Out of eighty-six officers, twenty-six were killed and thirty-seven wounded. The whole number of killed was estimated at three hundred, or more, and as many wounded were brought off. The aggregate of killed and wounded was 714. The enemy's force, variously estimated, did not exceed 850 men, of whom 600, it was conjectured, were Indians. The number of the French loss, according to an imperfect return was killed 33, including three officers, one of whom was Beaujeu, chief in command; wounded 34, including four officers. The French and Indians being covered by ravines, the balls of the English passed harmless over their heads. A charge with the bayonet would have at once driven them from their lurking places and put them to flight, or at least dispersed them in the woods.

The remains of the defeated detachment retreated to the rear division in precipitate disorder, leaving the road behind them strewed with trophies of the disaster. Shortly after, Col. Dunbar marched with the remaining regulars to Philadelphia. Col. Washington returned home disappointed, mortified, indignant at the conduct of the regular troops. In a letter to Governor Dinwiddie, giving an account of it, he said: "They were struck with such an inconceivable panic, that nothing but confusion and disobedience of orders prevailed among them. The officers in general behaved with incomparable bravery, for which they greatly suffered, there being upwards of sixty killed and wounded, a large proportion out of what we had. The Virginia companies behaved like men and died like soldiers, for I believe out of three companies on the ground that day, scarcely thirty men were left alive. Captain Peyrouny* and all his officers down to a corporal were killed. Captain Poulson had almost as hard a fate, for only one of his escaped. In short the dastardly behavior of the regular troops (so called) exposed those who were inclined to do their duty, to almost certain death, and at length in spite of every effort to the contrary, they broke and ran as sheep before hounds, leaving the artillery,

* They were clothed in blue. Weems' Life of Washington.

† A provincial soldier, Tom Fausett, afterwards professed, or confessed, that he had killed General Braddock. But Fausett was a half-savage and habitually intemperate; his statement, therefore, does not appear entitled to credit. See Howe's Hist. Coll. of Va., p. 97.

* A Frenchman, by birth.

ammunition, provisions, baggage, and in short every thing, a prey to the enemy, and when we endeavored to rally them, in hopes of regaining the ground and what we had left upon it, it was with as little success as if we had attempted to have stopped the wild bears of the mountains or the rivulets with our feet, for they would break by in spite of every effort to prevent it." * Braddock was a man of bravery, but not of genius which knows how to bend to circumstances. Passionate, headstrong, irritated, not without some just grounds, against the provinces, he rejected the proffer of Washington to lead the provincials, who were accustomed to border warfare, in advance. But he atoned for these errors by his death. †

Washington retired to Mount Vernon. His reputation was greatly elevated by his gallantry at the battle of the Monongahela. The eloquent Davies in a note to a patriotic discourse delivered [August 17th, 1755,] before Capt. Overton's company of Independent volunteers, raised in Hanover county, said: "As a remarkable instance of this, I may point out to the public that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved in so signal a manner for some important service to his country." ‡

During the French and Indian wars, Davies often employed his eloquence in animating the patriotism of the colony. After Braddock's defeat, such was the general consternation, that many seemed ready to desert the country. On this occasion Davies delivered a discourse, in which he declared, "Christians should be patriots. What is that religion good for, that leaves men cowards upon the appearance of danger? And permit me to say, that I am particularly solicitous, that you my brethren of the dissenters should act with honor and spirit in this juncture, as it becomes loyal subjects, lovers of your country and courageous Christians. That is a mean, sordid, cowardly soul, that would abandon his country and shift for his own little self, when there is any probability of defending it. To give the greater weight to what I say, I may take the liberty to tell you, I have as little personal interest, as little to lose in this colony, as most of you. If I consulted either my safety or my temporal interest, I should soon remove with my family to Great Britain, or the Northern colonies, where I have had very inviting offers. Nature has not formed me for a military life, nor furnished me with any great degree of fortitude and courage; yet I must declare that after the most calm and impartial deliberation, I am determined not to leave my country, while there is any prospect of defending it." *

Dejection and alarm vanished under his eloquence and at the conclusion every man seemed prepared to say: "Let us march against the enemy!" Captain Meredith's company was now made up in a few minutes. Davies retiring from the muster ground was followed by the whole regiment, who pressed around him, to catch every word that fell from his lips. He again addressed them until exhausted by speaking. It is probable that Patrick Henry caught the spark of eloquence from Davies. At the age of fourteen Henry accompanied his mother, to hear Davies, at the Fork Church in Hanover and there can be no doubt but that he often heard him in after years. Henry always remarked, that Mr. Davies was "the greatest orator he had ever heard." † Presbyterianism steadily increased in Virginia under the auspices of Davies and his successors, particularly Graham, Smith, Waddel ‡ and Brown, and at the revolutionary era it had become an important element of social organization of the colony. §

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### 1755—1763.

Washington; Sufferings of the frontier; Fort Loudoun; Conference of Governors; Dinwiddie succeeded by Blair; Miscellaneous affairs; Fauquier Governor; Forbes' ex-

* Washington's Writings, p. 87.

† Chalmers, true to his unvarying prejudice against the colonies, justifies Braddock's conduct.

‡ Davies' Sermons, (Ed. New York, 1828,) vol. 3, p. 38.

* Davies' Sermons, vol. 3, p 169. Sermon (on the defeat of General Braddock going to Fort Du Quesne,) delivered in Hanover, July 20th, 1755. Memoir of Davies. Evan. and Lit. Mag., vol. 2.

† Memoir of Rev. James Waddel, by his grandson, Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander.

‡ The original of the Blind Preacher of Wirt's British Spy.

§ Memoir of Samuel Davies, and in Evan. and Lit. Mag., vol. 2, edited by Rev. Dr. John Rice.

pedition against Fort DuQuesne; Washington member of Assembly; His Marriage; "The Parson's cause;" Patrick Henry.

[April 1755.] The frontier suffered another savage irruption. Washington beheld with emotion calamities which he could not avert. He was at every step thwarted in his exertions by a general perverseness and insubordination, aggravated by the hardships of the service and the want of system. At length, by persevering solicitations, he prevailed on the assembly to adopt more energetic military regulations. The discipline then introduced was what, at the present day, would be reckoned extremely rigorous. Severe floging was in ordinary use. The penalty for fighting was five hundred lashes, for drunkenness one huudred. A Capt. Dagworthy, at Fort Cumberland, commissioned by Governor Sharpe of Maryland, refusing to obey Washington's orders, the dispute was referred to General Shirley, commander-in-chief of his majesty's armies in America, who was then at Boston. Colonel Washington, accompanied by his aid-de-camp Colonel George Mercer, left Alexandria, [February 4th, 1756,] and on his route passed through Philadelphia, New York, New London, Newport and Providence. He visited the Governors of Pennsylvania and New York and spent several days in each of the principal cities. He was well received by General Shirley, with whom he continued ten days, mixing with the society of Boston, attending the sessions of the legislature, and visiting Castle William. During the tour he everywhere was looked upon with interest as the hero of Monongahela. Gen. Shirley decided the contested point in his favor, and he returned to Virginia after an absence of seven weeks. The Virginia regiment was now augmented to fifteen hundred men. Peyton Randolph, the attorney general, raised a volunteer company of one hundred gentlemen, who, however, proved quite unfit for the frontier service. The distress of the border country increased. Winchester was almost the only settlement west of the Blue Ridge, on the northern frontier, that was not deserted. About the end of April a party of French and Indians returned to Fort DuQuesne, laden with plunder, prisoners and scalps. Fort Loudoun was now commenced at Winchester under the superintendence of Washington. It stood at the northern extremity of Loudoun street, covering an area of about half an acre. A well was sunk chiefly through a bed of limestone. The batteries mounted twenty-four guns. Vestiges of this work still remain. Fort Cumberland was also built [1755] in the fork between Will's Creek and the North Branch of the Potomac, on the Maryland side, about fifty-five miles north-west of Winchester. A town has since arisen on the spot.* [August 1715.] The Assembly of Virginia offered a reward of £10 for the scalp of every male Indian above twelve years of age. It is remarkable, that as late as the year 1756 the Blue Ridge of mountains was the boundary of Virginia and great difficulty was found in completing a single regiment to protect the inhabitants of the border country from the cruel irruptions of the Indians. Yet at this time the population of the colony was estimated at 293,000 of whom 173,000 were white and 120,000 black, and the militia were computed at 35,000 men fit to bear arms.† A long interval of peaceful prosperity had enervated the planters of lowland Virginia; luxury had introduced effeminate manners and dissolute habits. "To eat and drink, delicately and freely; to feast, and dance, and riot; to pamper cocks and horses; to observe the anxious, important, interesting, event—which of two horses can run fastest; or which of two cocks can flutter and spur most dexterously; these are the grand affairs that almost engross the attention of some of our great men. And little low-lived sinners imitate them to the utmost of their power. The low-born sinner can leave a needy family to starve at home and add one to the rabble at a horse-race or a cock-fight. He can get drunk and turn himself into a beast with the lowest as well as his betters with more delicate liquors."‡ Burk, the historian of Virginia, who was far from being a rigid censor, noticing the manners of the Virginians during the half century preceding the revolution, says: "The character of the people for hospitality and expense was now decided and the wealth of the land-proprie-

* Kercheval's History of the Valley, pp. 90-91.

† 2 Sparks' Writings of Washington, p. 154 in note. Dinwiddie wrote to Fox, (father of Charles James,) one of the Secretaries of State. "We dare not venture to part with any of our white men any distance as we must have a watchful eye over our negro slaves who are upwards of one hundred thousand."

‡ Davies' Sermons, vol. 3, p. 100.

tors, particularly on the banks of the rivers, enabled them to indulge their passions even to profusion and excess. Drinking parties were then fashionable in which the strongest head or stomach gained the victory. The moments that could be spared from the bottle were devoted to cards. Cock-fighting was also fashionable." *

Governor Dinwiddie's zeal in military affairs outstripped his knowledge, and Washington was distracted by inconsistent, illjudged and impracticable orders and harassed by petulant complaints. It was indeed believed that if he could have withstood the strong interest arrayed in favor of Washington, the Governor would have rather given the command to Col. Innes, although far less competent and an inhabitant of another colony, North Carolina. Dinwiddie's partiality to Innes was attributed to national prejudice, for they were both natives of Scotland. † The entire tenor of this Governor's correspondence with Washington, was ungracious, peremptory, querulous, and it was not seldom openly offensive. Such treatment from a British governor, together with the invidious distinctions drawn between colonial and British officers, naturally tended to abate Washington's loyalty and to fit him for the great part that he was destined to perform in the war of independence.

Lord Loudoun, the newly appointed governor of Virginia and commander-in-chief in the colonies, now arrived in America ‡ and called a conference of Governors and military officers to meet him at Philadelphia. Washington by the ungracious and reluctant leave of Dinwiddie attended this conference. He had previously transmitted to the feeble and incompetent Loudoun an elaborate statement of the posture of affairs in Virginia, § exhibiting the insufficiency of the militia and the necessity of an offensive system of operations. Loudoun, however, determined to direct his main efforts against Canada and to leave only twelve hundred men in the Middle and Southern provinces. Instead of receiving aid, Virginia was required to send four hundred men to South Carolina. The Virginia regiment was now reduced to a thousand men. Col. Washington, however, insisted that a favorable conjuncture was now presented for capturing Fort DuQuesne, since the French attacked in Canada would be unable to reinforce that post. But his advice, although approved by Dinwiddie, was unheeded. The campaign of the North proved inglorious; that of the South ineffectual. Washington was confined by ill health at Mount Vernon for several months. [January, 1758.] Robert Dinwiddie, after an administration of five years, ceasing to be Governor, sailed for England, not much regretted by the Virginians. A scholar, wit, and amiable companion, in private life he commanded esteem. He was, however, unequal to the trying position in which he found himself at the head of affairs in Virginia. In pecuniary matters his integrity was not unsuspected. With the temper so often displayed by the governors of the ancient Dominion, nor the less by him because he was a parvenu, he was servile to those above him, to those below haughty and overbearing. His place was filled for a short time by John Blair, president of the council. * Samuel Davies, by invitation, preached to the militia of Hanover county in Virginia, at a general muster, [May 8th, 1758,] with a view to raise a company for Capt. Samuel Meredith. In this discourse Davies said, "Need I inform you what barbarities and depredations a mongrel race of Indian savages and French papists have perpetrated upon our frontiers? How many deserted or demolished houses and plantations? How wide an extent of country abandoned? How many poor families obliged to fly in consternation and leave their all behind them? What breaches and separations between the nearest relations? What painful ruptures of heart from heart? What shocking dispersions of those once united by the strongest and most endearing ties? Some lie dead, mangled with savage wounds, consumed to ashes with outrageous flames,

* Burk's Hist. of Va., vol. 3, p. 402. On the same page he says: "I find in 1747 a main of cocks advertised to be fought between Gloucester and James river. The cocks on one side were called *Bacon's Thunderbolts* after the celebrated rebel of 1676."

† Sparks' Writings of Washington, vol. 2, p. 262, in note.

‡ Marshall, (Life of Washington, vol. 1, p. 17,) says that Loudoun came to Virginia. Sparks, (Life of Washington, p., 88.) says that he did not.

§ Sparks' Writings of Washington, vol. 2, pp. 217-230.

* 2 Sparks' Writings of Washington, pp. 270-271, in note.

or torn and devoured by the beasts of the wilderness, while their bones lie whitening in the sun and serve as tragical memorials of the fatal spot where they fell. Others have been dragged away captives and made the slaves of imperious and cruel savages: others have made their escape and live to lament their butchered or captivated friends and relations. In short, our frontiers have been drenched with the blood of our fellow-subjects through the length of a thousand miles; and new wounds are still opening. We in these inland parts of the country, are as yet unmolested through the unmerited mercy of Heaven. But let us only glance a thought to the Western extremities of our body politic, and what melancholy scenes open to our view! Now perhaps while I am speaking, now while you are secure and unmolested, our fellow-subjects there may be feeling the calamities I am describing. Now perhaps the savage shouts and whoops of Indians and the screams and groans of some butchered family may be mingling their horrors and circulating their tremendous echoes through the wilderness of rocks and mountains." *

The earl of Loudoun had been commissioned to fill Dinwiddie's place, but his military avocations prevented him from entering on the duties of the gubernatorial office. The elder Pitt, now minister, had resolved on a vigorous prosecution of the war in America. The department of the Middle and Southern colonies was entrusted to General Forbes and he was ordered to undertake an expedition against Fort DuQuesne. Washington rejoined the army. Forbes having deferred the campaign too late, the French and Indians renewed their merciless warfare. In the county of Augusta sixty persons were murdered. The Virginia troops were augmented to two thousand men, divided into two regiments,—one under Washington, who was still commander-in-chief; the other the new regiment under Col. Wm. Byrd. †

Francis Fauquier, appointed governor, now reached Virginia. [June 24th 1758,] the Virginia troops left Winchester and early in July halted at fort Cumberland. * At Colonel Washington's suggestion, the light Indian dress, hunting shirt and blanket, was adopted by the army. Contrary to his advice, Forbes instead of marching immediately upon the Ohio by Braddock's road, undertook to construct another from Raystown in Pennsylvania. The General, it was supposed, was influenced by the Pennsylvanians to open for them a more direct avenue of intercourse with the West. † The new road caused great delay. Major Grant had been detached from the advanced post at the Loyal Hanna, with eight hundred men to reconnoitre the country about Fort DuQuesne. An action occurred; the detachment was defeated; Grant and Major Lewis were made prisoners. Of the eight Virginia officers present five were slain, a sixth wounded, and a seventh captured. Captain Bullet and fifty Virginians defended the baggage with great resolution and contributed to save the remnant of the detachment. He was the only officer who escaped unhurt. Of one hundred and sixty-two Virginians, sixty-two were killed and two wounded. Grant's total loss was two hundred and seventy-three killed and forty-two wounded. When the main army was set in motion, Col. Washington requested to be put in advance. Forbes profiting by the fatal error of Braddock, complied with this request. Washington was called to head-quarters, attended the councils of war and at the General's desire drew up a line of march and order of battle. ‡ The main body left Raystown, [8th

* Davies' Sermons, vol. 3, p. 68. Does not this closing sentence resemble somewhat the following from Fisher Ames' speech on the Western posts? "I can fancy that I listen to the yells of savage vengeance and the shrieks of torture. Already they seem to sigh in the Western wind. already they mingle with every echo from the mountains."

† Of Westover, on the James river. The total strength of Col. Byrd's regiment at Fort Cumberland Augt. 3d, 1758, was 859. The officers were Lieut. Col. George Mercer, Major Wm. Peachy, Captains S. Munford, Thomas Cocke, Hancock Eustace, John Field, John Posey, Thomas Fleming, John Roote and Samuel Meredith. Bland papers, vol. 1, p. 150.

* See in Bland papers, vol. 1, pp. 9-10, Robert Munford's letter dated at the Camp near Fort Cumberland, July 6th, 1758. This Robert Munford was father of the translator of Homer, and grandfather to George W. Munford, Esq., Clerk of the Assembly of Virginia.

† Bland Papers, vol, 1, p. 13.

‡ These may be seen in Sparks' Writings of Washington, vol 2, pp. 313, 315. Forbes' army consisted of 1,200 Highlanders, 350 Royal Americans, 2,700 provincials from Pennsylvania, 1,600 from Virginia, two or three hundred from Maryland, and 2 companies from North Carolina, making in all, including the wagoners, between six and seven thousand men Sparks' Writings of Washington, vol. 2, p. 289 in note. This army was five months in reaching the Ohio and found at length no enemy.

of October, 1758,] and reached the camp at Loyal Hanna early in November. The troops were worn out with fatigue and exposure; winter had set in and more than fifty miles of rugged country yet intervened between them and Fort DuQuesne. A council of war declared it unadvisable to proceed further in that campaign. Just at this conjuncture, however, three prisoners were brought in, and they gave such a report of the feeble state of the garrison at the Fort, that it was determined to push forward at once. Washington with his provincials opened the way. The French reduced to five hundred men and deserted by the Indians, set fire to the Fort and retired down the Ohio. Forbes took possession of the post on the next day, [25th of November, 1758.] The works were repaired and it was now named Fort Pitt. An important city called after the same illustrious statesman has been reared near the spot. Forbes, whose health had been declining during the campaign, died shortly afterwards at Philadelphia. He was a native of Scotland and educated as a physician; an estimable and brave man of fine military talents.

Washington after furnishing two hundred men from his regiment, as a garrison for Fort Pitt, then considered as within the jurisdiction of Virginia, marched back to Winchester. Thence he proceeded to Williamsburg to take his seat in the assembly, having been elected by the county of Frederick. He resigned his military commission in December, having been engaged in service for more than five years. His health had been impaired and domestic affairs required his attention. [6th of January, 1759,] he was married to Martha, widow of John Parke Custis and daughter of John Dandridge. In her were united wealth, beauty and an amiable temper. During this session of the assembly, an incident occurred, which has been thus described by Wirt: "By a vote of the house, the speaker, Mr. John Robinson, was directed to return their thanks to Colonel Washington, on behalf of the colony, for the distinguished military services which he had rendered to his country. As soon as Col. Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of coloring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honor, but such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered and trembled for a second, when the speaker relieved him by a stroke of address, that would have done honor to Louis XIV. in his proudest and happiest moment, 'Sit down, Mr. Washington, your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.'"* Washington retired to Mount Vernon, continuing however to be a member of the house of burgesses for many years.

[1763.] There occurred in Virginia a remarkable suit at law, known as "the Parson's cause," and in it the genius of Patrick Henry first shone forth. The emoluments of the clergy of the established church in Virginia for a long time had consisted of 16,000 pounds of tobacco, contributed by each parish. In 1755, the tobacco crop failing, in consequence of a drought and the exigencies of the colony being greatly augmented by the French war, the assembly passed an act to endure for ten months, authorizing all debts due in tobacco to be paid either in kind or in money, at the rate of sixteen shillings and eight pence for every hundred pounds of tobacco.† The law was universal in its ap-

* Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry.

† This was equivalent to two pence per pound, and hence the act was styled by the clergy "the Two Penny Act." As the price of tobacco now rose to six pence per pound, the reduction amounted to sixty-six and two-thirds per cent. At two pence, the salary of the clergy was about £133; at six pence, about £400. Yet the act must have operated in relief of the *indebted* clergy, equally with other debtors.

The preceding part of this note was written some years ago. While preparing the MS. of this sheet for the press, I have received a copy of Col. Richard Bland's "Letter to the Clergy of Virginia." For the use of this rare pamphlet, I am indebted to Dr. Thomas P Atkinson, a descendant of the author of it. It is dated March 20, 1760, at Jordans, in Prince George, of which county Col. Bland was then a Burgess. The following is extracted from p. 17 of the Letter to the Clergy;—"They [the Legislature] did not attempt or even entertain a thought of *abridging the maintenance of the clergy*; but allowed them a price for their salaries equal to *Crop* Tobacco at 18 shillings the hundred, which made their salaries that year £144; a sum, I will pronounce, larger than the clergy in general had received in any one year from the first regulation of their salaries by a Law, and which (one would be willing to think) they above all men ought to have been contented with in a year of such general distress."

plication,—embracing private debts, public county and parish levies and fees of all civil officers. Its effect upon the clergy was to reduce their salary to a moderate amount in money—far less than the sixteen thousand pounds of tobacco, which they were entitled to, were then worth, yet still as much as they had usually received. The act did not contain the usual clause by which acts were suspended until they should receive the royal assent, since it might require the entire ten months, the term of its operation, to learn the determination of the crown. No resistance was offered by the clergy to this act. However in this year the greater number of them petitioned the house of burgesses to grant them a more liberal provision for their maintenance. Their petition set forth—"That the salary appointed by law for the clergy, is so scanty, that it is with difficulty they support themselves and families, and can by no means make any provision for their widows and children, who are generally left to the charity of their friends; that the small encouragement given to clergymen, is a reason why so few come into this colony from the two universities; and that so many who are a disgrace to the ministry find opportunities to fill the parishes; that the raising the salary would prove of great service to the colony, as a decent subsistence would be a great encouragement to the youth to take orders; for want of which, few gentlemen have hitherto thought it worth their while to bring up their children in the study of divinity; that they generally spent many years of their lives at great expense in study, when their patrimony is pretty well exhausted; and when in Holy Orders, they cannot follow any secular employment for the advancement of their fortunes and may on that account expect a more liberal provision." *

Another relief act (similar to that of 1755) fixing the value of tobacco at eighteen shillings a hundred, was passed, [1758,] ‡ upon a mere anticipation of another scanty crop.‡ It *did* however fall short and the price rose extremely high. A warm controversy now ensued between the planters and the clergy. Rev. John Camm, Rector of York Hampton Parish and Commissary, assailed the "Two-Penny Act" in a pamphlet of that title, which was replied to severally by Col. Richard Bland and Col. Landon Carter. An acrimonious controversy took place in the Virginia Gazette. The cause of the clergy became at length so unpopular that a printer could not be found in Virginia willing to publish Camm's rejoinder to Bland and Carter, styled "The Colonels dismounted," and he was obliged to resort to Maryland for that purpose. The Colonels retorted and this angry dispute threw the colony into great excitement. At last the clergy appealed to the king in council.

By an act of assembly, passed in 1662, a salary of £80 was settled upon every minister, "to be paid in the valuable commodities of the country, if in tobacco, at 12 shillings the hundred, if in corn, at ten shillings the barrel." [1696.] The salary of the clergy was fixed at 16,000lbs. of tobacco, worth at that time about £80. This continued to be the amount of their stipends, until 1731, when the value of tobacco being raised, they increased to about £100, or £120. This was exclusive of their glebes and other perquisites. In Virginia, besides the salaries of the clergy, the people had to bear parochial, county and public levies, and fees of clerks, sheriffs, surveyors and other officers, all which were payable in tobacco. The consequence of this state of things was, that a failure in that crop involved the people in general distress. Were they to be exposed to cruel impositions and exactions, to have their estates seized and sacrificed, "for not complying with laws which Providence had made it impossible to comply with? Common sense, as well as common humanity, will tell you that they are not and that it is impossible any instruction to a governor can be construed so contrary to the first principles of *justice* and *equity*, as to prevent his assent to a law, for relieving a colony, in a case of such general

* Col. Bland's letter to the Clergy, p. 6.

† Col. Bland in letter to the Clergy, dates this act in 1757. It was passed in 1758. See 7 Hening, p 240.

‡ Hening, vol. 6, p. 568, vol. 7, p. 240. Hawks, p. 118, says, "On the contested point, [to wit, the validity of the act,] it will probably at this day be conceded, that the Clergy were in the right." Burk, vol. 3, p. 302, attributes the rise in the price of tobacco, "to the arts of an extravagant speculator of the name of Dickenson." No authority is referred to and the acts themselves expressly attribute the scarcity in 1755, to "drought," in 1757, to "unseasonableness of the weather." See also Everett's Life of Henry, in Sparks' American Biography, (2nd series,) vol. 1, pp. 230-234.

distress and calamity." * The Bishop of London in his letter to the lords of trade and plantations, denounced the act of 1758 as binding the king's hands and manifestly tending to draw the people of the plantations from their allegiance to the king. But it was replied, if the Virginians could ever entertain the thought of withdrawing from their dependency on England, nothing could be more apt to bring about such a result, than the denying them the right to protect themselves from distress and calamity, in so trying an emergency. In the year when this relief act was passed, many thousands of the colonists did not make one pound of tobacco, and if all the tobacco raised in the colony had been divided among the tithables, "they would not have had 200 lbs. a Man, to pay the Taxes for the support of the War, their Levies and other public Dues, and to provide a scanty subsistence for themselves and Families;" † and "the *General*-Assembly were obliged to issue Money from the publick Funds, to keep the people from Starving." The Act had been denounced as treasonable; but were the Legislature to sit with folded arms, silent and inactive amid the miseries of the people? "This would have been Treason indeed—Treason against the State—against the clemency of the Royal Majesty:" Many landlords and civil officers were members of the Assembly in 1758, their rents and fees were payable in tobacco, nevertheless they cheerfully promoted the enactment of an Act by which they were to suffer great losses. The royal prerogative in the hands of a benign sovereign, could only be exerted for "the Good of his People and not for their Destruction." "When, therefore, the Governor and Council, (to whom this Power is in Part delegated,) find from the Uncertainty and Variableness of human Affairs, that any Accident happens which general Instructions can by no Means provide for; or which by a rigid construction of them, would destroy a People so far distant from the Royal Presence, before they can apply to the Throne for Relief, it is their Duty as good Magistrates, to exercise this power as the Exigency of the State requires; and though they should deviate from the Strict Letter of an Instruction, or perhaps in a Small Degree from the fixed Rule of the Constitution, yet such a Deviation cannot possibly be *Treason* when it is intended to produce the most salutary End the Preservation of the People." The safety of the People is the supreme law.* An English clergyman named Burnaby passed some months in Virginia about the time of this dispute, travelling through the colony and conversing freely with all ranks of people. He expresses himself on the subject in the following manner: "Upon the whole, however, as on the one hand I disapprove of the proceedings of the assembly in this affair; so on the other I cannot approve of the steps which were taken by the clergy; that violence of temper, that disrespectful behavior towards the governor, that unworthy treatment of their commissary, and to mention nothing else, that confusion of proceeding in the convention of which some, though not the majority, as has been invidiously represented, were guilty;—these things were surely unbecoming the sacred character they are invested with and the moderation of those persons who ought in all things to imitate the conduct of their divine master. If instead of flying out in invectives against the legislature; of accusing the governor of having given up the cause of religion by passing the bill; when in fact had he rejected it, he would never have been able to have got any supplies during the course of the war, though ever so much wanted; if instead of charging the commissary, [Robinson,] with want of zeal, for having exhorted them to moderate measures, they had followed the prudent counsels of that excellent man and had acted with more temper and moderation, they might, I am persuaded, in a very short time, have obtained any redress they could reasonably have desired. The people in general were extremely well affected towards the clergy."

George III., in Council, denounced "the Two Penny act" as an usurpation and declared it null and void. The clergy now instituted suits in the several county courts, to retrieve the losses which they had suffered by the rescinded act. The county of Hanover was selected as the scene of the first

* Bland's Letters to the Clergy, pp. 14-16.

† Ibid p. 17.

* Ibid, p. 18.

trial; for as all the causes stood on the same foot, a decision of one would determine all. This was brought by Rev. James Maury. [November, 1763,] the Court decided the points of law in favor of the clergyman, thus declaring that the Act in question had been annulled by the crown. Maury's success before a jury seemed now inevitable, since there could be no dispute relative to the facts of the case. Mr. John Lewis, who had defended the popular side, now retired from the cause as essentially settled and as being now merely a question of damages. The defendants, however, as a dernier resort, employed Patrick Henry, Jr., to appear as their advocate at the next hearing. It was the first case in which he was employed. The suit came to trial again, [December, 1st, 1763,] before the county court. On an occasion of such universal interest, an extraordinary concourse of people assembled at Hanover Court House *—not only from that but also from the neighboring counties. The Court House and yard were thronged; twenty clergyman sate on the bench to witness a contest in which they had so much at stake. The presiding magistrate was no other than the father of young Henry. The case stood upon a writ of enquiry of damages and was opened for the plaintiff, by Peter Lyons. When Patrick Henry rose to reply, his commencement was awkward, unpromising, embarrassed. In a few moments, however, he began to warm with his subject, and catching inspiration from the surrounding scene, his attitude grew more erect, his gesture bolder, his eye kindled with the radiance of genius, his voice ceased to falter and the witchery of its music "made the blood run cold and the hair stand on end." The people, as if charmed by some enchanter's influence, hung with rapture upon his accents; in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, they stooped forward from their stands in breathless silence, astonished, delighted, rivetted upon the youthful orator, whose eloquence blended the beauty of the rainbow with the terror of the cataract. When he declared that "a king who annulled and disallowed laws of a salutary nature instead of being the father degenerated into the tyrant of his people," the opposing advocate cried out, "He has spoken treason!" But the court was not of that opinion and Henry proceeded in his bold philippic. Amid the storm of his invective, the disappointed and indignant clergy, feeling that the day was lost, retired from the bench. Young Henry's father sate bedewed with tears of fond surprise. The jury quickly returned a verdict of one penny damages; the court carried away by the torrent of popular enthusiasm, refused to grant a new trial; acclamations resounded within the Court House and without, and in spite of cries of "order," Patrick Henry was unwillingly lifted up and borne in triumph on the shoulders of his excited admirers. He was now the man of the people. * In after years, aged men, who had been present at the trial of "the Parsons' cause," reckoned it the highest compliment that they could bestow upon a speaker, to say of him, "he is almost equal to Patrick when he plead against the Parsons."

The decision of the Parsons' cause was rather equitable than legal, rather just than strictly constitutional. The Act of 1758, though it may well have been held valid at first as grounded on necessity and the law of nature, yet had been subsequently annulled by the king in Council, and the clergy could only be defeated in their claim by a sort of revolutionary recurrence to fundamental principles, by an abnegation of the regal authority and an exertion of popular sovereignty. Henry's speech in the Parsons' cause and the decision of it, were indeed the commencement of the Revolution in Virginia. Hanover was the starting point.

Patrick Henry, the second of nine children, was born [May 29th, 1736,] at Studley, † in Hanover county, Virginia. His pa-

* Still standing, but somewhat altered.

* Wirt's Life of Henry. From this work I have borrowed freely in this passage and in others. Notwithstanding the faults of an hyperbolical and exuberant style, there is a charm in this biography, which stamps it as one of those works of genius which "men will not willingly let die." See also Hawks, p. 124. Rev. Mr. Maury prepared a sketch of Henry's speech, which is still preserved, and will, it is said, be shortly published.

† The dwelling is not extant. Some laurels have found an appropriate place near the site of it. Antique hedges of box, and an avenue of decrepid trees survive to whisper of the past. Studley is surrounded by woods, so that Henry was actually,

"The forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas."

rents were in moderate, but easy circumstances. The father, John Henry, was a native of Aberdeen in Scotland, a cousin of David Henry, (brother-in-law of Edward Cave and his successor as editor of the Gentlemen's Magazine,) and nephew, on the maternal side, of Dr. William Robertson, the historian. John Henry emigrated to Virginia sometime before 1730. He enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Robert Dinwiddie, afterwards Governor of Virginia, who introduced him to the acquaintance of Col John Syme, of Hanover, in whose family he became domesticated, and with whose widow * he afterwards intermarried. Her maiden name was Sarah Winston and she was of an old and respectable family. John Henry was Colonel of his regiment, county surveyor, and for many years presiding magistrate. He was a loyal subject and took pleasure in drinking the king's health at the head of his regiment. He enjoyed the advantage of a liberal education; his understanding was plain but solid. A zealous member of the established church, he was, however, more familiar with Horace and Livy, than with works of piety and devotion. †

Soon after his settlement in Virginia, Patrick, his brother, followed him and became after some interval of time, rector of St. Paul's church in Hanover. * William Winston, brother-in-law of John Henry, was singularly gifted with the powers of eloquence. It may hence be inferred that Patrick Henry derived his genius from his mother. † John

* Col. Byrd, (in Westover MS, p. 142,) describes her as "a portly handsome dame" "of a lively, cheerful conversation, with much less reserve than most of her countrywomen. It becomes her very well and sets off her other agreeable qualities to advantage." "The courteous widow invited me to rest myself there that good day and to go to church with her, but I excused myself by telling her she would certainly spoil my devotion. Then she civilly entreated me to make her house my home whenever I visited my plantations, [he had five in that county,] which made me bow low and thank her very kindly." Col. Syme left a son by her, who had "all the strong features of his sire not softened in the least by any of hers."

† In a memoir of Rev. James Waddel, (the Blind Preacher of Wirt's British Spy,) by his grandson, Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander, published in the Watchman of the South, the following is found: "When he, [Dr. Waddel,] came into Virginia, a young man, he visited Mr. Samuel Davies and heard him preach in Hanover near where Col. Henry lived, the father of Patrick Henry, to whom he was introduced on the Sabbath and with whom he went home. At parting Mr. Davies told him he would find that Virginians observed not the Sabbath as the Pennsylvanians and that he would have to bear with many things he would wish otherwise. Accordingly, as he went home with Col. H., he found him much more conversant with Virgil and Horace than the Bible."

* [1733.] Upon the recommendation of the Governor and the Commissary, the Rev. Patrick Henry became minister of St. George's Parish in the new county of Spotsylvania. [April, 1734.] He resigned this charge. Hist. of St George's Parish, pp. 17-19.

† Mary Howitt has given an account of the village of Winston in England and of the old Hall there, now tenantless, called "Winston-oud-ha," an antique brick structure, high, with numerous gables and well grouped massive chimneys. Winston church is likewise styled the old church, although there is no new one in the village. In the churchyard are sculptured figures of Sir John Winston and his Lady Penelope, in full court dress of Queen Elizabeth's day, in kneeling attitude, with upturned eyes and holding prayer-books in their hands. The tomb was erected by their son, Sir Christopher Winston, the last of that branch of the family. His only daughter married Oliver Charteris Esq, and the estate still continues in a branch of that family. Penelope was a family name among the Winston's of Virginia. Four Winstons, three brothers and a cousin, came over from Yorkshire, England, and settled in Hanover. Isaac, one of the four, (or son of one of them,) had children. 1. William, father of Judge Edmund Winston. 2. Sarah, mother of Patrick Henry, Jr, the orator. 3. Geddes, (pronounced Gaddice.) 4. Mary, who married John Coles. 5. A daughter who married —— Cole. She was grandmother to Mrs. Madison, (the President's lady,) Dolly Payne that was.

Of these five children, William the eldest, (called Langaloo William,) married Alice Taylor of Caroline. He was a great hunter; had a quarter in Bedford or Albemarle, where he spent sometimes half the year in hunting deer. He was fond of the Indians, dressed in their costume, and was a favorite with them. According to tradition, however, an amour with the daughter of an Indian chief and who was betrothed to another chief, involved him in difficulties with the savages. They besieged him in a log fort for a week, during which he defended himself with the aid of three negroes armed with rifles. At length the favorite squaw interposing between the belligerents, like the Sabine women of old, restored peace. Langaloo William Winston was distinguished as a great Indian fighter. The following notice of him is taken from Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, p. 12:—"Mrs. Henry, the widow of Col. Syme, as we have seen and the mother of Patrick Henry, was a native of Hanover county and of the family of Winstons. She possessed in an eminent degree the mild and benevolent disposition, the undeviating probity, the correct understanding and easy elocution, by which that ancient family has long been distinguished. Her brother William, the father of the present Judge Winston, is said to have been highly endowed with that peculiar cast of eloquence for which Mr. Henry became afterwards so justly celebrated. Of this gentleman I have an anecdote from a correspondent, (Mr. Pope,) which I shall give in his own words:

"I have often heard my father, who was intimately acquainted with this William Winston, say that he was the greatest orator whom he ever heard, Patrick Henry excepted; that during the last French and Indian war and soon after Braddock's defeat, when the militia were marched to the frontiers of Virginia against the enemy, this William Winston was the lieutenant of a company, that the men,

Henry, in a few years after the birth of his son Patrick, removed from Studley to Mount Brilliant, now the Retreat, (in the same county,) and it was here that the future orator was principally educated. The father had opened a grammar-school in his own house and Patrick after learning the first rudiments at an "old field school" in the neighborhood, at ten years of age commenced his studies under his father, with whom he acquired an English education with some knowledge of the mathematics and of Latin. His application to study does not appear to have been close. With a taste by no means uncommon in his country and for which it is said his mother's family—the Winstons—were especially distinguished, he was fond of hunting and angling. When engaged in the latter amusement, he would lie lazily stretched "under the shade of some tree that overhung the sequestered stream, watching for hours the motionless cork of his fishing line." He loved solitude and in hunting chose not to accompany the noisy set that drove the deer, but preferred to occupy the silent "stand," where for hours he might muse alone and indulge the "pleasing solitariness" of thought.

[1750.] When fourteen years old he accompanied his mother in a carriage to hear Samuel Davies preach. His eloquence made a deep impression on young Henry, and throughout his lifetime he always held him the greatest orator he had ever heard. *

At the age of fifteen he was placed in a store to learn the mercantile business and after a year so passed, the father set up William, an elder brother, and Patrick in trade. Patrick in person was rather coarse, in manners awkward, in dress slovenly, in conversation plain, but good-humored and agreeable; his aversion to study was invincible and his faculties were impeded by indolence. * The mercantile adventure, after the experiment of a year, proving a failure, William, who had even less energy than Patrick, retired from the concern and the chief management was devolved upon the younger brother. Patrick, disgusted with an unpromising business, listened impatiently to the hunter's horn and the cry of hounds echoing in the neighboring woods. Excluded from these congenial sports, he sought a resource in music and learned to play not unskilfully on the flute and the violin. He found another source of entertainment in the conversation of the country people who met at his store, particularly on Saturday. He excited debates among them and watched the workings of their minds, and by stories, real or fictitious, studied how to move the passions at his will. At the end of two or three years a too generous indulgence to his customers, and neglect of business, together perhaps with the insuperable difficulties of the enterprise itself, forced him to abandon his store, almost in a state of insolvency.

who were indifferently clothed, without tents, and exposed to the rigor and inclemency of the weather, discovered great aversion to the service and were anxious and even clamorous to return to their families—when William Winston mounting a stump, (the common *rostrum* you know of the field orator of Virginia.) addressed them with such keenness of invective and declaimed with such force of eloquence on liberty and patriotism, that when he concluded, the general cry was, "Let us march on; lead us against the enemy!" and they were now willing, nay anxious to encounter all those difficulties and dangers which but a few moments before had almost produced a mutiny." The children of this Langaloo William Winston were, 1, Elizabeth, who married Peter Fontaine; 2, Fanny, who married Dr. Walker; 3, Edmund, the Judge, who married first Sarah, daughter of Isaac Winston—second, the widow of Patrick Henry, Jr., the orator, (Dolly Dandridge that was.)

* Howe's Hist. Coll. of Va., p. 221.

"It has been supposed, that he [Davies] first kindled the fire and afforded the model of Henry's elocution, as he lived from his 11th to his 22d year in the neighborhood where the patriotic sermons of Mr. Davies were delivered, which produced as powerful effects as those ascribed to the orations of Demosthenes." Ibid, p. 294.

The following is taken from the memoir of the Rev. Dr. James Waddel, by his grandson, the Rev. Dr. James W. Alexander: "A gentleman intimately connected with Patrick Henry, informed me that this great man was accustomed to speak in terms of unbounded admiration of Dr. Waddel's powers, pronouncing Davies and Waddel to be the greatest orators he had ever heard. And it may be observed, that both Henry and Waddel were in early life placed where they could catch the inspiration of Samuel Davies. I am indebted to a gentleman of Virginia, as well qualified to authenticate such a fact as any man living, that when Henry was a lad, he used to drive his mother in a gig to the places in Hanover where Mr. Davies preached, and that in after life the great orator of the Revolution spoke of the eloquence which he then heard and felt, as closely connected with his own wonderful success. In no one of the three, however, was it the oratory which is taught by masters of elocution, or practised before the mirrors of colleges."

* Grahame's Hist of the U. S. I am repeatedly indebted to this learned, candid and elegant historian. Wirt's Life of Henry. Life of Henry, by Alexander H. Everett, in Sparks' Amer. Biog., (2nd series,) vol. 1, pp. 212-215.

## THE BARD OF AVON.

Oh! Bard of Avon, whence thy power,
If thou wert mortal born!
What Goddess blest thy natal hour,
What God did thee adorn
With thoughts and feelings far beyond
The minds of common men!
Did Intuition teach thee, man,
Or what did guide thy pen!
Wert thou thyself a God,
An airy visitant of earth!
Could'st thou feel chastisement's rod
Like one of mortal birth!
Where found'st thou the glass
Of such rare virtues tried,
With which thou could'st so surely trace
The thoughts all strive to hide!
Had'st thou the power to feel that love
In Romeo drawn so well,
Or Shylock's hate, could that thee move
With heart more black than hell!
That sin by which the angels fell,
Thou makest Wolsey mourn,
As if thy heart did echo back
His foiled ambition's groan.
Thou tell'st how Anthony lost a world
For Cleopatra's smile:
Could woman's charms e'er make thee mad,
Or thus thy heart beguile!
What ancient spirit came to thee
And told of times gone by!
Of Brutus stern, whose love of Rome
Made Godlike Cæsar die;—
Or Cassius, with his lean and hungry look
And deep designing mind,—
Whose jealous spirit ne'er could brook
A greater of his kind!
In dark Othello thou hast shown,
With all-convincing skill,
The green-eyed monster's deadly power
To work man to his will;
And in Iago's treacherous guile
Thy words thou dost fulfil,
That some men's face may wear a smile
And they be villains still.
From what dark cell of thy deep brain
Didst thou draw Gloucester's form,
With tongue as sweet as music's strain,
And heart like thunder's storm!
Didst thou paint him to show to man
How powerful was *Mind?*
Or didst thou wish to fill his heart
With hatred of his kind!
In what mad freak of thy great mind
Was Falstaff brought to life!
Whence came the fun to note his tricks
With Windsor's merry wife!
Ambition, hatred, love, revenge,—
All these thou hast described
As if thy heart each passion knew,
Thy life by all been tried.
Ah! Shakspeare's muse, where art thou fled!
Thou left'st the earth too soon
To linger with the immortal dead!
Oh! grant to me one boon:—
If thou hast left one thought unwrote
By Avon's glorious pen,
Oh, teach to me that single note,—
'Twould charm the hearts of men!

W. F. J.

*Virginia.*

---

## LIVING NOVELISTS.

Dumas & G.P.R. James

### NO. II.

In certain ages of English letters not very remote, the writing of a book was a remarkable labor which, whether well done or ill done, made the writer famous. The fertility that produced two or three books was apt to be regarded as a phenomenon, or with a suspicion that work so hastily and irreverently accomplished could not be altogether solid. With this reverent awe on the part of the public, and its mistrust of prolific labors, authors became, naturally enough, very profoundly impressed with the dignity of authorship, and very deliberate and fastidious in their habits of writing. Most of them were men of one book, and expended the flower of their years in composing, correcting, writing and re-writing it. An exception indeed to the popular respect. and this proud deliberation of authorship was in the case of the dramatists. The poor devils who wrote those immortal dramas, which are the best wealth of English literature, were regarded by their cotemporaries as a species of harlequin. Why men, who were in fact august poets, were slighted by a criticism so liberal to duller brains is easily understood. Their works were too numerous for their slow-paced judges; they were, moreover, creations of original genius, cast in novel moulds, and possessed no points of resemblance to the ancient classic drama to give a foundation for that kind of stately eulogy which expresses itself in the Plutarchian parallel. Of amatory, pastoral, or allegorical poetry from a date which we may fix, with Bishop Corbet's verse,

> "Since died our bold Elizabeth,
> And learned James came in,"

to the middle of the last century, a very little was

sufficient to make a reputation; for the balancing criticism of the times could parallel the bard of love and wine with Anacreon, the pastoral poet with Theocritus or Virgil, whilst allegory, having its excuse in the Greek tragedy, had become a principal element in the mediœval literature of the cloisters, and taken great hold on the mind of western Europe. Otway's crust shows the fate of the dramatist, whilst the Lucasta of the amatory poet, Lovelace, made him the rose of love and lamp of honor to ladies, kings and cavaliers—to all, indeed, but that stern critic Cromwell.

That old appreciated authorship would furnish a painter with fair scenes of contrast to Hogarth's "poor poet." Right pleasant is it to recall such fair scenes. The author is most probably a fine gentleman—rich, travelled, and accomplished—who, after long premeditation, has determined to make a venture for immortality. Let us take a peep into the sanctum of the "grand creature," where he sits buried in the toils of his calm ambition. Rich curtains subduing the light into those mellow tints which soothe the senses and incline the mind to imaginative musings—costly vases filled with the luxury of flowers which a purchased art has made bloom "under the beard of winter"—great old carved chairs—fantastic cabinets—escrutoires of ebony—rows of books heavy with clasps, gorgeous with gilding, and very Titans to the degenerate octavos and duodecimos of the present day—these are a part of the scene. And then, hanging against the wainscotting, is the sword with which the gallant author fought at Worcester, or Dunkirk, or Ramillies, or Blenheim. Near it is the great painting which he bought fresh from the easel of a great master when he was in Venice, and "swam in a gondola." Letters sealed with the arms of Buckingham, or Jermyn, or Bolingbroke, according to the date we give him in our fancy, lie about him in an arranged disorder. The author himself agrees very well with these surroundings. The ruffled wristband, the milk-white quill in an aristocratic hand adorned by a ring which we guess to be the *gage d'amour* of a Parisian countess, the serene smoothness of the brows, the graceful order of the flowing locks, or formal contour of the wig are clearly before us, betokening the luxurious mental freedom, the stately complaisance and decorum with which the great work is squared, ruled, weighed, and found good, little by little, as the chapters advance with the slow pace of the years. Of this "noble breed" of authors—fastidious, self-complacent and petted—the head and front was Lord Herbert of Cherbury. How, after his long labors upon his book, De Veritate, he thought fit to question "nature and her invisible providences" before discharging it like a great piece of ordnance, full-shotted, upon his generation and after generations—and how a light from a summer sky "brighter than that of the moon, and softer than that of the sun," streamed in upon him where he knelt with a decorous care of his knee ribands—and how he received this strange light as testimony of the approval of a superhuman censorship: all this he has set forth in a chapter as precise as truth and as solemn as history. To be sure the writing of a book in those days was no slight matter; and, seriously, the best that was in a man, inevitably came out in such year-long labors, attended by convictions so profound, and docked and pruned with a view to supernal censorships. *Cave ab homine unius libri* was a saying of different application in its origin, but it does very well in this view. The man who reads but one book is master of it, and let loose talkers beware that their volubility does not bring them between his particular nail-head and hammer. The man who makes it a labor of his life to *write* one book, should be as great an object of dread to another class, the loose writers, whose litters are not apt to appear the better for comparison with his lion-whelp.

If Lord Herbert was the front and beginning of the extinct autorial species of which we are speaking, Addison and the fine gentlemen who wrote for the Spectator were its perfected glory—the tree to the acorn. It is odd enough to observe, from the changed order of the present day, how fastidious and full of the dignity of their occupation these authors were, and with what exaggerations of applause the public justified them in their sense of self-importance. Lord Fairfax of Greenway court won no little renown for letters by one or two papers in the Spectator; this was in his youth, and something of a graceful reputation stuck by him to the day of his death. Addison wrote a poem on the peace of Ryswick, which was pronounced "the best Latin poem since the Æneid"—and one of its rewards was "a pension of £300 a year to enable him to travel." We are further told that: "Lord Godolphin lamenting to Lord Halifax that the victory of Blenheim had not been celebrated in a manner equal to the subject, desired him to propose it to some better poet than had yet written on it. Halifax named Addison, who, having undertaken the work, communicated it to the treasurer *while it was yet advanced no farther than the simile of the angel*, and was rewarded with the place of the commissioner of appeals." What delightful literary coxcombs were these gracious old lords! When Hafiz read his poetry to his magnificent master, that patron of letters gave him a pearl for every beauty of the verse and for a simile of extraordinary skill and reach of fancy added a diamond. The diamond followed the pearls in Addison's case; a re-hearing of that simile of the angel made him under-Secretary of State. An incident of his life in office fills up the picture for us; "he was required, as part of his official duty, to send notice to Hanover that the queen was dead and the throne vacant. Addison was so overwhelmed with the

greatness of the event, and so distracted by choice of expressions, that the lords, who could not wait for the niceties of criticism, got Mr. Southwell, a clerk in the house, to write it in the common style of business. Mr. Southwell was very vain of having written what Addison could not write," etc.

The state of things which we have been shadowing forth is now entirely changed. The sluices have been opened and stagnation has given way to currents which confound sky, air and earth with their spray and their roar. We are overwhelmed with books, we are bewildered by the crowd of authors, we can remember no cotemporary name in letters unless we have constant repetitions of it ushering in new pages of new matter to interest us for a day. Never were those wise words of Ulysses to Achilles of surer application than to the author of the present day.

"To *have done* is to hang quite out of fashion.
* * * * Keep thou the path:
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue; if you give way
Or turn aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an entered tide they all rush by,
And leave you hindermost; and there you lie
Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank
For pavement to the abject rear, o'er run
And trampled on. Then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours."

An author can no longer be slow-paced—no longer rest upon his laurels—no longer believe the eyes of the world to be fastened upon him, and wrap himself up in a proud composure to abide the admiring inspection. If he is deliberate at his labors, or stops between his labors, he is gone. In such a state of things he cannot be fastidious. Besides why should he be fastidious? The public instead of nibbling at sentences, swallows chapters—swallows volumes.

In the new state of things it was natural enough to find authors quickened into astonishing labors; but it remained for the genius of M. Dumas, (to whom we have at last come after an uncommonly long exordium,) to discover and establish a mode of book-making of the most admirable convenience, and suited in every respect to the new necessities of authorship. Dumas has put into operation a kind of literary manufactory. He employs a number of clever young writers, who fill his hotel in town, and go with him on literary pleasure parties to his chateau in the country. These clever writers are his well-paid journeymen, who, out of the raw material of his inventions, execute the novels, annals, vaudevilles, etc., which bear his name. Chapters are discussed between master and men; scenes of passion and ingenious incidents are struck out and prefigured in conversations which only want the enlargement and precision which the pen gives, to become pages of marketable writing. How much of the actual writing of his books is done by Dumas we can only guess at. When an author of great reputation writes a book in conjunction with one less known, and the book proves unequal, we are apt to father the good upon the famous author, and the bad upon the humble one. In this we, no doubt, often err. For instance Pope, whilst a mere boy and unknown, wrote some pages and made corrections in a work of Wycherley which, if we remember aright, made an otherwise dull and silly book quite respectable. The shadow of the name of Dumas may be hiding in the crowd of his journeymen some great and masterly mind, which, one of these days, will break out into splendid prominence, and have recorded in its "*ana*" the fact that we owe some of the best work of the Dumas establishment to it. But we are bound to believe against such a chance that Dumas, if he writes at all, writes the best of his books, or the best chapters of them. We think that he wrote all of the "Three Guardsmen," all of "Margaret of Valois," and all of the "Count of Monte Christo;" or had very immaterial aid, and that confined to the mere conduct of the stories over intervals of matter-of-course, from one point of humor, passion, or interest to another. We think that he furnished the three or four chapters which arrest the rapid action of "The Duke of Burgundy" into minutely detailed scenes; and that he ought to have credit for the preface and final chapter of "Captain Paul"—the worst of the novels bearing his name, and except in preface and conclusion, utterly unlike and beneath him. But it is idle to refer, by name, to the books which Dumas has made, or procured to be made. His mighty list is longer already than that of Lope de Vega, and a mere titular enumeration would consume more space than we shall devote to the author.

Dumas has many and rare merits as a novelist. He is remarkable for a curt and rapid management of details, which leaves no feature of his pictures wanting or blurred; and yet with all his particularity he is never tedious. He really consumes less space in his minute and full narratives than most authors consume in that style of general description which pretends to dash off scenes with a few bold strokes.

Again he possesses indomitable good sense as rudder and ballast to his genius. His dramatis personæ are natural and true to real life: acting in just proportion to motives, and deducing opinions from reasons which, if not sound, are as sound as most that men build opinion and faith upon. He is an admirable painter of man such as nature and circumstances have made him, and seems to have no notion of the fine creatures of porcelain which novelists generally delight to exhibit—fine creatures that neither talk with reason nor act with motive. His good sense shows itself constantly. It limits his tragedy and qualifies his comedy: and sometimes blends the two as we really see them

blended so often out of books, but as no cotemporary of Dumas at all knows how to blend them in books. It is worldly acumen—a shrewd and just knowledge of men—that dashes misery with the salt of fun, or places a profound melancholy under the superficies of humor. It is to such natural blendings of sad and gay, as much, perhaps, as to anything else, that such books as Gil Blas owe their enduring popularity with all classes, from statesmen to mechanics. Of fun-spicing the tragic there is so good an instance in Margaret of Valois, that we venture upon a quotation which the Blackwood abstracts, if not the book itself, may have made familiar to our readers. It is the duel scene in which La Mole and Coconnas fight, overlooked by Margaret and the Duchess of Nevers, who are stationed behind a hedge. The combatants are brave gentlemen, exasperated by mutual wrongs, and are intent upon killing each other: Coconnas had a short time before wounded La Mole, during the St. Bartholomew massacres, so seriously that he supposed him dead.

"La Mole had completed his circuit, and walking up behind Coconnas, he stretched out his hand and touched him on the shoulder. The Piedmontese turned his head.

'Oh!' said he, 'it was no dream then. You are still alive?'

'Yes, sir,' replied La Mole, 'I am still alive. It is not your fault, but such is the case.'

'Mordieu! I recognize you perfectly,' said Coconnas, 'in spite of your pale cheeks. You were redder than that the last time I saw you.'

'And I recognize you also,' said La Mole, 'in spite of that yellow cut across your face. You were paler than you are now when I gave it to you.'

Coconnas bit his lips but continued in the same ironical tone. 'It is curious, is it not, Monsieur de la Mole, particularly for a Huguenot to see the admiral, (de Coligny,) hung up to that iron hook.'

'Count,' said La Mole, with a bow, 'I am no longer a Huguenot. I have the honor to be a Catholic.'

'Bah!' cried Cononnas, bursting into a laugh, 'you are converted! How very sly of you!'

'Sir,' replied La Mole, with the same serious politeness, 'I made a vow to become a Catholic if I escaped the massacre.'

'It was a very prudent vow,' returned the Piedmontese, 'and I congratulate you on it; is it the only one you made?'

'No sir, I made one other,' replied La Mole patting his horse with his usual deliberate grace. 'And it was—' inquired Coconnas.

'To hang you up yonder to that little hook which seems to be waiting for you just below Monsieur de Coligny.'

'What!' cried Coconnas, 'all alive just as I am?'

'No sir; after passing my sword through your body.' Coconnas became purple, and his grey eyes flashed fire.

'Really,' said he with a sneer; 'to yonder rail! you are not quite tall enough for that, my little gentleman.'

'Then I will get upon your horse,' replied La Mole. 'Ah, you think, my dear M. Hannibal de Coconnas that you may assassinate people with impunity under the loyal and honorable pretext of being a hundred to one. Not so. A day comes when every man finds his man, and for you that day is come now. I am almost tempted to break your ugly head with a pistol shot; but pshaw! I should perhaps miss you, for my head still shakes with the wounds you so treacherously gave me.'

'My ugly head!' roared Coconnas, throwing himself off his horse. 'On foot! Monsieur le Comte—out with your blade!' and he drew his sword.

'I think your Huguenot called my cavalier ugly,' whispered the Duchess of Nevers to Margaret. 'Do you find him so?'

'He is charming,' cried Margaret laughing, 'and Monsieur de la Mole's anger renders him unjust. But hush! let us observe them.' La Mole got off his horse with as much deliberation as Coconnas had shown haste, drew his sword and put himself on guard.

'Ah!' he cried as he extended his arm.

'Oh!' exclaimed Coconnas, as he stretched out his. Both it will be remembered were wounded in the shoulder, and a sudden movement still caused them acute suffering. A stifled laugh was audible from behind the hedge. The princesses had been unable to restrain it when they saw the two champions rubbing their shoulders and grimacing with pain. The laugh reached the ears of Coconnas and La Mole, who had been hitherto unaware of the presence of witnesses, but who now, on looking round, perceived the ladies. La Mole again put himself on guard, steady as an automaton, and Coconnas, as their swords crossed, uttered an energetic *mordieu*.

'Ah ca!' exclaimed Margaret, 'they are in earnest, and will kill one another if we do not prevent it. This is going too far. Stop, gentlemen, I entreat you.'

'Let them go on,' said Henriette, who, having already seen Coconnas make head successfully against three antagonists at once, trusted that he would have at least as easy a bargain of La Mole.

At the first clash of the steel the combatants became silent. They were neither of them confident in their strength, and at each pass or parry their imperfectly healed wounds caused them sharp pain. Nevertheless, with fixed and ardent eye, his lips slightly parted, his teeth firmly set, La Mole advanced with short steady steps upon his adversary, who perceiving that he had to do with a master of fence retreated—gradually, it is true, but still retreated. In this manner they reached the edge of

a moat or dry ditch, on the other side of which the spectators had stationed themselves. There, as if he had only retired with the view of getting nearer to the duchess, Coconnas stopped and made a rapid thrust. At the same instant a sanguine spot, which grew, each second, larger, appeared upon the white satin of La Mole's doublet.

'Courage!' cried the Duchess of Nevers.

'Poor La Mole!' exclaimed Margaret with a cry of sorrow. La Mole heard the exclamation, threw one expressive glance to the queen, and making a skilful feint, followed it up by a pass of lightning swiftness. This time both the women shrieked. The point of La Mole's rapier had appeared crimson with blood behind the back of Coconnas. [Coconnas in falling drags La Mole into the moat—where presently both seem dying]

"A pool of blood had already formed itself around them.

'Oh! brave, brave La Mole!' exclaimed Margaret, unable to repress her admiration. 'How can I forgive myself for having suspected your courage?' And her eyes filled with tears.

'Alas! alas!' cried the duchess, sobbing violently. 'Say, madam, did you ever see such intrepid champions?'

'Tudieu!—what hard knocks!' exclaimed their attendant, the captain of the guards, trying to staunch the blood that flowed from the wounds. 'Hola! you man of the cart! come more quickly. * * * * Hola! I say, will you come then when you are called? Do you not see that these gentlemen are in want of assistance?'"

Of the sententious conclusions in morals, philosophy, and manners, in which most of the French novelists of the day abound, and with which the universal mind is becoming, to use a phrase of D'Israeli, pretty well *guanoed*, Dumas has fewer than most of his cotemporaries. His books are chiefly narrative and descriptive—the dialogue being generally no more than a means of conducting the story. But where he does stop for such things he is generally brilliant and bold. His terse conclusions seem inherent to the subject—something natural and inevitable;—they are the explosions that must occur when the match has burned to a certain point. This is rather an unusual merit. Such things are generally patched upon their pages by novelists, who as generally steal them.

Dumas, amongst his many fine qualities of mind, possesses a rich imagination. His pictures of the animal and vegetable wonders of the tropics are as warm and beautiful as they seem to be accurate. A desert, a river fringed with palms, are not dull subjects with him, but cling to his mind and take magical colors from his excited and enamored genius. It is evident that such scenes of the orient and tropics are the chosen play-ground of the poetical part of the man; that he resents the tameness of the life of society, which incarcerates his wild impulses, by an *abandon* in this direction, whenever he is enabled to escape. The Arabian steed of Alcenna, flying from the northern bit, did not throw up his heels higher at the rustle of the palm leaf and silver gleams of the desert, than M. Dumas will, metaphorically, do any day. But even in subjects apart from the warming influence of this idiosyncratic passion he has poetry enough for all purposes: enough to elevate the sentiment, impassion the speech, and ennoble the action of his characters whenever his art demands so much of him.

We must pardon much to Dumas for haste—a haste which must also be pardoned because the exactions of the public make it necessary to the author. It is haste that renders many of his books, especially his stories from French history, rather collections of striking tableaux than well-arranged and connected works. Pearls are strung upon hempen strings—rubies are set in lead. Wealth of material we have in abundance, and it is finely worked up wherever the effort is made to work it up; but the result of haste of which we complain, but which we are obliged to pardon, is that the effort is too seldom made to work it up. Perhaps, too, as we have suggested, Dumas is to be credited with the striking scenes, whilst the labor of connecting them is accomplished by his young scribes.

We can imagine nothing more consuming than the incessant cropping of the mind which the public requires of writers for its amusement. And we give all the more credit to the author who, like Dumas, can present us in his hundredth volume ideas and combinations of ideas which are not iterations of what he has already given us. How sharp-scented and persevering such an author must be in the pursuit of ideas! He must be as mighty a hunter as that indefatigable person who, (Dumas tells us in his Italian tour,) pursued a thrush from Marseilles to Naples—popping away at it hourly by day, and passing his nights near the thickets or groves in which his industry had roosted it, that no time might be lost in resuming the popping; he must be as pertinacious, but a little more successful.

Bright-thoughted country gentlemen—the select minds and literary oracles of the thousands of little circles within the great circle of society—are the judges whose decisions are perhaps of most importance to an author. They have no bitterness to make them deny merit, and they are able from position to diffuse individual good opinion into fame. But right-minded, impartial, and even inclined to mercy as these magistrates of the county courts of Apollo are, they are, nevertheless, often unjust judges. Aloof themselves from the traffic in written ideas they are like Milne's MEN OF OLD:

> "Great thoughts, great feelings come to them,
> Like instincts, unawares."

And when they recognize "great thoughts" and "*great* feelings" in books, they respond to them,

promptly and heartily. But they are unjust because they scarcely trouble themselves to examine into circumstances of fact, which make merit all the brighter and palliate failure. The book is the record, and it is a rare charity that will go beyond it, and look to the pains, make excuses for the failures, give peculiar praise to the successes of its exhausted author, whose great thoughts and great feelings have had a spigot in them for years, and have been retailed by the gallon, quart or pint. No discrimination is made between a book by the author of fifty books, and the elaborate work of an author of no greater merit, who has not forestalled himself by prior publication, but gives to the public at once the accumulations of years of reflection and study. After all, however, we find compensation for the injustice in the fact which we have heretofore enlarged upon, that the one triumph of the man of one book is transitory, and the writer soon forgotten, whilst the repeated appearances of the prolific author keep him well remembered.

Dumas has his share of the half gay, half serious extravagance which belongs to the French as a people. Take for instance his comic antipathy to the name Elizabeth. "That name is a cat in the room, to me. I tremble as I write it. Search my books and you will find that I have never used it. I, in fact, abhor that name. It is my weakness." Only a Frenchman of interjections and gesticulations would make a stout hero thank his mistress for a mess of pottage in such a speech as, "Ah! ma'm'selle, this is positively charming! Mon dieu! I *adore* this dish!" John Bull is apt to consider himself directly affronted when his grave reading brings him upon things of this sort, and generally insinuates something about frog-eating. There is occasionally something really to excuse his anger—as he has no talent for laughing—in the more serious French gasconade. Dumas, in "The Planter of the Isle of France," makes a French brig board, take, and burn a crack English frigate! For ourselves we relish the comedy of such an idea.

The mind of Dumas is more of a fountain than a cistern, and has sustained the extraordinary drain upon it not only well but almost miraculously; he nevertheless occasionally diverts a driblet from the fountain of another to swell his own—or, as Coleridge says, "taps another man's tank." For instance, in the book just referred to, "The Planter," etc., the death of Laiza is clearly a copy of of the death of Uncas in the "Last of the Mohicans." And in a chapter of the same book, the narrative of an experiment which George, the hero, makes to test his own courage, is taken *sentence by sentence* from an old article in one of the London monthlies. We pass from Dumas, whom we heartily recommend to our readers as one of the most delightful, and by far the safest in morals, of the French novelists, to the author who, in the extent of literary production, most nearly approaches him—G. P. R. James.

James has written as many books as any one, working with only his own brain and fingers, could have well contrived to write in the same space of time. An author cropping his mind so incessantly and so closely, is entitled, as we have just contended in the case of Dumas, to be dealt with forgivingly; and we are especially disposed to forgive much to James, who, in the very long range of his works, has never written a sentence unbecoming a Christian gentleman. But his defects are too many and of too serious a nature to be entirely forgiven by the blindest charity. They are defects inherent to the man, and do not grow from haste or multiplicity of labors. In the first place his characters are never striking or impressive. He has dealt with more of the great names in history than any author that ever lived, and yet what more do we know of them for his labors? From the Captal de Buch to Henry of Navarre, not one of them is at all more distinct in his lineaments than history had already made him. Where among his kings do we find a Cœur de Lion, among his nobles a Dunois, or Leicester, or Claverhouse, among his outlaws a Locksley or Rob Roy? The same poverty is visible in his conception and delineation of original characters. Here, untrammelled by history, left to the very license of liberty, he should certainly have given us something to remember. The eternal failure of James to make us know his characters intimately, and carry away lasting impressions of them, is proof of more than the exhaustion of over-cropped powers; it is proof of original sterility. This defect, which we have placed first on our list, is in the very base work of the novelist's art.

Again he is never bold or nervous in his thought. We have no stormy bursts of passionate thought; no "tumultuous throngings of the mind's children to the portal of speech;" not even charming irregularities. He is everlastingly respectable. He seldom trails below, and never soars above a very moderately elevated horizontal plane. His mind is a champaign, not a mountainous country. This is certainly not a defect to be excused on the ground of haste and multiplied labors.

Of faults, less fatal than the above, but excessively annoying, is his habit of obtruding passages of reflective writing in the way of his story. These are always trite and tiresome, and are patched like pieces of a different color upon the rest of his matter. We do not care to be informed that "human life is full of trouble"—that "woman wanting the courage to overcome, has yet the power to endure," etc. We learned as much some years ago. It is, however, easy to escape these trite reflections; they are tacked on generally at the commencement of his chapters. We were once greatly assisted in avoiding them by reading one of his

books after a lady, who had drawn pencil lines about every such passage, as an expression of her sympathy and admiration. Where such aid is wanting, it answers quite well to begin every chapter with its second paragraph.

It is no more than simple justice to pardon meagreness and sameness of plot in the fiftieth book of an author. We must, consequently, hold back the censure to which James provokes us on this head. It is right hard to forgive, however, a fault which he has carried to such excess. A lost heir turning up to confound the villain of the book, who has hold of his estate, and to delight an amiable old gentleman who was the friend of his father, and has a marriageable daughter with a charming face, warm heart and large dowry—this is the story, in outline, of some-where about the last twelve of his quarterly volumes.

We said, a little way back, that James was everlastingly respectable. We must qualify this remark: for he is sometimes guilty of the most arrant twaddle. We recall an instance from his "Smugglers." His hero, one of the turned-up lost heirs, commands a part of the militia of Kent, and out-generals a party of smugglers. This small enterprise James chooses to make the hero conduct with the air of something even higher than a General of Division. If we are told of his profound and skilful "combinations," once, we are told of them fifty times. We see the melancholy young gentleman surrounded with maps of the country—he has the aspiring eye of Julius Cæsar, and the gravity of Cato, the Censor—his subordinates are awed into silence by his mysterious reserve and profundity of mental occupation; runners, meantime, are coming and going like aides-de-camp. The result is that different small bodies of militia converge from several points, and surround the smuggling party at a sort of cross-roads. No sooner is this done than subordinates, privates, all, stop to say, "what a fine combination!" The honest novelist stops with them to say, "was there ever such grasp and dexterity of combination!" The reader can have no possible escape; he is held by the button until he yields a ghastly admiration. This, we repeat, is miserable twaddle. A sheriff, making a seizure, does pretty nearly as much, when he despatches his bum-bailiff to a back door, whilst he approaches the front; and yet Napoleon, combining his divisions upon the field of the Battle of the Emperors, could have no finer things said of him. In all this, James is as serious as an owl. Indeed the honest novelist is no joker under any circumstances. We do not remember to have met with a particle of wit or humor in the whole range of his writings.

As for style, James has that curse of facility which seems to mark all trained writers of tame genius. His words are good enough, and run naturally, and gracefully enough, into phrases and sentences; but it would be a relief to see something rougher—the perpetual facility wearies us. The man seems to be a machine turning out sentences, like calico, yard after yard, all of one pattern, and miserably correct. There is not a struggle with utterance in his books from first to last; not one of those bold trials of the strength of language which we see the vigorous and redundant thought of more nervous writers so frequently making, in its effort to escape into expression. In fact, as the thought is, so most commonly will be the utterance; and in the case of James they are precisely matched—tame, fluent thought with a tame, fluent style.

These are some of the defects, radical and minor; pardonable and unpardonable; of this popular author. We find much to redeem them in his books. He has the art to interest you in his narratives. He has the genuine talent of the *reconteur*. This is a talent of the first necessity to the writer of fiction. Imagination, fancy, clear sense, aided by all learning, and made facile in operation by long practice, are not enough without it. Lockhart's Valerius—a book full of learning, fine thought and refined taste, and not deficient in plot—is proof of what we say. Lockhart has none of this rare talent, and his book is utterly uninteresting. The peculiar gift, of which we speak, is not inventiveness, for which it might be taken, but rather something which manages, blends, conducts, and adroitly makes the most of, inventions. It is indeed a talent to itself, and by itself—of rare occurrence—above attainment where not native—not necessarily united to great mental powers, but of absolute necessity to a greatly successful novelist. James possesses it in a remarkable degree. He is an admirable *réconteur*. There is no such thing as reading to the middle of one of his books, without a desire to go on to the end.

He is moreover singularly correct in his knowledge and observance of the costume of history—in the broad sense embracing manners as well as raiment. Even Sir Walter does not equal him in this respect. James has never done so bold a thing as the investing the time of Richard I. in the costume of that of Edward III.

Again, he has an inexhaustible relish for the ancient chivalric life—as poets, and romancers, misled by the glitter of its ornaments have feigned it to have been. The grandeur of courageous deeds—knightly honor defiant and triumphant above the pains of captivity, or martyrdom—all of tender, truthful, pure, and constant in the love of woman—loyalty to sovereigns—fidelity in friendship—protection to the weak—these are great things which, where all else may seem lost in the very feebleness of exhaustion, have an eternal freshness in the heart of James, and never lose the purity of a first bloom with him.

Connected with this ready and warm apprecia-

tion of the great, good, and beautiful in the chivalric ages, is a high-toned morality—the source indeed of the appreciation—which he has never once marred by a slip: in constancy to which, indeed, no author, living or dead, ever equalled him. We are perfectly satisfied, from his books alone, that James is one of the most upright, gentle, and honorable men in the world. So long as such a man reflects himself in books, we hold ourselves ready to welcome them, however they may crowd upon us, and whatever literary faults may disfigure them.

---

## TO THE MEMORY OF A. M. H.

Beloved! thou art gone,
Thou hast left us alone;
Too *deep* for *tears* our moan!
Gentle one.

Did *thee*, thy sister meet
And thy mother fly to greet
On seraph's wings most fleet,
Gentle one.

The dove thy requiem sings—
The moss-rose o'er thee springs,
Sweet fragrance evening flings,
Gentle one.

Thy active, quiet piety,
O how it drew my heart to thee
In tenderest cords of sympathy,
Gentle one.

Tho' lost to sight, to mem'ry dear,
Sweeter music now thou'lt hear,
Than e'er on earth fell on thy ear,
Gentle one.

Now purer, fresher, brighter dyes
Shall meet thy gladdened wondering eyes
Than rainbow tints in summer skies,
Gentle one.

There, in the City of our King,
Where the redeemed in concert sing,
And Heaven's high arch with praise doth ring,
Gentle one.

*There*, dearest, fondest, best beloved,
Thy ransomed spirit soars above,
Rejoicing in a Saviour's love!
Gentle one.

## TO BLANCHE. *

[*Elicited on hearing that some of her friends in the North said in scorn, "Blanche gone to S... Virginia!"*]

Sweet Warbler, no wonder thy friends should essay
Thy notes to prolong, thy departure to stay.
A spirit so gentle, a genius so rare,
No land, e'er so gifted, could very well spare;
But to sneer at Virginia, was not only cross,
But could little avail them to cover their loss.
Has Virginia no deeds on her historic page,
Of interest sufficient thy pen to engage?
Are her legends so barren, that she may not bring
Some lore which the minstrel may touchingly sing?
Sure, enough were her glory, if none other name
Were inscribed on the scutcheon of her lasting fame,
Than that above all mortal names, her own son,
Incorruptible, deathless, though dead, Washington;
Who so greatly ennobled mankind in his life,
As to lead to this innocent, laudable strife,
As to whether Virginia shall claim him alone,
Or the honor divide with the world that is known;
To whose shrine pilgrims hie from each land and each clime
With offerings of love unimposed and sublime.
Can that State be contemn'd, which gave birth to a son
By whose wisdom and valor our freedom was won?
Whose son again, gave of that freedom the chart,
In that hour of our peril which tried every heart!
The day will yet come, doubt me not, when the story
Of her and her now unappreciated glory,
Bards impassioned will sing as they us'd when of old
The wrongs of their country indignant they told.
The scenes are too near, the events yet too late,
The age quite too prosing her tale to relate.
Thy soul inspiration caught from the great fall,
Where Niagara's thunders its hearers appal!
Imbibe it afresh, at the arch † which God turn'd,
On the morn of creation, ere sun had yet burn'd.
Nature's great book of Beauty she'll vividly unfold.
Writ in characters truly majestic and bold.
Here fountains are sparkling with health and with youth,
Hebe's powers or Hygeia's exceeding in truth;
Labyrinthian mazes surpassing by far
Antiparos, are found in our grottoes of spar;
Aurora shall earlier unbar thee the morn,
And spring offer flowrets the first zephyr-born;
The lark woo thy fancy with her to its flight,
Ere the sun gilds the day with its roseate light.
Come, Heaven-born Apollo, with thy tuneful nine,
Shed influence o'er her the choicest of thine;
Parnassus or Helicon here thou may'st find
As much as a northern one sure, to thy mind.
No snows on their summits shall chill thy descent,
Nor make more laborious the Poet's ascent;
No frost-king in fetters shall cruelly bind
The fount of Castalia, blest spring of the mind.
Where song's no exotic, to its own native home,
Thou child of sweet song, we do hail thee now come.
Sung by thee, Blanche, Virginia will quickly aspire,
As the walls of Thebes rose once to Amphion's lyre.

ALBERTO.

* Author of some beautiful lines on Water, which appeared in the New York Mirror and other publications, in 1845.

† The Natural Bridge.

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER VII.

When Sophron, the eunuch, returned to Esther's dwelling to learn her final answer to his petition, he found her alone anxiously awaiting his arrival, and prostrating himself before her, begged to know her determination.

"I am now about to go to the palace," was Esther's reply.

Leaping from the floor with insuppressible joy, he exclaimed, "You shall be queen of Persia as sure as Artaxerxes *lives*," deeply emphasizing the last word, accompanied with a curl of the lip that escaped not Esther's eye, "and thy faithful slave shall cease to tremble at the frown of the haughty Vashti and be disposed of at the will of a superior power," bowing significantly to Esther as he uttered the last word.

"Unhappy deceiver," thought Esther, "your language concerning your own fate, may be, like Saul's, involuntary prophecy."

The eunuch after urging haste bowed himself out of her presence and hastened to Artabanus, by whose side we found him, when the king's messenger summoned them before the throne. In the meantime Esther entered a palanquin provided by Sophron and was borne by two of that eunuch's accomplices to the palace. On reaching that edifice of splendor and luxury, ushered by one of Sophron's creatures, she was admitted by the guards without opposition, and supposing the cause of her presence had been announced by Mordecai before her arrival, she waited in an ante-chamber with a palpitating heart till it should please the king to take her evidence. The glittering magnificence of the gilt ceiling and walls—the lofty columns of polished marble of Grecian orders hung with the richest silks suspended from their capitals by rings of gold and sweeping to the floor—the polished mirrors set in frames of gold inlaid with precious stones—couches covered with silk wrought in flowers of gold and trimmed with gold fringe—the gorgeous carpets worked in flowers of every hue and beauty and then the profound silence, none seeming to dare to speak above a whisper, and the stern demeanor of the guards as they stalked to and fro, scarcely casting a glance upon her—all impressed Esther with the magnificence and awe of the Persian court. Overcome by a sense of the immeasurable superiority that surrounded her, she, with painful inquietude, desired nothing so much as to return quickly to her quiet and humble home. While she thus tarried in silent and indefinable dread, Vashti, the queen, anxious to learn the cause of Megabysus' daring intrusion unbidden into the king's presence, which the watchful eunuchs had reported to her; and judging that it must be something of the most tremendous import that could impel him to the rash act, commanded one of her eunuchs to go and ascertain by any means possible the subject of his untimely visit. The eunuch, in obedience to his mistress' commands, had proceeded on his errand till he came to the ante-room in which Esther sat, when starting at her unexpected appearance—for he knew her at once and remembered Vashti's positive injunctions upon her never again to be seen about the palace—he suddenly returned to the queen and prostrating himself before her, exclaimed in the Persian fashion of adulation, "O queen, light of the world and princess of the universe! I have evil tidings to bring you. Your enemies are at work—that Jewish witch, who they say has power over the king—that Esther, whom you drove from your presence, and who, report says, beguiles and overcomes all who approach her, is now sitting in one of the ante-chambers to the king's palace, and is the cause of all this sudden commotion. I learned by the way that Megabysus, Artabanus and Sophron, together with an old Jew, are now with the king; and that this Jewish Esther, that works by powerful arts and incantations surpassing the Magi, waits the termination of the conference to be conducted to the king."

"To the king?" exclaimed the infuriated queen, stamping her little foot with violence upon the beautiful carpet and flattening an embroidered flower beneath it; "Go, slave, as you value your life, and force her to my presence."

The eunuch obeyed, but not willingly, for a superstitious dread of Esther's occult power had seized upon his mind. Supposing she was summoned at last to appear before the king, Esther followed as the eunuch beckoned to her in silence, and in a few moments was ushered, to her astonishment, into the dreadful presence of Vashti. With a countenance flaming with anger, the queen started from her seat and fiercely confronting Esther, demanded hastily, "Did I not command you, daring impostor, never again to approach the court? and do you with insulting defiance thus insolently trample on my authority and essay to intrude yourself upon the king? Think you thus to despise my power and live?"

"Great queen," said Esther meekly, "you forbade me to approach the palace of prince Artaxerxes, nor have I violated your command. This is the palace of the great king, to which all faithful subjects are forced to come when duty calls them here. The life and throne of your king and husband are threatened with destruction, and I come to apprise him of his danger. You will, therefore, surely pardon the fidelity that has brought your handmaiden to the palace."

"The king's life and throne in danger!" repeated the queen with incredulous impatience, "and you the guardian angel to protect him! Speak

out, thou crafty deceiver—thou hateful mockery of humility! What do you mean?"

Esther hastily revealed the particulars of Artabanus' conspiracy as gathered from the letter dropped by the eunuch, but for fear of the queen's jealousy, suppressed the eunuch's interview with her, and the history of the ring that led to it.

"Unprincipled plotter of evil, do you judge the mighty rulers of empires to be as weakly credulous as the stupid and priest-ridden bigots of your own nation? Why, what a tale of wonder have we here! A scroll is produced containing treasonable matter implicating the life and honor of the king's best approved friend and benefactor; and a Jewish witch or impostor, into whose hands by some supernatural agency it has fallen—its bearer and his sole accuser. Pray what should be the meed," continued the queen with bitter sarcasm, "of thy watchful supervision over the king's person and throne! Ah, there lies the pith of all thy zeal: Speak—What have you to answer!"

"Great queen," replied Esther, "may the God of the Persian as well as the Jew, do by me according to the truth I speak—that I neither falsely accuse nor seek a reward for the discovery I make."

"Dare you invoke your God in my presence!" asked the impatient queen. "The deity you worship is Ahriman, the principle of evil, throned in darkness and surrounded by clouds, as your own theology teaches. What but falsehood and treachery could propitiate such a being!"

Esther shocked at this blasphemy clasped her hands and looking up, repeated aloud, and with a boldness that afterwards astonished herself, the commencement of 145th psalm—"'I will extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name forever and ever.'"

Exasperated beyond further endurance by this seeming contempt of her absolute will—than which she could scarcely conceive a greater crime—the queen cut short her examination and ordered in a part of her guards and pointing to the meek and beautiful Esther, said, in a voice of stern resolve, "Slaves of my will, existing solely by your obedience, take her hence to speedy execution. What! has it come to this, that Vashti, enthroned above the queens of the earth, is confronted and braved in her palace by the insolence of a contemptible impostor, who insults her with a rivalry in the king's affections? Remember, slaves, I am aware that the vulgar credulity of some proclaim her a witch, or something worse, indued, like the fabled Endor, with supernatural powers that baffle the arts of men. This plea shall not avail you if she escape the instant execution of my sentence. In five minutes after she is taken from this palace let her head be severed from her body."

As the guards crossed her small hands to bind them, the queen caught sight of the ring upon Esther's finger, which in the haste and tumult of her feelings she had forgotten to conceal. It was too well remembered to escape her jealousy. Stepping hastily forward, she fiercely exclaimed, "Hand me that ring on her finger."

One of the eunuchs drew it off and kneeling presented it to his mistress.

"How dare you wear this ring?" she asked in a voice half choked with rage. "Who gave it to you?"

"Artaxerxes gave it to me, great queen, merely as a sign of his protection against the oppression of the wicked. It was on the day I played for him on the harp in your presence. The people about the palace knew of it; for the prince told them of the gift and of its intention."

"Ye gods of Persia!" exclaimed the queen, "what have I this day endured? Rivalled and mocked, I am defied in my own palace by a despicable slave who dares to wear the presents of the king with insulting ostentation before my face. Away with her—her presence blights my sight. Take her to the tower of ashes: let her die that death. * The place of execution was a remote tower adjoining the extensive buildings of the palace; and to that place Esther was conducted by two eunuchs to suffer the queen's sentence. These men were deeply implicated in Artabanus' conspiracy and not knowing that their leader was already exposed and attached, greatly exulted in this seemingly fortunate concurrence of circumstances that made them the sure instruments in cutting off this only evidence of their guilt. They had heard Esther's disclosure to the queen of the contents of Artabanus' letter and were trembling with fear till they joyfully saw the termination of the interview. Buoyed with the feelings of reprieved criminals, they danced around Esther as they conducted her along, exclaiming, "Now priestess of Jewry, witch, or sorceress, whichever you be, we would fain see one of your slight-of-hand tricks of evasion. Can you not make yourself invisible and vanish away, or at least be transformed into an eagle and soar out of reach? No! busy meddler, you can do nothing of the kind. You have not the silly dupes of superstition to play upon now. Your hour is come. Neither your arts, nor the power of your God will avail you now. Your last protector has vanished with your ring. Your God could not save even that from Vashti's cupidity, and how may he save the wearer? Where we go now, there will be none to rescue. Do you see that gloomy tower? Few go there and fewer return. No messenger visits that place who comes not on an errand of death, and no one enters that gate save the condemned and the executioner. You

* This method of executing a condemned criminal was peculiar to ancient Persia. The unhappy wretch was thrown into a receptacle of loose ashes, which were rapidly stirred by an engine attached for the purpose, till suffocation was produced.

would impeach Artabanus and Sophron to the king, that on their ruins you might build your own fortunes in the sunshine of the royal favor; but see! your evidence is despised—not even heard by the king, and yourself the victim. Can you not speak? Have you become suddenly dumb?"

"What that righteous God whom you blaspheme may purpose for me, he will manifest in his own good time," replied Esther. "His presence strengthens me even now, and in Him I trust."

"Now hear the silly bigot," continued one of the eunuchs. "Have I not told you that there are none here to see you even, much less to save! and what trust can you have? Can your God keep breath in you amidst a cloud of ashes thicker than your Moses says the darkness was he brought over Egypt's sunny land?"

"Peace, unfeeling scoffers," replied Esther, "your blasphemy is too shocking to be heard. Hear and believe, that he who could part the seas—could stop the rapid motion of the spheres and speak from nothing worlds into existence, can with a breath scatter to nought the mightiest means of man. As he did for helpless Isaac, so God for me can substitute a victim. Like righteous Job, I will trust in him though he slay me."

They had now reached the tower of execution—a dark, gloomy, and silent abyss, rendered more horrid to contemplate by the consciousness of its terrible purpose. The door closed to behind them and all things were ready for the dreadful catastrophe. "Are you yet convinced?" asked one of the eunuchs turning the frightful machine and suspending the awful plunge of its victim as if to heighten her torture by absolute despair.

"God of my fathers!" exclaimed Esther looking up to Heaven, "thy righteous will be done."

"Now that is what I call giving it up," continued the eunuch with solemn mockery. "Call on your God for the victim you so lately said he could substitute for you. Surely he can send you a ram, or a goat at least, though here is no thicket to entangle him by the horns. Let him but show some such slight-of-hand as this and I promise you and him that"—

Here the eunuch's speech was suddenly broken off by the opening of the massive folding doors and the entrance of Artabanus and Sophron followed by Megabysus and a strong guard. The surprise of the two parties was mutual. Each stood gazing on the other in mute amazement. Sophron shrunk back with terror and muttered, "She is the minister of some angry god. I dreamed I saw her here—and here she is. Methought some silly fool had bound her hands to plunge her in the vault below. I saw her triumph over all. The rest was dark confusion. I know not what. Something like the royal tiara she wore upon her head. Some wept and trembled—then rejoiced. Her foes I saw overwhelmed before her, slipping and falling in their blood."

Megabysus after a minute's silence demanded of the queen's eunuchs in a stern voice what had brought them there; and why that young woman that stood between them was brought to such a place, and who she was.

"Great prince and brother to the King of Kings," answered the trembling eunuch—"the queen commands us, her slaves, on pain of death, to execute this woman, who holding her dreadful majesty at naught, laughed to scorn her high commands, which none may do and live."

"Who are you, young woman?" asked Megabysus, turning to Esther. "Can you have so forgotten the exalted station of the queen, and dared such outrage on the person of the great king's wife?"

"Mighty prince," said Esther, "pity an unprotected maiden, who is innocent of any intentional offence to the queen. The history of my case is this: Artaxerxes saw me in Vashti's train of serving women, placed there by her own commands, and commanded me to play upon the harp. I obeyed and drew such commendations from him as greatly displeased his wife. She accused me of design upon the prince, her husband, and drove me from the palace; and as I sat weeping at the gate, Artaxerxes knowing the cause of my distress and pitying my misfortune, slipped a ring from his finger and placed it on mine as an earnest of his future protection. This was in Xerxes' time. To-day I was commanded by Mordecai, the Jew, to be in readiness at the palace to give in evidence before the king. I was seen and known by some one of the queen's retinue—was hurried before her and was condemned to lose my head, for venturing to approach the palace. Before leaving her presence, the queen saw the ring and knowing it, changed the mode of death and condemned me to the ashes. What cause she has to give me thanks, instead of death, the king will bear me witness."

"Your story," said Megabysus, "is a strange one, and yet carries along with it the simplicity of truth. Your name?"

"Esther."

"What!" he exclaimed with a start, "the female that discovered the horrid plot of these wretched men?"

"The same."

"And did the queen know this?"

"She heard it from me, but believed it not."

"The king must be kept ignorant of this," continued Megabysus to himself. "It were enough to rouse his suspicions against her; and once suspected, few live to wear the silvered livery of age in princes' palaces. This," said he aloud, "explains the sudden transformation of thought in the king's mind at the magic word *Esther*. But you, guilty wretches," continued he to the queen's eu-

nuchs, handing them a roll of parchment found on Artabanus—"you who were so ready to execute a sentence on another, search there if the name of any traitor greets your eyes and say what should be his doom!"

With trembling despair the eunuchs beheld a full list of the principal conspirators names—their own among the first.

"It is useless to repine," said Sopron by way of encouragement, "that woman, or demon, can crush others, as easily as she can save herself. We are doomed and let us die like men."

Megabysus now gave a sign to the guards, who plunged the four criminals into the horrid abyss. The engines worked assiduously, raising dark curling volumes of dust far above the city, that arrested the eyes of shuddering thousands, who well knew the meaning. Esther closed her eyes from the contemplation of this terrible scene and bent her slight form in one absorbing out-pouring of her grateful spirit to that all seeing and righteous God, who never forsakes those who put their trust in Him.

When all was over, Megabysus roused her by a touch on the shoulder, and whispered—"Be cautious to keep your rescue a secret from the queen, lest by private means destruction should fall on you and all of us. It is a fearful thing to incense a proud and powerful woman." Then after repeatedly charging the guards, under penalty of his and the king's most implacable vengeance, to breathe no whisper of Esther's deliverance, he had her conveyed in a covered palanquin to her own dwelling, and returned himself to the palace to receive the king's further orders concerning the conspiracy. There he found Mordecai, the Jew, who entirely unconscious of Esther's troubles, stood with a respectful, but unawed demeanor in the presence of absolute power.

"The fidelity and timely disclosure of the old man," said the king to Megabysus, "claims our warmest gratitude; and it is our pleasure that he be retained at the palace, and that his office and honor be to keep the king's gate. This is a trust of great confidence, old man," continued he to Mordecai, "but you have given an earnest that you will not abuse it. As for the maiden who exposed Artabanus' letter," he resumed after a pause and with a perceptible change of color, "she has but to name the recompense she would desire for her service, to obtain it."

Haman, the Amalekite, who was also in the presence and heard these declarations of favor from the king, was moved to almost insuppressible indignation, that Mordecai, a Jew, whose whole nation he would gladly have devoted to destruction, and who individually had mocked and defied his power, should thus be honored and elevated by the great king. Already high in power himself, proud, aspiring and overbearing, he assiduously sought by covert means to check and crush all who might bear the semblance of rivals. But that a Jew, an hereditary enemy, and one of the captive slaves of Nebuchadnezzar, should be raised above the power of his malice, was too intolerable for endurance. However, there was one source of joy and exultation to his dark and vindictive mind, both as it promised agonizing affliction to Mordecai, and removed from himself an indefinable dread and apprehension of future trouble. A few minutes before, an eunuch, whom he had attached to his fortunes, whispered to him that Hadassah, the Jewish witch, had been suffocated in the tower of ashes, by the queen's commands—that he had heard her sentence pronounced by Vashti, and saw her led to execution.

"But," replied Haman, "may she not have baffled the queen as she has so often done me!"

"Not so my lord," continued his confidant, "she is done for this time. The cloud of ashes that quickly rose above the city, told her doom. Besides, the queen had taken away her magic ring, with which they say she wrought her miracles." Accustomed of late to regard Esther as a supernatural being, and fearing, from a superstitious dread of her power, openly to oppress the Jews, as well as to be circumvented in his schemes of aggrandizement, he gave expression to the wildest joy at the news of her death.

"Now," he exclaimed, "the only rock I feared, the fearful barrier in my way, that accursed Sorceress or witch of Jewry is removed. Too happy hour; though hoped not, as vain, yet come. My path now lies open and dominion and power are before me."

The distasteful advancement of Mordecai, as we have seen, caused a sudden transition from gladness to torturing malevolence in the bosom of this creature of impulse and passion. Truly is the heart of a proud and vicious man like bellows, puffed up or depressed by the weakest hand that plays upon it. Artabanus, who rightly judged that Haman's haughty pride and selfish ambition unfitted him for the second place in an usurping dynasty, had left him out of the conspiracy, with the intention of cutting him off as soon as he should be established on the throne. This intention of the chief conspirator was discovered by a letter found on one of the condemned criminals, and readily turned to advantage by Haman, who, with such evidence, convinced the king that his fidelity was so incorruptible, that the traitors thought it indispensable to put him to death, to secure their own safety. Besides, his active and untiring zeal in hunting out and bringing to punishment even the most obscure partisans of Artabanus, gave him a plausible claim to be considered the most steadfast guardian of the Persian throne. And the king so regarding him, at once elevated him to the highest dignity in the empire, next to the sovereign power.

His towering and guilty ambition, thus raised to one eminence, became now inappeasable but by mounting the highest pinnacle of power; and what the king commended daily as incorruptible loyalty, was but an artful by-play to ward off the possibility of suspicion, that when the time and means should serve, he might strike the surer blow. His haughty spirit and overweening vanity had now become impatient of any superior, and his mind was tossed by dreams of universal supremacy. Though covered with honors and envied for his greatness, he was a prey to the most restless inquietude and perhaps the least contented person in Susa.

---

## CHAPTER VIII.

From the time of Cyrus the Great, it had been a custom with the kings of Persia to give a public feast once a year, for the purpose either of courting the favor of the multitude, and thus strengthening the throne by such affable condescension—if such haughty and despotic lords of sovereignty could be supposed capable of a sense of dependence—or, what is more probable, to make an ostentatious display of their incredible splendor and magnificence, the more widely to diffuse the awe of their greatness. In conformity with this custom, Artaxerxes, who had defeated Hystaspes in a great battle, and now considered himself firmly established on the throne of Cyrus, published a general invitation to all his subjects, both rich and poor, to a protracted banquet to be given at the king's palace. At such feasts the servile adoration ordinarily paid to the sovereign, and the painful awe usually felt in his presence, were exchanged for an easy and social equality. Every guest, without restraint, or fear of consequences, present or remote, was permitted to approach the king and converse familiarly with him on subjects either grave or jocular, as humor inclined him; or otherwise to dispose of his time, freely absolved from the formal rules of court etiquette. The scene of this splendid entertainment was in the court of the garden formed by the king's palace. The buildings of the palace presented to the eye an immense quadrangular structure, adorned by lofty and magnificent columns and porticos, after the Corinthian and Attic orders of architecture. In the centre of the square was a large open arena, laid out into gardens and pleasure-grounds, and tastefully ornamented by the most pleasing variety and succession of rural beauties. Along the serpentine walks, the passenger successively glided under the impervious shade of magnificent trees—through shrubbery trained into every fantastic shape,—now presenting in full and perfect outline the figure of a man on horse-back—now a woman, an ostrich, a lion, and next a throne resting on the shoulders of leopards. Again he twined among flower-plots, crowded with the most gorgeous and beautiful flowers perfuming the air with their sweet odors—among every variety of fruit trees, whose loaded branches almost obstructed the way. Jets and fountains threw high into the air showers of pure, fresh water, which falling in spray imparted a delightful freshness to the surrounding atmosphere; and afterwards collecting in drops upon the broad circular platforms of polished marble, these showers trickled in a thousand tiny streamlets into large silver basins, till, overflowing them, they wound in many rivulets to water and fertilize the gardens. Midway the gardens was an extensive portico of Parian marble, whose height was on a level with that of the surrounding palace. The massy and towering columns of this beautiful structure were skilfully covered with gold leaf, so as to present the appearance of solid pillars of burnished gold. From the capitals of these colums were suspended awnings of the richest purple, embroidered and fringed with gold, which dropping their broad convex bosoms half way to the floor, passed over to opposite columns and being gracefully gathered through small golden rings attached, fell tastefully around their bases. The gilt ceiling, studded with constellations of brilliant and different sized gems, representing the heavenly bodies, afforded to the view of the delighted spectator, a sight inconceivably beautiful. The floor was of tissulated marble, neatly polished and skilfully fitted together. This portico was the scene of the king's magnificent feast. The tables, which extended in one continuous range its whole length, were curiously wrought of solid silver, set with brilliants and pearl. Along these tables were couches embellished with gems and gold, with cushions of the finest satin worked in flowers of every hue. Drinking cups of gold and silver, richly embossed with flowers and wreaths, and the heads of gods and goddesses were placed in two long glittering rows before the guests. Each was left to choose for himself and to be merry or grave as suited his temperament. Bands of the most skilful musicians filled at intervals the gardens with bursts of the sweetest music; and a tree of pure gold, covered with leaves, blossoms and fruit of the same metal, and supporting on its branches innumerable birds, that by the touch of a spring, sent forth their artificial warblings, added to the delight and enchantment of the scene. The tables were filled and the company, a mixed assemblage of every grade of society, seemed as noisy and as joyous as the absence of care could make them.

Artaxerxes, conspicuous by the surpassing splendor of his dress and the glittering crown upon his head, mingled freely in the conversations of his guests, at one time discussing a grave subject with a grey-headed veteran and at another exchanging sallies of wit with a merry young wag. Among

those he more particularly distinguished by his notice, was Themistocles, the Athenian, who had taken refuge at the Persian court from the violence of his capricious countrymen.

The wine had already circulated freely, and the king, exhilarated by its fumes, turned to Themistocles and said, "Tell me now, Themistocles, do not the little republics of Greece, with all your partiality for your father-land, dwindle into paltry insignificance since you have witnessed the glory and magnificence of the Persian monarchy? Look around and survey the evidences of splendor and greatness, and give a candid answer."

Themistocles emboldened by the wine he had freely imbibed, readily replied:—"Before I answer your question, great king, as to the comparative glory of Greece and Persia, we should first determine in what true glory consists. We of Athens conceive that a nation to be glorious, must be free, brave and generous; prefering death to slavery or subjugation; cultivators of learning and the fine arts and reverencers of the Gods. Neither extent of empire nor the glittering pageantry of sensible objects, without these qualities, can compare in true glory with the smallest and poorest community that has them."

"And in which of these attributes is the Persian deficient?" asked the king.

"As to generosity," replied Themistocles, "yourself, great king, are certainly an illustrious example, and"—

"And our bravery," interrupted the king—"the extent of our empire, wrested from so many nations, fully attests."

"You should have added," continued Themistocles with a leer—"to make the proof more striking—the burning of Athens and the capture of the conquerors of the Pisistratidæ," pointing to the statues of Harmodius and Aristogiton, which had been brought off from Athens by Xerxes—"These marble representatives of the illustrious dead, saved from the ruins of a defenceless city, together with the spoils of Thermopylæ, of Marathron, of Salamis, of Platæa, and of Mycale, afford incontestible evidence of Persian valor."

"Nay, if victories are to decide to whom the palm of courage is due," resumed the king greatly disconcerted, "Persia, under Cyrus, will certainly bear it off."

"I grant you," said Themistocles with candor, "that Cyrus stands preëminent as a conqueror not only here, but in Greece also, and in the whole world, yet his glory had but few of these splendid embellishments around us, and little of the luxurious banquet, if we may credit the story of the cresses and water. But, great king, you need not go so far back as Cyrus for an instance of heroism; for you have an example of the love of true glory nearer our own times. Had all the Persian host exerted the intrepid valor and noble contempt of death displayed by Artemisea, queen of Halicarnassus, at the battle of Salamis, the Grecian fleet would scarcely have boasted so signal a victory."

"I see, Themistocles," said the king with a smile, "that you Grecians have become inordinately vain, from some few unexpected victories, and that you are yet prejudiced in favor of Greece notwithstanding her ingratitude. But what do you say of our public edifices, of our statues and other sculptures? Do they not bespeak a taste equal at least to the Grecian school?"

"Most certainly," replied Themistocles, "because they are nearly all after Grecian models, and wrought by Grecian artists. But comparisons are odious," continued he wishing to conciliate the good-natured king and to soften his repeated rebuffs, by giving an agreeable turn to the conversation; "yet I shall take the liberty to make one more which must perforce leave the palm with Persia. I mean as to the attractions of the females. No country, I think, can compare with Persia in the softness, delicacy and exquisite beauty of her women."

This compliment was truly pleasing not only to the king, but to every Persian that heard it; for so people think more highly of female loveliness than they. "Ha!" exclaimed the king *laughing* and nearly rising from his seat, "Your Venus has then found our realm more congenial to herself and the graces, than Paphos or Athens. Her doves must wing their way oftener east of the Hellespont than westwardly. Pray has one of our terrestrial goddesses established a supremacy in the heart of Themistocles?"

"Why but yesterday," replied the gay Athenian, "as I traversed at an early hour a street *little* promising such a treat, my ears were saluted by such dulcet sounds as seemed possible to proceed only from the harp of Apollo or Euterpe. Judging that chords, to give such tones of touching pathos,—for the strain was sweetly and softly melancholy—must be tuned by fingers delicate; and the voice, O, ye gods! so thrillingly sweet, could proceed from a syren alone, I paused, and in rapt ecstasy spellbound, wandered in delighted revelry of thought one while to Circe's rock of melody—then to Calypso's charming isle, and again I followed Orpheus drawing after his melodious strains trees, rocks and bleating herds. I feared to venture on the sweet minstrel's presence, lest some such fate as Action's should befall a rash intruder. But soon I found a crowd gathering round me, as hushed and silent as Harpocrates with his finger to his mouth. A spell seemed thrown on all around me. I broke it first and whispering one who stood with ear directed to the sounds asked, who touched that silvery lyre, with tones so melting and with voice so sweet. 'Some say,' he answered, 'she is a sorceress, dealing in occult charms and spells beyond the powers of the wise men and Magi; others, that she is a goddess

partial to Themistocles, the Grecian exile, and tending on his fortunes, since she appeared in Susa about the time he came to Xerxes' court. But none know for certain who or what she is.' 'A goddess partial to Themistocles?' I musingly repeated; 'then fortune surely brings me hither.' Thus encouraged, I boldly passed the threshold and beheld—ye gods, what a sight! A nymph more fair and beautiful than our Grecian Helen, who caused a nation's ruin and gave legions of Greeks to slaughter. Nor could the Paphian Venus, dancing over old Ocean's waves, boast greater charms than she. With beauty so faultless, the queen of gods, great Juno, might, without the love-inspiring zone of Venus, have moulded Jove's decrees to any shape she chose."

During this rhapsody of the half-drunk Athenian, Haman, the Amalekite, who seemed to have relaxed his austere dignity into the general hilarity as the wine circulated, suddenly fixed his eye upon him with intense interest and looked as a man horror-struck with some dreadful intelligence.

"Well," said the king as they drained an intervening cup of wine, "the catastrophe—let us have the catastrophe of this melodramatic story."

"Well, she started to her feet at my entrance, and seemed greatly disconcerted. Her modesty was shocked by so bold an intrusion, as the blood that mounted to her cheeks plainly declared. With as much suavity of manners as an Athenian could command—and you will grant, great king, we Greeks are not deficient in the graces—I plead the irresistible attractions of her charms, as my apology for the trespass; and poured forth such a flood of eloquence in defence of the passion, with which the god of love then inspired me, that I conceived it must perforce sweep away every obstacle. But I was deceived; for she would have left me half-heard had I not intercepted her meditated retreat. When I paused at length, expecting at least her thanks for such a flood of commendations, she turned calmly upon me and said, 'You are Themistocles, the far-famed Grecian General, who, fleeing from the pursuit of your country's vengeance, have found an asylum in the court of your ancient enemy; and would you, an Athenian and an exile, bring ruin and wretchedness upon a homeless exile like yourself? and she a weak and defenceless woman? If so you are unworthy to be called an Athenian, and too debased to be the freed man of Aristides the Just.' This sudden bolt from such a quarter fell so astoundingly as for a moment to strike me dumb. But I soon rallied and protesting by all the gods she had done me wrong, offered her my love on her own terms. 'The gods by whom you swear are gods unknown to me,' she replied; 'and to listen to a pledge made in their names were blasphemy and idolatrous sin against that living God who is above all gods.' 'By Jupiter, the king of the gods, then,' I began, thinking she meant him, when suddenly she broke off my address and with impatience cried, 'Spare me the mention of your gods—they are an abomination to my ears. Learn, blinded pagan and idolater, mighty warrior and learned counsellor though you be, that there is but one God, the creator and governor of all things, whose throne is heaven and whose footstool is earth.' This was cutting off the genealogy of the gods at a slashing rate and grated rather harshly as coming from one I had almost deified in imagination. Yet I was willing to prolong the interview and listen to the music of her voice though reviling the gods. Accordingly I begged her to instruct my ignorance—that while she spoke I might gaze upon her charms and eke out the rapture of the enchanting vision; for such even now it seems. In her animated zeal, forgetful of our relative positions, she poured forth, in one continued strain of fluent melody, a strange, and new, but beautiful mythology. How God—not Cœlus, nor Terra, nor Ops, nor Saturn, nor Jupiter—but He that was without a beginning, first out of chaos formed this world, and of its dust, with plastic hand—like Prometheus—made the first man in His own likeness and called his name *Adam*; and from a rib taken from Adam's side, formed the first woman, *Eve*. That they were placed in a garden more beautiful than that of the Hesperides, supplied by every object that could charm the eye and fruits of every growth and clime. That every thing was free for use except one tree, whose fruit *that* God forbade these two to touch or taste; that the serpent, (unlike the wakeful dragon that guarded the golden apples of the Hesperides,) tempted the woman *Eve* to pluck, and impiously to eat the consecrated fruit—that this sacrilegious folly, (like Pandora's box,) let loose upon the world, death and every curse that is incident to man—that the man *Adam*, who ate the fruit to please his wife, became, (like Saturn,) the destroyer of his own children and the cause of wretchedness to all the human race. She told also how the angry God overwhelmed the earth with water to drown the wicked race of man; and that one Noah and his family, (like Deucalion and Pyrrha,) alone escaped the flood—that to one chosen nation, near to Tyre and Sidon, were committed the oracles of that mighty God—that all other nations wandered in blinded ignorance, and cut off from all true knowledge bowed down in abject superstition to stocks and stones and beasts and creeping things. This last egotism of her monopolizing nation, though proceeding from so fair a mouth, somewhat touched my pride; which readily perceiving, she continued with a smile so sweet, that none but Adonis could resist it—'But by the sure and steadfast promise of our God to faithful Abraham we know in his seed shall all the nations of the earth be blest. The Greek as well as the Jew shall bow allegiance to Messiah's reign, and call him the anoint-

ed of the living God.' This last great king, she said, would sit on Judah's throne and tumble our mock deities, (like Vulcan,) to the earth—leaving for the worship of mankind the only true and living God, supreme, unmoved by passions, far above all created things enthroned; with eye pervading all the realms of space—a wisdom never erring—a presence every where,—a power equal to all things and a righteousness beyond the reach of thought. Suddenly she paused, and fixing her eyes as it seemed upon some distant object, shuddered and drew back. I looked with some surprise the same way and saw a dark cloud of dust rising from a distant tower. I knew it told the death of Mithridates, the guilty eunuch, and asked the fair vestal if she could tell why those volumes of curling smoke rose over the houses of the city. She shrunk with horror at the question, but answered 'Yes.' 'Were you ever in that tower, fair maiden, that you seem so shocked at its sight?' again she answered 'Yes.' 'But not as a criminal?' I persisted. 'Even yes,' was the reply. 'And how in the name of all the gods did you escape?' 'That great and righteous God,' she exclaimed, clasping her little hands with vehemence and raising her lovely eyes above, 'whom I have never implored in vain, reached out His mighty arm and snatched me from the cloud of death.' Thus concluding, and before I was aware of her design, she glided by me like a shadow and was gone. A door closed behind her: I saw her no more. There I stood for minutes trying to collect my thoughts like one suddenly roused from a sweet dream. The image of that girl still haunts my mind."

Haman who had hung with rivetted attention upon the Athenian's narrative, hearing the declaration that some god had snatched the heroine of the story from the tower of ashes, and that she had glided like a shadow out of the Athenian's sight, took these expressions literally and coupling them with her reputed powers of sorcery became greatly troubled in his superstitious thoughts, lest Esther, whom he had confidently believed the ashes had proven to be but flesh and blood, should after all turn out a supernatural being to foil him in his purposes. Yet after a minute's torturing doubt he roused himself and muttered, "I am but a fool thus to tease myself; it is but the creature of a cowardly fear—she is dead and there is an end of it."

"This is a strange story, Themistocles," said the king, setting down his cup and laughing merrily. "You got among the Jews, it seems,—a singular and unyielding people, tenacious of their creed and hearing of no community of gods. But beautiful as this unknown Jewess may have seemed to you, she must show but as a paltry drab compared with the lovely person of Vashti, our queen. And to show an Athenian, who so extols a captive Jew, what beauty Persia can display, we will call forth our queen, that not only he, but my assembled people may behold and wonder at her loveliness." Then turning to seven of his chamberlains, he commanded them to hasten to the queen and desire her presently to present herself at the banquet.

At this very hour Vashti was presiding over a splendid feast given at her palace to the women of Susa. Numerous was the company and gay and cheerful were the matrons that crowded around the queen; yet they seemed to vie with each other in terms of adulation to the great king's wife, who, vain and self-exalted, received their homage as an honor due to an original greatness in herself and not reflected by the throne. Her mind, by long indulgence, had become imbued with a spirit of resistance, inconsistent with that absolute authority which custom and the Persian laws had given the husband over the wife; and this adulation of the parasites about her but the more strengthened her consciousness of an irresponsible free will. Attired in the most costly and beautiful robes, colored with the richest Tyrian dyes, which no other woman might dare wear; so covered over with diamonds and other precious stones as to seem one literal blaze of splendor; with a gorgeous crown encircling her smooth, white forehead, and drinking in the incense of the most extravagant flattery, offered up by the crowds around her, Vashti *felt* herself at this moment superior to every other mortal on earth. While thus reposing in her complacent dreams of unequalled greatness, Zeresh, Haman's wife, drew near to the queen and whispered—

"Haman sends you information that he feels convinced the Jewess you condemned to the ashes has escaped your sentence and reappeared. Themistocles, the Athenian, has just described to the king the person of a young woman, who attracted him to her side by the melody of her harp and voice,—in every thing so strikingly characteristic of the Jewess, as to leave his mind without a doubt."

This startling intelligence drove the blood from the queen's cheeks and turning to her favorite, she asked, "How can that be? The guards attending on Megabysus, when Artabanus and Sophron were executed, expressly informed me that the Jewess was suffocated by my eunuchs before Megabysus reached the tower."

"There was deception surely practised on you, great queen," resumed Zeresh, "for the crafty Jewess reports that her God reached out His arm and took her from the ashes. A full hour did the Athenian entertain the king with the charms of her person and voice."

The wretched Haman, tossed by alternate hopes and fears, could no longer sustain his suspense, and accordingly despatched a messenger to his wife with the above account, to be faithfully reported to the queen, that her vindictive research might at once resolve his doubts.

The queen thus excited by the suspicion of Es-

ther's escape, and maddened by the allusion to her beauty and skill in music, the effects of which upon the king she had herself witnessed, could scarcely restrain her jealous rage before the assembled crowd of Persia's noblest ladies; and her kindling eye and change of color, from scarlet to deadly paleness, told all beholders that something greatly agitated the queen. After a moment of torturing reflection, she turned to Zeresh and said in a low and indignant voice, and an eye that sparkled with anger—"This accursed Jewess, if she be indeed alive, has, like many of her people, the means of bribing the officers of justice, and is thus enabled to play off her tricks of juggling, that have impressed the vulgar mind with the belief of a supernatural agency. The guilty eunuchs, who had charge of her execution, afforded evidence that they were capable of any infamy and might have taken bribes to let her escape. Yet how could the guards report to me that she had been executed unless they knew the fact? Here is mystery, but I will fathom it and, to-morrow, teach the culprit and her abettors what Vashti's power can do. My vengeance shall convince all knaves and fools that neither the Jewess nor her God shall longer thwart the will of Persia's queen."

"Command me, your slave, great queen," asked Zeresh, "to give my service in the pursuit of this Jewish pest—most pleasant will be the part: for I have a cause against her also and once intended her such a service as should have left her beauties few attractions for other women's husbands; but the knaves I sent to do my work, suffered her to escape with the report of miracles and wonders too barefaced to be endured. Haman even affects to believe her more than woman."

"Repeat not to me such stupid nonsense," replied the queen indignantly, "you told me, I think, that Haman was once decoyed by this Jewess, and to excuse his faithlessness, he would fain impose this story on you as on a weak and silly child. Our husbands become unfaithful to us, and, when detected, think to still us by their idle tales of miraculous control over their faculties; but when we mean to crush their guilty paramours, they interpose their crafty agents to screen them from our wrath and mock us with a tale of gods and goddesses. Let us show a proper spirit of resistance and no more submit to be the silly puppets of men."

"As for myself," replied Zeresh, "Haman no more dares attempt to control my will, than he would to face a lion. I am as free from his constraint, as from that of the slaves that tend me."

"And shall the queen be less free than her servant!" asked Vashti, impatiently. "The king shall see, henceforth, that the queen is as independent as himself, and I will sacrifice the accursed Jewess to my vengeance, though he stand by forbidding it."

She had scarcely concluded the sentence, when the king's chamberlains entered and declared it to be the will of her lord, that she should immediately enter the gardens of the palace and be seated at his side at the banquet-table.

"Did ever queen receive such an insult!" exclaimed the infuriated Vashti—"What! shall I to feast the gaze of the rabble crowd, lay aside the dignity of my station and the modesty of my sex, and mingle in the rude merriment of drunken revellers! Back, you insolent slaves, to the king, and tell him the queen of Persia will not submit to be exhibited in public like some rare animal, for the wonder and admiration of the gaping multitude—that she knows her rights and the privileges of her station, and will maintain them."

The astonished chamberlains, scarcely crediting the evidence of their own senses, shrunk from the presence of the angry queen to perform the terrible duty of reporting this astounding message to the king.

The disobedience of Vashti, so inconceivable in a monarchy so despotic as that of Persia, was heard in mute alarm by all the guests. Some turned pale and others stared around them with eyes apparently bursting from their sockets. The king excited to vehement indignation, to be thus defied before the lords as well as the commonalty of the empire, instantly called around him a council of the wise men and Magi present at the feast, and laying the subject before them, asked with a countenance flushed with anger, "what remedy their wisdom could suggest against so pernicious an example of disobedience, though coming from the queen!"

A short conference among themselves resulted in the unanimous decision, "that Vashti, by her contumacy and unprecedented resistance to the will of the king, whose word was omnipotent, giving the privilege of life, or the punishment of death, had forfeited the rights and title of queen, and ought to be degraded from the high estate of which she had proven herself so unworthy, and be banished forever from the palace. This decree, oh king," continued the spokesman, "is due not only to yourself, but to the lords and men of Persia; for what man may be the head and ruler of his house, if such a precedent of disobedience to the husband's commands be made, even in the palace of the great king? Shall not all women hereafter say, 'since the king may not command his wife, surely no other man may claim the right?' Thus shall the order of household government be changed into strife and confusion throughout the realm. The remedy, great king, is in your own hands—therefore cut off the evil in the bud."

"Then be it so," replied the king,—"and let a decree of divorce and banishment against Vashti be accordingly entered among the records of the kings of Persia. Go you," continued he to the chamberlains, "strip from her, that was the queen, the jewels and robes of royalty, and turn her from

the palace, with our commands to retire, on pain of death, a hundred leagues from the court, to any place of exile she may choose."

At this moment of her fallen greatness, the unconscious Vashti, exulting in the newly acquired sense of absolute independence of will, sat with delighted ear drinking in the congratulations of the patriotic crowd that gathered around her.

"Great queen and princess of the world," said Zeresh, "you have this day firmly established the just prerogatives of your station, and the gratitude and homage of every wife in Persia is your due."

"The glory of Vashti," exclaimed another, "is far exalted above all former queens, and teaches kings that sovereignty is not the attribute of men alone."

"And her fame, greater than that of Semiramis," said a third, "shall descend in glorious memory to the remotest generations."

In the midst of this emulation of flattery, the king's chamberlains suddenly reëntered without the formality of announcing their presence, as was the custom, through a messenger of the queen's guard; nor did they prostrate themselves to pay her the usual homage. Indignant at this outrage, Vashti demanded in a tone of the fiercest resentment, "how they durst dispense with the respect due to the queen?"

The chamberlains though about to perform an agreeable duty—for few persons liked the queen—could not at once subdue that habitual awe, which had so long cowered them in her presence and were silent.

"Dare you to hold your peace when the queen commands you to speak?" she asked with increasing anger.

An eunuch more bold than the rest, replied with a forced effrontery—"Once queen, but now no longer so, cease to give commands which you have no power to enforce, and hear from my lips your irrevocable doom, pronounced by the king."

"Accursed slaves," exclaimed Vashti, springing from her seat—"this to me, the queen of the world! Ho! guards, enter here immediately. I will see your heart torn from your body and thrown to the dogs." In vain she screamed for her guards, they knew what had happened and obeyed not.

"Cease your frantic howlings, mad woman," continued the eunuch, "the power to glut your vengeance is with the things that were. You must strip off the royal robes and jewels, or force the king's officers to do it, and leave the court a hundred leagues behind you. This do and live, or resist and be hastened to that tower that sends up clouds, promising no refreshing showers, and which a victim of your own so lately visited."

"Most accursed slave," continued Vashti, "I will this moment to the king—I know his humors and can manage them. Then you shall learn how rash the act to brave a queen!"

"Poor fallen creature," said the eunuch, placing himself in her way—"you will not see the king. Your doom is fixed, without appeal."

"Ye Gods that rule the world," exclaimed the frantic woman, "how do I bear such outrage and exist! Can ye withhold your scathing vengeance when the sacred majesty of Persia's queen is thus contemned by creatures less than men?"

Stung to madness by this immodest taunt, the eunuch called fiercely upon his associates to strip away at once the royal trappings from the fallen queen. With ready alacrity the vindictive eunuchs gathered around her, to divest her of her dress by force, in utter disregard of female modesty, when one of her women, whose timid and gentle modesty had met with least favor from the queen, suddenly interposed, and, with tears, begged the eunuchs to leave this last sad office to the females of her train.

The proud spirit of Vashti still resisting, she turned to the fawning guests of her interrupted banquet, who now in groups looked on the scene before them in mute astonishment, and asked—"Why do you stand gaping and offer no assistance? Drive these accursed slaves from my presence. Your numbers are sufficient to overwhelm them, and bear me among you to the presence of the king. There, before him and the assembled lords of Persia, I will contest his sentence and maintain the majesty of the queen, to be as irrevocable as any decree on record."

Zeresh, Haman's wife, who had alone retained her presence of mind during this turbulent conflict, and with secret pleasure contemplated the irretrievable ruin of the queen, now consulting policy and her own long cherished hatred, replied with a haughty elevation of her person—"Thou, queen in thy own right, poor silly bauble? Great mistress of the world, thou makest me laugh. Learn now, when too late, infatuated creature, that the power you so vainly boasted was reflected from the king, like the lustre of those diamonds you wear from the rays of the sun. The shadow of a cloud has forever intercepted its source, and you are now less than Zeresh, and she your superior. Your insulting tongue that could so readily pronounce the degrading terms, *servant* and *slave*, to your betters by birth, must now learn the honied phrases that may tickle a mistress' ear. Why the minstrel Jewess may now laugh you to scorn. You possessed of the indefeasible rights of majesty! why what marks of greatness has nature set upon you, more than myself, that you, in defiance of the king, should wield a sovereign power?"

The astonished queen was not allowed time to make the reproachful answer she meditated, for others, and especially those who had been loudest in their fulsome adulation chiming in with Zeresh, drowned her voice in the taunts and reproaches with which they overwhelmed her. Some pitied—

none offered consolation, and all retreated precipitately from the palace. Forced to submit to the demands of the eunuchs, and deserted by all her dependents, the unhappy Vashti was at length brought to a sense of her irremediable downfall, and filled the palace with her loud and unavailing lamentations. As she was conducted from the palace, a disguised Jew, who was among the guards, whispered in her ear, "Think now on the Jewess whose beauty and innocence alone, made you her most cruel and merciless foe—think too of her God whom you thrice blasphemed and defied."

(*To be continued.*)

---

## A MAY MORN.

BY J. M. LEGARE.

Last night the town was close and warm,
But while we slept arose a storm,
And now how fair
And fresh and cool the morning air!

Between the swarthy trunks I walk,
Which she made lovely with her talk,
Saying—"Dear Love,
I see these branches from above,

"And when you go I murmur—'here,
Beneath these leaves he called me *dear*,
*His pride, his pet*:'
So absent, you are with me yet."

How still it is!—the city lies
Behind, half hidden from the eyes:
And from the tops
Of trees around the moisture drops.

A bird with scarlet on his wings
Down in the meadow sits and sings,
Beneath his weight
The long corn-tassels undulate.

The thrush and redbird in the brake
Flit up and from the blossoms shake
Across the grass
A fragrant shower where I pass.

Ah, thank God for this peace and rest,
But more for that within my breast.
How with a song
The very river ebbs along!

A song indeed most musical
To him who on life's threshold shall
Revive to know
The melancholy plaint and low.

Yet still the same as when he stood
With musing eyes bent on the flood,
And smiled to hear
The ripples say, *I love thee, dear!*

Not that they said so in good sooth,
But that he—(*I*, in simple truth!)
Seemed thence to hear
The words that in my bosom were.

As once she said them, with the braid
That bound her throbbing temples laid
Against my cheek,
So I could even *feel* her speak.

And when she, blushing, ceased, and I
Was mute with joy, the ripples nigh
Took up the strain,
And said; *I love thee, Sweet!* again.

And thenceforth all that once was fair
Grew fairer: What unsightly were,
Divine if she
But praised them incidentally.

For she is dearer to me than
Was ever woman yet to man.
Are one, besure,
Her life and mine forevermore!

*South Carolina.*

---

## SIBORNE'S WATERLOO CAMPAIGN.

It was thirty-two years ago, on the 18th of last June, since the battle of Waterloo was fought; yet even now, scarcely a year passes that does not usher in some ponderous tome, devoted to this apparently inexhaustible subject. The world seems not yet to have recovered from its astonishment at finding that the extraordinary man, who was struck down on that occasion, was not absolutely invincible, and British arrogance, never the least salient point in British character, appears not even at this day to have swelled to its full proportions. It first broke forth in that notable performance of Sir Walter Scott, "Paul's Letters to his Kinfolks," written on the field of battle, while the vestiges of the strife were yet fresh, and the harvest had not reared its head from the hoof of the charger and the wheel of the tumbril, which had passed over it like the Genius of Desolation, trampling the fair hopes of the husbandman into a mire of blood.

Numberless and miraculous were the events recorded in that veracious chronicle. The British public was told, and was not slow to believe, that Napoleon in the exultation of assured success, on the morning of the 18th, stretched his hand towards the Anglo-Dutch army, and exclaimed, "Ah! ces Anglais, Je les tiens donc enfin;" that upon the charge of one of the British battalions, he cried, "what brave troops, but I shall destroy them;" that when the Scotch Greys made their appearance, he said, "voila ces chevaux gris terribles;" that towards the close of the day he muttered in a tone, half anger, half admiration, "these Islanders do not know when they are whipped, but fight on long after, according to rule, they should have retreated." These, and many more such tales were eagerly spread by the tory press, desirous of screening the tory ministry of the day from the charge of banding with the aristocracy of Europe to crush its people; of deluging the earth with more blood than had been shed in centuries before; of disorganizing society, and saddling England with a debt, the end of which no man can see, and the effects of which are but too perceptible even to the present hour.

But alas! for the credit of the great Novelist, never so much a writer of fiction as when Napoleon is the theme; alas! for the pride of John Bull, and his well-fed army of beef-eaters; alas! for the enjoyment of those who put their faith in the United Service Magazine, truth—the true spear of Ithuriel—has touched the gorgeous phantom, and it has vanished into air. The veracious reporter of all these sayings of the Corsican was one Costar, a shrewd Fleming, who levied upon the pocket of the great Unknown, by means of these stories invented for the occasion, and adapted to the unrivalled digestive capacities of his renowned auditor. He represented himself as the companion of the great Captain on that bloody day, and contrived for some time to extract heavy sums from the credulous Englishmen who annually visited the field; but at last he was confronted with a blacksmith, who had been his companion on the day of the battle, ten miles from the field; and who bore testimony to the fact, that he was never nearer during the whole time of the conflict. His fabrications fell at once to the ground, but they are repeated to this day by all English writers, who, like the banks, "never correct mistakes." The whole story of this fellow, and the manner in which he quizzed Sir Walter, are fully set forth in Lockhart's life of the Great Novelist.

Not less exaggerated were the accounts of the relative forces on this momentous occasion. The Duke of Wellington, it is true, never made any statement upon that head; he probably thought silence thereon would have no ill-effect upon his reputation. But his historians made ample amends for the forbearance of their Hero. The English, according to them, fought under every disadvantage and against the most overwhelming odds. Prodigies of valor, belonging rather to the age of chivalry, than to our own matter-of-fact times, were performed by these fire-eating heroes; and John Bull was called on to admire, and, what is more important still, to pay without limit.

In the meantime, the 9th volume of Napoleon's memoirs, devoted expressly to the campaign of Waterloo, was published. Its facts and its critical remarks were overwhelming. There was no answering it but in one way, and that method the British ministry adopted. General Gourgaud, who had written it down as it fell from the lips of the Emperor, at St. Helena, was seized, together with all his papers, and sent in a most helpless condition to Cuxhaven. What stronger proof does the world want of the entire truth of his narrative!

The first regular attempt to defend the character of Wellington and the British army against this overwhelming onslaught, was made by Sir Walter Scott in his Novel, most facetiously styled, "The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte." Without having taken the trouble to ascertain the state of forces during this campaign, and with no *data* to qualify his broad assertions, he contented himself with giving the *lie* to the statement of Napoleon in terms as general as the nature of the case would admit, taking care to preserve all the ridiculous tales he had derived from Costar, and giving them as far as he was able the authority of history. At last comes, at the eleventh hour, Capt. Siborne—a man who has spent years in the investigation of his subject—who has conversed with every eye-witness, British, French, Dutch, Belgian and Prussian, to whom he could obtain access—who has ransacked the muster-rolls of the Horse Guards, of Berlin, of Brussels and of Paris for information—and behold, in a work written for the express purpose of glorifying the Duke of Wellington and the British army, he confirms nearly every statement made by Napoleon on the rock of St. Helena, two thousand miles from any spot where information could be obtained!

Capt. Siborne's book is a large, closely printed octavo of 560 pages, of which more than 250 are devoted to the battle of Waterloo alone. Our limits forbidding the possibility of entering into such a disquisition upon the merits of so large a work as might otherwise be desirable, we shall content ourselves with a mere outline of the facts as set forth therein.

The Allied army assembled in Belgium, by the middle of June, 1815, mustered 223,847, (in round numbers 223,000,) men with 546 pieces of cannon. Of these, 117.000 were Prussians and Saxons under the command of Field Marshal Blucher, the remainder 106,000, British Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Dutch Belgians, and troops of Nassau, being under that of the Duke of Wellington. The

force, for its better subsistence, according to English authority, was scattered over a vast extent of territory, presenting thus to Napoleon a tempting opportunity to put in practice the system of attack in detail, by means of which he had so often prevailed over enemies, who if united would have been invincible. Wellington's head quarters were at Brussels; Blucher's at Namur.

The entire force of the French army, assembled at Solre le Sambre, Beaumont and Philippeville, on the 14th of June, was 122,401 men, with 350 pieces of cannon.

Let us here pause with the historian, whose work is under consideration, and consider with the attention it deserves the stupendous task which the French Emperor had undertaken, and which he was so near executing with complete success. The two armies, to which he was opposed, were numerically in the ratio of nearly two to one, of that which he led against them. Each might have contended with him singly, and the glory of defeating Napoleon apart, would have gained no very great honor from a triumph. Napoleon had himself, on many occasions, neutralized far greater odds than would have been in his favor, had he singly attacked with his entire force either Wellington or Blucher. To the former, he was superior only by 16,000 men, where the armies were, respectively, 106,000 and 122,000; to the latter by only 5,000 where they stood 117,000 to 122,000. In this last case, the numerical difference, indeed. is hardly worth estimating. It must be taken into consideration, that these troops were commanded by the most renowned Generals in Europe—that they had but one year before planted their banners triumphantly upon the soil of France—that they knew the country in which they were to fight, could select their own position and bide their own time. On the other hand, the French could not but bear in mind the disasters of the two last campaigns, and the suspicions generated by the treachery which had led to those disasters, was any thing but favorable to the *morale* of the common soldier. These suspicions were not allowed to subside; for at the very opening of the campaign, two officers of high rank, Generals Bourmont and Viloutrey, openly and shamelessly deserted to the enemy, thereby confirming, if they did not announce, the approach of the French army, producing great inconvenience to Napoleon and causing a change, or at least a modification of his original plan. * All things considered, it may be safely asserted that a more daring enterprise was never conceived by the mind of man, the invasion of Italy, by Hannibal, alone, possibly excepted. The division of the enemy's forces, from what cause soever it may have originated, could alone have induced him to undertake it.

Great uncertainty prevailed in the Allied army relative to the point at which the French Emperor would open the campaign. There were three open to his choice, viz: from Lisle, by Courtrai or Tournai, between the Lys and the Scheldt; from Condé, Valenciennes or Maubeuge, by Mons, between the Sambre and Scheldt; and from Maubeuge, Beaumont and Philippeville, by Charleroi through the valley of the Sambre and Meuse. In order to increase the uncertainty of the Allied commanders, and to mask the concentration of his own forces, Napoleon took care to line the whole frontier of Belgium with troops of the National Guard furnished by the garrisons of the fortresses, especially that portion of it which passes in advance of Valenciennes, Condé and Lille, even as far as Dunkirk. On this portion of the line all the debouchés were strongly occupied, the outposts tripled, and every measure taken to induce a belief that an attack was meditated from that quarter. These circumstances account, doubtless, for the wide dissemination of the allied forces, which offering every advantage to the enemy, was very nearly productive of their own ruin, as all who read Captain Siborne's book will be convinced, in spite of his strong bias in favor of his countrymen.

Wellington's army, 106,000 strong, was composed of two *corps* and a reserve. The first, commanded by the Prince of Orange, consisted of the Divisions of Generals Cooke, Alten, Perponcher and Chassé. The left of this corps rested on Genappe, Quatre Bras, and Frasne. † These positions were on the high road leading from Charleroi to Brussels, and communicated with the first Prussian *corps* (Zieten's.) whose head-quarters were at Charleroi. Perponcher's division formed the extreme left, having its head-quarters at Nivelles, through which town, the high-road from Binche to Brussels passes. On the right and farther in advance of Mons, was the division of Chassé, which was quartered in Roeulx and the villages between that place and Binche. To the right of Chassé was Alten's division, occupying Soignies, (which lies on the high road from Mons to Brussels,) and the villages lying between that town Roeulx, Brain-le-Comte and Enghien. Its head-

* Those who take a pleasure in witnessing the distribution of rewards and punishment according to merit, will be pleased with the following anecdote related by Capt. Siborne. "When General de Bourmont was presented to Blucher, the latter could not refrain from evincing his contempt for the faithless soldier; and to those who endeavored to appease him, and to impress him more favorably towards the General by directing his attention to the white cockade which he wore in a conspicuous fashion, the Prince bluntly remarked 'Einerlei, was das Volk für einen Zettel ansteckt! Hundsfott bleibt Hundsfott:'"—an expression of which the following may be considered but a mild translation: "It matters not what a man sticks in his hat for a mark—a mean-spirited scoundrel always remains the same." Siborne, note to page 58.

† The reader will readily understand these arrangements by reference to a map of Flanders.

quarters were at Soignies. The right division, under the command of General Cooke, had its head-quarters at Enghien. The force of this corps was 25,233 men with 48 pieces of artillery.

Lord Hill commanded the 2nd corps. It consisted of three divisions and a brigade, was 24,033 strong,—and had forty pieces of artillery. The commanders of the several divisions were Generals Clinton, Colville, and Steddman, while the brigade was under the orders of Baron Anthing. Clinton's division, forming the left of this corps, communicated with Alten's right. Its head-quarters were at Ath, on the Dender, through which runs the high-road from Tournai to Brussels, while one brigade occupied Sens, about half way between Mons and Ath. Colville's division, which was next on the right, had its head-quarters at Audenarde, on the Scheldt, and occupied Renaix. Steddman's division occupied the villages on the high road which connects Grammont with Ghent, and Anthing's brigade those between this line and Alost.

The reserve which consisted of Picton's, Cole's and the Duke of Brunswick's divisions, together with the Hanoverian corps and the contingent of Nassau, was stationed either around Brussels, or between that city and Mons. It amounted to 32,796, with 64 guns.

The cavalry, under the command of the Earl of Uxbridge, amounted to 15,000 men. It was stationed in the neighborhood of Brussels, at Grammont and Ninove on the Dender, in the villages between Roeulx and Mons, on the South side of Mons, in the direction of Maubeuge and Beaumont, and between Binche and Mons. The Duke of Wellington's head-quarters were at Brussels, around which the line of his cantonments forms the segment of a circle. The points of interior concentration were, beginning on the left, Quatre Bras, Nivelles, Soignies, Enghien, Ath, Grammont and Audenarde.

The first Prussian corps, commanded by Zieten, amounted to 30,854 men, with 96 guns. It was composed of four * Brigades, under the Generals Steinmitz, Pirch II., Jagow, and Henkel, a cavalry reserve, commanded by General Von Röder, and an artillery reserve, commanded by General Von Lehmann. The right of this corps communicated with Wellington's left. The first brigade, had its right at Fontaine l' Evêque half way between Charleroi and Binche, the second in Marchienne au Pont, on the Sambre, the third in Fleurus, the fourth in Moustier, the reserve cavalry in Sombref, and the reserve artillery in Gembloux. The line of advanced posts extended from two miles south of Binche to Sossoye, along the frontier of Lobbes, Thuin, and Gerpinnes. This corps, at the opening of the campaign, was spread over an extent of fifty miles.

The second corps, commanded by Pirch I., consisted likewise of four brigades, numbering 31,753, with 80 guns. Its head-quarters were Namur, where its first brigade, (the fifth,) was quartered. The sixth was in and around Thoremby-les-Béguignes, the seventh in Heron, the 8th in Huy, the reserve cavalry in Hannut, and the reserve artillery along the road to Louvain. Its advanced posts extended from Sossoye to Dinant, on the Meuse, half way between Namur and Givet.

The third corps, (Thielman's,) 23,980 strong, with 48 guns, was composed likewise of four brigades, one brigade of cavalry and one of artillery. The ninth brigade was at Asserre, the 10th at Ciney, (where were the head-quarters of the corps,) the eleventh at Huy, the twelth at Dinant, the reserve cavalry between Ciney and Dinant, and the reserve artillery at Ciney. The line of advanced posts extended from Dinant to Fabelines and Rochefort.

The *fourth* corps, (Bulow's,) consisted of four brigades and was 30.328 strong, with 88 guns. It had likewise a cavalry and an artillery reserve, which are both included in the above estimate. Its head-quarters were at Liege, where the thirteenth brigade was stationed. The fourteenth was in and around Waemme, the fifteenth at Hologne, the sixteenth at Liers, the reserve cavalry at Tongern, Dalheim, and Loots, and the reserve artillery in and about Dalheim and Gloms. Blucher's head-quarters were at Namur. The points of concentration for the respective corps were Charleroi, Namur, Ciney, and Liege, and in the event of the French crossing at Charleroi, all four were to unite at Sombref, fourteen miles from Namur, on the Nivelles road, and eight from Quatre Bras, the place already indicated as the rallying point of Wellington, should that manœuvre take place.

We have been thus particular in designating the points occupied by the allied armies, in order that the reader, by an inspection of the map, may judge how far Napoleon was justified in entertaining the hope, expressed in the ninth volume of his memoirs, of attacking them in their cantonments before they had time to concentrate.

On the fourteenth day of June, the day preceding the commencement of hostilities, the French army bivouacked on three different points. The left, composed of the *corps* of Reille and D'Erlon, and amounting to 44,000 men, was posted at Solre le Sambre on the right bank of the river Sambre. The centre, numbering 58,000, and consisting of Vandamme's and Lobau's *corps*, the Imperial Guard and the reserve cavalry under Marshal Grouchy, was at Beaumont, where were the imperial head quarters. The right comprising Gérard's corps and a body of heavy cavalry, and numbering 16,000,

* The brigade in the Prussian service seems to correspond with the English or French division.

now began to develope itself. It was to cross the Sambre at three different points; the left wing at Marchiennes au Pont, three or four miles above Charleroi; the centre at Charleroi itself; and the right at Chatelet, about three miles below that city. The left was then to proceed directly against Quatre Bras, in order to destroy Perponcher's division, and thus cut off the communication between the two armies, while the centre and right, concentrating at Charleroi, were to act against the first Prussian corps, and destroy it before it could receive assistance from the other three, one of which was at Namur and the neighborhood, another at Ciney, and the fourth had its head-quarters at Liege, forty miles from those of Marshal Blucher, the commander-in-chief, and sixty from Sombref, the rallying point.

At day break on the morning of the fifteenth the three columns commenced their march. The advanced guard of General Reille, under Prince Jerome, carried Thuin and Marchiennes au Pont, after a smart skirmish at each place. The column of the centre shortly after seized Charleroi after a spirited resistance, and by eleven o'clock the French were in complete possession of that town and both banks of the Sambre, while Reille's corps was crossing at Marchiennes. The right, under Gérard, which was to cross at Chatelet, having a longer distance to march were an hour later in performing their portion of the prescribed task. Napoleon, having assembled a sufficient force at Charleroi, pushed the Prussians in the direction of Ligny. He gave the entire command of the left wing, composed of Reille's and D' Erlon's corps, to Marshal Ney, who arrived at head-quarters at seven in the evening, and directed him to pass around the Prussian right, by the road which leads through Gosselies to Quatre Bras, to destroy the comparatively insignificant force at the latter place, and thus to cut off all communication between the English left and the Prussian right. As the distance to Quatre Bras was only twelve miles, (this order was given near Charleroi,) and as the whole force there assembled did not amount to eight thousand men, the Marshal apparently had an easy task before him. But unfortunately he had not had time to learn the strength of the different regiments, the names of their colonels, nor even of their generals. This seems to have occasioned a hesitation on the part of that extraordinary man which it is difficult to account for, and which certainly is not accounted for by the orders of Napoleon, as quoted by Captain Siborne. Three divisions of Reille's corps, in all about sixteen thousand men, arrived at ten at night at Quatre Bras, a force, if the attack had been made at five the next morning, sufficient to have swept away Perponcher's force in one hour, and thus to have entirely destroyed the communication between the allied armies. Ney returned to Charleroi at night, had an interview with Napoleon, and was at Phileppeville. The object of Napoleon left that city for his command at break of day next morning. *

It was all important for Napoleon to advance early in the morning of the sixteenth against Zieten's *corps*, which was alone at Ligny. Time was every thing, yet on that morning, Vandamme's *corps*, it is true, was in the wood of Fleurus, near enough to attack at eight o'clock, but the imperial guard and Count Lobau's *corps* were at Charleroi, Gérard at Chatelet, and a part of Ney's force at Marchiennes. These troops were fatigned, it is true, but when the immense stake is considered, when we consider likewise that Reille's and Vandamme's corps, which were in advance, actually performed the march to Quatre Bras, and the wood of Fleurus, we can imagine no reason why *they* should not have done the same. At best it would have been no harder on them than on their comrades, and if ever a forced march was a matter of prime necessity, it certainly was so at that time. Napoleon had thus far every advantage. He had possession of both sides of the Sambre, he had brought an overwhelming force to bear on the left of the one army, and a single corps of the other was exposed to the attack of two thirds of his entire strength. The very object he was aiming at was within his reach; yet, by an unaccountable remissness, resembling a fatality, he let slip the very prize which was the object of all his exertions. The French forces which, on the next day, fought at Ligny amounted to 71,000 men. Zieten's *corps*, which had lost 1,200 on the fifteenth did not number quite 26,000; Pirch's 31,000 strong was six miles off on the morning of the sixteenth and did not arrive at Ligny until eleven, and Thielman's, which was nine miles farther, not until twelve. If Napoleon, with the right and centre 71,000 strong, had slept in front of Ligny, and commenced his attack at five in the morning, a movement which would have been far more consistent with the vigor which he had displayed on the fifteenth than that which he subsequently adopted, he would, beyond doubt, have routed Zieten before eight, and perhaps annihilated his *corps*. If Pirch had appeared on the field it would have been too late to have prevented the catastrophe, and he would have shared his fate. If he had remained at his position between Onoz

* This officer is represented as possessing prodigious energy when engaged with the enemy, but inclined to be indolent when not actually engaged. Colonel Napier compares him to a lion, subject at times to fits of terrific energy and to corresponding relapses. In one of these indolent fits, in the campaign against Sir John Moore, he refused to obey Soult's order to march by a road in the rear of that officer upon Corunna. He was twenty-seven miles nearer that place than the British general, on his right flank, and by the operation would have placed thirty thousand men in the rear of his army twenty thousand strong, at the same time that he was assailed in front by Soult with a force equal to his own.

and Mazy, only six miles from Ligny, he would have run the risk of being attacked before the arrival of Thielman, who was at Namur, nine miles from that point; and even if two of the corps had united, they would have been easily routed by the same force, which a few hours later beat all three of them. In the mean time had Marshal Ney brought up his whole force on the night of the fifteenth and attacked at five on the next day, he would have routed Perponcher, who had not one fifth of his numbers before six. He would then have had choice of two alternatives; either to have continued his march in the direction of Brussels and taken the approaching detachments in detail, or, leaving a strong rear-guard on the field to have joined Napoleon with the rest of his forces, and assisted him in annihilating the *corps* of Pirch and Zieten, supposing them to have united. No assistance arrived to Perponcher until half past two on the sixteenth, when Picton's division came up, followed immediately after by the Duke of Brunswick. If Wellington had chosen some other point of concentration than Quatre Bras, in order to avoid the catastrophe of being cut up in detail, he would have increased the distance between him and the Prussian army, and thereby rendered the destruction of the latter only the more certain. It is worthy of remark that on the night of the fifteenth, while a detached portion of his *corps* was on the very brink of destruction, opposed, already, by more than twice its force, and indebted to the enemy's supineness for not being surrounded by five times its numbers, his royal highness the Prince of Orange, Lieutenant General in the British service, was enjoying himself at a ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, where likewise was the Duke of Wellington.

The remarks in the last paragraph are entirely founded on reflections made, at this stage of the history, by Captain S. himself, and are by no means original with us. The author evidently aims a blow at Napoleon, in the exposure of a hesitation unnatural and unwonted, at least, in him; but it recoils with terrible effect on Wellington and Blucher. If by the exercise of his wonted activity the French leader would have been enabled to have accomplished such a result as that indicated above, and that he would Captain S. makes abundantly clear, we ask, what must be said of the generalship which gave him such an opportunity? Surely Wellington and Blucher, in the formation of their plans, did not take into consideration a tone of mind so unusual in their adversary. English authors, Captain S. among the rest, scout the idea of the allied generals being *surprised*; but could any, the most complete surprise have had a more destructive effect than would the operations which he says the French emperor ought to and could easily have carried into execution? Napoleon criticising the disposition of the allied forces at the opening of this campaign, says he was near taking them in their cantonments, and here is proof of the fact. It was his opinion that they should have withdrawn and united their forces behind the forest of Soignies before the tenth of June, when he would not have dared to attack them. By remaining disunited they offered him a *chance*. The common excuse that they could not subsist their troops if united is too gross to require examination. The Austrian and Russian army would have joined them in three weeks, when an advance of the whole would have relieved Belgium entirely. Surely no man can pretend that the most populous and highly cultivated country of Europe, backed by the *unlimited* resources of the British government could not have maintained 200,000 men in a body for three weeks.

With very good taste Captain S. entirely passes over another excuse made for the Duke of Wellington, namely, his desire to measure swords with Napoleon. This apology originated, we believe, with Sir Walter Scott, whose mind was filled with the events of the chivalric ages, and who seems to have regarded Napoleon and Wellington as heroes of romance. We have been accustomed to regard Wellington as a great soldier, though far from being the equal of Napoleon, and as a man of sterling humanity. This plea, if it has any foundation in justice, would destroy his claim to both characters. To say that a modern general, from a point of honor, would neglect the means of presenting an overwhelming front to an adversary, is to place him, at once, below mediocrity, and to demonstrate his total unfitness to command. Such a man surely is not the proper person to be entrusted with the lives of his fellow beings and the interests of a great country. If a principle so false actuated the English general, then is he responsible to God and mankind for the eighty thousand men killed or wounded in this bloody campaign. We suspect, however, that the zeal of his friends has done him great injustice in this particular. His is not the disposition to lead him to incur any unnecessary risk in the prosecution of a great object. He is cool, cautious and sagacious, preferring always the useful and the certain to the doubtful and the brilliant. In this respect he resembles Napoleon himself, and all other great generals of whom we have any account, far more than he does Richard I., or Robert of Paris. The truth, we suspect, is that he was guilty of an oversight, and surely the suspicion is no impeachment of his high reputation, since we are assured by a great military authority, * that to say a general makes blunders is to say that he makes war.

To return to the thread of our narrative; Ney, from whatever cause, did not commence his attack until after two, and then with only a portion of his forces. Sufficient time was thus given to

* Col. Napier.

Wellington to bring an overwhelming force against *him*, the proportion being as 30,000 is to 12,000, or 10 to 7. Picton's division arrived first, at half-past two, and was followed by the Duke of Brunswick. The engagement seems to have been indecisive, for both parties claimed the victory, and both slept on the field of battle. In the mean time Blucher's three corps, forming an aggregate of 84,000 men, had been united at Ligny, and Napoleon attacked them at three. A furious battle ensued, which terminated in the defeat of the Prussians, who, according to Capt. S., lost 12,000 men. This loss, but for the intervention of night, would have been far greater, especially if Count D'Erlon, with his corps of 22,000 men which, passed backwards and forwards from Quatre Bras to Ligny, without taking part in either battle, had fallen, as he should have done, on the right flank and rear of the enemy.

There seems to have been still on the morning of the 17th an opportunity, which in former campaigns he would not have neglected, for Napoleon to have crushed Wellington in detail. The Prussian army had retreated in the direction of Wavre, and left the force of that General at Quatre Bras entirely exposed. It amounted to only 30,000 English, Dutch, and Germans, and it had the defile of Genappe in its rear. Had Napoleon been what he had been, had he even continued to manifest the energy with which he opened this campaign, he would have seized that defile, for there was nothing to prevent him, and attacked the English General in flank and rear, while Ney assailed him in front. Not a man could have escaped, for he would have been completely surrounded, and the Prussians being in full retreat were in no condition to render him any assistance. The idea of forming a junction with Ney, which to have produced any beneficial effect should have been acted upon immediately, was entertained without any corresponding movement, until the great advantages it offered were entirely neutralized by the arrival of reinforcements which could never have reached Wellington, had the French occupied the defile of Genappe.

About noon on the 17th, Napoleon despatched Grouchy in pursuit of Blucher with the corps of Vandamme and Gérard, Teste's division, a division of cavalry under Pajol, and the 2nd cavalry corps under Excelmans, in all 32,000 men with 96 guns. This force was not large enough, it is true, to face the whole Prussian army, but it was quite sufficient to watch Blucher's movements, and intercept his communication with Wellington. Grouchy was directed to pursue the Prussians and never to lose sight of them. Napoleon informed him that he was going to unite the remainder of his forces with those of Ney, to pursue the English, and to attack them if they made a stand in front of the forest of Soignies. He directed him to communicate with him by the paved road which leads to Quatre Bras.

The army of the Duke of Wellington commenced its retreat from Quatre Bras about eleven o'clock, masking the movement in such a manner, by means of its cavalry, that it was not perceived by the French until some hours afterwards. As soon as it was discovered, Ney pushed forward his cavalry. The two armies moved through a continuous rain directly upon Waterloo, where they encamped on the night of the 17th, and prepared for battle on the ensuing day. It should be mentioned that Girard's division, between 8,000 and 9,000 strong, was left on the field of Ligny, as Captain Siborne says, through mistake, its General, (who must not be confounded with Count Gérard commanding the right of the French army, and detached with Grouchy,) was killed in the battle. Napoleon says, however, that it was left to guard the field of battle.

We now return to Grouchy's movements on the right of the French army in pursuit of Blucher. The Prussian General on the night of the 17th slept at Wavre, where Bulow's corps had already arrived from Liege entirely fresh and intact, not having taken part in the battle of Ligny. Grouchy encamped with his whole force at Gembloux, only five miles from Ligny and fifteen from Wavre. At 10 o'clock at night he wrote to Napoleon informing him that the Prussian army had been divided into two columns; that one was evidently marching to join Wellington, and that the other seemed to be directed upon Perwés. He inferred that this last was Blucher's army, and that he was retiring upon Liege. * He said if he could be made cer-

* The following is a translation of Grouchy's despatch:

"Gembloux,
17th June,
10 o'clock at night.

Sire. I have the honor to inform you that I occupy Gembloux, and that my cavalry is at Sauvenières. The enemy, about thirty thousand strong, still continues his retreat; we captured 400 beeves belonging to him, with other stores and baggage.

It appears from all accounts, that when the Prussians arrived at Sauvenières, they separated into two columns. One is certainly on the march to Wavre, passing by Sart-à-Wallain; the other seems to be directed upon Perwès.

From this, perhaps, it is to be inferred that one is going to join Wellington, while the centre, which is the army of Blucher, is retiring upon Wavre. Another column with artillery having retreated through Namur, General Excelmans has been ordered to push forward six squadrons upon Sart-à-Wallain, and three upon Perwès this evening. If it shall appear from their report, that the mass of the Prussian forces is retiring upon Wavre, I will follow it in that direction in order that it may not reach Brussels, and to separate it from Wellington.

If on the contrary my information shall lead to the conclusion that the principal Prussian force has marched upon Perwès, I shall move for the same point.

Generals Thielman and Borstell formed a part of the army which your Majesty defeated yesterday; they were

tain that they were retiring on Wavre, he should pursue them in order to separate them from Wellington. Yet Grouchy still seems to have entertained the idea, that the main body of the Prussians was retiring upon Perwès, and made strong detachments in that direction. This infatuation is to us unaccountable. On the night of the 17th his dragoons reached Perwès, a fact which proves that he might have easily connected his operations with those of Napoleon, on the right of the Dyle. There was nothing to interrrupt such an operation but the Prussian post of Mont St. Guibert, which could easily have been turned by Corbaix, at the same time that it was attacked by a strong detachment in front. The fact that General Domont, sent by Napoleon to scour the country between the Brussels highroad and the Dyle, advanced so far that one of his regiments pushed its reconnoisance to the bridge of Moustier, where it exchanged a few shots with some Prussian dragoons, who not being supported, evinced no disposition to enter into a serious contest, affords ample proof that the disposition just indicated would have fully secured the communication with the main French army. By means of this reconnoisance, Napoleon learned that Pirch's and Zieten's corps had retreated through Tilly and Gentinnes, while Grouchy in the immediate neighborhood, remained ignorant of the fact, and continued, to the last, under the impression that they had retired upon Perwès.

Notwithstanding Grouchy's suspicion that a heavy column was in movement to join Wellington and his promise to march upon Wavre in order to prevent such junction, he did not commence his movement until nearly 8 o'clock on the 18th, though he was aware that Gembloux is fifteen miles from Wavre, while the latter is only ten from Waterloo! Nay! as if to destroy every possibility of rendering any assistance to Napoleon, he took the most circuitous route he could find, through Sart-à-Wallain, and farther protracted the march of his force, by moving Vandamme and Gérard along the same road. He remained entirely ignorant of the fact, that the Prussians had retired on Wavre by Tilly, Gentinnes and Mont St. Guibert, in the last of which places, aware of its importance, they had left a rear-guard. Those points were all on his left, neither of them more than six miles off, and all between his position and the main French army. These movements indicated a determination to keep as near as possible to the army of Wellington, which, had Grouchy been aware of them, he could not possibly have misunderstood. That he should not have been apprised of a fact so notorious as must have been the march of fifty thousand men, upon a line not more than six miles distant from his camp, indicates a degree of negligence which appears almost incredible. Yet even with the information detailed in his despatch to Napoleon, already alluded to, which led him to believe that Blucher meditated a junction with Wellington, it is impossible to conceive why he did not manœuvre upon his left. In a despatch written at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 18th he intimated his determination to move on Corbaix and Wavre. Napoleon approved of this plan, very justly: for if he had directed one corps of infantry along the line of Corbaix, and La Baraque, and the other by Mont St. Guibert and Moustier, dividing his cavalry so as to scour the front and left of one column, and the front and right of the other, he would still, dilatory as his movements had been, have effected all that Napoleon expected of him. At Moustier, and also at Ottignies, a half mile lower down, are stone bridges by which he could have crossed the Dyle, and from Moustier to St. Lambert, where Bulow was struggling to pass the defile of that name, is a road, the distance between the two points not being more than five miles. Another road, from Moustier, leads to Waterloo. The cavalry, in advance of the left, would assuredly have seen Bulow—the right would have been crossed over—and the whole force would have fallen on Bulow, who was so completely entangled in the defile of St. Lambert, that he could not possibly have extricated himself without assistance from Blucher. It is possible that Grouchy might not have been able to have withstood Bulow when reinforced; but he would have retarded his appearance on the field of battle by at least five hours, if he had not rendered it altogether impracticable. In the mean time Napoleon would have directed all his force against Wellington, and as he was near defeating him in spite of Bulow's powerful diversion, it is fair to infer that he would have utterly annihilated his army. Zieten and Pirch did not arrive on the field of battle until 7 o'clock, when Napoleon, deprived of Domont and Subervie's cavalry three thousand strong, of Count Lobau's corps of 11,000, and of Morand, Friant and Duhesme's divisions of 4.000 each—in all of 26.000 men, which were occupied by Bulow—had already maintained the struggle for seven hours with such spirit, that the Prussians believed Wellington ut-

here this morning until 10 o'clock, and said that twenty thousand of their army had been put *hors de combat*. When they left, they asked the distance to Wavre, Perwès and Hannut. Blucher was slightly wounded in the arm, which, however, does not prevent him from commanding since he has had his wound dressed. He did not pass through Gembloux.

I am, sire,
with respect,
your majesty's faithful subject,
MARSHAL COUNT DE GROUCHY."

This despatch, published in Gérard's defence, is accompanied by the following certificate:

"A true copy from the original, entrusted to my care by the Emperor, and still in my possession.

(Signed) GENERAL GOURGAUD."

terly beaten; and we believe every man either in Europe or America, who is not either an Englishman, or strongly biassed by prejudices in favor of England, is of the same opinion.

Grouchy did not arrive at Wavre until four. Thielman was just quitting it to go to Waterloo. Vandamme's division opened a fire on him, and the battle of Wavre commenced.

Let us return to the operations of Napoleon. The force which he had assembled in front of the English position, was about 71,000 strong. Wellington, had on the field, according to Capt. Siborne, about 68,000, though, according to Napoleon's account, they amounted to 90,000. The discrepancy between the two estimates is, probably, explicable by taking into consideration the fact that some of the regiments were skeletons. Had they been full, they would have reached the precise number at which they were estimated by the French Emperor; another proof of the astonishing accuracy of his statements.

It is not our intention to give an account of the battle of Waterloo, which has been so often described, that the public is already surfeited with the subject. We shall content ourselves merely with a few cursory observations.

Napoleon asserts that the field of battle was badly chosen, from the fact, that it had a dense forest in its rear, with only one road leading through it. To this Sir Walter Scott replies, that adventurers had been known to burn their ships, &c. With all due deference, we see no parallel between the two cases. The adventurers, in question, burnt their vessels, because they had no expectation of succor, and were desirous to impress their men with the idea that their only hope lay in conquest. Under such circumstances, it were probably wisdom to destroy the only hope of retreat. Wellington on the contrary, had every thing to hope from retreat, provided he were beaten. Nearly a million of men were on their march to join him, and it was all-important to secure his rear, in order that the junction, under any, the most disastrous circumstances, might be effected. By choosing a field, sealed hermetically in the rear, he cut off all hope of succor in case of a reverse, and surely that is not the part of a wise General.

The same author says, however, that the wood in the rear presented advantages to the English in their capacity of sharp-shooters, and that far from being a dense forest, it was in fact an open wood. To the first allegation we shall merely reply, that if the English have any claims to the character of marksmen, they certainly did not justify them in this country during the last war; for all American officers agree in saying that while they were as brave, and as well drilled as it was possible for troops to be in every other respect, in this particular they were exceedingly deficient. As to the assertion that the wood of Soignies was an open wood, we shall reply to it by the following passage from Sir Walter's own poem of Waterloo, written about two months after the battle, and before any change had been made in the face of the country.

"Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beech's glossy bough
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest ground.
"*Stems planted close to stems defy*
*Th' adventurous foot—the curious eye*
*For access seeks in vain!*
And the brown tapestry of leaves,
Strewed on the blighted ground, receives
*Nor sun, nor air, nor rain.*
"No opening glade dawns on our way,
No streamlet glancing to the ray,
Our woodland path has crossed;
*And the straight causeway which we tread*
*Prolongs a line of dull arcade,*
*Unvarying through the unvaried shade*
*Until in distance lost.*"

This certainly is not the picture of an open wood. On the contrary it presents to the imagination a primeval forest, whose foliage is so thick that neither rain nor light can penetrate it—whose trees grow so close together that a man can scarcely pass between them—whose undergrowth is so thick that the eye cannot penetrate the obscurity—pierced by a single causeway so long that the end of it is lost in the distance, and so narrow that the boughs interlace and form a species of sylvan arcade. We can very well imagine that such a forest would present to a wild Indian a most inviting theatre for the exercise of his peculiar mode of warfare; but in what manner it would benefit a routed army 70,000 strong unaccustomed to savage warfare, raised and exercised in the art of war as it is practised in the open countries of Europe, encumbered with baggage, wagons, beasts of burthen, and live cattle, to say nothing of two hundred pieces of artillery and 15,000 horses, passes our comprehension. A quagmire of the same extent—a lake or an arm of the sea, could not more effectually cut off all hope of retreat. We suspect that Wellington was far from being influenced in the choice of his ground by the presence of this forest in his rear. On the contrary, he made his stand in front of it, we doubt not, because he found it impossible to get through it. It is very certain that there cannot be a worse species of troops for the woods than English regulars, as the scene which occurred at Braddock's defeat in 1755, sufficiently demonstrates.

Napoleon did not commence the attack on the Anglo-German army as early as he otherwise would, in consequence, as was said, of the condition of the fields, the rain having fallen in torrents throughout the night. The better opinion seems to be, however, that he was waiting to hear from Grouchy's operations, about which he began to be extremely

uneasy. The battle opened at half-past eleven with an attack on the chateau Hougomont, on the extreme right, and in advance of the English line. Marshal Ney had command of the centre. He sent word to Napoleon that he was ready and only waited the signal. Napoleon delayed giving it in consequence of the appearance of troops on his right flank, in the direction of St. Lambert. He sent 3000 light cavalry, under Domont and Subervie, to communicate with these troops if they were Grouchy's, and to keep them in check if they were Prussians. In a short time afterwards he learned, beyond a doubt, that they were the advanced guard of Bulow's corps, and a despatch from Domont, who was drawn up *en potence*, on the extreme right of the army, confirmed this intelligence. In the mean time Napoleon gave the signal, and Ney commenced the grand attack on the centre. D'Erlon soon after attacked the left of the enemy, and a terrific engagement became general along the whole line.

The troops of Bulow experienced the greatest difficulties in emerging from the defiles of St. Lambert. Military men, Capt. Siborne among them, are of opinion that had five or six thousand infantry seized that defile, together with that of Lasne, through which the Prussians were struggling, and made themselves masters of the wood of Paris, which flanks them, Bulow could not possibly have reached the field in that direction. In order to do so at all, he would have been obliged to take a circuitous route by his right, into the line of Zieten, who did not reach the field until 7 o'clock. Napoleon would then have had at command at least 15 out of the 26,000 men employed in warding off Bulow's attack from 12 until 7. Does any man but an Englishman doubt the result? But Domont's cavalry, instead of pushing a reconnoisance to the wood of Paris, merely drew up on the right flank of the French army.

At a subsequent period of the action, the French say as early as 4 o'clock, the English much later, Count Lobau's *corps*, 11,000 strong, was sent to support Domont's cavalry. It is a matter of little consequence at what time this manœuvre occurred; it is sufficient that this corps was withdrawn from the attack upon Wellington, and that when it is added to Domont's cavalry, we find the French Emperor already deprived of 14,000 men, originally destined to operated against the Anglo Dutch army. A warm engagement ensued between Count Lobau and Bulow, the latter having cleared the defile. The former, overpowered, fell back, and Napoleon sent successively the divisions of Generals Friant, Morand, and Duhesme, 4,000 men each, to support him. The whole French force then employed against Wellington's 67,000 men did not exceed 45,000, yet the struggle was maintained with desperation until 7 o'clock in the evening, at which time Blucher appeared on the field with Zieten's and Pirch's corps.

A wide contrariety of statement exists between the French and English historians with regard to the immediate cause which produced the rout of the French army. The latter maintain that after struggling for seven hours in vain to break the English army, the enemy brought up the imperial guard; that that body after proceeding a long distance undisturbed, was finally fired upon by a division which Wellington had ordered to lie down behind some rising ground—that appalled by the suddenness of the attack, the column halted, hesitated, and finally gave way before crossing bayonets with the enemy. The French, on the contrary, assert that they had every prospect of victory before them down to seven o'clock—that Wellington was in despair, and had before him the prospect of a certain defeat—that he repeatedly exclaimed: "O! that night or Blucher would come!" The truth of this exclamation is confirmed by all English testimony on the subject. At that moment, they add, Blucher made his appearance on their right, and attacked the farm of La Haye and Papelotte; that some regiments gave back immediately, that the alarm flew like wild-fire along the whole line, that the English advanced, and that Napoleon, seeing the disorder, attempted to arrest it with the guard; that these troops advanced in column but were never able to deploy, because on their left Reille's division, giving back in consequence of the general panic, opened a way for a charge of the Scotch greys, and their right was overwhelmed with the fugitives from La Haye and Papelotte hotly pursued by the Prussians—and that the impossibility of getting them into line with their flanks supported, accounts for their inability to withstand the English charge. We shall not undertake to decide a dispute about facts in which each party is entitled to the same degree of credit. Let us examine the probabilities.

It is admitted that up to seven o'clock the French had shown no disposition to yield an inch, that they had possession of much of the ground originally occupied by the English; and that they had still the imperial guard, or a portion of it, for the last emergency. *At that very moment*, troops who before had evinced no disposition to give way, did actually break, and at that very moment, Blucher, with twenty-five thousand fresh troops, actually did attack. Now which is the more probable? That they gave way before the *exhausted* English whom they had been fighting without any sign of despondency for seven or eight hours, or the *fresh* Prussians who had not been engaged at all, and who fell on them 25,000 strong, supported by sixty or seventy pieces of cannon? It is unfortunate for the English story that Blucher's attack and the rout of the French took place at the very same instant of

time. In order to establish their claim that attack should have been postponed.

This view of the case is fully sustained by the despatch of Gneisenau, Blucher's second, who wrote all his public papers, and whom he called his *head*, dated from the field of battle. He says that before the arrival of Bulow, the English had fought with prodigious valor for several hours, "but that with whatever firmness they maintained themselves in their position, it was not possible but that such heroic exertions must have a limit." Bulow's arrival relieved them for some time, but the battle still raged with great violence, and when Blucher arrived the French were still fighting, he says, "with desperate fury. At this moment," he continues, "the first columns of the corps of General Zieten arrived on the points of attack, near the village of Smohain, on the enemy's right flank, and instantly charged. *This moment decided the defeat of the enemy.*" (It seems Gneisenau was far from thinking them beaten before.) "His right wing was broken in three places; he abandoned his positions." (He had not done so before, it appears.) "Our troops rushed forward at the *pas de charge* and attacked him on all sides, *while at the same moment the English line advanced.*" This last sentence is important inasmuch as it ascertains the precise moment of the English advance. It was *after* the Prussians had attacked the right wing of the French army, broken it in three places, forced it to abandon its positions, and rushed forward in pursuit. Blucher, it seems, far from being useful, merely in the *completion* of the victory, acted a very important part in gaining it. A proof of this consists in the fact, that though the two corps of Zieten and Pirch, with which Blucher operated made but a single onslaught, they yet lost six hundred men.

But suppose Blucher had not arrived at all, would the victory of 25,000 British troops, assisted by 43,000 allies, over 45,000 Frenchmen, have been such an unheard of achievement as the English writers are disposed to represent it? If their own accounts are to be trusted, one Englishman is at any time equal to two Frenchmen! The result of this battle proves any thing but the truth of such an arrogant assumption. On the contrary it places the French in a point of view which must attract the intense admiration of all future ages. For eight hours they contended with the most heroic valor against fearful odds, and, if the Prussians are worthy of credit, would not have been beaten at last, but for the opportune arrival of Blucher. So far the French statements are completely borne out by this portion of their enemies.

The entire French force we have seen was 71,000. Wellington had under him 68,000. Bulow's force was between 29 and 30,000, Blucher's about 23,000. 71,000 French then were forced from the field by 120,000 enemies, and this is the great exploit for which John Bull has been paying for thirty-two years.

English writers, in order to magnify the exertions of their own countrymen, have been in the habit of reckoning as worse than nothing the assistance of that portion of the allied force known as the Dutch Belgian. That these troops have been treated with great injustice, it is only necessary to examine and compare the lists of killed and wounded, furnished by Captain Siborne, to perceive. They numbered, according to Captain S., a fraction above 17,000 men, and of these they lost in killed and wounded 4000, being nearly a fourth part of their whole force. The remainder of the forces, under Wellington, amounted to 51,000, and they lost 11,000 all told. Surely if loss upon the field of battle be any proof of steadiness on the part of troops, the Dutch Belgian corps may at least contest the palm with the rest of the army. To assist us in estimating the importance of Bulow's operation, and the vigor of his attack, it may be mentioned, that, he lost in killed and wounded 6,000 men, though actually engaged not more than three hours. This was more than one fifth of his whole force, while the Anglo Allied army, though engaged for eight hours, lost only 15,000 men, but little more than one fifth of theirs. When we recollect that Bulow took off more than one third of the army destined to attack a Wellington, it behooves us to pause before we ascribe to the *latter* the whole honor of the victory. The Prussians proved themselves every way the equals of the English.

It has been said that Wellington would not have given battle in the position of Waterloo, if he had not depended on Blucher's assistance. We doubt very much whether he could have avoided it. His doing so would have implied a night march, (always according to Colonel Napier, more or less disastrous,) with 70,000 men and 200 pieces of cannon along a narrow causeway, skirted on both sides by an impenetrable forest, and pursued by a victorious army, commanded by the most remarkable military genius the world has ever seen. Besides, he had surely no right to calculate on the unaccountable imbecility of Grouchy, who might easily have arrested the march of Bulow in the defile of St. Lambert, and therefore could not have expected Prussian coöperation until late in the evening. We find that Blucher did not arrive until seven. During the whole of that time Wellington must have calculated on withstanding the entire force of Napoleon, a calculation evidently based on false premises, and which exposed him to certain destruction. We are inclined to suspect that he had no choice, and that he trusted to fortune for assistance. Certainly he had a wonderful run of luck.

We are among those who are disposed to place Napoleon, as a military man, far above all those who have risen to eminence by the same profession. A genius the most comprehensive, yet the most mi-

note; a courage the most brilliant, yet the most steady; a judgment the most ready, yet the most sagacious,—an iron will, an untiring energy, an invincible perseverance—a penetration that baffled all art, a promptness of decision that set speculation at defiance, a rapidity of execution that outstripped conjecture—a power of combination almost miraculous, a professional knowledge entirely unlimited, an experience in great operations to which there is no parallel—if an union of all these possessions in a single person constitute a great commander, then the world has never yet seen, and possibly never may see the equal of Napoleon. Yet the mightiest intellect may be overtasked, and the labor, perplexity, and care which Napoleon had gone through within the three months preceeding the campaign of Waterloo, had, in all probability, impaired temporarily the energetic action of his faculties at the very moment when energy was most needed. He seems to have been no longer *Napoleon*, from the moment of crossing the Sambre. His neglect to bring up his forces to Ligny and Quatre Bras on the evening of the fifteenth, to seize the pass of Genappe, to detach Grouchy at an earlier hour, to take possession of the defiles of St. Lambert and Lasne, all indicate a very different man from him who, little more than a year before, had conducted against numbers in the proportion of five to one, the most brilliant campaign of which there is any record.

As for Wellington, though successful, we see not how his success can add greatly to his reputation with posterity. Without pretending to any great knowledge of military affairs, we should not hesitate to decide that the general who, at the opening of a campaign, finds his forces so arranged that nothing is wanting on the part of his adversary but energy to ensure their destruction in detail, has made a most faulty disposition. That such was the case in this instance, no one who reads Captain S.'s book can fail to perceive. Favored as he was by luck, it is surely no very great achievement for a General, with 224,000 men at his disposal, to foil another with only 122,000. Upon such an achievement is Wellington's fame, so far as it regards the conquering of Napoleon, founded. If Nelson, in the palmy days of England's naval glory, had attacked a French fleet of seventy-one sail of the line with sixty-seven ships of the same force—and if, after fighting for seven hours, until at least twenty on each side had been put hors de combat, a reënforcement of fifty-two fresh vessels enabled him to destroy the enemy's squadron, would it have been reckoned a very superhuman performance? Such was precisely the achievement of Wellington.

British authors find no end to their admiration of the deeds of the British army on this occasion. What then shall we say to those of the French? Out numbered, attacked in front and flank, with every thing to discourage and nothing to cheer them, they fought for eight hours, not only without yielding, but with so much obstinacy that in Gneisenau's opinion they must at last have carried the day. History does not contain a record of more brilliant and steady valor, than that which distinguished them on this bloody day.

---

## ON THE DEATH OF A HUMMING-BIRD.

Thou tiny flutterer bright and gay,
No more thy feathery form so fair
On viewless wings shall dart and play
With glancing sunbeams through the air.

Poor little bird, with summer born,
With thy first summer flies thy breath;
And many sweet things live to mourn
The humming-bird's untimely death.

The flowers that trembled with delight,
Yielding their hidden sweets to thee,
At eve shall droop and dewy night
In every cup a tear shall see.

And she—the girl of gentle heart—
Who cherished thee with tender care,
Who taught thee, from her lips, thine art,
To kiss the roses blooming there;

To hang upon the quivering air
Fanning the blossom thou did'st sip,
And draughts of nectarous sweets to bear
From blushing rose, or rosy lip;—

Well may she fragrant flower and leaf
Strew fondly o'er thy little bed!
Well might she weep for slighter grief
And mourn for e'en less lovely dead!

Ah me, that Death who tramples kings
And slaughters armies every hour,
Should turn from strong and haughty things
To wreak on thee, poor bird, his power!

The rainbow hues of wavy light
That circled round thy little heart,
Could they not charm his stony sight
Nor turn away his ruthless dart?

This tiny beauteous bird to die!
That lived upon the breath of flowers—
But death nor spares the monarch high,
Nor humming-bird in summer bowers!

R.

## THE FEDERAL ADMINISTRATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND THE ELDER ADAMS.*

It is well known, that whilst the Messenger has ever been neutral in politics, and has avoided all meddling with the party questions of the day, it has never been indifferent to public affairs of *general* interest; but has frequently discussed them with ability and independence. This it has done in some instances, though the views advocated might have been more or less applicable to some of the questions that divided the great parties of the country. This was the case, for example, with the "Warehousing System." Some, without this explanation, might deem the publication of the following Review of the "Administrations of Washington and Adams" a violation of our principles. But in fact neither party of the present day claims to be federal, and a neutral journal, like the Messenger, is the only channel through which a vindication of the "old federalists" can be made. It is with this view alone, and not as expressing our own opinions, that we insert it in our pages, supposing, moreover, that sufficient time has elapsed for the administrations of Washington and Adams to be regarded as matters of history, however men may differ as to the course of policy then pursued.—[*Ed. Mess.*

We recollect no work which has appeared during the last half century that we have read with greater satisfaction than the one whose title is appended to this page. It is greatly to be regretted that it has been so long withheld from the public, and that more of the same character have not been published. Surely there must be abundant material within the archives of many of the families of the distinguished actors of our revolution, and certainly we can conceive no stronger obligation, that patriotism can impose, than to bring it to light as speedily as possible.

The history of political events in this country, for the lastt wenty years, and the present aspect of things render it a matter of primary and paramount importance to strengthen all the good influences which bear upon the government, and we know of no more effectual way of doing this, than to enlighten the great masses of the people upon the principles and practice of the two great political parties which have swayed the destinies of our republic from its foundation.

It is quite time that the people should cease to be frightened by the bugbear of political nomenclature. Quite time that they should be disabused of the shameful impositions which it has been the policy and practice of the unprincipled politicians of the country to dupe them with, for the accomplishment of their own selfish purposes. Quite time that they should be cured of the monstrous error by which they have been taught to regard the name of one of the leading parties of the past as synonymous with political profligacy and enmity to republican institutions. In looking back into the history of politics in this country and observing the state of public opinion in relation to it, both in past and present times, it is not the least surprising of moral phenomena to remark with what entire success the members of one party have managed to deceive the public mind with reference to the principles of the other. So completely has this been accomplished, that, at this very hour in the present diffused state of public intelligence and improved knowledge of political history, it would prove fatal to the political prospects of the ablest and most popular statesman in the union to be acknowledged by his friends to be a federalist, and this, too, when Washington and many others, the ablest men and purest patriots our country ever produced, belonged confessedly to that party.

This is certainly a very grave and startling fact, calculated seriously to impress every thinking man, and not easily susceptible of explanation upon any supposition flattering to the intelligence of the people generally, or to the honesty of politicians.

As to the character of the leading federalists who framed our constitution, which is their monument,—such men as Washington and Hamilton, Jay and Marshall, Wolcott and Pickering, Morris and others:—there is, we fancy, but little doubt remaining on the minds of the intelligent portion of the people of the United States, at the present day, with regard to their political principles: there can be as little, we think, if we may judge of them by their recorded acts and writings. Nothing then remains to explain the anomaly, save a belief in the superior potency of republican calumny, the supposition of general ignorance of political history of the country, or the want of manly independence and moral courage enough to avow the truth and act up to it. Either of these last assumptions is mortifying enough to every lover of his country and every true-hearted American. And yet we know not how, without attaching more importance than it deserves to the first hypothesis to escape from one or the other of the two last. For our own part, we are free to confess, having no such sublime confidence in the intelligence and impeccability of the sovereign people as many of the politicians of the present day:—that they are not always the best judges of political principles or political character, and that even when they do come at correct conclusions upon such subjects, they are not always certain, by any means, to give it the sanction and support of their votes.

The great masses of people in our country, exercise their own judgment in political matters in a much smaller degree than is supposed by the theory of our institutions, and consequently exercise much less influence than is imagined by many persons

* Memoirs of the administrations of Washington and John Adams. Edited from the papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of the Treasury, by George Gibbs. 2 vols. 8 vo. New York, 1846.

upon the formation of public opinion. The latter is in almost all cases too purely manufactured to constitute that wholesome check upon the measures and principles of our government, which is absolutely requisite for its preservation and proper administration.

Instead of discussing great measures of public policy with reference alone to the interests of the people and by the standard of certain cardinal principles; and invoking to their aid all the political wisdom and experience of the country, it is too much the custom to look at them solely with a view to their origin and adaptation to party purposes. A very common answer to a well-reasoned argument is the utterance of certain political slang intended for the ears of the great mob of uneducated voters, or else the violent and continued discharge of certain political epithets such as federalist and tory, having an inauspicious signification with the vulgar, and calculated consequently to prejudice their minds against the individual with whose name they are associated. It is difficult to exaggerate the growing enormity of this evil, or to denounce in too strong language the guilt and infamy of those educated writers and speakers of our country, who thus pander to the ignorance and worst passions of the people. As a consequence of it, we sincerely believe that the state of public opinion in this country is, at this hour, more unsound and less to be relied upon than either in France or England,—countries enjoying much less political liberty, whatever may be said of the civil—and consequently more powerless for all salutary purposes.

We confess, as we have said before, that we are not of the number who have very sanguine notions upon the subject of the virtue and intelligence of the people at large, and therefore we must be pardoned for expressing a doubt whether in the great political revolutions—party revolutions we mean—which have swept over our country within the last ten years, at periods of popular elections, too much credit has not been given to an enlightened exercise of judgment on their part. Where one man changes his vote from an honest conviction of error in his past principles, or the tendencies of past measures, such as the tariff, the distribution of public lands, or the public treasury, ninety-nine do it either from the influence of a political song, contagion of enthusiasm, a conviction of the probable success of the party to which they are about to transfer their allegiance, the hope of political preferment or its disappointment, personal feeling, or personal corruption, or from some insignificant senseless reason—such as that the price of wheat, or corn, or whatever they may produce happens to fall, or that the particular manufacture in which they are engaged begins to languish.

We know that this would be considered as high treason to certain principles consecrated in certain schools of politicians, so far certainly as their professions are concerned, and we know that it is by no means flattering to the intelligence of the people to give this explanation of a phenomenon which it is so much the custom to explain upon hypotheses so much more agreeable to national pride. Our object, however, is to tell the truth, not to flatter the diseased vanity of men; and we think that in doing so we prove ourselves a much truer friend of the people than those of their very dear and special advocates who constantly proclaim their superior knowledge and sagacity and take advantage of their real ignorance to lure them on to the sanction of measures fraught with the worst possible consequences to themselves and their posterity.

We have the less hesitation in the expression of these opinions for the reason that we do not deem the fault to lay with the people themselves. The sin rests at different doors. It is not to be supposed the great masses of men in our country, whether engaged in agriculture, manufactures, or commerce, are competent to pass upon the great questions of public policy, such as the regulation of the currency, the wisdom of the tariff, or the policy of a national bank. We all know how difficult it is even with the profoundest study and the most mature consideration to come to correct conclusions on such subjects. Those, therefore, who have not equal means of informing themselves, or equal leisure for the prosecution of such researches, must necessarily take their opinions from others, and those others are too frequently the brawling, ignorant demagogues of their political party. It is in this way that we can alone account for the success which has attended the efforts of those who, in times past, have assailed the principles of the federalists. Unscrupulous in their means and animated by the bitterest hate, they sedulously denounced them as entertaining the most monarchical and anti-republican notions. Even Washington himself was charged with designs subversive of the liberties of his country. That these representations should have been believed at the time, is not at all surprising when we recollect how readily we believe evil of our adversary, how extreme were the notions just then entertained of political liberty, how active and unprincipled the democratic presses and some of the democratic leaders—but that, at this distant day, when the clouds of prejudice and error have rolled away and the characters and acts of this great party stand out in the sun light of history, challenging the admiration of the world, that the name of federalist should be one of reproach, is a circumstance which excites our gravest astonishment. We do not belong to this party, particularly, unless it be considered the party of order and good government, nor have we any unfriendly feelings towards the republican party so called, but as friends of truth and political justice we may safely challenge the annals of the world to furnish the history of a party whose course was marked by a higher

devotion to the principles of enlightened liberty, more disinterested and ardent patriotism, a more inflexible integrity of purpose and stainless purity of action. Look back now calmly through the mists of cotemporary history and regard the great leading measures which marked the policy of the Federalists and see if they do not in every instance bear the mark of the highest wisdom and the purest patriotism? Strange to say they came into existence as a party with our present constitution, (the oft-abused text book of the republican party of the present day,) and drew their name from its advocacy—the very constitution, the violation of which or departure from which is now denounced as federal and anti republican.

The admirable papers of Hamilton, Jay and Madison, written under the signature of the Federalist, recommending the adoption of the constitution, laid the glorious basis for the name. We cannot help pausing to ask if it does not thus seem passing strange that the party who reared the present government under which we live, amidst the most violent opposition, should be denounced as entertaining notions incompatible with that same government. Pronounced heterodox by the very people who opposed the building of the political church by whose principles they are tried and found wanting! Can it be possible for absurdity and injustice to go farther than this?

Let us now pass, however, to the leading acts of the party—and first to the great measure of Hamilton by which the public debt of the country was funded, national credit established and the reputation of the infant republic saved from disgrace. And here we will say it was a proud distinction for the federal party to have first assumed shape and cohesion in giving a government to the people of the United States; it confers not less honor upon them than that the second great measure by which they were known and distinguished was one of public morality and national faith as well as of the soundest policy. The annals of this portion of the history of our republic fill the mind of an honorable man and lover of his country with feelings of the utmost mortification. The miserable shifts that were made to evade the obligation of public justice, the studied misrepresentation of those who were taking this proud stand in vindication of their country's character make us blush for the conduct of some of the actors of that day. Who doubts now the wisdom and purity of that great statesman who was chiefly instrumental in bringing about this great measure?

Next in the list of political offences of this distinguished man to his measure for restoring the public credit of the country and regulating its disordered currency, was the establishment of a national bank. Now whatever may be the views of different parties at the present day with regard to the importance of an institution of this character in the regulation of the public currency, none can look upon its existence as fraught with danger to the liberties of the country, (as was held by the republican party of the day,) in view of the fact that it fell in all the vigor of its manhood and the maturity of its strength before the blow of one of the first of our presidents whose animosity it had the misfortune to excite.

The treaty, concluded by Mr. Jay, with Great Britain, was another measure upon which the public mind was so greatly divided that although it received a constitutional ratification by the Senate, great fears were entertained by many that the house of Representatives would not pass the laws necessary for carrying the treaty into effect. The occasion called forth from Fisher Ames a speech of surpassing eloquence, the effect of which was supposed to have been the means of rescuing the government from the impending disgrace. Of the purity and consummate ability of the patriot who negotiated this treaty, but little difference of opinion, we imagine, exists at the present day, unparalleled as was the violence with which the administration of Washington was assailed for having concluded it.

Another measure of the federal party, obnoxious to the opposition, was a law passed for *the more convenient organization* of the courts of the United States." Mr. Gibbs says, (vol. 2. p. 485,)

"The detestation in which the opposition held the Federal Judiciary is well known. It was there that they beheld the great conservative principle, the strongest hold of the national government upon the people, the only check on the encroachment of the states, the instrument which enforced salutary but disagreeable laws, the power which collected debts and controlled demagogues, which was beyond the reach of majorities, which, strong in its tenure of office, feared no clamor, sought no popularity, which, in its lofty integrity, was beyond the reach of corruption, and whose independence made ambition itself subservient to virtue. Such an institution had proved the greatest obstacle to the policy of the opposition; its extension threatened it with defeat and hence sprung opposition to the passage of the law, and a violation of the constitution in its subsequent repeal:" (by the succeeding administration.)

Another great subject of controversy between the two parties was our difficulty with France. And reluctant as we are to express ourselves harshly of any of the leaders of the republican party of that day, for many of whom we have entertained the highest admiration, we will content ourselves with simply remarking, that at no epoch of our country's history does the course of the republican party appear in more honorable and advantageous contrast than on this occasion. Led on by the great Washington, (who ever moved forward in his political course, serene and majestic like some mighty planet along its predestined path in the sky,) the federalists had the boldness to despise the popular clamor of the hour, and looking alone to the

true interests of the republic, regardless of all personal considerations. Pity it is that this portion of our country's history was not oftener read and imitated by the politicians of a subsequent day. The sacrifice of self and all considerations of self-interest when rendered necessary by the public welfare, is the great lesson which it teaches and which the present state of our country requires to be taught.

The December number of the Democratic Review, p. 428, on this subject says:—

"The outrages committed by France were by far the greatest and beyond anything which Americans can now imagine their country would ever have borne without resistance. Our ministers sent to ask humbly for a treaty and redress, were ignominiously expelled from France, and the ministers of France had set our laws at defiance, insulted our government and interfered openly in our elections, yet a party was found among us to sustain all this and to clog with all its weight the arm of government which was ready to be raised in resistance."

General Washington's letter to Henry Lee upon the appointment of the latter to the command of the western expedition, contains the following remarks:

"I consider this insurrection as the first fruits of the democratic societies, brought about, I believe, too prematurely for their own views,—which may contribute to the annihilation of them. That these societies were instituted by the artful and designing members,—many of their body, I have no doubt, mean well but know little of the real plan,) primarily to sow the seeds of jealousy and distrust among the people of the government by destroying all confidence in the administration of it; and that these doctrines have been budding ever since, is not new to any one acquainted with the character of their leaders, and has been attentive to their manœuvres. I early gave it as my opinion that if these societies were not counteracted or did not fall into dis-esteem from the knowledge of their origin and the views with which they had been instituted by their father, GENET, for purposes well known to the government, they would shake the government to its foundation. Time and circumstances have confirmed me in this opinion and I deeply regret the probable consequences, not as they will affect me personally, (for I have not long to act on this theatre, and sure I am that not a man among them can be more anxious to put me aside than I am to sink into the profoundest retirement,) *but because I see, under popular and fascinating guises, the most diabolical attempts to destroy the best fabric of human government and happiness that has ever been presented to the acceptance of mankind.*"

Mr. Adams had, from the beginning, given his hearty coöperation to the principles of Washington's administration, and if he believed them sound his duty required a firm adherence to them. At first his course was in unison with the cabinet which Washington had left him, as well as with his chart for the guidance of the ship of state which elicited from a late elegant historian* the just praise, that "there was nothing of uninspired wisdom which could anywise compare with it." Notwithstanding great opposition was made to it, he successfully laid the foundation of our gallant navy in pursuance of resolutions passed during the previous administration.

The most obnoxious of all federal measures was the Alien and Sedition Laws; these were considered by the opposition as an unnecessary shackling of the press, and by the friends of the administration a desideratum for the protection and continuance of the government. The licentiousness of the press seemed to demand it, and as truth was allowed to be given in evidence as a bar to conviction, we wonder that any conscientious man could object to punishing a slanderer.

One of the provisions was, "that it should be lawful for the president to order all such aliens as he should judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States, or he should have reasonable ground to suspect were concerned in any treasonable or secret machinations against the government thereof, to depart out of the territory of the United States within such time as should be expressed in said order."

A late resolution, adopted by the Legislature of South Carolina, asserts that "the right to exclude from their territories seditious persons whose presence may be dangerous to their peace, is essential to every independent state." And yet South Carolina pronounced Mr. Adams' law unconstitutional.

Alas! for our country and Mr. Adams' fame that he should have abandoned principles, policy and friends in order to retain power, thus eclipsing all the glory of having honorably won, (what was supposed to be,) the goal of his ambition. Col. Pickering in his review of Mr. Adams' correspondence with Cunningham says, "unfortunately in the hey-dey of victory when the United States were rising in their own estimation and were cheered by admiring Europe, Mr. Adams struck his flag to France and gave up the trophies of our victories, stipulating to restore her national vessels which had been captured by ours. He purchased peace at the expense of twenty millions of dollars, her spoliations on our commerce without an equivalent. †"

The clubs instituted by Genet still bore sway, although "their first fruits," the western insurrection, had been suppressed by the energy of Washington, the whole weight of whose personal influence was necessary to effect it.

Mr. Gibbs says, (vol. 1, p. 456,) that

"Mr. Adams was a man of a restless and irri-

* Mr. Allison, on the farewell address.

† A bill for the payment of which passed Congress and was vetoed by President Polk.

table temperament, jealous of others' praise and suspicious of their influence; obstinate, yet fickle; actuated by an ambition which could bear neither opposition nor lukewarmness, and vain to a degree approaching insanity—he was of himself incapable alike of conceiving or acting upon a settled system of policy, and was to others as easy a subject for indirect management as he was impracticable to a more legitimate approach."

The Democratic Review says of Mr. Adams, (p. 429, Dec. 1846.)

"This is the man to whom that high-minded party, for such the Federalists of Washington undoubtedly were, committed the destinies of their country and bitterly and most deservedly were they made to repent it. He acted for awhile in their right views and showed a bold front to France, then suddenly in a moment when his measures seemed triumphant he changed them, sent a fresh embassy to seek a treaty, and obtained it from Bonaparte, whose unexpectedly sudden accession to supreme power brought new views with it to the councils of France. It was an humiliating treaty abandoning virtually all claim to the fifteen millions, of which we had been robbed, and affording us no security nor guaranties against further robberies in future. Still it was peace, and not war, and the advocates of peace joined with the partizans of France to accept it, but not to thank Mr. Adams for it. He had done it all to conciliate these last, but they had made him play their game for their own purposes, not for his; they were not gained and his own friends were alienated."

We look upon the portents of the present times with feelings of dark foreboding and fear. It may be that a kind Providence watches over the destiny of our country for some great purpose of its own, independent of any particular claims we have for special protection, and "shapes events" to this end, "rough hew them as we may;" but if there is not, we scarcely see how it is possible that any other than the most disastrous results can eventually be realised from the all-absorbing spirit of party and the wide-spread and almost universal corruption which it has superinduced.

We do not know, but are inclined to think that in no country in the world is this evil of such a fearful character as in our own at the present day. Certainly not in England. There public sentiment, as in the case of Catholic Emancipation, the Reform Bill and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, drove the government, however adverse to it, to the adoption of such measures as are demanded by the advance of liberal opinions and the progress of society; but here the government and its organs, the pensioned presses of party make out in advance what public opinion is to be—and such it must be, or else those who make opposition to the proclamation of the party setting it forth, are resisted with perpetual preclusion from its privileges and advantages, and these are generally of such a character as appeal unfortunately in this country, with an all-controlling power to the minds of the public voters:—we mean the spoils of office. We believe that more than one of the great measures and acts of this government within the last ten years have been the result of this sort of manufacture and proclamation in advance of public sentiment.

But we are wandering from the subject matter of our paper. We have been led to do so by reflecting upon the noble conduct which ever distinguished the Federalists as a party in all matters involving the welfare of the Republic. The public interest, regardless of the popularity of the measure, was the sole motive of their action, and for this we can never honor them too much, nor too frequently recall them to the notice and admiration of the present age. Would that we had the power of infusing into the public men of the present day some little of the public virtue of the distinguished men of the revolutionary epoch—would that we had the strength of some mighty political Sampson, that we might break asunder the party bonds which bind together the people of the United States and leave them with unshackled and regenerate minds to promote such measures as tend alone to the good of their country and the world.

This is the great Catholic emancipation which this country requires to accomplish the glorious destiny which it is our pride and happiness to believe has been marked out for it by a superintending providence; and unless it comes, sooner or later, we fear there are men yet living who will write the Decline and downfall of our Republic. Nothing tends more strongly to bring about this consummation than the bold and fearless publication of truth, as expressed in such works, as it has been Mr. Gibbs' honor and good fortune to compile, and as a patriot we thank him for the spirit and ability with which he has accomplished his task—and we trust he will not be deterred by any personal considerations from giving his countrymen whatever may yet remain of the invaluable materials for history, which he may have from the archives of his patriotic ancestors.

PHOCION.

---

## JOHN ADAMS. *

We are informed in Davis' Life of Burr, vol 2, p. 85, that a Scotchman named Wood, in 1801, first compiled a work, the present title of which is appended to this page, from materials furnished principally by the late William Duane, editor of "*The Aurora*," and Calender, author of "*The*

* The suppressed history of the administration of John Adams. Republished with notes, &c., by John Henry Sherburne, author of the Life of the Chevalier John Paul Jones, &c., &c. Philadelphia. Walker & Gibbs, 1846. 1 vol. 16 mo.

*Prospect before us*:"—That twelve hundred and fifty copies were printed and one of them having been submitted to Col. Burr, he came to the conclusion that the publication of the work was calculated to do injury to the republican party and agreed to pay a stipulated sum for its suppression.

Mr. Sherburne states in pp. 10 and 13 of his introduction, that two friends of the gentleman, (Col. Burr,) and the publisher only were present at the conflagration of the sheets: that some few copies escaped the flames, and the one in his possession was presented by President Jefferson to his father. If so, one would suppose it must have been given to Judge Sherburne under an injunction of secrecy, of which the present publication is a gross violation.

It appears from the following letter from the compiler to the publishers, that he felt that he had been imposed upon.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 12, 1801.

"To Messrs. Barlas, Ward & Co.

"Gent. Having discovered lately that the history of the administration of John Adams, which I compiled for you, is in several parts false and erroneous, as it regards public events, and entirely incorrect as it regards individual characters, I have the most anxious desire that it shall be suppressed, for which purpose I engage to indemnify you for the net expenses of paper and print, and to furnish you with an altered copy fit for the press; the copy-right of which I will assign over to you in the same manner as the former. In the event of your non-compliance, I shall feel myself under the necessity of publishing the above to the world, and also to set on foot a new work in vindication of the characters I may have injured; so that the whole of the malice and injury done, which never were intended by me, may rest on you alone.

I am, Gent., yours &c.,

JOHN WOOD.

In a note to page 15 of a pamphlet, issued by Mr. Wood at that time, we are informed that "the publishers requested Judge Brockholst Livingston to peruse the work in question, which he did, and decided it to be libellous and injurious to the community."

On page 36 of the pamphlet, it is stated that Mr. Duane being afraid that the contents of his letters would be made public, after the suppression, urged the return of them to him in a letter dated Feb. 7, 1802. On this subject Mr. Wood remarks in page 39, that,

"They were written to me for the avowed purpose of publishing their contents to the world; no secrecy was attached to them. No private matters were contained in them, nor was there a single expression prohibiting me from quoting Mr. Duane as my authority for the facts which they contained. Had they been founded in truth and not fabrications, he could have had no cause of complaint. A man who was partly the means of ransacking in a clandestine manner the books of a public office—who did not hesitate to publish to the world the contents of letters evidently intended for the Post Office—who glories in being the declarer of secrets, ought to vail himself from society, to look to his own heart for consolation and not appeal to the world from whom he can only expect insult and bitter reproach."

Such is the work, suppressed under the circumstances we have related, that Mr. Sherburne has deemed a becoming duty to re-animate, and fortunate indeed is it that the endorsement of his name is not of sufficient celebrity to give it currency. A want of method and discrimination is manifest in this volume as well as in the "Life of Jones," both exhibiting a dull collection of disjointed documents thrown together without order, taste, or judgment, while to keep up the appearance of legitimate narrative, sentences, in the manner of continuances, are interspersed at cautious intervals between the various subjects and their necessary divisions: while the conclusions at which Mr. Sherburne arrives in almost every instance, so palpably contradict truth as to excite disgust in every reader conversant with our annals.

Notwithstanding the slanders and libels with which it abounds, the work before us contains also many important facts illustrative of the character of the prominent political actors of that day, which in competent hands, might be moulded into useful form. Mr. Sherburne has moreover made a valuable addition to the original work;—the correspondence between Mr. Adams and William Cunningham, and we regret, as he published at all, he did not add also Pickering's Review of the same, which illustrates Mr. Adams' administration much more fully than the suppressed work.

Our article on Mr. Gibbs' History of the Administration of Washington and Adams, supersedes the necessity of adverting particularly in this paper to the leading measures of that eventful period; therefore, our remarks will be confined chiefly to the character of Mr. Adams, as deduced from this compilation and his own letters.

We hold, with Tacitus, that "it is the historian's duty to rejudge the conduct of men in order that generous actions may be saved from oblivion, and the authors of pernicious counsels and the perpetrators of evil deeds, may see beforehand the infamy which awaits them at the tribunal of posterity."

On pages 15 and 16 of the history in question, the editor has made the following remarks,—

"By retirement after the revolution, Mr. Adams might have preserved a rank in that luminous galaxy of heroes and statesmen who gallantly achieved our independence; but his ambitious mind sought eagerly for power—he obtained it; his abuse of it caused his downfall like other ambitious leaders who have risen, flourished and fallen; proving that inordinate and unprincipled thirst for power in

a republic has always been the inveterate bane of liberty."

* * * * *

"By a constant recurrence to first principles and an unceasing inspection and scrutiny into the conduct and character of our distinguished men, we may hope still to preserve our rights and perpetuate them. However elevated his rank, powerful his connections, or unlimited his hold upon the estimation and confidence of his countrymen, we shall not shrink from summoning the delinquent to that tribunal from which there is no appeal—the tribunal of public opinion."

These are about the only grains of wheat we have been enabled to find in Mr. Sherburne's bushel of chaff, so we place them in advance of all others called forth by the occasion.

The life of Mr. Adams is yet to be written, although memoirs of most of his distinguished compatriots have long since been given to the world. Allen, in his American Biography, (the edition of 1832,) announced that ex-President Adams' was preparing a life of his father; but it seems he awarded that duty to his son, Mr. Charles F. Adams, who has substituted therefor a meagre selection from the letters of his grandfather, which, while they partially illustrate the period in which they were written, leave a strong suspicion on the mind of the reader, that much has been withheld which would not tell to his advantage.

Mr. Adams' illustrious compatriot, John Jay, regarded "our dispute with our mother country as one in which men might conscientiously take opposite sides"—and the immortal Washington in a letter to Bryan, Lord Fairfax, a Virginian loyalist, said, "The friendship which I ever professed and felt for you, met with no diminution from the difference of our political opinions. I knew the rectitude of my own sentiments and believing in the sincerity of yours, lamented, although I did not condemn, your renunciation of the creed I had adopted."

Not so with Mr. Adams; he exhibited a persecuting and sanguinary spirit, when he wrote from Holland to the Governor of Massachusetts as follows:

"It is true, I believe what you suggest, that Lord North showed a disposition to give up the contest, but was diverted from it, not unlikely by the representations of the Americans in London, who in conjunction with their coadjutors in America have been thorns to us indeed on both sides of the water; but *I think their career might have been stopped on your side, if the executive officers had not been too timid on a point which I so strenuously recommended at first, viz: to fine, imprison and hang all inimical to the cause, without favor or affection.* I foresaw the evil that would arise from that quarter and wished to have timely stopped it. *I would have hanged my own brother if he took part with our enemy in this contest.*"—Page 229.

The following extract of a letter which Mr. Adams addressed to Richard Henry Lee, shows his love of place.

"I have ever been thoroughly sensible of the unstability of a public course, and have endeavored to preserve my mind prepared to return to my rocks and forests with tranquillity. *Yet I assure you I begin to fear that habits will steal upon me which I shall find it hard to break when the time shall come that I must retire.*"

So early as 1777, Mr. Adams manifested his ambition to obtain the first place. On the 25th February, in a Congressional speech reported by Dr. Rush, he remarked as follows:

"There are certain principles which follow us through life—and never more certainly than love of the first place—we see it in the forms at school in which children sit. It prevails equally to the latest period of life. *I am sorry* to find it prevail so little in this house. I have been distressed to see some of our members disposed to idolize an image which their own hands have molten. I speak of the superstitious veneration which is paid to General Washington. I honor him for his good qualities, *but in this house I feel myself his superior*—in private life I shall always acknowledge him to be mine."

Again on the 26th October, same year, he writes thus:

"Congress will appoint a thanksgiving for some successes in the North in which *Washington* was *not* concerned, and one cause of it ought to be, that the glory of turning the tide of arms is *not* immediately due to the commander-in-chief, nor Southern troops. If it had been, idolatry and adulation would have been unbounded. Now we can allow a certain citizen to be wise and virtuous and good, without thinking him a deity or savior."—J. Adams' letters, vol. 2, pp. 14 and 16.

It would seem, by p. 247, of same volume, that the reporters of the ceremony of Mr. Adams' inauguration to the Presidency, dwelt so largely upon the tears shed at Washington's retirement as to sensibly touch Mr. Adams in the tenderest point.

"I cannot tell, (says the latter.) whether this weeping was from joy or grief—whether for loss of their beloved president, or the accession of an unbeloved one. Every body talks of the tears, full eyes, the trickling eyes, &c., *but all is enigma to me.* No one descends into particulars to say why or wherefore. I am, therefore, left to suppose that it is all grief for the loss of their beloved."

Mr. Adams seems not to have understood the emotions of a grateful people, created as it were by Washington's genius and virtue, on seeing their country's father descend into the tomb of retirement, but fancied in it something of a personal slight to himself.

Col. Pickering in his review of the Cunningham correspondence, attached to the work before us, says—

"Unfortunately in the hey-dey of victory, when the United States were rising in their own estimation and were cheered by admiring Europe, Mr. Adams struck his Flag to France and gave up the trophies of our victories, stipulating to restore her national vessels which had been captured by ours. He purchased peace at the cost of twenty millions, the amount of her spoliations on our commerce without an equivalent."

General Hamilton, in reference to Mr. Adams' desertion of his principles and party, remarks in his famous letter to the public that,

"We are driven to such a solution of his course in some system of concession to his political opponents—a system the most fatal to himself and the cause of public order of any he could possibly devise. It is by temporisings like these that men at the head of affairs lose the respect of both friends and foes. It is by temporisings like these that in times of fermentation and commotion, governments are prostrated which might easily have been upheld by an erect and imposing attitude."

* * * *

"I early adopted an opinion of Mr. Adams which all my subsequent experience has confirmed, that he is of an imagination sublimated and eccentric, propitious neither to the regular display of sound judgment, nor steady adherence to any systematic plan of conduct, and I began to perceive what has since become too manifest, that to this defect are added the unfortunate foible of a vanity without bounds, and a jealousy capable of discoloring every object."

Had Jay been selected to succeed Washington instead of Mr. Adams, the policy of the government would not have been changed; for Washington's well-defined chart for the guidance of the ship of state had been submitted to the first-mentioned statesman and was approved; therefore it is to Mr. Adams alone we must attribute the overthrow of the Federal party, "who were entrenched within a citadel," (said Judge Sedgwick,) "when Mr. Adams cried treason and deserted"—he soon fell, "like stars that fall; to rise no more."

On page 356 of the work before us, we are informed that on the eve of Mr. J. Q. Adams' departure on his mission * to Russia, his father thus wrote respecting him. "I hope his absence will not be long. Aristides is banished because he is too just. He will not leave an abler nor honester man behind him."

This appointment was his first reward for deserting his principles and party. Who can forget the abject degradation of Mr. Adams when under the goad of selfish ambition, and the influence of vindictive passions towards those early friends who had advanced him to his celebrity, he fabricated the groundless charge of their disloyalty, and with Mr. Giles as the bear-ward sneaked to the white-house to disclose to the President the welcome slander? What must have been Mr. Adams' torments during that short pilgrimage from the capitol to the palace, to act the part of a base informer at the best; in reality of a vile slanderer?

As the construction of other men's motives by the Adamses has been so habitually uncharitable, we feel less delicacy than we otherwise should in descanting upon their faults. We have no sympathy for defeated politicians who apparently could never see anything for the advantage of the State in measures that did not tend to promote their own personal ends—and who respectively abandoned policy, principles and friends, (and then slandered those friends,) the better to gain or secure the object of their unhallowed ambition.

Thank God! the patriotism of Hamilton and Pickering, of Cabot, Ames and Prescott, is stamped indellibly upon our annals, whilst their treacherous libellers shall forever bear the stigma of giving by their course "A rude shock to the best fabric of human government and happiness, ever presented to the acceptance of mankind." *

The truth is, the party which the Adamses deserted and betrayed was never disloyal—they had framed the Constitution, which is their monument. Their principles and system remain unchanged; experience has shown them to be sound and that whoever departs from them is soon entangled in a thicket of briars, or foundered in Serbonean bogs.

Disappointed ambition seems to have sharpened the arrows which the Adamses have so freely discharged at all not disposed to admit the full extent of their claims. That they have been frigid friends and mean enemies, the baseless charge of disloyalty made by the one, and the slanderous letters to Cunningham by the other, fully evince. And long, very long will our country have to deplore the bias which the erratic and selfish course of both father and son have successively given to her counsels.

* See Tucker's Life of Jefferson, vol. 2, pp. 277-287.

* Washington's Letters.

---

## SPRING IN '47.

Slowly and timidly cometh she on,
With a tearful smile and a visage wan,
Shrinking with fear from the crisping sound
Of her startled step on the frosty ground;
Cow'ring beneath the faded vest,
Which mantled her form in its wintry rest,
And meekly bending before the gale
That rusheth abroad with an angry wail.
But onward she cometh with aspect mild,
For Nature hath summon'd her peerless child
And come she must, at a mother's call,
Though winter still holdeth the earth in thrall.
Bursteth no germ from its wintry sheaf,

Swelleth no bud with its nascent leaf,
Barren and sear is the thorny stem,
Which holdeth enshrined the rose's gem.—
Waiting a touch from the South breeze light,
Or a kiss from the sun, in its noonday height,
To rise, like a Queen with her vesture on.
And reign, a vernal Paragon.

But oh, sweet Spring! uprear thy visage meek,
And let the south wind bathe thy palid cheek!
Go, where the fresh grass by the brook side springeth!
And where the music of the wild bird ringeth
Follow, where Nature hoards her precious things
And drink ethereal vigor from her springs;
Then turn and pour thy brightness on the earth,
Which pineth, till thou call her flowrets forth.

C . . .

## OUR COLLEGES IN VIRGINIA.

To those interested in the cause of Literature and sound Education, the recent intelligence from several of our Colleges must be both gratifying and encouraging. From the West and the East, most flattering evidences of prosperity and usefulness have come before the public; whilst upon several important institutions whose heads seemed to have drooped, the dews of fostering liberality have fallen, reviving them to freshness and vigor.

*Randolph Macon*, with an increased endowment of $20,000, obtained by the indefatigable efforts of her President, the Rev. W. A. Smith, will enter upon a new and higher career.

*Hampden Sidney*, the offspring of our Revolutionary times, and perpetuating the names of Liberty's Champions, promises also to extend her usefulness, by the creation of scholarships on the most liberal terms, and by other modes of enlarging her resources.

*Washington* College, honored with the special patronage and care of him whose name it bears, shows by the recent report of her annual Commencement, that she is still honorably and efficiently prosecuting the great objects of her foundation.

The *University*, now safe, we trust, from the attacks of ignorance, prejudice, illiberality and demagoguism, is proving herself worthy of the liberal State patronage which she receives; and by the new system of educating State beneficiaries at inconsiderable expense, is directly repaying it to the community. The late exercises at the close of the Session, of which we spoke in our last number, fully realised the high expectations which had been excited. The Addresses of Mr. Bives and Mr. Burwell, and the Eulogy of Mr. Minor on Prof. Davis, are to be published.

The *Military Institute* at Lexington is no less worthy of the support given it, and well deserves the high reputation which in so short a time it has earned.

From *Emory and Henry*, *Bethany*, and *Rector*, so far as intelligence of them has reached us, the reports are favorable.

Our *Medical Institutions*, too, deserve especial notice in this catalogue. Besides the Medical Department at the University, there are Medical Schools in Winchester and the City of Richmond; and there are rumors of others founded not only upon the approved principles of Medical Science, but also upon those of Thompsonianism and quackery. The Medical school in this city has rapidly won its way to no low degree of favor and distinction, and will, we hope, soon be able to announce a successor to Dr. Warner, who will bring to it both reputation and strength. *

Only one of our Colleges, we believe, yet remains. We desire to do justice to them all;—to the Faculties of all has the Messenger been more or less indebted for aid, either literary or pecuniary, or both. Our sentiment, elsewhere expressed, and which we commend to the adoption of others, is,

The Colleges of our State; Virginia's Fame, the common inheritance of their sons,—to preserve and extend it their common duty.

Facies non omnibus una,
Non diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum.

Business calling us to Williamsburg, we took occasion to be present at the commencement of William and Mary,—the only truly *venerable* of all our institutions. It was indeed a source of pure and high delight to revisit the scenes of so many grand and elevating State and National reminiscences;—reminiscences which thrilled our heart and mind, as we recalled them on the spot when a student there years ago; but which have thrilled us still more since, as we have dwelt in thought and memory upon them. Indeed mind and spirit seemed to have felt a kind of unwonted exhilaration all the time we were in the old "Middle Plantation;" and under its influence, aided and partly inspired by generous hospitality, warm greetings, and constant companionship with some of older heads, but hearts almost as young as our own, a few days there fled by as so many hours winged with joy!

On the afternoon of the 3rd of July, the annual address before the Alumni, was delivered by Wm. H. Macfarland, Esq.;—of its appropriateness, sound wisdom and good taste, our readers now have an opportunity of judging for themselves, as we insert it in the present number.

On the 5th of July, the honors of the College were awarded to those who had won them; and a number of Orations delivered, *highly* creditable to their authors, and acceptable to the auditors, as was evinced by their great patience and attention during a long session.

The Visitors resolved to enlarge, in several important respects, the course of study pursued in the College, and appointed Dr. Francis L. Hawks, of New Orleans, President. Dr. H. is widely known as an eminent orator, historian and divine. May his connection with the College be highly auspicious! †

The exercises of the "Public Day" at William and Mary, have long been closed with a dinner, at which the Declaration of Independence is read, and an oration delivered by some student, who is elected by the whole body of students. This session, however, owing to the emulation between the Literary Societies, the students could not agree upon one orator, and determined to have two. But so far as we could observe, no enmities were produced, and it seems to have been a division without a difference; and so far as the guests were concerned, getting two excellent dinners on the same day was too much in keeping with "old Virginia hospitality" to be complained of by them.

Several guests attended both dinners;—among them was Mr. Lyons, a distinguished Alumnus of the College. Being appropriately and handsomely toasted soon after he made his appearance at the dinner of the Mireaux Union Society, Mr. L., as a Visitor, and as such responsible for the interests of the College, blandly and kindly alluded to the

* This they have now done, in Dr. Charles Bell Gibson, of Baltimore.

† We have since learned that Dr. H. has declined, having been elected about the same time President of the Embryo University of Louisiana, which office he has accepted.

division of which we have spoken, and urged the propriety of entire harmony among all the students on such an occasion. But he did this without espousing either side, and only in view of future results to which such want of unanimity might lead. Both dinners passed off with great animation and decorum, and were enlivened by various exhibitions of genius and wit.

Among the closing exercises of William and Mary was the usual Valedictory Address from the Faculty to the Students,—delivered this year, by Judge Beverley Tucker, on the 3rd of July. At the request of the Students we publish it below.—[*Ed. Mess.*

—

## JUDGE TUCKER'S ADDRESS.

[*Published by request of the Students.*]

Once more, young Gentlemen, it has devolved on me to speak the parting words, which William and Mary is accustomed to address to her Sons, when, leaving her sheltering walls, they prepare to enter on the bustling scenes of Life. The occasion is always interesting. The thought that so many that we have known in all the intimacy, that characterises the intercourse between the Professors and Students of this Institution, are about to leave us forever: that of these not a few may never again cross our path in life, and that of some perhaps no tidings for good or ill may ever reach us, impresses the mind with sad and solemn awe. Add to this the great probability that *I* may not live to perform again the task to which I am now called—the probability indeed, (for, at my age it is not at all improbable,) that my voice may be now heard for the last time within these walls, and that none of you may ever see my face again, and you may readily believe that I feel more than common responsibility in now addressing you. There are moments and circumstances in every man's life calculated to give more than common weight to his words; and none so imposing as when, standing on the verge of time, he gives his last breath in warning and admonition to those he leaves behind. Death is eloquent though dumb; and, when he speaks through lips already touched by his consecrating, truth-inspiring hand, what ear is not bent to hear his words, what heart is not alive to the faint breathings of his eloquence! How solemn the responsibility of the father in using that last opportunity to speak the words of wisdom to his children! How solemn the responsibility of those who hear them! How solemn is mine at this moment!

Gentlemen; of all the associations which have connected me with life one only now remains which has endured so long as my relation to this institution. No spot on earth can call up so many recollections of the distant past as that where I now stand. The sports and strifes of my boyhood, the emulations of youth, the labors of declining age—this room is the scene of all. It was my grammar school. About the time I passed into the higher classes it became the lecture room for these. It was the chamber of our debating societies; and here have I heard the first essays at eloquence from men whose voices have since influenced the destinies of nations, and whose names are famous in the world's history. The cogent reasoning of Johnson; the fervid eloquence of Leigh; the acuteness of Stanard; the logic of Barbour; the sound good sense of one whom it may not become me to name, but who even then united the simplicity of the boy, which he has never lost, with the wisdom and prudence of age, all these rise up before me in their accustomed places, as my eye glances around the room. Jurists, Statesmen and Warriors—here was the nursery of their greatness: here was the arena of their first struggle for fame. The most distinguished ornaments of the bar and bench; the men who have been prominent in the councils of the State and of the Union; the chieftain whose triumphant banner now hangs, like a thunder-cloud, on the brow of the Sierra Madre, threatening destruction to the City of Montezuma, all were my compeers here. How can the scene of such recollections be other than a hallowed spot to me? How can the institutions, around which they cluster, ever cease to be an object of deep and unabating interest? Why else am I here? I who had made myself a home in a distant land, and identified myself with the rising fortunes of a State now great and prosperous—Why am I here? It is that I had left behind me here, the scene of all these reminiscences, and also something yet dearer to my heart than these, and something for which I looked in vain elsewhere.

What was that?—Gentlemen there is a peculiarity common to the character of this Institution and to that of the State of Virginia, which has often attracted observation, and provoked the enquiry which of these might be considered as the cause of the other? To my mind the answer is to be found in the history of the events which were passing in the mother country just 200 years ago. It was then that the banner of loyalty, which, in the beginning of the great rebellion, had waved triumphant over the enemies of the crown, began to droop—ere long to be trailed in the dust—trampled down and dishonored. It was then that multitudes of gallant men who knew no compromise of honor, who could not learn how to palter in a double sense, to unswear allegiance, and to show their fidelity to their king by warring against his life, were borne down in the strife, and, driven from their native land, sought shelter in the ever loyal colony of Virginia. More than half the inhabitants came over about that time and they brought with them all the chivalrous gallantry, all the self-renouncing generosity, all the unwavering fidelity to plighted faith, to which they had sacrificed every thing at home. They had their faults, but falsehood was not among them. They had their weaknesses, but fickleness and fear were not of the num-

kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom"—deeply imbued with "that sensibility of honor which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

Gentlemen; it was by these men and for the education of the sons of these men that William and Mary College was founded. That it might not disappoint their wishes, it was indispensable that, whatever else was taught, it should be a school of HONOR. Without this it might have wasted its resources in the hopeless attempt to impart the benefits of education to the Indian; but it could receive no countenance from that class of men whose confidence is indispensable to the success and usefulness of an academic institution. Thus did William and Mary College receive the impress of their character, and take the lead in that great experiment in the discipline of the youthful mind, which substitutes candid appeals to the better feelings of the pupil, and a frank reliance on his honor, for espionage, severity and the restraints of the cloister. The experiment has succeeded so well that the example has to a certain extent been every where followed. But William and Mary still kept in advance of all the rest. Emboldened by success, she went on steadily, to establish a system altogether her own. You, Gentlemen, need not be told what that system is. You need not be told of the unreserved confidence reposed in the honor of the Student who is thereby made a co-worker with his preceptors in the moral training and discipline of his mind. While nothing is required of him but attention to his studies, nothing is forbidden but duelling, which might be fatal to his life, and gambling and drunkenness and tavern-haunting, which must be pernicious to his health, his intellect and his morals. To his own sense of duty and interest, fortified by his plighted word, the enforcement of this scanty but important code is committed, while academic censures are only resorted to in extreme and rare cases. How faithfully the Professors fulfil the implied engagement on their part, to rely confidingly on the honor thus pledged, is known to all who have come under their discipline. Were they so disingenuous as to establish covertly a system of espionage—did they themselves act, in any degree, the part of spies,—did they not even wink hard, lest they might seem to doubt the honor on which they profess to rely, they would have had no right to complain if their plan had proved a complete failure. But while they openly and in good faith *acted on* the professed conviction, that the son of a Virginia Gentleman *must be* incapable of forfeiting his plighted word, they had a right to feel assured that their reliance on his honor would not be disappointed. Gentlemen, *it has not been disappointed.* It is not given to all to do credit to their instructors by their attainments in *Literature* and *Science*—but when have the Sons of William and Mary dishonored *her*, by dishonoring *themselves?* Which of them has at any time shown himself *base, false* to his *word, treacherous* to his *friend—dishonest* in his *dealings?* The result of the experiment has been as brilliant as its conception was grand and noble.

But, Gentlemen, I repeat that William and Mary is not to be accounted the *author* of this experiment. In making it she did but become the exponent of the character of the People to which she owed her existence. She *could* not do otherwise; nor *while Virginia remains what she was, can she* do otherwise. Some sort of preparation is required to qualify a Student to enter any academic Institution. In some it is a smattering of the Classics—or a knowledge of the rudiments of Mathematics. William and Mary true to her original vocation, demands only a *love of truth*, and a *sense of honor*. These are all she asks. To him who comes thus prepared, she holds herself ready to afford all the benefits of Education. All not so qualified *mistake their place*, when they enter an institution founded on such principles. They can get nothing here but disgrace and ruin of body, mind and purse. But God be thanked, the spirit of the Gentleman reigns, as it ever has reigned, paramount in the minds of Virginians; and far—far from us be the day, when fathers shall cease to imbue the minds of their sons with principles and sentiments which shall make a breach of faith,—the forfeiture of the plighted word,—an abuse of confidence,—or any other form of baseness possible to the Youth of this proud old State. Should that day ever come, the glory of Virginia will have passed away forever; and William and Mary must then govern herself by those grim maxims which make up the code of all power "not standing on its own honor and the honor of those subjected to it." No longer a school of Honor, she must be given over to prying Yankee pedagogues, with their spies and domiciliary visits, and their petty regulations extending to the down-lying and the uprising—the cut of the coat and the color of the hat, and all those vexatious minutiæ which are meant to make the Student sensible of his mistake, if at any time he should *fancy* himself a gentleman.

Gentlemen;—William and Mary is what Virginia made her. Virginia *continues* what she is in part because the spirit of her ancient chivalry *continues* to act on her through William and Mary. Each is at once cause and effect, and each is necessary to the other. William and Mary is the Palladium of Virginia, to be guarded as the ark of her safety. Let her distribute to others the hoarded wealth of her literary fund—let her build up other universities and foster other colleges, and waste her resources in the unprofitable scheme of

establishing free-schools which none will attend—*We shall not complain.* Let but the *Virginia Gentleman*, true to the untarnished honor of his lineage, train up his Sons to walk in the footsteps of his fathers and emulate their character—courteous and manly—gentle and not fearful—incapable of falsehood or prevarication, and animated by an ever wakeful vigilance of Honor—let this be so, and *William and Mary* will stand, and *Virginia* will stand—and the *principles* so long held *sacred* by Virginia will stand—and all will stand together in Prosperity and Honor.

Amen—So be it.

You, young Gentlemen, are our Epistle to Virginia. Go forth and proclaim to her Sons that in this Temple of Honor, the sacred fire snatched by our fathers from the altar on which they had offered up their all, is still preserved. Let your lips speak it. Let your lives proclaim it; and may your success in all things be a new illustration of the great truth, "that he who will save his life shall lose it, but he who will lay down his life for the truth, to him shall be added Honor and Peace and Happiness, both here and hereafter." Honor is the Shield with which your Alma Mater bucklers you for the strifes of the world, and like the Spartan Mother, her words are "Return with it or on it."

—

## THE IMPORTANCE OF A LITERARY CLASS,

BY WM. H. MACFARLAND, ESQ.

In submission to a resolution of the Society of Alumni of William and Mary, communicated by a committee, Mr. Macfarland consented to prepare for publication the following Address, delivered at their request, in the College chapel, on the 3rd of July last.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society:*

The motives for it are so attractive, that it might be expected the *alumni* of our venerable College would gladly reassemble upon every anniversary. They might be expected to welcome the returning season for the refined enjoyment which its proper observance would never fail to administer; as well as for its happy tendency to revive and diffuse a taste for literature and the arts. The pleasure of meeting in after years with the companions of their studies; and the impulse which might be communicated to sound learning by so meeting, would, it might be supposed, appeal with attractive force to all who retained a grateful recollection of their *alma mater*. The business and cares of active life might be dismissed for a short interval, to allow its votaries to witness the exercises of a new class about to be ushered into the world, to note the changes which had occurred since they stood in the same interesting position, and to manifest the sincerity of their homage for moral and intellectual culture.

It would have afforded me unaffected pleasure to have been permitted to occupy the position of my own choice on this occasion, that of an unobserved, but interested spectator, mingling in the kindly greetings which belong to such re-unions, and adding my own to the common regret for the absence of so many who retain a grateful remembrance of this classic place;—and most of all for those—ah! of how many is it true of the class of which I was a member—and you who date from later periods are startled by your own mournful recollections—whom death removed ere yet the world could know and honor them as did their youthful friends. But you have required of me a different office; and it would have been an unworthy requital of the honor of the appointment, and shown me less sensible than I am of the benefits connected with a due observance of the occasion, to have declined to address you, much as I dread to disappoint your partial expectations.

The motives in which the society of *alumni* has its origin, its preservation through coming years, the interest of the public in its anniversary,—all which concern the being and usefulness of the Society, unite to give importance to the annual address. It is easier far to determine what the address ought to be, than to invest it with the elevation adapted to its design. It ought to be neither trite in its subject, nor common-place in its reflections—with an aim far nobler than to cater to a momentary indulgence. It should aim to communicate a new impulse to *moral progress*—such as those who unite graceful elocution with profound, original thought are permitted to aspire to. At least, it ought to embody something of the same generous spirit of concern for the moral elevation of our race, in which this venerable College had its being, and which, with earnest labors, through so many years, it has striven to achieve. The address is the exponent of an association founded upon academic ties—those enduring ties which spring up in the members of a literary class, and bind them at once to each other and to their common mother, and it should be instinct with the spirit of academic life. All, however, which my occupations have allowed me to attempt, is briefly to direct your attention to a subject of deep interest in itself, and which is not in danger of losing its attraction by imperfect discussion.

This subject is, the importance of a *Literary Class.*

Few are insensible of the importance of literature; but there is not the same general disposition to acknowledge the importance of literary men. Learning is thought of even by the ignorant as something which confers solid advantages; but men who are known for the extent and variety of their knowledge, fail to obtain the consideration which it is the interest of society to accord to them. The habits of the present age are to esti-

mate all things by their exchangeable value; and the rules of this commercial arithmetic are applied to determine the position of scholars and philosophers. It is too much the habit, even among classes of whom juster conceptions might be expected, to look upon authors of acknowledged eminence as persons who might have made a better use of their talents. It seems to be forgotten, midst the tumult and conflicts of jarring interests, that the true distinction of a country is its moral and intellectual power, and that institutions are valuable according as their tendency is to nourish "vigorous thought and virtuous purpose." The influence of literary men is so silent and indirect, and works to its beneficent results by such gentle agency, that, like other benefactors, they are overlooked because they are out of sight.

By a literary class I mean an order of men whose concern and aim are to add to the stock of human knowledge;—who apply themselves to discover and to establish moral and physical truth. That order of men, who are not satisfied to rest upon past discoveries and achievements, but are fired with a nobler zeal to dissipate pernicious errors, and to rise to loftier attainments. The men who regard moral and intellectual culture as the highest aim of a rational nature, and who estimate other qualities and occupations by their bearing upon it. Those who determine the progress of society by its mental stature: and as nature and diligent application have fitted them, are engaged in training it to grace and majesty. The learned who are yet learners, in whatever department of human knowledge they pursue their laborious researches, and who regard the power of thought as their highest distinction, which neither their own glory nor their social duties will allow them to neglect. In the language of a beautiful writer, a literary class is that which employs "the whole strength of the mind to its own enlargement, and to the manifestation of itself in enduring forms."

Such is a literary class in the noblest form of its existence. None but itself is capable of estimating its importance; and yet for that it is of all other things least capable, from the modesty inseparable from true greatness. Its presence, wherever happily found, is visible in the impress of its own beautiful resemblance upon the diversified forms which exhibit and denote the tone and condition of societies. Reversing the great law of gravitation, yet scarcely less certain in its operation, it is unceasingly employed in elevating the whole body of the community to its own standards. So true it is that the taste and habits of society reflect the character of its *literati*. A low degree of attainment in these, and a deficiency of perception of the great ends of instruction, or of power for careful induction, are reproduced with fecund aggravation in the blind followers of the blind;—whereas society is carried forward with sure and unremitted progress, by the impulses which originate in pure, meditative, gifted minds.

It will serve to impress us with a more distinct perception of the inestimable importance of a literary class, to consider for a moment its utility in some of its more obvious relations. It is this class alone which can furnish unweariable agents in the great concern of education, religious and secular—for it is the only one in which they can be found at all fitted for the high employment. It is to this class communities are indebted for those discoveries and improvements, and for those manifold exhibitions of thought and taste, which impart strength no less than refinement to society. Men of profound learning, who "prefer before all other temples the upright heart and pure," stay the vengeful retributions which heedless ignorance is busy in provoking, and render their country "conspicuous at a distance." Other distinctions are soon forgotten—the wealth which made the owner the object of ignorant or dissembling adulation, is, when broken up and distributed, of greater worth than when hoaded with parsimonious care—power, place, rank, in themselves confer no title to grateful remembrance, and society is often a gainer by their loss:—but distinctions founded on intellectual power worthily applied, survive the oblivion of all other cotemporary diversities, and future ages, even more than their own, honor the glorious names. The crusty Lord Treasurer of Queen Elizabeth, as he is called by Lord Campbell, in his lives of the Chancellors, who derisively pronounced the Fairie Queen an *old song*, is thought of, if remembered at all, without respect; whilst the poem and the poet live and will live in unfading memory.

Our own history furnishes a beautiful illustration of the influence which superior men may exert upon a whole people. There was nothing in the history of the past to encourage a hope, that the body of citizens could be trusted to construct a new system of civil polity, founded on a philosophical postulate. In truth, the authors of our institutions, for the earnest faithfulness of their labors, were unmatched by any antecedent body of reformers. The voluntary submission of the people to be instructed by their Madisons and Hamiltons, was a noble instance of popular homage to the majesty of profound and virtuous minds. The novel spectacle was exhibited of a whole nation in anxious deliberation,—the passions and prejudices which would disturb the national judgment, rebuked and chained down by the exertion of moral and intellectual influence.

It would be interesting, but my limits will not permit it, to cite examples of communities awakened to a new sense of their duties and their rights by the exertions of thoughtful and original minds. Many such examples there are. Instances in which it had been the privilege of an individual, to impart a new and renovating impulse to his age.

Truth, whether it concerns the moral interests of society, or as it exists in the line of the exact sciences, is a prize, not to numbers, but to individual might. And, as it is discoverable only by an earnest, indomitable spirit, so when discovered, the same agency is sufficient to compel the consent of the world.

There is one, however, to whom I cannot refrain from briefly alluding. One, of whom we are mournfully reminded on this anniversary occasion, to which his presence for so many years imparted a peculiar interest and attraction. A learned and accomplished scholar, who beautifully illustrated in his own person the dignity and weight of the literary character. One whose life was eminently useful, and who has left an impression of himself, which will survive to future times;—in many able essays, and in the minds of those whose privilege it was to receive the benefits of his profound instruction. The high rank which he held in the long list of illustrious men, reared by our venerable College to adorn and serve the State, was his by a true and undisputed title. He would have won distinction on any theatre, by the force of his character and extent and depth of his knowledge; but his ambition was to be useful, rather than conspicuous; and in the faithful performance of the arduous duties of a Professor, bestowed upon his country his learning and his energies. Short as was his life, and unexpectedly as it closed, President Dew deserved the wide-spread lamentation uttered at his untimely death, for there was removed a dignified and profound scholar; an accomplished and able Professor; an enterprising and spotless citizen.

A free commonwealth above all others should be distinguished by a sound, enlightened public opinion. An opinion founded upon definite perceptions, fixed in the national faith. It may exist without any higher degree of intellectual culture than is within the reach of the whole community, and which it is the duty of the State to supply the means of attaining. It is but another name for the faithful and honest manner in which the mass of society is accustomed to inquire and to decide. To state it in another form, it is the moral habit of society, as exhibited by a reverence for what is true and immutable; that which leads a people to approve whatever is safe and beneficent; and to condemn what is meretricious and a snare to popular vanity.

The importance of such a public opinion cannot be mistaken. It cannot be otherwise than in the highest degree important that a free people should be considerate and conscientious. In countries where the protection of the State, and the nurture of its multiplied interests, rest upon distinct and independent orders, it may not be absolutely essential that the citizens generally should be virtuous and intelligent. The State may be prosperous and stable though the great body of the people are ignorant and grovelling. But it is quite otherwise with a people who acknowledge no restraints but such as are voluntary and self-imposed. As the government is exclusively in their hands, it is the exact counterpart of themselves; and the country exhibits the fruits of a wise administration, or of an imbecile and corrupt one, according to the degree of the common intelligence, and as just and sound opinions prevail. In *conservanda civium libertate esse privatun neminem.*

Now, the agency of literary men, in creating a sound public opinion, is inestimably important. It is not easy to understand how it can exist without them. It is for them to seize on the public attention and infuse their own spirit into the common mind. To spread abroad a luminous atmosphere, benign to the growth of grace and virtue, and malignant only to what is disparaging and false. Let it not be said that this is, however beautiful in theory, visionary and impracticable. There is no limit to the power of gifted minds over the deep springs of the human soul. No restrictions on the mission of an earnest reformer in the elevation to which he may carry the race. Strange that it should be supposed that the power of mind over mind is less supreme than over the forms of the material creation.

What would have been the condition of the world, at any former era, but for the light which beamed from a few heroic spirits. What is the progress of society in any age, but the triumph of individual mind, fashioning it to his own convictions. A Bacon and a Milton, a Newton and a Shakspeare, have shown as well that there is no limit to the power of intellect to fashion and to mould, as that there is none to the progress of discovery. The epochs of the world mark but the accession of a new impulse, from the ascension of a master mind. All great reforms have had their beginning in the earnest efforts of an intrepid leader. Why then should it be doubted, that a reformation more pervading and elevated than the world has yet witnessed, is within the power of mind to effect—a mind fired by a holy zeal to awaken the race to a true conception of its moral and spiritual relations; and fitted for the high achievement, as alone man can be, by heaven-born illumination.

It cannot be questioned that the current opinions of an age, the sentiments that prevail, the taste which distinguishes it, are mainly determined by its literary class. It is the influence of this class which determines the direction of the common mind; nor that alone, but the force and strength of the current. This is a class which finds a market ever ready to admire the fashion of its fabrics. It is influential to purify or to demoralize; to beget a taste and faculty for what is true, permanent, sound, or for what is frivolous, effeminate, gross.

Nothing is more important than a spirit of popular

caution and distrust. A habit of trying whatsoever concerns the state by fixed and immutable standards. Yet all know that the opposite of this wise spirit of caution and distrust may be engendered among us, whatever may be thought of our exemption from it now or heretofore. And that in place of the manly and dignified bearing, before which demagogues would be abashed, there may spring up an indolent and criminal credulity which any charlatan may abuse. A state of the public mind, in such fatal contrast with its original dignity and force, as that the little which will remain of its former self, may be the melancholy retention of a vocabulary after its meaning has been abandoned or perverted. Who that honors the American character, honorable it truly is for its giant energies and massive weight,—Who that honors our glorious institutions, and would transmit them in all their excellence to future times,—Who that honors our heroic age, and venerates the memory of its illustrious founders, does not yearn to warn his countrymen against parasites and demagogues. An American citizen should respect himself too much to mistake the adulation which would flatter his vices for regard; and be too proud to be betrayed by his vanity.

Literary men, as before intimated, are especially important in a free republic. They are important for the reasons that education is important;—not that they supply its place, but for the controlling influence they exert in determining its character and extent. A low state of education and a vicious public taste, or the reverse, will prevail, according as the literary class is more or less distinguished by sound learning and elevation of character—as it consists of idle theorists and pedants, or of original and profound thinkers—as it is frivolous and effeminate, or strenuous and manly,—as it is satisfied to be conspicuous, regardless of purity and force, or as it is animated by a proud conception of its dignity, prizing alone the admiration won by its merits.

It is a lamentable error to suppose that inferior men are equal to the cares of a free State. The consequences of such a delusion are more mischievous than the evils of mal-administration—great as such evils are or may be. The tone of the public mind is let down, and wisdom stripped of its honor, by the idea that it is not indispensable in the concerns of government. Mediocrity will content the ambitious, when nothing beyond is deemed necessary for office.

Then the cheapening of office, by lowering its standards, multiplies the number of aspirants, to the disparagement of private stations. The old Chancellor who directed his son to note the little wisdom with which the world was governed, uttered it not in commendation, but in scorn. A free citizen ought to be superior to the weakness of permitting the places of government to usurp in his regard, the consideration due only to the ends for which they were instituted. That is to be blinded and ensnared by his own creations. And equally should he be above the weakness, alike offensive to self-respect and fatal to good government, of permitting incompetency to intrude its feebleness into stations where mediocrity is never safe, nor the highest wisdom always secure from error.

A free State is always in danger, from party violence, of having its welfare mistaken or neglected, if it escape with its institutions and its honor. Political parties in themselves are not an evil; but then they are innocent only when the means they employ, and the ends at which they aim, are fair, just, consistent with those primary obligations which are beyond the power of combinations to release or annul. The danger from parties is their proneness to abuse, and the facility with which they degenerate into faction. They may and do originate in honest differences of opinion concerning questions which do and must arise; and it is alike natural and commendable in either to endeavor to impress its own on the common belief. This is all fair and characteristic of a manly and independent people. It is the reverse of this picture, which it is humiliating to contemplate. Parties intent upon dominion regardless of means, and that deem any sacrifice better than defeat. The safety of a people is in their moderation—the due appreciation of what is respectable, true, venerable—in their reverence for what is sacred, and their abhorrence of whatever is ignoble and discreditable. But party violence is engaged in extinguishing every sentiment and motive favorable to popular virtue. It is essentially false—false to the duties of patriotism—to all which concerns the true welfare and glory of the State—false to the elevation of the common mind—false even to confederates and dupes. Yet hateful as party violence is, it is the infection which ever threatens a free State.

But then it may be asked, what agency can literary men exert in moderating party violence; and how can they preserve in the public mind those sentiments and principles of which all acknowledge the dignity and worth. It may be objected that literary men are not inaccessible to party bitterness and strife; and that they, not less than humble names, may be destitute of genuine, unaffected concern for the public good.

True, learning is not always accompanied by generous sentiments and good principles. Gifted men are not unfrequently bad men, who abuse their influence to the detriment of others as well as to their own disgrace. But such cases are rare, and in the higher walks of literature more unfrequent than lower down, where pedants escape detection, and prove only that learning may be foiled of its appropriate fruit, in *nourishing and confirming the inner light*. Sound learning is affluent of generous sentiment as it is of vigorous thought; and those

who have scaled its lofty summits are generally not less estimable for their virtues than distinguished by their attainments. They are not faultless we know; but infirm and liable to err as they are, how do their opposites compare with them, with reference to the value of their services and influence! If learned men be unsafe, what are pretenders and sciolists!

Then consider the influence of literary men on the literature of a country. Without literature, it will be conceded, a State is destitute of an essential element of true greatness. It might be said, of every element, for the Society has never existed which was refined, moral, or respected, that was destitute of a literature, at once elevated and diffused. Nay, the progress of a nation in developing its natural advantages, and rendering them available, may be inferred from the state of its literature. A State without it, whatever be its political organization, is but a

> "Nation of slaves with tyranny debased,
> Their Maker's image more than half effaced."

The treasures of knowledge, the powers of art, the triumphs of science, are as well the foundation as the *indicia* of social progress. They constitute, as has been well remarked, a permanent addition to the inheritance of mankind.

Be it, that men of varied and profound acquirements are not above the infirmities of our nature, and that at times they fall into lamentable errors, yet, when not lost to every sense of honest fame, there springs even from their ruins a redeeming virtue. Society may be disappointed of its hopes, by the abuse or neglect of noble powers:—yet it is something to have beheld them, though it were in confusion only—Something to awaken a kindred spirit, happy in its superiority to the infirmities of an unfortunate brother. Milton and Burke were of like passions with ourselves, which at times burnt fiercely; but who would mar his grateful sense of their immortal labors by hunting out their foibles from the oblivion to which their virtues have consigned them. Let me not be misunderstood. I am making no apology for the follies or the vices of the wise; but answering only the suggestion of sloth and feebleness, in a vain attempt to blunt the consciousness of painful imbecility. The demand upon which we insist is for a high order of intellectual attainment ever ambitious of higher advances; a demand audible in the earnest vigils of an unsophisticated public yearning for more and more intelligence; and it would not be more unreasonable to omit to plant and sow, through fear of an untimely frost, than to neglect the moral requisition, because eminent endowments are sometimes perverted and abused.

Aye, the demand is for a literary class, stinted neither in numbers, nor in rank—breathing the pure spirit of its order, and kindling into ardor from large companionship. Without it, however blest in other respects, society is occupied with matters which are narrow, ephemeral, paltry, to the neglect of those which are permanent and ennobling. In a word, without such a class, there can be no pure, sound, national literature. But with it, we shall have a literature so far national, as it ought to be affected by what is peculiar and a credit to our country, teeming with the affluence of foreign and indigenous treasure—National, we may hope, in this, that it will awake the citizen to a vivid sense of the inseparable connection of his country's destiny with the observance of moral and religious duty; and reflect, as with the distinctness of a mirror, the unchangeable truth, that, as civil liberty has its origin in the mind, so by the mind must it be defended and preserved.

---

## MR. RIVES' ADDRESS.

While I concur in the general opinion of the design and intention of Mr. Rives' speech before the Alumni of the University of Virginia, and also of its general merits, yet there are some serious errors in it, to which I think attention ought to be called—errors which must seriously impair the value of the discourse with all persons who think for themselves, and are not carried away by authority and elegant declamation.

In the first place, in the unlimited laudation of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. R. has rather perverted the use of history than drawn from it the stern lesson of truth, for the instruction of his hearers and readers. The time-honored maxim "Fiat justitia" is well known. I only want to do justice—and if possible to do, even though but a little, to prevent the weight of Mr. R's name and eloquence from doing injustice. I do not speak at all in reference to Mr. Jefferson's politics, but entirely to his moral and intellectual character; and to his well known principles and opinions on the subject of religion; and the influence these principles had upon his happiness, as also upon his reputation.

I do not deny Mr. Jefferson very great abilities—nor generous amiability of disposition—nor patriotism. But still I think his own writings will bear me out in the assertion, that by the principles and opinions which he adopted on one most important subject he made utter shipwreck of his happiness, and moreover prepared the virus which will utterly destroy his reputation and influence. And instead of his latter days being filled with "august recollections," there is abundant evidence that they were very much clouded by gloomy apprehensions, and by mortifications which caused him great and almost continual pain—a pain which he says him-

self he sometimes tried to assuage by pouring it into the ears of his friends. And his history affords a striking and impressive example to the moralist, of the perfect and absolute certainty with which error punishes its disciples and votaries. If the christian religion ever had an enemy that it might fear, it was Mr. Jefferson. More popular than Hume and more temperate and skilful than Voltaire, in this country at least he has done more to injure religion than any person who ever lived in it.

Now, while casting such unmeasured odium on the French philosophers, why does Mr. R. make such an honorable and distinguished exception of Mr. Jefferson? If any one thing may be asserted more positively than another about Mr. J., it is his unmixed love for, and his admiration of France and especially of French philosophy. No follower of Voltaire or of the Encyclopedists ever embraced more fully than he did their opinions of the untruth of the christian religion—the perfectibility of human nature, and the equality and infinite advancement of human society. Like them he attributed almost all the evils of society to religion, its ministers and abuses, which he always classes together. The christian religion he habitually calls "our superstition," and the christian ministry "its hierophants." In his writings he uniformly represents the preachers of the christian religion as the most artful, designing, unprincipled and dangerous class of men in the community. All I contend for is, that these erroneous opinions wrought in him all the evil and misery they produced in the French philosophers. Many of the French philosophers, especially D'Alembert, were amiable men, and and in point of character, both moral and intellectual, could bear a very favorable comparison with Mr. Jefferson; and the influence they exerted on the world is the best evidence of their learning and abilities. Why then hold them up as warnings to posterity, and in the same breath give their warmest friend and co-laborer such a different character? I do not see the justice of this, and when Mr. R. undertook the dignified office of consulting the records of History and reporting its *dicta* to his confiding audience, he should not have suffered personal feeling, or national pride to blind his perceptions, and make him suppress some of its teachings.

But again; not only has Mr. R. been thus inconsiderately partial to Mr. Jefferson, but he has also been unjust to Strafford. By what law or canon of character can Strafford be classed with Buckingham? Buckingham, famous for nothing but his wit and profligacy,—and his wit is altogether of a frivolous and licentious character; and Strafford, one of the wisest, sternest, most courageous men that England—prolific in all that is great—has ever produced. Here is the character of Buckingham as drawn by Dryden, and acknowledged by all to be as just as it is severe:—

> "Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,
> Was every thing by starts and nothing long;
> But in the course of one revolving moon
> Was chemist, fiddler, statesman and buffoon;
> Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;
> Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
> * * * *
> Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
> He had his jest and they had his estate.
> * * * *
> Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,
> He left not faction, but of that was left."

Now remember the character of Strafford. We may differ from him in opinions of government and policy. We may in very many things condemn his course. We may admit that in his government he was often arbitrary, and that on one well known occasion, while Deputy of Ireland, he was cruel and even sanguinary. But still for all these it is impossible not to respect his character and admire his courage and eloquence. So much indeed did his enemies fear him, that until they got him out of the way, they hardly hoped for success in their revolutionary schemes. Nor did Charles I. feel his throne sensibly shake under him until he had weakly and wickedly betrayed this his best and ablest friend. Nor is there one single thing connected with the Rebellion, which has done so much to injure the reputation of the Parliamentary leaders as the manner in which they destroyed Strafford. And it is hard to find—in any language—a finer specimen of manly and dignified eloquence than his defence of himself—a defence conducted too under every possible disadvantage. And after having defended himself in a way and with a spirit and wisdom that astonished his powful enemies—and that excites admiration in every reader—he then met his death not like a Philosopher, (for Philosophers have never been famous for courage on such occasions,) but like a Christian—and when he died, friend and foe acknowledged that there was severed the best head that sat upon any pair of English shoulders. And if it be unjust to class Strafford with Buckingham, it is still more so to nickname him a Sejanus.

There are some other instances in which Mr. R. has been unjust in his decision, and unlucky in his examples. But I skip over those to come toward the conclusion of his Discourse—where with some indignation toward those who differ from him, and a charge against them of being libellous and blasphemous, and with a high tone of moral and virtuous feeling himself, he asserts as complete a fallacy as can well be found in any respectable author. In the beginning of one of his latter paragraphs, he says, "But can it be that in the moral government of the world by infinite goodness and justice, blood and slaughter, impiety

and crime are ever the NECESSARY means of improvement and reform." Mr. R. well knows the different definitions given to the word "necessity," as it is used in a popular, or philosophic sense. Now, in which sense does he here use it? If he means to use it in its strict and philosophic sense, and ask if infinite goodness and justice have no other resources than blood and slaughter by which to accomplish their object—he merely announces a truism. But why limit the attributes of Deity to goodness and justice? or again, why substitute the word improvement for revolution—and thus by one dash of the pen change the question he was discussing? But to leave these and come directly to his proposition. Is not violence necessary to every reform? And can there be any reformation, or, which is the same thing, any radical improvement which affects a whole nation without revolution? And do not blood and slaughter, impiety and crime invariably accompany every revolution? Can any one point to any revolution or reformation, in ancient or modern times, recorded in sacred or profane history, which has been unattended by blood and slaughter? And that which has uniformly and invariably happened on all such occasions every where, and in every nation for six thousand years, I am disposed to think is very nearly if not quite necessary. An effect so certain cannot happen without an adequate cause. Whether the word "necessity" is the exact word descriptive of that cause I do not undertake to say. But this I say, that Mr. R. cannot proscribe it as vehemently and in as unqualified terms as he has done, without running into some of the errors of the French Philosophers themselves—nor without casting reflection—certainly inconsistent with his present office of moral teacher—on the wisdom and power, if not also on the goodness and justice of the Deity, in permitting these evils and miseries always and every where to afflict nations on such occasions.

J. T. C.

*Halifax, Va.*

---

## Notices of New Works.

We find upon our table a number of new works, at once valuable and interesting, and published in the most elegant manner. But being disabled, by indisposition, from writing much, and being unwilling to delay the appearance of the Messenger any longer, we must avail ourselves of the critiques of others, so far as we can conscientiously do so, from an examination of the works which we have received.

MODERN PAINTERS. *By a graduate of Oxford. Wiley & Putnam. New York.* 1847.

This very handsome volume is devoted to an original and philosophical examination of the principles of Art, especially as applied to Landscape painting, of which the author deems Turner the great modern master. The author pushes some of his views rather to extremes; but his work merits the following commendation, from the "North ish Review."

"This is a very extraordinary and a very delightful b full of truth and goodness, of power and beauty. I nius may be considered, (and it is as serviceable a de tion as is current,) that power by which one man prod for the use or the pleasure of his fellow-men, somethi once new and true, then have we here its unmistak and inestimable handiwork. Let our readers take our for it, and read these volumes thoroughly, giving themse up to the guidance of this most original thinker, and attractive writer, and they will find not only that they richer in true knowledge, and quickened in pure and h enly affections, but they will open their eyes upon a world—walk under an ampler heaven, and breathe a ner air."

We received the work, we think, through *Nash & W house.*

---

*The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in Rel to Health and Morals.* By George Moore, M. D., au of "Use of the Body in Relation to the Mind." Ha & Brothers.

"We are very glad to see a good American reprint of admirable work. It is just the book to set men right i gard to many mental phenomena on which their minds been running wild, under the teachings of Phrenol Mesmerism, and other like vagaries. The author is a of profound science, but an humble believer in revelation as he admits that some things are to be received by f he attempts no explanation of what our limited faculti not allow us to comprehend. With this limitation makes clear to every comprehension most of the psy logical phenomena usually regarded as mysterious, i plainest and most satisfactory way. The apparent abst title of the book may lead some, perhaps, to think it a metaphysical treatise, not to be understood by common ers, but this is not the fact—it contains very little that not be understood by any reader, and it is as amusing is instructive, abounding in curious facts, illustrativ the author's views and doctrines. This work is intima connected with another by the same author on the "U the Body in Relation to the Mind," a reprint of which recently issued from the same press. Taken together, form the most perfect treatise on these subjects in our guage, and should be read by every one who cares to k anything of the imperishable part of his own nature. volume now before us forms the XXVth. of Harper's selected and beautifully printed New Miscellany of P lar Sterling Literature."—*Lit. World.*

Call on *Drinker & Morris.*

---

*The Good Genius that turned everything into Gold; o Queen Bee of the Magic Dress: A Christmas Fairy* By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harper & thers. 1847.

"In a recent number we alluded to a new and beau series of juvenile books commenced by Harper & Broth under the title of "The Fireside Library." They hav the appearance of the first class of London works i same department—being printed with large, clear type, bound in illuminated covers, and with gilt edges. Ano number has appeared since our notice. It is an inte tive story, fitted to win and impress the imaginatio childhood, and at the same time afford a useful moral les As guides to taste as well as conduct, these elegant volumes are worthy of the attention of parents and te ers. They are such a decided improvement upon sim books, that we cannot do otherwise than praise thei pearance, and commend them to general favor."—*Lit.*

[*For other Notices see 3rd page of Cover.*]

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

REMINISCENCES OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE AND ROBERT SOUTHEY. *By Joseph Cottle. Wiley & Putnam. New York.*

These are the reminiscences of a man "nearer eighty than seventy" of two of the most distinguished and gifted of the literary men of modern times. As a publisher of enterprise and liberality, Mr. Cottle's acquaintance with them was very intimate, and his correspondence extensive and familiar. Southey amongst others urged him to write his reminiscences of Coleridge, for there were matters which only he could tell. He separates well Coleridge's intellectual and his moral character, and prevents the reader from being misled by misdirected admiration.

The lives of Southey and Coleridge though strongly contrasted are yet intimately blended, and Mr. Cottle has but rendered his reminiscences more acceptable by uniting the two. He was the early, the constant friend of Southey, whose gratitude and esteem he enjoyed to the last. Call on *Nash & Woodhouse.*

---

*Men, and Women, and Books. A Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his Uncollected Prose Writings.* By Leigh Hunt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1847.

"The observable incident in social life in England at this moment, besides the advent of Jenny Lind, is a series of amateur dramatic performances undertaken for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. There is something at once appropriate and grateful in this spontaneous tribute, and we are pleased to see that so many men of note and genius are cordially enlisted in its realization. The contemporaries of Hunt—those whose friendship and sympathy brightened his opening career—have, with a few exceptions, passed away. Shelley and Byron, Keats and Lamb—so widely diverse in the quality of their gifts, and yet so undeniably and richly gifted—are no more; while Hunt—the mercurial, humorous companion, the kindly invalid, the lover of Ariosto, and the graceful commentator upon life and literature,—has continued to struggle on, thus far bating no jot of heart or courage, amid numerous vicissitudes, and frequent physical suffering. The volumes before us are very characteristic specimens of his labors. We have already quoted so largely from them, that our readers are fully apprized of their tone and subjects. Desultory, colloquial, and spirited, they are precisely that kind of reading which puts a man in good humor with the world and himself. It is an axiom of the author that we are born to enjoy far more than to know: accordingly, he infers that books should be cheerful, suggestive, and kindly, rather than dogmatic and metaphysical. We know of no modern English essayist whose writings are so companionable. With a highly sensitive organization, he combines an apprehensive rather than a comprehensive mind. The scenes of nature, and the sights, sounds, and sensations of metropolitan life are to such a man full of meaning. He endeavors to translate this for the benefit of less impressible and observant people, and he succeeds in so doing. His "Indicator" and "Seer" form a delightful continuation of that genial class of writers whose old-fashioned but candid speculations are enshrined in Tattlers, Guardians, and Spectators. It is difficult to estimate the amount of good such literary toil effects. The press has become more influential than the pulpit—a newspaper and magazine more orracular than a sermon. There are a set of very admirable lay preachers in the world, who talk and write to many a heart which resists more formal approaches; and of these, Leigh Hunt is one of the most popular. There is more reason in pensioning such a writer than in granting the same distinction to a poet who only strikes his lyre at long intervals and on abstract themes. "Men, Women, and Books" is a charming *mélange* of description, criticism, and narrative. It contains a little of everything daintily served, and will doubtless find acceptance with the large class of readers who rejoice in "philosophy made easy."—*Lit. World.*

Call on *Drinker & Morris.*

---

*Louis the XIV., and the Court of France in the 17th Century. By Miss Pardoe, author of "The City of the Sultan," &c.*

From a perusal of the second part of this work,—the only one we have had an opportunity as yet of examining,—we are disappointed in our expectations. The subject is highly interesting,—in some respects too fascinating to the tastes of human nature. With vast grandeur and splendor, the reign of Louis Quatorze blended too much of vice and shame; and sowed the seeds of evils, reaped in full whirlwind harvest by his successors and his people. But Miss Pardoe does not seem to have invested these themes with any new attraction, either by her style, or by graphic power in her delineations. In the number before us, she coins very uselessly the words "*alimented,*" and "disparition;" and uses this incorrect phrase: "even the old Marshal de la Force did not act in a manner *consistent with his antecedents.*" The Marshal's antecedents were not the conduct he had displayed before, (as is the author's meaning,) but what had preceded him, whether of his own or others.

The work is embellished with numerous engravings, portraits, &c.; the typography is a credit even to Harper & Brothers. *Drinker & Morris* have it.

---

*The Pictorial History of England,* No. 27, is out, in the same high style of art with the above; and for sale by *Drinker & Morris*; who have also *The last Nos. of the Harpers' Library of Select Novels;* by James, Miss Ferrier, and other popular authors.

---

*Memoirs of Madame Guion and Fenelon. By Thomas C. Upham, Prof. of Moral and Mental Philosophy, Bowdoin College.* 2 vols. 1847.

These volumes contain an account of the lives and religious experience of their distinguished subjects; and will prove generally interesting, and instructive and valuable to persons of a peculiar cast of religious temperament. Madam Guion's life was one of great moral trial, through which she passed triumphant by the power of religion; and she exerted great influence upon the religious character of the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray. Under the impression that their lives illustrate many points in Mental Philosophy, Professor Upham has ventured to philosophise [illegible]earily and perhaps too far.

*Drinker & Morris* have these volumes; also admirably "gotten up" by *Harper & Brothers.*

---

*Lea & Blanchard* have just issued the Xth volume of *Agnes Strickland's Queens of England;* containing the conclusion of the memoir of *Mary Beatrice of Modena, Queen Consort of James II. of Great Britain. &c.,* and also part of that of *Mary II., Queen Regnant of Great Britain and Ireland.* Call on *Nash & Woodhouse.*

*L. & B.* have also issued a book of "*Endless Amusement,*" which initiates the lovers of entertainment into the various arts and modes of manufacturing that agreeable article, for persons of all classes. See what it is:

"A Collection of nearly 400 entertaining experiments in various branches of science; including acoustics, arithmetic, chemistry, electricity, hydraulics, hydrostatics, magnetism, mechanics, optics; wonders of the air-pump; all the popular tricks and changes of the cards, &c., &c., to which is added, a complete system of pyrotechny; or the art of making fire works. The whole so clearly explained as to be within the reach of the most limited capacity. With illustrations. From the seventh London edition."

P252.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

B. B. MINOR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. OCTOBER, 1847. NO. X.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1847.

## INTRODUCTION TO THE

## HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

In the meantime, however, at the age of eighteen he had married a Miss Shelton, the daughter of a poor but honest farmer in the neighborhood. Young Henry now by the joint assistance of his father and his father-in-law, furnished with a small farm and one or two slaves, undertook to support himself by agriculture. Yet although he tilled the ground with his own hands, whether owing to his negligent and unsystematic habits, or to the sterility of the soil, after an experiment of two years he failed in this enterprise as utterly as in the former. Selling his scanty property at a sacrifice for cash, he turned again to merchandize. Still displaying the same incorrigible indifference to business, he now resumed his violin, his flute, his books, his curious inspection of human nature, and occasionally shut up his store to indulge in his favorite sports. He now studied geography and became a proficient in it; he examined the charters and history of the colony and pored over the translated annals of Greece and Rome. Livy became his favorite, and in his early life he read it at least once in every year. * His second mercantile experiment turned out more unfortunate than the first and left him a bankrupt. Yet these disappointments, aggravated by an early marriage, did not visibly depress his spirit. In the winter of 1760, Thomas Jefferson then in his seventeenth year, on his way to the college of William and Mary, spent the Christmas holydays at the seat of Col. Dandridge in Hanover. Patrick Henry, Jr., now 24 years of age, being a near neighbor, young Jefferson now met with him for the first time and observed that his manners had something of coarseness in them; his passion was music, dancing and pleasantry. In the last he excelled and it attached every body to him. He displayed no uncommon calibre of intellect or extent of information; but his misfortunes were not to be traced in his countenance or in his conduct. Self-possessed repose is the characteristic of native power. Consciousness of superior genius and a reliance upon a benignant Providence, buoyed him up in the fluctuations of an adverse fortune. Young Henry embraced the study of the law and after a short course of reading, was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1760. For three years he remained in obscurity. In the "Parsons' Cause" he first emerged from the horizon and thenceforth became star of the ascendant.

* I incline to suspect that his alleged aversion to books in after life has been exaggerated and that he somewhat affected it in compliance with the vulgar prejudice against book-learning.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### 1763—1774.

Disputes between the Colonies and the Mother Country; The Stamp Act; Virginia opposes it; Henry's Resolutions; His Eloquence; Congress meets at New York; Stamp Act repealed; Speaker Robinson; Fauquier succeeded by Blair; Baptists in Virginia; Act to levy duties in America resisted; Botetourt Governor; Affairs during his Administration; Succeeded by President Nelson; Great Fresh in 1771; Dunmore Governor; Resistance to duty on Tea; Proceedings in Virginia; Congress meets at Philadelphia; Dunmore's Indian War; The Battle of Point Pleasant; Logan.

The successful termination of the war of 1755 paved the way for American independence. Hitherto from the first settlement of the colonies, Great Britain without seeking a direct revenue from them, had been satisfied with a monopoly of their trade. And now when they had grown more capable of resisting impositions, the mother country rose in her demands. * Thus [1764,] disputes commenced between Great Britain and the colonies, and lasting about twelve years, ended in a disruption of the empire. This result, inevitable in the natural course of events, was precipitated by the impolitic and arbitrary measures of the British government. In the general loyalty of the colonies, new commercial restrictions, although involving a heavy indirect taxation, would have been submitted to. But the novel scheme of direct taxation—without their consent—was reprobated as contrary to their natural and chartered rights and a flame of discontent finally overspread the whole country. The recent war had inspired the provincial troops with more confidence in themselves and had rendered the British regulars less formidable in their eyes. The success of the allied arms had put an end to the dependency of the colonies upon the mother country for protection against the French. In several of the provinces, Germans, Dutch, Swedes and Frenchmen were found commingled with the Anglican population. Great Britain by long wars ably conducted, had acquired glory and an extension of empire; but in the meantime she had contracted an enormous debt. The British officers entertained with a liberal hospitality in America, carried back to England exaggerated reports of the wealth of the colonies. The colonial governors and the British ministry had often been thwarted and annoyed by the republican and independent and sometimes turbulent spirit of the colonies, and longed to see it curbed. In fine, the British administration was in the hands of a corrupt and grasping oligarchy, and the minister determined to lessen the burdens at home by levying a direct tax from the colonies. The loyalty of the Americans had never been warmer than at the close of the war. They had expended their treasure and their blood freely and the recollection of mutual sufferings and a common glory strengthened their attachment to the mother country. These loyal sentiments were destined to wither soon. The colonies too had involved themselves in a heavy debt. Within three years, from 1756 to 1759, parliament had granted them a large amount of money to encourage their efforts; yet exclusive of that amount and of the extraordinary supplies appropriated by the colonial assemblies, a very heavy debt still remained unliquidated. When, therefore, parliament, in a few years after, undertook to extort money by a direct tax, from provinces to which she had lately granted incomparably larger sums, it was conceived that the object of the minister was not simply to raise the inconsiderable amount of the tax, but to establish a new and absolute system of "taxation without representation." It was easy to foresee that it might and would be made the instrument of unlimited extortions and would extinguish the practical legislative independence of America.

After war had raged for nearly eight years, a general peace was concluded, by which France ceded Canada, and Spain the Floridas to Great Britain. These conquests and the culminating power and the arrogant pretensions of that proud island, excited the jealousy and the fears of Europe. In England a corrupt and arbitrary administration had engendered a formidable opposition at home. [1763.] The national debt had accumulated to an enormous amount; for which an annual interest of twenty-two millions of dollars was paid. The minister proposed to

* Ramsay's Hist. of the U. S.

levy from the colonies part of this sum; alleging that, as the recent war had been waged partly on their account, it was but fair that they should contribute a share of the expense. And a right was claimed, according to the letter of the British Constitution, for parliament to tax every portion of the empire. The absolute right of legislating for the colonies had long, if not always, been claimed theoretically by England; but she had never exerted it in practice, in the essential article of taxation. The inhabitants of the colonies admitted their obligation to share the expense of the war, but insisted that the necessary revenue could be legitimately levied only by their own legislatures; that taxation and representation were inseparable, and that distant colonies not represented in parliament were entitled to tax themselves. The justice of parliament would prove a feeble barrier against the demands of avarice. As in England the privilege of granting money was the palladium of the people's liberty against the encroachments of the crown; so the same right was the safeguard of the colonies against the tyranny of the imperial government. [March, 1764.] Parliament passed resolutions declaratory of an intention to impose a stamp-duty in America and avowing the right and the expediency of taxing the colonies. This was the fountain-head of the revolution. These resolutions gave great dissatisfaction in America; but were popular in England. The prospect of lightening their own burdens at the expense of the colonists, dazzled the English gentry. The resolutions met with no actual opposition in the colonies. [March, 1765.] Grenville, the English minister, introduced in the house the American Stamp-Act, declaring null and void instruments of writing in daily use in the colonies, unless executed on stamped paper or parchment, charged with a duty imposed by parliament. The bill, warmly debated in the house of commons, met with no opposition in the house of lords, and, [March 22,] received the royal sanction. The night after it passed, Dr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Charles Thomson: * "The sun of liberty is set;—you must light up the candles of industry and economy." Mr. Thomson answered, "I was apprehensive that other lights would be the consequence." At first it was taken for granted in England and in America, that the stamp-act would be enforced. It was not to take effect till November, more than seven months after its passage. Virginia led the way in opposition. [29th of May, 1765,] Patrick Henry brought before the house of burgesses, a series of resolutions declaring that, "the general assembly of this colony, together with his majesty or his substitutes, have in their representative capacity, the only exclusive right and power to lay taxes and imposts upon the inhabitants of this colony." Mr. Henry was a young and new member; but finding the men of weight in the house averse to opposition, and the stamp-act about to take effect and no person likely to step forth—alone, unadvised and unassisted he wrote these resolutions on a blank leaf of an old law-book. † The last resolution was carried only by a single vote. The debate on it, in the language of Jefferson, was "most bloody." Peyton Randolph, the king's Attorney General, Richard Bland, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe and all the old leaders of the house were in opposition. Mr. Henry was, however, ably sustained by Mr. George Johnston, burgess of the county of Fairfax. Many threats were uttered in the course of this stormy debate and much abuse heaped on Mr. Henry. Thomas Jefferson, then a student at Williamsburg, standing at the door of the house, overheard the debate. After the Speaker Robinson had declared the result of the vote, Peyton Randolph left the chamber and as he entered the lobby near young Jefferson, exclaimed, "By God, I would have given 500 guineas for a single vote!" Henry bore himself on this occasion like Washington in the battle of the Monongahela. Yet scarce a vestige survives of this display of eloquence. Tradition has preserved one incident. While thundering against the stamp-act he exclaimed, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III—('Treason,' cried the Speaker; 'treason, treason,' resounded from every part of the house. Henry rising to a loftier attitude, with an unfaltering voice and unwavering eye, finished the sentence,)—may profit by

* Afterwards Secretary to Congress.

† A "Coke upon Littleton."

the example; if this be treason, make the most of it." Mr. Henry was now the leading man in Virginia. His resolutions gave the impulse to the other colonies and the revolutionary spirit spread like a prairie-fire over the whole country.

At the instance of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, a congress met on the second Tuesday of October, 1765, at New York. Twenty-eight members were in attendance. The assemblies of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia were prevented by their governors from sending deputies. This congress made a declaration denying the right of parliament to tax the colonies, and concurred in petitions to the king and the house of commons and a memorial to the house of lords. Virginia and the other two colonies not represented, forwarded petitions accordant with those adopted by the Congress. Opposition to the stamp-act now blazed forth in every quarter. It was disregarded and defied. The colonists betook themselves to domestic manufactures and foreign luxuries were laid aside. In the meanwhile a change had taken place in the British ministry. The stamp-act was taken up in parliament. Dr. Franklin was examined at the bar of the house of commons. Lord Camden in the house of peers and Mr. Pitt in the commons favored a repeal of the act. After taking measures "for securing the dependence of America on Great Britain," parliament repealed the stamp-act, [March, 1766.]

[May, 1765.] A motion had been brought forward in the Virginia assembly for the establishment of a loan-office. The object was to lend the public money to individuals on landed security. The project was strenuously opposed by Patrick Henry and it failed. It was urged in its favor, that from the unhappy circumstances of the colony, men of fortune had contracted debts, which if exacted suddenly, must ruin them; but with a little indulgence might be liquidated. "What, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Henry, "is it proposed then to reclaim the spend-thrift from his dissipation and extravagance by filling his pockets with money?" At the session of 1766, Mr. John Robinson, who for many years had held the joint offices of Speaker and Treasurer, being now dead, an enormous defalcation was discovered in his accounts. A motion to separate the two offices, supported by Mr. Henry, proved successful. Peyton Randolph was made Speaker and Robert C. Nicholas, Treasurer. The deficit of the late treasurer exceeded one hundred thousand pounds. Mr. Robinson, amiable, liberal and wealthy, had been long at the head of the Virginia aristocracy. He had lent large sums of the public money to friends involved in debt, particularly to members of the assembly, confiding for its replacement upon his own ample property and the securities taken on the loans. At length apprehensive of a discovery of the deficit, he with his friends in the assembly, devised the scheme of the loan-office. The entire amount of the defalcation was however eventually recovered from the estate of Robinson. *

In 1766 was published, at Williamsburg, "An Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies," † from the pen of Richard Bland. In discussing the question, "whether the Colonies are represented in the British Parliament?" he traces the English Constitution to its Saxon origin, when every freeholder was a member of the Wittenagemote or Parliament. When the custom of representation was introduced, each freeholder had a right to vote at the election of members of parliament. This appears from the Statutes, 1st Hen. 5, and 8th Hen. 6, limiting the elective franchise, depriving many of the right of voting for members of parliament—that is, depriving them of the right of representation in parliament. How could they have been thus deprived, if, as was contended, all the people of England were still virtually represented? Bland acknowledged that a very large portion of the people of Great Britain were not entitled to represen-

* "He resided at Mount Pleasant on the Matapony in King & Queen county—the house there having been built for him, it is said, by the father of Lucy Moore of Chelsea in King William, one of his wives. A portrait of her when quite young is preserved at Chelsea in the room in which she was married. His portrait is preserved by his descendants. He lies buried in the garden at Mount Pleasant, without a tombstone.

† I am indebted to Dr. Thomas P. Atkinson, of Danville, for the use of a copy of this rare and masterly production. The Title page is as follows. "An Inquiry into the Rights of the British Colonies, Intended as an Answer to The Regulations lately made concerning the Colonies and the Taxes imposed upon them considered. In a letter addressed to the Author of that Pamphlet, by Richard Bland of Virginia. Dedit omnibus Deus pro virili portione sapientiam ut et inaudita investigare possent et audita perpendere. Lactantius. Williamsburg. Printed by Alexander Purdie & Co. MDCCLXVI."

tation in parliament and were nevertheless bound to obey the laws of the realm, "but then the obligation of these Laws, does not arise from their being virtually represented in parliament." The American colonies, excepting the few planted in the 18th century, were founded by private adventurers, who established themselves without any expense to the nation, in this uncultivated and almost uninhabited country, so that they stand on a different foot from the Roman or any ancient colonies. Men have a natural right to quit their own country and retire to another and set up there an independent government for themselves. But if they have this so absolute a right, they must have the lesser right to remove by compact with their sovereign to a new country and to form a civil establishment upon the terms of the compact. The first Virginia charter was granted to Raleigh, by queen Elizabeth, in 1584. By this charter, the new country was granted to him, his heirs and assigns, in perpetual sovereignty, as fully as the crown could grant, with full power of legislation and the establishment of a civil government. The country was to be united to the realm of England in perfect league and amity, was to be within the allegiance of the crown and to be held by homage and the payment of one fifth of all gold and silver ore. In the 31st year of Elizabeth's reign, Sir Walter Raleigh assigned the plantation to a company, who afterwards associating other adventurers with them procured new charters from James I., in whom Raleigh's rights became vested upon his attainder. The charter of James was of the same character with that of Elizabeth, with an express clause of exemption forever from all taxation or impost upon their imports or exports. Under this charter and the auspices of the company, the colony of Virginia was settled, after struggling through immense difficulties, and without receiving the least assistance from the British government. In 1621 a civil government was established, consisting of a governor, council and House of Burgesses elected by the freeholders. [1624.] James I. dissolved the company and assumed the control of the colony, which upon his demise devolved upon Charles I., who, [1625,] by proclamation, asserted his royal claim of authority over it. To quiet the dissatisfaction of the colonists, [1634,] the Privy Council communicated the king's assurance, that "all their Estates and Trade, Freedom and Privileges should be enjoyed by them in as extensive a manner as they enjoyed them before the recalling of the company's patent." And Charles I., [1644,] under the royal signet, assured the Virginians that they should always be immediately dependent upon the crown. After the king's death Virginia displayed her loyalty by resisting the parliamentary forces sent out to reduce the colony and by exacting the most honorable terms of surrender. Here the author of the "Inquiry" falls into the common error, that Charles II. was proclaimed in Virginia some time before he was restored to the throne in England.

Thus, proceeds this pamphlet, Virginia was as to her internal affairs, a distinct independent State, but united with the parent State by the closest league and amity and under the same allegiance. If the crown had indeed no prerogative to form such a compact with a colony, then the royal engagements in the Charter, wherein "the Freedom and other benefits of the *British* Constitution" were secured to them, could not be made good. And a people who are liable to taxation without representation, cannot be held to enjoy "the Freedom and benefits of the British Constitution." Even in the arbitrary reign of Charles II., when it was thought necessary to establish a permanent revenue for the support of the government in Virginia, the king did not apply to the English parliament, but to the General Assembly of Virginia, and sent over an act under the great seal, by which it was enacted "By the king's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent of the General Assembly," &c. After the Restoration indeed the colonies lost the freedom of trade that they had before enjoyed. The Navigation Act, of 25th Charles II., not only circumscribed the trade of the colonies with foreign nations within very narrow limits, but imposed duties on goods manufactured in the colonies and exported from one to another. The right to impose these duties was disputed by Virginia, and her Agents, [April, 1676,] procured a declaration from Charles II. under his privy seal, that "Taxes ought not to be laid upon the Inhabitants and Proprietors of the

Colony, but by the common consent of the General Assembly, except such Impositions as the parliament should lay on the commodities imported into *England* from the colony." But if no protest had been made against the monopolizing injustice of the Navigation Act, that forbearance could in no way justify an additional act of injustice. If the people of the Colonies had in patience endured the oppressions of the English commercial restrictions, could that endurance afford any ground for new oppressions in the shape of direct taxes? If the people of England and of the colonies stood, as was contended, on the same foot, being both equally and alike subjects of the British Government, why was the trade of the colonies subject to restrictions not imposed on the mother country? If parliament had a right to lay taxes of every kind on the colonies, the commerce of the colonies ought to be as free as that of England, "otherwise it will be loading them with Burthens at the same time that they are deprived of strength to sustain them; it will be forcing them to make Bricks without Straw." When colonies are deprived of their natural rights, resistance is at once justifiable; but when deprived of their civil rights, when great oppressions are imposed upon them, their remedy is, "to lay their complaints at the Foot of the Throne and to suffer patiently rather than disturb the publick Peace, which nothing but a Denial of Justice can excuse them in breaking." But a colony "treated with Injury and Violence, is become an Alien. They were not sent out to be slaves, but to be the equals of those that remain behind."

It was a great error in the supporters of the British Ministry, to count upon the sectional jealousies and clashing interests of the colonies. Their real interests were the same, and they would not allow minor differences to divide them, when the closest union was become necessary to maintain in a constitutional way their dearest rights. How was England to prevent this union? Was it by quartering armed soldiers in their families? by depriving the colonists of legal trials in the courts of common law? or by harassing them by tax-gatherers and prerogative judges and inquisitorial courts? A petty people united in the cause of Liberty is capable of glorious actions—such as adorn the annals of Switzerland and Holland. The revenue accruing to England from the trade of the colonies far exceeded the expense of their protection.

Francis Fauquier, Lieutenant Governor, died, [1767,] at the age of 65 years, ten of which he had passed in Virginia. He was generous and elegant, an accomplished scholar and a man of great abilities. He was, however, excessively addicted to gaming and by his example extended a disastrous rage for play in the colony. His death devolved the duties of government upon John Blair, president of the council.

[1714.] Some English emigrant Baptists settled in the South East part of Virginia. Another party from Maryland settled, [1743,] in the North West. But the most important accession came from New England, about the period of "the New Light Stir." Those who had left the established church were called Separates; the rest, Regulars. Their preachers, not unfrequently illiterate men, were characterised by an impassioned manner, vehement gesticulation, and a singular tone of voice. The hearers often gave way to tears, trembling, screams and acclamations. The number of converts increased rapidly in some counties. The preachers were frequently imprisoned and whipped by magistrates and mobs. Persecution, however, only stimulated their zeal and redoubled their influence. The incarcerated preachers addressed crowds congregated before the windows of the jails. [1768.] John Blair, deputy governor, wrote the following letter, addressed to the king's attorney in the county of Spotsylvania:

"Sir,

I lately received a letter signed by a good number of worthy gentlemen, who are not here, complaining of the Baptists; the particulars of their misbehavior are not told, any further than their running into private houses and making dissensions. Mr. Craig and Mr. Benjamin Waller are now with me and deny the charge; they tell me they are willing to take the oaths, as others have: I told them I had consulted the attorney general, who is of opinion that the general court only have a right to grant licenses and therefore I referred them to the court; but on their application to the attorney general, they brought me his letter advising me to write to

you that their petition was a matter of right and that you may not molest these conscientious people, so long as they behave themselves in a manner becoming pious christians and in obedience to the laws, till the court when they intend to apply for license and when the gentlemen who complain may make their objections and be heard. The act of toleration, (it being found by experience, that persecuting dissenters increases their numbers) has given them a right to apply in a proper manner, for licensed houses for the worship of God, according to their consciences and I persuade myself the gentlemen will quietly overlook their meetings till the court. I am told they administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper near the manner we do and differ in nothing from our church, but in that of baptism and their renewing the ancient discipline, by which they have reformed some sinners and brought them to be truly penitent; nay if a man of theirs is idle and neglects to labour and provide for his family as he ought, he incurs their censures, which have had good effects. If this be their behavior, it were to be wished we had some of it among us; but at least I hope all may remain quiet till the court." This letter was dated at Williamsburg, July 16th, 1768.

While many of the Baptist preachers were men of exemplary character, yet by the facility of admission into their pulpits, impostors not unfrequently brought scandal upon the name of religion. Schisms too repeatedly interrupted the harmony of the Baptist associations. Nevertheless, by the striking earnestness and the pious example of many of them, the Baptists gained ground rapidly in Virginia. In their efforts to avail themselves of the toleration act, they found Patrick Henry ready to step forward in their behalf and he remained through life their unwavering friend. They yet cherish his memory with fond gratitude. The growth of dissent in Virginia was accelerated by the extremely defective character of the established clergy of that day. The Baptists having suffered much persecution under the establishment were of all others the most inimical to it and afterwards the most active in its subversion.*

* Semple's Hist. of Va. Baptists, pp. 1, 16, 24. Hawks, p. 120.

The news of the repeal of the Stamp Act was joyfully welcomed in America. It had averted the horrors of a civil war. But the joy of the colonists was premature; for simultaneously with the repeal, parliament had declared that "it had and of right ought to have power to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever." [1767.] Charles Townshend, afterwards Chancellor of the Exchequer, brought into parliament a bill to levy duties in the colonies on glass, paper, painters' colors and tea. The bill became a law. The duties were external and did not exceed in amount twenty thousand dollars; but the colonies suspected the mildness of the measure to be only a lure to inveigle them into the net. The new act was to take effect on the 20th of Novewber, 1767. Resistance smothered for a time by the repeal of the stamp-act now burst forth afresh. Associations were everywhere organized to defeat the odious duties; altercations between the people and the king's officers grew frequent; the passions of the conflicting parties were exasperated. Two British regiments and some armed vessels arrived at Boston.

In Virginia the assembly encountering no opposition from the mild and patriotic Blair, remonstrated loudly against the new oppressions. Opposition to the arbitrary measures of Britain broke forth in that kingdom and in London the fury of civil discord shook the pillars of the government. Meanwhile Lord Botetourt, * just emerging from a corrupt and abortive intrigue, arrived in Virginia Governor-in-chief. [May 11th, 1769,] the assembly was convened. The new govern or rode upon that occasion to the capitol in a state coach, (a present from George III,) drawn by six milk-white horses and the insignia of Vice-royalty were pompously displayed. The pageant intended to dazzle served only to offend. In February parliament had advised his majesty to take energetic measures against the colonies and he had heartily concurred in those views. Upon receiving intelligence of this the burgesses of Virginia again passed resolutions vindicating the rights of the colonies. An address was also prepared to be laid before the king. Botetourt took alarm and on the following day, the 18th of May, having convo-

* Norborne Berkley Baron of Botetourt.

ked the assembly in the council chamber, addressed them as follows: "Mr. Speaker and gentlemen of the house of burgesses, I have heard of your resolves and augur ill of their effects. You have made it my duty to dissolve you and you are dissolved accordingly." An unpleasant communication could not have been more gracefully worded. The burgesses immediately repaired in a body to a private house and unanimously adopted a non-importation agreement, draughted by George Mason and presented by George Washington. [9th of May, 1769.] The king in his speech to parliament re-echoed their determination to enforce the laws in every part of his dominions. May 13th of the same month, the earl of Hillsborough, Secretary of State for the colonies, wrote to Botetourt, assuring him that it was not the intention of his majesty's ministers to propose any further taxes upon America and that they intended to propose a repeal of the duties on glass, paper and paints, upon the ground that those duties had been imposed contrary to the true principles of commerce. Botetourt convening the assembly, communicated these assurances, adding: "it is my firm opinion that the plan I have stated to you will certainly take place and that it will never be departed from and so determined am I to abide by it, that I will be content to be declared infamous, if I do not to the last hour of my life, at all times, in all places and upon all occasions, exert every power with which I am or ever shall be legally invested in order to obtain and maintain for the continent of America, that satisfaction which I have been authorized to promise this day by the confidential servant of our gracious sovereign, who to my certain knowledge rates his honor so high, that he would rather part with his crown than preserve it by deceit." The house answered this address in warm terms of loyal gratitude and confidence. The estimable Botetourt died, [15th of October, 1770,] in his 53rd year and after an administration of two years. Promoted to the peerage, [1764,] he had succeeded Amherst as Governor-in-chief, [1768,] and was the first since Lord Culpepper who condescended to come to the colony. On his arrival he designed to reduce the Virginians to submission, either by persuasion or by force; but when he became better acquainted with the people, he changed his views and urgently entreated the ministry to repeal the offensive taxes. Such a promise was held out to him; but finding himself deceived by a perfidious ministry, he demanded his recall and died shortly after of a bilious fever exacerbated by chagrin and disappointment. He was a patron of learning and the arts, giving out of his own purse silver and gold medals as prizes to the students of William and Mary College. The assembly erected a statue in his honor which is still standing.* His death was deeply lamented by the colony. The administration devolved upon William Nelson, president of the Council. The assembly met [18th of July, 1771.] A project was now agitated by some of the Virginia clergy to introduce an American episcopate. The movement was headed by Rev. John Camm. But the assembly having expressed its disapprobation of the measure and being urged but by few and resisted by some of the clergy, it fell to the ground. The scheme had been entertained for more than a hundred years before and it was at one time proposed to make Dr. Swift bishop of Virginia, with power to ordain priests and deacons for all the colonies and to parcel them out into deaneries, parishes, chapels, &c., and to recommend and present thereto.† [May, 1771,] a great fresh occurred in Virginia. The James river in three days rose twenty feet higher than ever known before. The low grounds were everywhere inundated, standing crops destroyed, corn, fences, chattels, merchandise, cattle and houses carried off and ships forced from their moorings. Many of the inhabitants, master and slave, in endeavoring to save property, or to escape from danger, were drowned. Houses were seen drifting down the current, and people clinging to them uttering fruitless cries for succor. Fertile fields were covered with a thick deposite of sand. Islands were torn to pieces, bars accumulated, the channel diverted and the face of Nature altered.‡

* In front of the College of William and Mary.

† Swift writing to Wm. Hunter in 1708-9 says: "So that all my hopes now terminate in my bishoprick of Virginia." See Swift's works, vol. 12, p. 110.

‡ Scot's (Edinburgh) Mag. for July 1771, and Va. Gazette for May 1771. At Turkey Island, (which however is not an island.) on the James River,—the original seat of the Virginia Randolphs, there is a monument bearing the following inscription: "The foundations of this pillar

The number of inhabitants drowned was estimated at not less than 150. Lord Dunmore * [1772] was transferred from the government of New York to that of Virginia. [1770.] All the duties on articles imported into America, had been repealed, save that on tea. The American merchants refused to import that herb from England. Consequently a large stock of it was accumulated in the warehouses of the East India Company. The government now authorized the company to ship it to America free from any export duty. The light import duty payable in America, being far less than that from which it was exempt in England, it was taken for granted that the tea would sell more readily in the colony than before it had been made a source of revenue. The tea-ships arrived in America; measures were taken to prevent the landing of the cargoes. At Boston the tea was thrown overboard into the sea. Not a single chest was sold in America for the benefit of the East India Company. Not long after, the port of Boston was shut, by act of Parliament, and a series of vigorous measures was enforced in order to reduce the colony of Massachusetts Bay to submission. [March, 1773.] The Virginia assembly originated the system of committees of correspondence between the legislatures of colonies. This scheme was suggested by Richard Henry Lee. † The committee appointed for Virginia were Peyton Randolph, Robert C. Nicholas, Richard Bland, Richard Henry Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary and Thomas Jefferson. Mr. Carr though young was an advocate second in eloquence only to Patrick Henry, and promised to become no less distinguished as a statesman, but died shortly after, greatly regretted. [May, 1774.] The assembly upon receiving intelligence of the occlusion of the port of Boston, set apart the 1st of June as a fast day. On the next day Dunmore dissolved the house. The eighty-nine burgesses repaired immediately to the Raleigh tavern and in the room called "the Apollo," * adopted resolutions against the use of tea and other East India commodities and recommending the convening of another congress. Further news being received from Boston some days after, twenty-five burgesses, among whom was Washington, remained in Williamsburg,—held a meeting [May 29th] and issued a circular recommending a meeting of deputies in a convention to be held at Williamsburg, [August 1st.] The convention met accordingly. A new and more thorough non-importation association was subscribed. Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison and Edmund Pendleton, were appointed delegates to Congress. The session lasted only six days.

[September 4th, 1774.] The old continental congress met at Carpenter's Hall in Philadelphia. Peyton Randolph, of Virginia, was chosen president. Patrick Henry was the first to break the silence of the assembly. His speech satisfied all, that he was the greatest orator, not only in Virginia, but in America. He was "Shakspeare and Garrick combined." He was followed by Richard Henry Lee, in whom genius, learning, virtue and patriotism were happily united. Although he had applied for the office of collector of the Stamp Duty, yet he became one of the earliest and most active opponents of it, and the county of Westmoreland, where his influence was felt, claims the honor of having

was laid in the calamitous year 1771, when all the great rivers of this Country were swept by inundations, never before experienced, which changed the face of Nature and left traces of their violence that will remain for ages."

* John Murray, Earl of Dunmore.

† Wirt attributes the suggestion to Dabney Carr; others to Mr. Jefferson. Lee appears, however, to have first conceived the plan in Virginia, and Samuel Adams as early in Massachusetts.

* The Raleigh is upwards of 100 years old. There is a bust of Sir Walter Raleigh in front of the house. One of its apartments, "the Apollo," was the ball-room of the metropolis. It appears from the records of York county, that [August 2nd, 1708,] the Feoffees of Williamsburg sold lot No. 54, on which the Raleigh tavern was afterwards erected, to Richard Bland, for 15 shillings. [1712.] This lot was owned by John Sarjanton, who sold it to Daniel Blewit for £25. [1715.] Thomas Jones appears to have been proprietor of it. [1742.] John Blair sold lot on North side of Duke of Gloucester street, for "Subscription Ordinary," to John Dixon, David Meade, Patrick Barclay, Alexander McKenzie and James Murray, for £250. [1749.] McKenzie & Co., sold the "Raleigh Tavern" to John Chiswell and George Gilmer for £700. [1763.] John Robinson & Co., executors of George Gilmer, sold the same to William Trebell. [1767.] Trebell sold the Raleigh tavern and 20 acres of land to Anthony Hay. [1771.] John Greenhow & Co., executors of Hay, for £2,000, sold the tavern and 20 and a half acres of land to James Southall.

led the way in organized opposition.* As Patrick Henry was reckoned the Demosthenes of America, so Richard Henry Lee was acknowledged to be the Cicero. It was soon discovered, however, that while Henry towered supereminent in oratory,—yet in composition and in the routine of actual business, he was surpassed by many. The congress adjourned in October. Mr. Henry, on his return home, being asked "who was the greatest man in congress?" replied, "if you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest *orator;* but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest *man* on that floor." Dickinson of Pennsylvania composed the petition to the king and the address to the inhabitants of Quebec; Jay, of New York, the address to the people of Great Britain, and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the memorial to the inhabitants of the British colonies.

It had long been a custom in Virginia to form independent companies for military discipline. Several of these now solicited Col. Washington to take command of them. He consented. In the apprehension of war all eyes involuntarily turned to him as the first military character in the colony.

[April, 1774.] Some hostilities occurred between the Indians and the whites, on the frontier of Virginia. On which side these outrages commenced, was a matter of dispute. The whites, however, were probably the aggressors. An Indian war being apprehended, Governor Dunmore appointed General Andrew Lewis, of Botetourt county, to the command of the Southern division of the forces, volunteer and militia, raised for the occasion in Botetourt, Augusta and the adjoining counties, East of the Blue Ridge; while his lordship in person took command of those levied in the Northern counties, Frederick, Dunmore, (now Shenandoah,) and the adjacent counties. According to the plan of the campaign, Lewis was to march to Point Pleasant, (where the great Kanawha empties into the Ohio,) there to be joined by the Governor. About the 1st of September, 1774, the troops placed under command of Gen'l Lewis, rendezvoused at Camp Union,* (now Lewisburg,) and they consisted of two regiments, commanded by Colonel William Fleming, of Botetourt, and Colonel Charles Lewis, of Augusta, and each containing about four hundred men. At Camp Union they were joined by an independent volunteer company, under Col. John Field, of Culpepper, a company from Bedford, under Col. Buford, and two companies from the Holstein Settlement, (now Washington county,) under Captains Evan Shelby and Harbert. These three latter companies were part of the forces to be led on by Col. Christian, who was to join the troops at Point Pleasant, as soon as his regiment should be completed. [September 11th.] General Lewis, with eleven hundred men commenced his march. The route lay through a wilderness. The division was piloted by Capt. Matthew Arbuckle. The flour, ammunition and camp equipage, were transported on pack-horses; bullocks were driven in the rear of the little army. After a march of nineteen days, during which they proceeded 160 miles, they reached Point Pleasant, [Sept. 30th,] the angle formed by the junction of the great Kanawha, ("the river of woods,") with the beautiful Ohio. The ground of the encampment is high and strong, and commands an extensive and picturesque prospect. Dunmore failing to join Lewis here, he sent out runners towards Fort Pitt, in quest of him. But before their return, an express from the governor reached Point Pleasant, [October 9th,] ordering Lewis to march for the Chilicothe towns and there join him. Preparations were immediately made for crossing the Ohio, but on the morning of the following day, Monday, [October 10th, 1774,] two soldiers, starting from the camp on a hunting excursion, proceeded up the bank of the Ohio. When they had gone about two miles, they came upon a large body of Indians just rising from their encampment and who firing killed one of them; the other escaping unhurt, running rapidly back to the camp, reported that "he had seen a body of the enemy covering four acres of ground as closely as they could stand by the side of each other." It was the famous chief, Cornstalk, at the head of an army of Delawares, Mingoes, Cayugas, Wyandots and

* See in Southern Lit. Messenger, vol. 8, p. 257, the Westmoreland Association, dated February 27, 1766, of which Richard Henry Lee is the first subscriber.

* Col. Stewart, in his account of the Indian Wars, calls it Fort Savannah.

Shawnees. But for the hunter's intelligence, they would have surprized the camp of the Provincials. General Lewis upon learning the enemy's approach, lit his pipe and immediately sent forward the main body of his army, a detachment of Augusta troops, under his brother, Col. Charles Lewis, and another of Botetourt troops, under Col. Fleming. The General with the reserve, remained for the defence of the camp. The advanced corps formed in two lines, moved forward about four hundred yards, when they met the enemy arrayed in the same order. The action commenced a little after sunrise, by a heavy firing from the Indians. The two armies extended at right angles to the Ohio, through the woods to Crooked Creek, which empties into the great Kanawha a little above its mouth. In a short time, Col. Charles Lewis being mortally wounded * and Col. Fleming severely, their troops gave way and retreated towards the camp until met by a reinforcement under Col. Field, when they rallied and maintained their ground. The engagement now became general and was sustained with obstinate valor on both sides. The Provincials being thus hemmed in between the two rivers, with the Indian line of battle in front, General Lewis employed the troops from the more Eastern parts of the colony and who were less experienced in Indian fighting, in throwing up a breastwork of the boughs and trunks of trees across the angle made by the Kanawha and the Ohio. About 12 o'clock, the Indian fire began to slacken and the enemy slowly and reluctantly gave way, being driven back less than two miles in six or seven hours. A desultory fire was still kept up from behind trees, and the whites as they pressed on the retreating foe, were repeatedly ambuscaded. At length General Lewis detached three companies, commanded by Capt. Isaac Shelby, George Matthews and John Stuart, with orders to move secretly along the banks of the Kanawha and Crooked Creek, so as to gain the rear of the enemy. This manœuvre being successfully executed, the savages at 4 o'clock, P. M. fled, and during the night recrossed the Ohio. The loss of the whites in this battle, has been variously estimated at from 40 to 75 killed, and 140 wounded, a large proportion of the whole number of the troops actually engaged, who did not exceed 550. One hundred of Lewis' men, including his best marksmen, were absent in the woods hunting and knew nothing of the battle until it was all over. Among the killed were Col. Charles Lewis, Col. Field, who had served in Braddock's war, Captains Buford, Morrow, Murray, Ward, Cundiff, Wilson and McClenachan; Lieuts. Allen, Goldsby and Dillon, and several other subalterns. * The loss of the savages was never ascertained. The bodies of 33 slain were found, but many had been thrown into the Ohio during the action.

The number of the Indian army was not known, but it comprised the flower of the northern confederated tribes, led on by Redhawk, a Delaware chief; Scoppathus, a Mingo; Chiyawee, a Wyandot; Logan, a Cayuga, and Ellinipsico and his father Cornstalk, Shawnees. Cornstalk displayed great skill and courage; when one of his warriors evinced a want of firmness in his action, he slew him with one blow of his tomahawk, and during the day his voice could be heard above the din of arms, exclaiming in his native tongue, "be strong, be strong."

After the battle, General Lewis having buried the dead of his own troops and made provision for the wounded, erected a small fort at Point Pleasant and leaving a garrison there, marched to overtake Lord Dunmore, who, with a thousand men, lay entrenched near the Shawnee towns on the banks of the Scioto. The Indians having sued to him for peace, his lordship having determined to make a treaty with them, sent orders to Lewis to halt, (or according to others,) to return to

* This gallant and estimable officer, when struck by the fatal ball, fell at the foot of a tree, when he was against his own wish carried to his tent by Capt. Morrow and a private and died in a few hours. His loss was deeply lamented.

* Among the officers in the battle of Point Pleasant were several who afterwards became distinguished:—General Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky and afterwards Secretary of War; General William Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain and Col. John Campbell, who distinguished himself at Long Island; Gen. Evan Shelby, who became an eminent citizen of Tennessee; Col. William Fleming, a revolutionary patriot; Gen. Andrew Moore, United States Senator from Virginia; Col. John Stewart of Greenbrier; General Tate of Washington County, Virginia; Col. William McKee of Kentucky; Col. John Steele, Governor of the Mississippi Territory; Col. Charles Cameron, of Bath; General Bazaleel Wells, of Ohio; and General George Matthews, who distinguished himself at Brandywine, Germantown, and Guilford, and was a Governor of Georgia and an United States Senator from that State.

Point Pleasant. Lewis, however, suspecting the governor's good faith, and finding himself threatened by a superior force of Indians who hovered in his rear, disregarding Dunmore's order, advanced to within three miles of the Governor's camp. His lordship, accompanied by the Indian chief, White-Eyes, now visited the camp of Lewis and he (according to some relations) with difficulty restrained his men from killing the Governor and his Indian companion. General Lewis now, to his great chagrin, received orders to return home with his division. This order was reluctantly obeyed. General Andrew Lewis resided on the Roanoke, in the county of Botetourt. He was one of six sons of John Lewis, the early pioneer of Augusta county. In Braddock's war, he was in a company, in which were all his brothers, the eldest, Samuel Lewis, being the captain of it. This company displayed great courage at Braddock's defeat. Major Andrew Lewis was made prisoner at Grant's defeat, where he exhibited extraordinary prudence and courage. He was twice wounded at the capture of Fort Necessity and was subsequently a meritorious officer during the revolutionary war. Gen. Lewis was upwards of six feet high, of uncommon strength and agility, and of a form of exact symmetry. His countenance was stern and invincible; his deportment reserved and distant. He was a commissioner with Dr. Thomas Walker on behalf of Virginia, at the Treaty of Fort Stanwix, in New York, [1768.] It was then that the governor of New York remarked of him, that "the earth seemed to tremble under him as he walked along." *

Dunmore remaining, concluded a treaty † with the Indians. Upon this occasion Cornstalk, in a long speech, charged the whites with having provoked the war. His tones of thunder resounded over a camp of twelve acres. Logan, the Cayuga chief, assented to the treaty, but still indignant at the murder of his family, refused to attend with the other chiefs at the camp. He sent his speech in a wampum-belt by an interpreter. "I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed and said, 'Logan, is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Col. Cresap the last Spring in cold blood and unprovoked murdered all the relations of Logan not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it; I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one." *

* Howe's Historical Collections of Virginia, pp. 361, 366, 204, 205. Dr. Campbell's Memoir in Appendix.

† According to Col. A. Lewis of Montgomery, there was no treaty effected till the following Spring.

* Logan's family had indeed been massacred by a party of whites in retaliation for some Indian murders, but the charge against Cresap appears to have been unfounded. Mr. Jefferson gave implicit credit to the authenticity of this speech. See Appendix to Notes on Virginia. Doddridge, in Kercheval, is of the same opinion. Jacob, in the same work, insinuates that the speech was a counterfeit and insists that if genuine, it was false in its statements, and that Cresap was as humane as brave and had no hand in the death of Logan's family, and adds that in the original speech Cresap was not named. The first sentence of the speech in part, closely resembles a Scriptural expression in St. Matthew, c. 25, v. 35-36. Logan was a half-breed. He died a sot.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### 1774—1776.

Suspicions entertained against Dunmore; Daniel Boone; Kentucky; Second Virginia Convention; Patrick Henry's Speech; Thomas Jefferson; Dunmore removes the Gunpowder from the Magazine; Disturbances at Williamsburg; Henry recovers compensation for the Powder; Mecklenburgh North Carolina Declaration of Independence. Further commotions at Williamsburg; Dunmore retires aboard the Fowey; Washington appointed Commander-in-Chief; Convention meets at Richmond; Dunmore's predatory war; Affair of the Great Bridge; Norfolk Burnt; Indignity offered Henry; He retires from the Army; Pendleton; Miscellaneous affairs; Dec-

laration of Independence; Wythe; Richard Henry Lee; Francis Lightfoot Lee.

Suspicions were not wanting that the frontier had been embroiled in this Indian war by the machinations of Dunmore, and that his ultimate object was to secure an alliance with the savages, to aid England in the expected contest with the colonies. These suspicions were strengthened by his equivocal conduct during the campaign. He was also suspected of fomenting the boundary altercations between Pennsylvania and Virginia on the North-Western frontier with the same sinister views. It is probable, however, that his lordship in this particular was prompted rather by motives of personal interest than of political manœuvre.* And the assembly upon his return to Williamsburg, gave him a vote of thanks for his good conduct of the war, a compliment however which it was afterwards doubted whether he had merited. To say the least, his motives in that campaign are involved in uncertainty. There is a curious coincidence between the administration of Dunmore and that of Sir William Berkeley, in relation to Indian war and in other particulars.

[May, 1769.] Daniel Boone resigning domestic happiness, left his family and peaceful home on the bank of the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, "to wander through the wilderness of America in quest of the country of Kentucky." In this exploration of the unknown regions of Western Virginia, he was accompanied by five companions. June 7th, reaching Red river, they beheld from an eminence an extensive prospect of "the beautiful level of Kentucky." Encamping they began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. Innumerable buffalo browsed on the leaves of the cane, or pastured on the herbage of the plains, or lingered on the borders of the salt "lick:" [December 22nd.] Boone and a comrade, John Stuart, rambling in the magnificence of forests yet unscarred by the axe, were surprised by a party of Indians and captured. Meeting this catastrophe with a resolute mien of indifference, they contrived to effect their escape in the night. Returning to their camp they found it plundered and deserted. The fate of its occupants could not be doubted. A brother of Boone, with another hardy adventurer, shortly after overtook the two forlorn survivors. Stuart not long afterwards was slain by the savages; the companion of Boone's brother, by wolves. The two brothers remained in a howling wilderness untrod by the white man, surrounded by perils and far from the reach of succor. With unshaken fortitude they continued to hunt, and erected a rude cabin to shelter them from the storms of winter. When threatened by the approach of savages, the brothers lay during the night concealed in swamps. [May 1st, 1770.] Says Boone, "my brother returned home for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me alone, without bread, salt or sugar, or even a horse or a dog." In one of his solitary excursions made at this time, after wandering during the whole day through scenes teeming with natural charms that dispelled every gloomy thought, "just at the close of day the gentle gales ceased; a profound calm ensued; not a breath shook the tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge and looking around with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains and beauteous tracts below. On one hand I surveyed the famous Ohio, rolling in silent dignity and marking the Western boundary of Kentucky, with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water and feasted on the loin of a buck, which I had killed a few hours before. The shades of night soon overspread the hemisphere and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. At a distance I frequently heard the hideous yells of savages. My excursion had fatigued my body and amused my mind. I laid me down to sleep and awoke not till the sun had chased away the night." "No populous city, with all its varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found in this country." [July 7th, 1770.] Boone, re-

* Dunmore's agent, Conolly, was "locating" large tracts of new lands on the borders of the Ohio. See Jacob's account in Kercheval's History of the Valley. Murray, a grandson of governor Dunmore and Queen's page, visited the United States some years ago, partly, it was said, for the purpose of making enquiry concerning some lands, the title of which was derived from his grandfather. Murray visited some of the old seats on the lower James, and makes mention of them in his pleasing and sensible "Travels in the United States."

joined by his brother, explored the country to the borders of the Cumberland river. [March, 1771.] Daniel Boone returned to his home on the Yadkin, sold his possessions there, and started with his own and five other families to return and settle in Kentucky, the "Bloody Ground." On the route he was re-inforced by a party of forty men. [October 10th.] In a skirmish with a party of Indians, six of Boone's men were slain—among them his eldest son. This happened in view of the Cumberland mountains—those huge piles, the aspect of whose cliffs "is so wild and horrid that it is impossible to behold them without horror." Until June 6th, 1774, Boone remained with his family on the borders of the Clinch river, when at the request of Governor Dunmore, he went to assist in convoying a party of surveyors to the falls of the Ohio. He was next employed by Dunmore in the command of three garrisons during the campaign against the Shawnees. [March, 1775.] At the solicitation of a number of gentlemen of North Carolina, Boone, at the treaty of Wataga, purchased from the Cherokees the lands on the South side of Kentucky river. After this he undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlement through the wilderness to Kentucky. During this work, he and his men were twice attacked by the Indians. Early in 1775, he erected a fort at Boonsborough, near the Kentucky river. In June, he returned to his family on the Clinch, and removed them to Boonsborough. His wife and daughter were supposed to be the first white women that ever stood upon the banks of the Kentucky river. Boonsborough was long an outpost of civilization.

The second Virginia Convention, met in the church of St. John's, in Richmond, on Monday, the 20th of March, 1775. The proceedings of Congress were approved. Patrick Henry introduced resolutions for putting the colony in a state of defence against the encroachments of Great Britain. Many of the members of the convention recoiled in horror from this startling proposition, and it was strenuously resisted even by some of the warmest patriots, as Bland, Harrison, Pendleton and Nicholas. They held such a step premature, till the result of the last petition to the king should be more fully known. Henry's resolutions were however carried. Washington voted for them. It was on this occasion that Henry made the celebrated speech, in which he exclaimed: "We must fight; I repeat it sir, we must fight!* An appeal to arms and the God of Hosts, is all that is left us." Measures were taken to promote the culture of wool, cotton, flax and hemp, and to encourage domestic manufactures and the members of the convention agreed to make use of home-made fabrics, and recommended the practice to the people. The former delegates to Congress, were re-elected, with the substitution, however, of Mr. Jefferson in lieu of Peyton Randolph, in case of his non-attendance. Mr. Randolph being speaker of the house of burgesses, did not attend that congress and Mr. Jefferson took his place.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, in the county of Albemarle, [April 2nd, 1743.] According to a family tradition, his paternal ancestors came from Wales. His grandfather lived at Osborne's, on the James river, in the county of Chesterfield. Peter (father of Thomas) settled at Shadwell, in the county of Albemarle. He was born February 29th, 1708, and intermarried, [1739,] with Jane Randolph of the age of 19, daughter of Isham Randolph, of Dungeoness, in Goochland county. The Randolphs, (says Mr. Jefferson,) "trace their pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which let every one ascribe the faith and merit he chooses." Peter Jefferson's early education had been much neglected, but being a man of strong parts, he read much and so improved himself, that he was chosen, with Joshua Fry, professor of mathematics in William and Mary College, to continue the boundary line (between Virginia and North Carolina) which had been begun by Colonel Byrd, and was afterwards employed with the same Mr. Fry, to make the first regular map of Virginia that was ever made, that of Captain Smith being only a conjectural sketch. Peter Jefferson was the third or fourth settler, about the year 1737, in Goochland county, since known as Albe-

* The expression, "*We must fight,*" was used four months previously, by Major Hawley of Massachusetts, in a letter to Mr. John Adams, which he shewed to Mr. Henry, while they were together in the first congress. 2. Sparks' Writings of Washington, p. 405, citing Tudor's Life of Otis, p. 256.

marle. * Dying [August 17th, 1757,] he left a widow (who survived till 1776) with six daughters and two sons, of which Thomas was the elder. He inherited the lands on which he was born and lived. He was placed at an English school when five years of age, and when nine at a Latin school, where he continued till his father's death. His teacher, Rev. Mr. Douglas, taught him the rudiments of Latin and Greek and the French. At his father's death, young Jefferson was put under the care of Rev. Mr. Maury, a good classical scholar, with whom he continued two years. In the spring of 1760 he went to William and Mary College, where he remained for two years. Dr. William Small, a native of Scotland, was then professor of mathematics, a man of engaging manners, large views and profound science. He shortly after filled for a time the chair of Ethicks, Rhetoric and Belles Lettres. He formed a strong attachment for young Jefferson and made him the daily companion of his leisure hours, and it was his conversation that first gave him a bent towards scientific pursuits. Small returned, [1762,] to Europe. Before his departure, he had procured for young Jefferson, from George Wythe, a reception as a student of law under his direction and had also introduced him to the familiar acquaintance of Governor Fauquier, who was esteemed by Mr. Jefferson, as the ablest man that had ever filled that office. At Fauquier's table, Jefferson habitually met Dr. Small and Mr. Wythe, and from the conversation of these eminent men, he derived a great deal of instruction. It was in 1765, as has been seen, while a law-student at Williamsburg, that he heard the debate on Patrick Henry's Resolutions.

[1767.] Jefferson entered into the practice of the law in the General Court and continued in it until the Revolution closed the courts of justice. [1769.] He became a member of the Assembly for the county of Albemarle and so continued active, ardent and patriotic until its meetings were suspended by the war. He made an unsuccessful effort in that body for the emancipation of the slaves in Virginia. [January 1st, 1772.] He married Martha, widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, a lawyer. She was then only 23 years of age, Her father dying, [May, 1773,] left three daughters. The portion that fell to Martha was about equal to Mr. Jefferson's patrimony. * [1773.] Mr. Jefferson contributed to the formation of Committees of Correspondence between the Colonial Legislatures. [1774.] He was elected member of the Convention, appointed to meet at Williamsburg on the 1st of August ensuing, for the purpose of considering the state of the Colony and to elect delegates to Congress. In the interval before the meeting of the Convention, he prepared a draught of instructions for the Virginia delegates in Congress, in which he took the bold ground that the British parliament had no right whatever to exercise any authority over the Colony of Virginia. These instructions being communicated through the President, Peyton Randolph, to the Convention, were generally read and approved by many, though held too bold for the present. But they printed them in a pamphlet under the title of "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." † This elaborate production displays a profound knowledge of the history and constitutional rights of the colony. It breathes a fiery spirit of defiance and revolution, and the splendor of elevated declamation in some of its passages is not inferior to Junius. If

* Albemarle was formed 1744, out of part of Goochland, which had been created [1727] from part of Henrico. Martin's Gazetteer of Va., pp. 112-179.

* Memoirs and Correspondence of Jefferson, vol. 1, pp. 1-3.

† To be found in Amer. Archives, (published by Congress,) 4th Series, 1st vol., p. 690. See also 1 Writings of Jefferson, pp. 100-116. The following excerpts are taken from it: "History has informed us, that bodies of men as well as individuals, are susceptible of the spirit of tyranny." "Scarcely have our minds been able to emerge from the astonishment into which one stroke of parliamentary thunder has involved us, before another more heavy and more alarming is fallen on us." "The great principles of right and wrong are legible to every reader; to pursue them requires not the aid of many counsellors. The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest; only aim to do your duty and mankind will give you credit where you fail. No longer persevere in sacrificing the rights of one part of the empire to the inordinate desires of another; but deal out to all equal and impartial right. Let no act be passed by any one legislature, which may infringe on the rights and liberties of another." "Accept of every commercial preference it is in our power to give, for such things as we can raise for their use, or they make for ours. But let them not think to exclude us from going to other markets, to dispose of those commodities, which they cannot use, or to supply those wants, which they cannot supply."

some of its statements are loose and some of its views erroneous, yet all is bold, acute, luminous and impressive. This pamphlet found its way to England, was taken up by the opposition, interpolated a little by Edmund Burke, so as to make it answer opposition purposes, and in that form it ran through several editions. Owing to his authorship of it, Lord Dunmore it is said threatened Mr. Jefferson with a prosecution for treason, and his name was enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the houses of parliament, but never consummated. Among the proscribed were Peyton Randolph, John Adams, Samuel Adams, John Hancock and Patrick Henry.

[1775.] The popular commotions increased. The heavings of the ocean betokened a gathering storm. The return of Dunmore from his Indian expedition was soon followed by violence. In compliance with orders received from England, the governor, [20th of April, 1775,] clandestinely, in the night, conveyed the powder from the magazine at Williamsburg, on board the Magdalen man-of-war. Anticipating the people's resentment, he armed his servants and some Shawnee hostages, for the protection of his person. Muskets lay on the palace floor, loaded and primed for the occasion. Peyton Randolph, Robert Carter Nicholas and others, with difficulty restrained the people from assaulting the palace. The common council of Williamsburg, in an address, requested a restoration of the powder. His lordship pretended that its removal was owing to intelligence of a servile insurrection in a neighboring county and gave an ambiguous promise to return the powder. Alarms repeatedly occurred and the patrol of the capital was strengthened. [April 22.] Dunmore sent a message to the city, that if any violence should be offered to Capt. Foy, his Secretary, or to Capt. Collins of the Magdalen, he would proclaim freedom to the slaves and lay the town in ashes. Yet neither Foy nor Collins had received any indignity from the inhabitants. Rumors of the removal of the gunpowder and the stripping the muskets in the magazine. of their locks, and the threats of the governor spread through the country. The excitement was aggravated by news of the engagements at Lexington and Concord. Independent companies now raised the colors of liberty in every county. [April 27th.] Seven hundred armed men were assembled at Fredericksburg. Troops were collected at the Bowling Green and others on their march from Frederick, Berkeley, Dunmore and other counties were arrested in their course by information that the affair of the gunpowder was about to be accommodated. The Committee of Safety for the county of Hanover recommended that reprisals should be made upon the king's property for the loss of the gunpowder. The volunteers of Hanover met at Newcastle and were harangued by Patrick Henry with such effect, that they resolved to recover the powder or make a reprisal for it. * Captain Samuel Meredith resigned in Mr. Henry's favor and he was invested with the command. Having received orders from the Hanover committee accordant with his own suggestions, Captain Henry marched towards Williamsburg. Ensign Parke Goodall with sixteen men was detached into King & Queen county to Laneville, (on the Matapony,) the seat of Richard Corbin, the king's deputy receiver-general, to demand from him three hundred and thirty pounds—the estimated value of the powder—and in case of refusal, to make him a prisoner. The detachment reached Laneville about midnight and a guard was stationed around the house. At daybreak, however, Mrs. Corbin assured Goodall that the king's money was never kept there, but at Williamsburg, and that Mr. Corbin was then in that city. The news of Henry's march spread rapidly; on all sides companies started up and were in motion to join his standard. The royalists were dismayed. Even the patriots at Williamsburg were alarmed, and Henry was strongly solicited to desist from entering Williamsburg. Dunmore had planted cannon at his palace and ordered up a detachment of marines from the Fowey man-of-war, and threatened to fire upon the town as soon as the first of the insurgents should enter it. Henry with one hundred and fifty men halted at Doncastle's tavern, sixteen miles from Williamsburg, and remaining inflexible in effecting his object, [4th of May, 1775,] he received from Corbin

* Burk, vol. 4, p. 13. This volume is a continuation of Burk, by Skelton Jones and Louis Hue Girardin, mainly by the latter. I shall now be frequently indebted to him.

full compensation for the powder and so the affair ended. *

Two days after Henry had received compensation for the powder, Dunmore issued a proclamation denouncing a "certain Patrick Henry, Jr., of Hanover, and a number of deluded followers," charging them with extorting £330 from the king's receiver-general and forbidding all persons to aid or abet "the said Patrick Henry, Jr.," or his confederates. The council at this time consisted of President Nelson, Commissary Camm, Ralph Wormley, Col. G. Corbin, G. Corbin, Jr., William Byrd and John Page. They all sided with the Governor except the youngest member, Page. The council had advised the governor to issue the proclamation against Henry, and now published an address in which they expressed their "detestation and abhorrence for that licentious and ungovernable spirit that had gone forth and misled the once happy people of this country." The council now shared the public odium with Dunmore. Henry now proceeded on his way to Congress at Philadelphia, escorted as far as Hooe's ferry on the Potomac, and he was overwhelmed with the thanks and applause of his countrymen. [May 20th, 1775.] A Declaration of Independence was made at Charlotte in the county of Mecklenburg in North Carolina. In the revolutionary excitements that then agitated the people of the colonies, the people of Mecklenburg frequently met at Charlotte, the county seat, to hear the news and to discuss the topics of the day. Colonel Thomas Polk, a surveyor, who had frequently been a member of the colonial assembly, a man of exemplary integrity and extensive popularity, was empowered, by general agreement among the people, to call a convention whenever he should deem it expedient. The representatives, it was agreed, were to be chosen by the people and the proceedings of the Convention were to be obligatory upon the inhabitants of Mecklenburg. Col. Polk accordingly issued his notice, [May 19th,] and on the following day between twenty and thirty representatives of the people met in the Court-house at Charlotte. A large concourse of people were present on the occasion. Abraham Alexander, a former member of the legislature of North Carolina, a magistrate and elder in the Presbyterian church, was chosen chairman, John McKnitt Alexander and Dr. Ephraim Brevard, clerks. Papers were read before the convention and the people and among them a handbill brought by express giving an account of the battle of Lexington in Massachusetts, which had taken place April 19th, just one month before. Rev. Hezekiah James Balch, Dr. Ephraim Brevard and William Kennon, Esq., addressed the convention and the people. The people cried out, "Let us be independent! Let us declare our independence and defend it with our lives and fortunes!" The three speakers were appointed to prepare resolutions. Some drawn up by Dr. Brevard, and read at a political meeting a few days before were submitted to the convention and referred to the committee for revision. Gen. Joseph Graham, then a youth, was present at this meeting. The convention adjourned at midnight. At noon of May 20th, 1775, that body re-assembled. The concourse of people in attendance was not diminished, and many wives and mothers were to be seen anxiously awaiting the event. A series of resolutions was now passed; proclamation was made and from the Court-house steps Col. Thomas Polk read them as follows:—

"Resolved, 1st, That whosoever directly or indirectly abetted, or in any way, form or manner, countenanced the unchartered and dangerous invasion of our rights, as claimed by Great Britain, is an enemy to this country, to America, and to the inherent and unalienable rights of man. Resolved, 2nd, That we the citizens of Mecklenburg county do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country and hereby absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British crown and abjure all political connection, contract or association with that nation who have wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties—inhumanly shed the blood of American patriots at Lexington. Resolved, 3d, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; are and of right ought to be a sovereign and self-governing association under the control of no power other than that of our God and the General Government of the

* Col. Carter Braxton was chiefly instrumental in persuading Henry to halt at Doncastle's, and in negotiating the settlement of the affair.

Congress:—to the maintenance of which independence, we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor. Resolved, 4th, That as we acknowledge the existence and control of no law, nor legal office, civil or military within this county, we do hereby ordain and adopt as a rule of life, all, each and every of our former laws; wherein nevertheless the crown of Great Britain never can be considered as holding rights, privileges, immunities or authority therein. Resolved, 5th, That it is further decreed that all, each and every officer in this county is hereby retained in his former command and authority, he acting conformably to these regulations. And that every member present of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer, viz: a Justice of the Peace in the character of a Committee-man to issue process, hear and determine all matters of controversy according to said adopted laws and to preserve peace, union and harmony in said county; and to use every exertion to spread the love of country and fire of freedom throughout America, until a general organized Government be established in this province." *

Much commotion had been excited, [May 4th,] by a threat of the Captain of the Fowey, that if the party of marines detached from his ship for the Governor's protection should be molested, he would fire the town. The excitement, however, blew over and upon the reception of Lord North's conciliatory proposition, commonly called "the Olive Branch," Dunmore, by the advice of the council, convened the house of burgesses, and in token of renewed harmony, the amiable Lady Dunmore and her family returned from the Fowey, where they had taken refuge during these disturbances, to the palace. The assembly met on Thursday, the 1st of June. The Governor, in his address, presented Lord North's proposition. The council's answer was satisfactory to Dunmore, but before the burgesses could reply, a new explosion occurred. Upon Henry's approach towards Williamsburg, some of the inhabitants, to the great offence of the graver citizens, had taken possession of some of the few guns remaining in the magazine. On the night of Monday, June 5th, a number of persons having assembled at the magazine to furnish themselves with arms, two or three upon entering the door were wounded by spring-guns, placed there by order of the governor. Several barrels of powder were also found buried in the magazine to be used, (it was suspected,) as a mine when occasion should offer. Early on the next morning, June 6th, Lord Dunmore with his family escaped from Williams-

* There are between the Mecklenburg Declaration and that draughted by Mr. Jefferson, several coincidences of phraseology, that seem quite sufficient to prove that Mr. Jefferson borrowed several expressions from that document. It is true, that after a long interval he made a disclaimer of all knowledge of the Mecklenburg Declaration. It is, however, easy enough to believe that he may have borrowed those phrases in that period of excitement and after the lapse of many years may have entirely forgotten the document to which he was indebted. The following expressions occurring in the Mecklenburg Declaration, are found likewise in the Declaration of Independence, adopted by Congress, July 4th, 1776 1. "Unalienable rights." The words in the Mecklenburg Declaration are, "inherent and unalienable rights." So too in Mr. Jefferson's own original draught, the words used are, "inherent and inalienable rights, the words "inherent and" having been stricken out by the Committee. Mr. Jefferson's MS. shows that he employed the word inalienable, but it is commonly printed "unalienable. 2. "Dissolved the political bonds that have connected." The only difference as to these words is, that Mr. Jefferson has it "bands," instead of "bonds." 3. "Free and independent." These words, hardly subjects of plagiarism, were apparently adopted by Mr. Jefferson and by the Committee, from the Resolution declaring the Colonies independent, offered by Richard Henry Lee, June 7th, 1776. Mr. Lee appears to have adopted the words from the Resolutions of instruction of the Convention of Virginia, passed May 15th, 1776. 4. The Mecklenburg Declaration says, "absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown." The Declaration of July 4th says, "are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown." This expression was borrowed by Mr. Lee in his Resolution of June 7th, and adopted from Mr. Lee's Resolution, by the Committee. Mr. Jefferson's own original draught has it, "renounce all allegiance to the kings of *Great Britain*," &c. 5. "Are and of right ought to be." These being customary words in parliamentary declaratory acts, are hardly subjects of plagiarism. They appear however to have been adopted from Mr. Lee's Resolution, by the Committee. 6. "Abjure all political connection." The Declaration of July 4th expresses it, "that all political connexion between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Mr. Jefferson's own original draught has it, "we utterly dissolve all political connexion." 7. "We solemnly pledge to each other, our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." The Declaration of July 4th employs the expression, "We mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor." See 1 Marshall's Washington, note 6. 1 Jefferson's Writings pp. 15 and 21, and fac simile of the MS. Declaration of Independence appended to vol. 4. Jones' Defence of North Carolina. Jone's Memorials of North Carolina. Foote's Sketches of North Carolina, pp. 37 and 38. Hening, vol. I. pp. 8-32-36. Sou. Lit. Mess., vol. 4, pp. 209-210-212-213. Martin's Hist. of North Carolina, vol. 2, pp. 372-376.

burg to return no more and took shelter on board the Fowey. A correspondence that now ensued between him and the assembly resulted in no agreement, and the house after declaring that there was reason to apprehend a dangerous attack upon the people of the colony and that preparations for resistance ought to be made and still expressing an anxious desire for harmony with the mother country, at length adjourned. The delegates were summoned at the same time to meet in convention at Richmond. [17th of June, 1775.] On the occasion of this adjournment, Richard Henry Lee, standing with two other burgesses in the portico of the capitol, wrote with his pencil on a pillar these lines:—

> "When shall we three meet again,
> In thunder, lightning and in rain?
> When the hurly-burly's done,
> When the battle's lost and won." *

[June 25th.] Shortly after Dunmore's flight, a party of twenty-four persons removed a quantity of arms from the palace to the magazine. † The governor had been requested to authorize the removal and had refused. Nightly watches were now established in Williamsburg, and measures were taken to protect the place against surprise. The neighboring counties contributed men for this purpose. June 29th, the Magdalen schooner sailed from York, with lady Dunmore and the rest of the governor's family, for England. The Magdalen was convoyed to the capes by the Fowey. This ship was soon after relieved by the Mercury, of 24 guns. The governor's domestics now abandoned the palace and removed to Porto-Bello, the governor's seat, about six miles from Williamsburg. Dunmore took up his station at Portsmouth.

[14th of June, 1775.] George Washington was unanimously elected by congress, commander-in-chief of the armies of the United Colonies. Impressed with a profound sense of the responsibility of the trust, he accepted it, declining all compensation for his services and avowing an intention to keep an account of his expenses, which he should rely on congress to discharge. He took command of the army, near Boston, July 3rd. *

On Monday, the 24th of July, 1775, the convention met at Richmond. Measures were taken for raising two regiments of regular troops for one year, and to enlist part of the militia as minute-men. A committee of safety was organized to take charge of the executive duties of the colony. The committee consisted of eleven gentlemen, Edmund Pendleton, George Mason, John Page, Richard Bland, Thomas Ludwell Lee, Paul Carrington, Dudley Digges, William Cabell, Carter Braxton, James Mercer and John Tabb. Patrick Henry was elected Colonel of the first regiment and commander of all the forces raised and to be raised for the defence of the colony. William Woodford, who had served meritoriously in the French and Indian war, was appointed to the command of the second regiment. Troops were rapidly recruited. [20th of September.] Col. Henry selected an encampment in the rear of the College of William & Mary.

[October 22nd, 1775.] Died suddenly of an apoplexy, at Philadelphia, Peyton Randolph, † aged 52 years. Descended from an

* Wirt's Life of Henry, p. 157.

† Bland Papers, vol. 1, p. xxiii, where the names of the party may be found; among them were Theodorick Bland, Jr., Richard Kidder Meade, Benjamin Harrison, Jr., of Berkley, and James Monroe. John Carter Littlepage was active among the patriots at Williamsburg.

* [June 26th, 1775] Mr. Jefferson was added to a committee of congress, appointed to draw up a declaration of the causes of taking up arms. He prepared a declaration, but it proving too strong for Mr. Dickinson, of Pennsylvania, he was indulged in preparing a far tamer statement, which was however accepted by Congress. "The disgust against its humility was general, and Mr. Dickinson's delight at its passage, was the only circumstance which reconciled them to it. The vote being passed, although further observation on it was out of order, he could not refrain from rising and expressing his satisfaction, and concluded by saying, 'there is but one word, Mr. President, in the paper, which I disapprove, and that is the word *Congress*.' On which Ben. Harrison rose and said, 'there is but one word in the paper, Mr. President, of which I approve, and that is the word *Congress*.'" 1. Writings of Jefferson, p. 9.

† The progenitor of the Randolphs of Virginia, was William of Yorkshire, England, who settled at Turkey Island, on the James river. He was a nephew of Thomas Randolph, the Poet. William married Mary Isham, of Bermuda Hundred. Several of their sons were men of distinction: William was a member of the Council and Treasurer of the Colony. Isham was a member of the House of Burgesses, from Goochland, 1740, and Adjutant General of the Colony. Richard was a member of the House of Burgesses, 1740, for Henrico, and succeeded his brother as Treasurer. Sir John was Speaker of the House of Burgesses and Attorney General.

Peter, son of the 2nd William Randolph, was Clerk of the House of Burgesses and Attorney General. Peyton, brother of John, was Speaker of the House of Burgesses and President of the first Congress held at Philadelphia. Thomas Mann Randolph, great grandson of William, of

ancient, wealthy and influential family, he was the second son of Sir John Randolph, knight, and Susan Beverley, his wife. Peyton Randolph being bred to the law was, [1756,] appointed King's Attorney for the colony of Virginia, and held that office for many years. [1766.] He was elected speaker of the House of Burgesses, and [1773] a member of the committee of correspondence. [March 20th, 1774.] He was unanimously chosen President of the first Convention of Virginia, which met at Williamsburg. August 11th of the same year, he was appointed by the Convention one of the delegates to the Congress, which assembled at Philadelphia, [Sept. 4, 1774,] and was unanimously elected President of that august body.

Dunmore in the mean time, joined by a motley band of loyalists, negroes and recruits from St. Augustine, in Florida, collected a naval force and carried on a predatory warfare. At length a sloop, in the king's service, commanded by a Captain Squires, happening to be wrecked near Hampton, was destroyed by the inhabitants. Dunmore threatened to burn the town in retaliation. Notice of his design being sent to Williamsburg, a party despatched to their assistance, under Colonel Woodford, obliged the assailants to retreat to their vessels with some loss. Dunmore, [November 7th, 1775,] proclaimed martial law, summoned all persons capable of bearing arms to his standard, on penalty of being proclaimed traitors, and offered pardon to all servants and slaves who should join him. His lordship had now the ascendency in the country around Norfolk. The committee of safety despatched Woodford with his regiment, and two hundred minutemen, amounting in all to eight hundred men, to cross the James, at Sandy point, and go in pursuit of Dunmore. Col. Henry had been desirous to be employed in this service and it was said, solicited it, but the committee of safety refused. Henry's chagrin was aggravated by Woodford's declining, while detached, to acknowledge his superiority in command. The committee sustained Woodford in this insubordination and thus reversed the convention's ordinance and in effect degraded Henry, the officer of their first choice. Envy was at the bottom of these proceedings. New mortifications awaited the man of the people. Woodford approached the earl of Dunmore and found that he had entrenched himself on the north side of the Elizabeth river, at the Great Bridge. Here he had erected a small fort, on an oasis surrounded by a morass, accessible on either side only by a long causeway. Woodford encamped within cannon-shot of this post, in a village at the south end of the causeway, across which he threw up a breast-work. But being destitute of artillery, he was unable to attack the fort. After a few days, Dunmore, hearing by a servant lad who had deserted from Woodford's camp, that his force did not exceed three hundred men, mustered his whole strength and despatched them in the night to the fort, with orders to force the breast-works early next morning, or die in the attempt.

Turkey Island, was a member of the Virginia Convention, 1775, from Goochland. Beverley Randolph was member of Assembly, from Cumberland, during the revolution, and member of the Convention that framed the Federal Constitution and of the Virginia Convention that ratified it, Governor of the State of Virginia and Secretary of State of the United States. Robert Randolph, son of Peter; Richard Randolph, grandson of Peter, and David Meade Randolph, sons of the 2nd Richard, were cavalry officers in the war of the Revolution. David Meade Randolph was Marshal of Virginia. John Randolph, of Roanoke, was grandson of the 1st Richard. Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr. was member of Congress, of the Virginia Legislature and Governor of the State. Richard Bland, Thomas Jefferson Theodorick Bland, Jr., Richard Henry, Arthur and Francis Lightfoot Lee, William Stith the Historian, and Thomas Marshall, father of the Chief Justice, were all descended from Randolph of Turkey Island.

Jane Bolling, great-grand-daughter of Pocahontas, married Richard Randolph, of Curles. John Randolph, Sr., of Roanoke, 7th child of that marriage, married Frances Bland, and John Randolph, of Roanoke, was one of the children of this union.

The members of the numerous family of the Randolphs, in several instances, adopted the names of their seats for the purpose of distinction, as Thomas, of Tuckahoe; Isham, of Dungeness; Richard, of Curles; John, of Roanoke. The following were seats of the Randolphs on the James river: Tuckahoe, Chatsworth, Wilton, Varina, Curles, Bremo, Turkey Island. The crest of the arms of the Virginia Randolphs is an antelope's head.

## BIRTH OF THE RAINBOW.

Child of the storm! how beautiful thou art!
Spanning th' ethereal concave with a zone
Of many-tinted rays. Circling the sky
With one vast wreath of glory! whilst a shroud
Of tempest-woven clouds surrounds thy form.
Art thou a habitant of heaven's high dome?
Or dost thou float up the viewless winds,
Like foam upon the waters; catching light
From vagrant sunbeams, with whose molten gold
Thy sky-born hues are beautifully blent?
Thou, radiant Iris! when the submerged earth
Lay cradled in the waters, didst come forth
A messenger of Hope, to the wo-worn
And sorrow stricken remnant of a world.
Through weary days and nights of sullen gloom
They watched the whelming flood, whose turbid waves
Did sport with swollen corses. They had seen
Cities o'erthrown, and the proud works of man
Cast forth, like chaff, upon the rushing surge.
Death brooded on the waters, while the air
Seemed struggling for its own vitality.
It was as if the breath of drowning men,
(The myriads from whom life had newly pass'd,)
Had clogged with fetid damps the airs of Heav'n.
In the dark bosom of the wave-borne ark,
Two females sat, and lent attentive ear
To the quick rush of the continuous rain,
Which, like a fever-throbbing pulse, did beat;
And oft its tramp upon the booming surge,
Seem'd to their startled sense, as if the Lord!
Th' avenging God, strode o'er the liquid waste.
Words had been mockery in that dark hour,
But silent pray'r, and tears, born of the heart,
In its strong agony, were offer'd there.
They rose, those tearful ones, and trembling sought
The Ark's broad deck, then timidly uprear'd
Their drooping heads, and shuddering look'd abroad.
The leaden clouds hung, like a funeral pall,
Above the wave-wrapped earth. The moaning wind
Sank and uprose again, with fitful sweep,
Across the billowy waste. And hark! the voice
Of supplication rises on the air.
How solemn is the sound, the Patriarch
Calls on a God of Mercy and of Love.
"Father of Goodness! stay thy chastening rod,
And spare this feeble remnant of our race!"
And now the South wind, like a spirit, stirs
Among the lessening rain-drops, scattering,
With buoyant wing, the relics of the storm.
The heavy clouds rise slowly, and o'erspread
With universal blot the face of heaven.
Scarce had the Patriarch closed his pray'r, when lo!
With sudden flash, a lustrous bow upsprang,
Spanning the cloud-wreathed sky and stamping there
Jehovah's seal of pardon and of Peace!

C . . .

## THE STUDENT OF PROVIDENCE.

BY S. S. BRADFORD.

He is the true student who makes Providence his study. The mind takes shape and quality from the objects of its contemplation; "as a man thinketh, so is he." He will continually arrive at truths new, sublime and satisfying, who studies the constitution and arrangement of things, believing that he and his myriad fellows are building up the purposes of God, as silently, and often as unconsciously, as the swarming insects of the South seas build the coral structures which are to bear up a bustling continent; and these truths will impart their own freshness and vigor to his mind. And though he must feel that his path often winds into obscure defiles, where the overhanging crags and matted foliage fling down their mysterious shadows upon him, still the light comes flashing through many a broad fissure to gladden him into perseverence. To such a student the Bible must be the Great Teacher, for none other can lead him back through primeval times, when history had not yet learned to prattle in its babyhood, and when even its foster-mother Tradition uttered no voice. With this guide he loves to walk among the Sepulchres of Time and commune with the Spectral Past, and read on the great tombstone of History the sad inscriptions which tell him the mournful story of misguided mind, and he loves to compare these inscriptions with his Bible and learn "The ways of God to man." Strange and sublime to him is the study of God's Providence over a revolted world. The scroll seems dark and its letters mystical because of the dimness of his spiritual eyesight, and he needs a teachable spirit and a diligent mind to decypher its sayings; but when quieted with Humility, he can look fixedly out, he sees God's purposes mysteriously gathering to their issues, he traces the landmarks and the limits of that wide, but changeless circle, within whose sweep though men play pranks and sin with stout hearts and Hell stations its vast enginery, he can see that all things tend to the accomplishment of a glorious end.

But it is while he is toiling through the specific and minute intricacies of his subject, that these general truths and large glimpses open sublimely upon him; and then he often rises higher, and feels that his study of God's dealings with a single world, though inexhaustible, having depths his line may never fathom, and hazy seas where he can find no mooring, is still limited and scanty compared with that universal Providence which holds in its half open book the story of *all worlds*. Such a time is the still night to the thoughtful student, when he walks out to look upon

> ——— "the stars of heaven,
> The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb,
> Which seems a spirit, or a spirit's world;"

And while his eye fixes tremblingly upon the mystic curtain which Astronomy tells him is but the glimmering light of congregated spheres, and he thinks that their countless numbers form perhaps only the Threshold of the Universe that lies floating in sinless joy far on in those measureless spaces under the *Providence* of *One Being*, his soul is bowed with the stupendous and dreadful truth, and he feels like a little child—Then has he the temper of a true student, the subject is unfolded with unwonted nearness to his very spirit. Self and sense are forgotten in this close communing, and with awe and quiet simplicity he receives its teachings. He cannot and would not speak—Thoughts that would be soiled and marred by physical utterance gush over his soul with unutterable joy. Then he feels, though he might not be able to tell, why the "Sons of inspiration" will bend over the pages of Providence enraptured forever; why Gabriel pants to search out its untold mysteries.

What a lofty position does the student of Providence hold! He stands on the mount of God, with the Bible as his telescope, and tracing back the stream of time to its upspringing in Eden, he follows it down through the Wane of Ages, into the Future, till he sees its last surge heave itself upon the shoreless ocean of Eternity—Yes! The Bible! Its simple story opens to him the *Early Past*, when Time was young, and girded himself for his earthly march, and its Prophecies open to him the *Latest Future*, when Time is old and shakes his hoary locks over his grave, and he sees and studies throughout the constitution of things and knows that all is for good—And thus he is taught to study fitly the *busy Present*, which is ever ringing its ceaseless changes in his ear, and amid all its discords, he hears sweet melodies, and among its sickening hues he finds colors that will make a rainbow. He perceives and is content with the doings of Providence.

But though the Bible be his teacher, the materials of his study are elsewhere, thickly strewn all around him. He goes out to gather and the Bible teaches him to classify and store up that which he has gathered. All science, philosophy and history are his gleaning fields, and they are more precious to him than to any other man. Others value them because their possession and discreet application afford present profit or fame. He values them as a medium through which he reaches a higher knowledge—a knowledge not earthly, but spiritual and satisfying—the knowledge of "God's ways to man;" and while the time-servers around him are dazzled into destruction by every false light, he walks "through maze and sinuous path secure." The Bible is to him as the Lydian stone to the Alchymist; it is a test, by which he estimates the value of things and their tendencies. The student of Providence should not be an idle man—When every power of his mind is tasked to its utmost energy, yet forever a new and unoccupied vastness stretches out its inviting arms toward him. He should be a great Fact-gatherer, he should learn how things have gone in the past, and he should infer how they will go in the future. By classification of events past and present, he should gain a basis upon which Reason may build many a solid edifice, whose numerous apartments shall be decorated and peopled with the cheerful images of a quickened fancy.

I must, even though it be at the expense of unity in my plan, ask you to go and look upon the chart which contains past and present Providences, and selecting one from the number, inquire the reasons for its being there, and regard its probable issues. *I speak of that providential arrangement whereby Progress in scientific discovery, is made to correspond exactly to the right Progress of man's moral nature.*

Who will doubt that there is such an arrangement? Look at the Evangelized World! Science has beautified it with her discoveries. Look at the Pagan World! The perpetuity of old and dragging customs is unbroken. No new inventions lighten their labors or unbind a single burden that their forefathers bore. Innovation is not in their vocabulary, because Progress is not in their souls. They know nothing of the onward march of scientific discovery, because their moral natures know no sanctified movement. There is a sympathizing darkness of the outer and the inner nature, and it is because Gospel light and Science's light are only different sunbeams from one sun.

The hastiest survey of the world must establish us in the belief that God has permitted discoveries in science, just in proportion to the right development of man's moral nature. The uncouth craft that floated in the Elder days, on the inland rivers of the Celestial Empire, seem to have begotten children literally after their own image, to haunt the same unchanged streams, while in the new world, through rivers that yet run by the untamed wilderness, the steamer dashes from its track the hindering wave and speeds to some colony in the Far West. The rising sun looks down upon the cow-cart of the Hindoo, dragging wearily through the heavy sand, and the same sun, as he hides himself behind the western hills, sees the steam car, which girding its loins with iron bands, climbs mountains and runs in the valleys, scaring with its shrill voice the untutored child of the woodland. Why the difference? Vice has quenched out the intellectual fire that once burned in the land of the wise-men. Vice has secured the sceptre to Ignorance by the wrong development of moral nature.

It is easy to discern the natural causes of this difference, but the inquiring mind unwilling to stop here, seeks the reasons why God has made this difference so uniform, why He permits discoveries in Science to keep step only with a rightly developing moral nature. Let us see. While Adam and Eve lived sinless in the garden, the unploughed earth fed them. All their toil was, "To dress that garden:"—

"Their rural work was among
Sweet dews and flowers, and where any row
Of fruit trees, over woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, they pruned the wanton growth,
Or they led the Vine
To wed the Elm; where spoused about him
She might twine her marriageable arms and with her
Bring her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves."

Their Labor was like the play of children in the summer woods. It took from leisure all its satiety and added new joys, and they were happy in communion with God and with one another, and in cultivating the daily growth of their intellectual and moral natures. But they sinned, and a sinful Posterity swarmed upon an accursed earth, and by the sweat of their brow watered its sterility into a meagre productiveness. The moral nature which in their sinless progenitors opened daily in new beauty and strength, now steadily developing in new shapes of hideous deformity, swept on with destructive vigor in its ravaging progress. If God had given them the leisure and ease of Eden and the Earth had brought forth as with primeval fertility, they would soon have hurried over each other into destruction. But God had seen that a mighty barrier was necessary to shut them back from ruin, so he cursed the Earth, and Toil and Weariness and unappeased Hunger and Thirst curbed in the Apostate race with a thousand reins.

Behold! what a conservative power is labor! what a wise arrangement that men here must work! If no necessity forced them on to toil for their daily bread, the Earth would be a scene of plot and counter-plot. Men would combine with the Devils to set pit-falls and cunning snares for each other. Strengthening Passion would have its free course, and man's soul would soon lose the last trace of its heavenly inscription and grow to the full stature of perfect demonhood. But see what hard labor does for man! It draws him back into a circumscribed sphere and building a hedge about him, bids him act himself out there within its limits. It stifles the fire of Passion or chastens its heaving flame. It wears away his pride by continual attrition and soothes him into subjection. Hard labor tires a vast deal of Vice out of the Universe. And not only does it repress—it does more—it excites. Its necessities force an opening out of which the better feelings of human nature may struggle. It is rugged-handed labor that binds men into communities for mutual good and urges them to confidence in each other. It is labor that has never ceased to knock at the door of man's heart, and call out his social affections by showing the dependance of others upon himself. It is labor that in darkest times has kept sympathy and love from dying out of the Heart and has reminded men of a truth, they had otherwise forgotten, that God made them a brotherhood. Yes! labor is the conservative power over wicked and unenlightened men! 'Twere unwise to trust them with leisure—It would be their extermination. But a new day has dawned upon the Apostate World—"God is in Christ, reconciling the World into Himself," and man is returning to his allegiance. Moral nature is again tending to right and sanctified development, and every step it takes in its progress, less labor is necessary for the faithful cultivation of the much impaired moral nature—for it is a hard and long neglected soil that is to be tilled. But how is man to gain this leisure? Will the accursed Earth give bread again spontaneously? Will the ground gather the soil of Eden again upon its blasted surface? No! Then is there no compensative force? Yes there is, and it is scientific discovery. As Religion advances, Science follows in her footsteps; and as man's moral nature unfolds rightly under the preaching of the Gospel, the discoveries of science better his physical condition, relieving him from much labor, by putting into his hands powers and efficiencies he knew not of before. All labor is founded on Ignorance and Ignorance on Sin. Agents of tremendous power sleep around us in air, earth and in the rolling sea. Many we cannot perceive and many we dare not arouse, for we fear ruin from their undirected energies. We know not how to *find* nor *wield* the weapons stacked up in the great storehouse of outside nature; and why do we not know? because Vice and Ignorance have always been boon companions on the Earth. But Labor and Ignorance also always go together. So that if we can rid ourselves of Sin we rid ourselves of Ignorance, and Ignorance is only expelled by accessions of Knowledge, and as Knowledge increases, Power increases and personal labor decreases. So as men become better, they become wiser, and search out new inventions to ameliorate their condition and gain leisure to cultivate the spiritual and intellectual more than the physical. Thus in this natural way and for these reasons God permits discoveries in science, just in proportion to the right progress of moral nature. And who knows but as moral nature becomes rectified under the teaching of the Gospel, when no discord shall be heard in the unbroken Song of Redemption, going up from the circle of the Earth—when the Church of Christ shall truly be a "Temple not made with hands," whose floor shall be the green Earth and whose dome the outspread Heav-

en, whose aisles shall be the broad valley of the Mississippi and the sunny plains of Hindostan—who knows but God will then give to ransomed man the keys to the chambers of Nature, where he may find, long shut out from his sun-blended eyesight, Powers and Agencies which shall labor for him as servants. Such things may be. The love that chained our rebel race to the Iron Pillar of Labor, may in due time unbind the subdued Penitent, wipe the tears from his eyes and the sweat from his brow. The Earth, though it may never wear again the spotless garment of Eden, may be turned into a vast Laboratory, wherein men shall be Alchymists and shall guide the Elements to their work, combining and directing their mightiest energies—Man may regain his forfeited title of the "Lord of Creation." Weariness may be known no more; and Labor, as in Eden, may only be as a relief to the tedium of perpetual leisure. Now the body must toil to sustain life and keep the soul within the tent door, but then the obedient Elements may be made to minister to the spirit even as the body now does. We may make the Storm-winds plough our spring fields and we may catch the summer rain to drive the steam scythe through the summer grass. We may cause the bare rock to wave with the yellow harvest and we may make the Land-Breeze that fostered its life, gather it into our barns. By our power the Mango and the Orange may shed their leaves with the other trees of our Forests, and the Banian may build its green palace on all our Hilltops. The fiery energy of the volcano may be chastened into usefulness, and the Lava that scorched up pasture ground and smiling hamlet, may be made to run as a messenger of life. The blast of Winter *may* be made to warm fruit tree and tender herb, and the fierce lightning may be soothed to most efficient agency. Who Knows? Some may smile. I would ask them have not discoveries as wonderful marked the last thirty years that have just gone? Would you not have laughed outright ten years ago, had some one whispered you that you should make the skipping sunbeam grave your face most truthfully in silver with its unseen chisel? May not experience bid you open your ears to the voice of the Past, which declare, that scientific discoveries shall keep pace with the right development of moral nature. We see then that *Labor* is one of the great conservative forces that has held the Apostate back from utter ruin; and we also see that *progressive Discovery* in Science and the Arts is the compensative power bestowed upon the returning rebel. This is an arrangement in the constitution of things which speaks many lessons to the considerate mind. Here I have held up to your view only one thread in the seamless garment of Providence. There are many others—some are full and distinct and many are small and curiously interlaced in the woven texture. You may therefore see what pleasures reward the Student of Providence. Oh! it is a good thing to make Providence our Study! The world is then our school-house, Nature and man our text-books and the Bible our Teacher. And when death shall open to us our new and maturer Existence, these bright and passing days, which we call *Life*, shall seem to us as the days of an Early Childhood when we learned to spell and stammer out a few glorious Truths.

*Afton, Culpeper county, Va.*

---

## TO J. E. B.

Years, weary years have past since last we parted,
Dream of my youth! my first love and my last!
Yet still thy sweet face haunts me with its beauty,
Filling my heart with memories of the past.
Thou hast been with me through those years of sorrow,
A blessed comforter, an angel-guide,
And still, *though more than distance now doth part us*,
I feel that thou art ever by my side.

If there be aught of high and holy feeling
Within this seared and lonely heart of mine;
If I have kept my name and honor spotless,
I owe it to no influence but thine!
The memory of thy love has been around me,
The only light within my darken'd heart;
That love has been my guiding star to virtue,
Bidding temptation from my path depart!

Thou art another's now, and thy sweet voice—
The voice that was the music of my life,
Now fills another home, in which thou bearest
The holy names of mother and of wife.
Thou art another's now, and I no more
With words of love may sully thy pure ear;
I may not even plead for thy remembrance,
Nor claim from those soft eyes one pitying tear.

* * * *

If thou wert happy in thy distant home,
Happy as thou art lovely, good and pure,
Then could I better bear *my* weight of sorrow,
Then could my strength unto the end endure.
But there are those who tell me thou art altered,
That sadness dwells upon thy fading brow;
While in the eyes once bright with hope and gladness,
Lieth a shadow deep and mournful now.

Oh! God, to know that thy young heart is breaking,
Thy buoyant spirit bowing 'neath its woe;
While I may breathe no word of love or comfort
To cheer thee on thy dreary path below:—
'Tis vain to murmur, worse than vain to hope—
And yet *one* precious hope indeed is given—
That thou, so wildly, passionately loved
While lingering here, may be *mine own in Heaven!*

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER IX.

The king's great feast was over, and the gloom of jaded spirits weighed down by excess, overspread the minds of the revellers; and the jollity and vivacity of obstreperous mirth were succeeded by a thoughtful and peevish melancholy. So great was the contrast in the effects on the animal spirits, that an inexperienced observer could scarcely have believed the serious and taciturn visages before him to be the late merry and joyous crowd that had thronged the festive board. Now that the hour of reflection and self-examination had come upon the king, the natural benevolence of his nature, which neither despotic power, nor the influence of vicious courtiers could suppress, was moved by pity and commiseration for his ill-fated queen, whom he had condemned and punished while heated with wine. Yet the edict had gone forth and without the clearest evidence of error or falsehood in the charge preferred against her, could not consistently with the dignity and the fixed and irreversible sternness of the monarch's decrees, be annulled. The inquietude of the king did not escape the watchful and penetrating eyes of the courtiers, who rightly judging the cause, sought without delay to apply a remedy that should restore him to his wonted cheerfulness. Accordingly, the chief of the Magi, or wise men of the east, and the expounders of the Zendavista, prostrating himself before the king, begged, after the eastern custom, permission to speak, which being granted, he proceeded in the following manner.

"Then let the king know that all future monarchs and the people of every nation shall read in the chronicles of Persia how Artaxerxes, the mighty ruler of a hundred and twenty-seven provinces, regarding more the good of his people and the glory of his empire than his personal gratifications, maintained the supremacy of his edicts and the power of his authority, even over the queen of his choice and the wife of his bosom. So shall the governors and rulers of the earth regard his government as a model, and himself as the impersonation of princely greatness. But that his throne may be surrounded by all that is beautiful and attractive, as well as glorious, his dutiful slave would humbly advise the king of kings to send forth a decree to all the satraps of the provinces, to search out the most beautiful and accomplished damsels in the bounds of their governments and send them to Susa, that the king may from their number choose a queen to adorn his throne in the place of Vashti, who forgetting the homage due to her lord has forfeited her place."

This speech was gratifying to the king, both as it confirmed his wavering mind as to the justice of Vashti's banishment, and promised great happiness in the selection of a new queen. The decree was therefore made without delay and as readily obeyed. The beauty of the empire was already pouring into the city from the adjacent provinces, surrounded with a splendor and treated with a distinction suitable for candidates for the exalted station of queen of the mighty empire. Being conducted to the palace, they were committed to the custody of Hagai, the eunuch, till the time when they should appear before the king. Mordecai, perceiving from the language of the edict that all the most beautiful young women of the empire were to assemble at the palace, without making an exception as to nation, kindred or condition, after daily viewing the throngs of beautiful females that passed him, as he sat in the king's gate, suddenly conceived the idea of presenting Esther among the congregated beauties.

"Who knows," he reasoned, "but that it may please the infinitely wise God of my fathers to make her the accepted of the king, notwithstanding her having once offended him by her refusal? And who shall say, if this should come to pass, that the king's heart may not be touched by her, frail instrument though she be, to lighten the yoke of her unhappy people?"

Inspirited by these reflections, he at once determined to open his mind to Esther and know her determination. Esther had learned the downfall of the unhappy queen, which rumor had spread with a thousand variations through every street and avenue of the great city, and though the object of her merciless jealousy, she could not repress a feeling of pity at her sudden and overwhelming reverse of fortune.

"How cheerless, how desolate," she mused, "must be that haughty, unbending spirit, thus struck down and levelled with the slaves she spurned! Those who trembled at her frown and felt death scarcely more terrible than her anger, now 'mock her calamity' and pass her with scorn. That God whom she blasphemed, has by a breath dispelled her greatness forever and sent her forth an outcast and exile from the scenes of her splendor, to drink the waters of bitterness and eat the bread of affliction. 'Pride, *indeed*, goes before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.'"

Mordecai found her in a thoughtful and meditative mood as he entered the room in which she sat, and asked with a smile, "Why, Esther, what unwelcome thoughts intrude upon you that your brow assumes so grave a cast?"

"I was reflecting on the sudden fall and wretched state of the proud and unhappy Vashti," she replied.

"And what think you, my daughter, of the beautiful virgins that flock in on every side to abide their chance for her place?"

"I have seen none of them," she replied with unaffected simplicity. "but suppose that none but very lovely damsels have approached the palace; for the decree admits of none but such."

"Esther, child of my adoption and dearer to me than life, I am about to ask you a question, not prompted by idle curiosity, but for reasons on several accounts mighty and important, and I expect from your truthfulness a candid answer. For some time past I have observed even when you were most anxious to conceal it from me, that some secret cause of sorrow cast a gloom upon your spirits and corroded at your heart. This has given me trouble, for I think I have rightly judged the cause. Now be not troubled when you hear the question, for your answer will in no wise displease me, whether yes or no—and will determine my course as to what may follow. Then tell me, in all sincerity, do you not fervently and tenderly love the king of Persia?"

The countenance of Esther which had gradually grown paler and paler at Mordecai's solemn preface, now became crimson and she was silent.

"I have taken you by surprise, my daughter," continued he, "but my purpose is not a light one. as I have already told you, therefore be composed and answer me frankly and ingenuously, if Artaxerxes has won by his generous and noble nature the affections of your young heart, and whether you could be to him a tender and affectionate wife, remembering always your service to your God?"

"I, the wife of the king!" asked Esther with astonishment.

"Even you," replied Mordecai with a smile; "and what is there to forbid it?"

"Do you forget, my father, that we are Jews, a nation of bondsmen despised by this haughty people! And can you indulge for a moment the vain dream that the great king, who in youthful fervor, and then without a prospect of the throne, could offer to raise to the dignity of a princess an obscure Persian girl as he thought me, would suffer the thought to enter his mind of making a daughter of our people the queen of Persia?"

"Daughter," replied Mordecai, "I have forgotten nothing, nor do I consider it a vain dream as your modesty terms it, that you should be thought worthy to become the wife of the great king. This proud people may apply to our nation what terms of reproach they please, but that cannot settle the question of merit. God, who searches the heart, knows who is most worthy of approbation and His omnipotent will has but to conceive it, to accomplish what is impossible for man. The king's decree, that the beauty of his whole empire shall be presented to his eye for the selection of a queen, allows no exception of nation or kindred, but comprehends all the most lovely young females in his dominions. You are therefore not only privileged, but commanded to appear before him. You are under no obligation to declare your people, and may without reproach be silent on that subject. I would not in the slightest degree influence your determination. Be guided by your own sense of propriety. But be not impelled by a vain ambition for distinction and earthly splendor, and in no wise think to aspire to the dignity of the queen without carrying along with you the affections of the heart. Speak boldly and determinately—I await your answer."

There was a war of tumultuous feelings in that little bosom and her heart throbbed with a palpitating violence as she made several ineffectual efforts to speak. At length summoning duty to the aid of modesty, she said almost inaudibly, "I have striven in vain to subdue the ineffably tender emotions of my trembling heart towards the king, fearing that I sinned against the God of our people in loving the creature more than the Creator. Yet in my sleeping and my waking dreams he seems ever before me. His gentle voice, his manly and beautiful person, and his generous offers, remain ever before me like the delusions of a mirage."

"Then who shall forbid your introduction among the damsels at the palace?" asked Mordecai. "You shall go my daughter, and may the God of Jacob be with you and make you the instrument of future blessings upon your people."

Having thus propitiously concluded his interview, Mordecai hastily set about the preparation necessary for Esther's appearance at the palace. The females already assembled were principally those of the wealthy and powerful lords of Persia, who from a long line of ancestors, softly and delicately nurtured, inherited the most graceful and beautful persons, as well as the haughtiest and most supercilious bearing. Their appearance, as they promenaded in groups about the palace, was strikingly elegant and imposing. The splendor of their dresses, sparkling with gems and gold from their bosoms to the long trains that trailed upon the gorgeous carpets—their long silken tresses clustered with diamonds—their polished foreheads of dazzling whiteness and arched brows—the soft, yet sparkling eye—the winning smile and ivory teeth, the graceful attitude and elastic, noiseless tread, gave to the beholder the idea of the bright spirits of a purer and better world. Yet here was no object to excite an unworthy passion, and the illusion was without its foil. Most of these damsels were known, one to another, either by personal intercourse, or by the intimacy of their parents; and being generally equal by birth and station, they mingled in lively recreations, sometimes with boisterous merriment, playing at Persian games and filling the palace with shouts of wild laughter, and at others, supposing a queen already chosen from their number, they in mock obeisance prostrated themselves before their imagined mistress, and by turns carried on long dialogues with her. On one of these outburst of jollity, the ea-

nuch, Hagai, jealous of his authority and deeming their mirth rather undignified, entered their apartment with the double purpose of scolding their levity and of announcing the arrival of another beauty before introducing her. Contracting his brow and assuming a carriage of awful dignity, he stalked into the room and looking around upon them with a frown asked, "What means this noisy revelry? Have you forgotten where you are and for what purpose you are here assembled? Would you win the king? and is it by screams and frolicsome wantonness you expect to please him?"

"Is the king very grave then?" asked a little black-eyed beauty sidling up to the eunuch with an expression of comic archness. "Then do show me what aspect to assume when I appear before him? Is this the kind of look to win him?" she continued, distorting her pretty little face into a horrid grimace. In vain the eunuch pursed up his mouth and contracted his brow to look indignant, the lurking disposition to laugh betrayed itself in despite of him, and before he could utter the rebuke upon his tongue, another interposed: "And how does the king look when in love? and what will he say to the favorite?"

"Silence!" shouted the eunuch in a loud voice.

"What! will he bawl out *silence* before one speaks!" she asked, purposely mistaking him.

"Does the king dance?" enquired a third. "Do show us what measure he is fondest of."

Several others joining in the request, they gathered around the eunuch, struggling for his dignity, and joining their hands began to bound and dance in the wildest glee. Striving in vain to assume a look of awful reproof, for in whichsoever way he turned, a pair of bright mischief-looking eyes encountered his mock-frown, he burst into an irresistible fit of laughter, and crying out, "get away you mad imps," burst through their circle and ran out of the room.

The joyous peals of laughter and the romping game still continued till interrupted a second time by the entrance of Hagai, who now introduced a young female covered with a long flowing vail. Her eyes were bent upon the floor, and her frame seemed to be agitated by a slight tremor. Her dress was neat and tastefully fitted to her graceful form, but by her own choice without splendor or superfluous ornament.

"Here is another competitor," said the eunuch, "and when you see her face you will say a dangerous one. Behold!" continued he suddenly stripping away her vail. "Her name, she says, is Esther. Whence from, or how descended, she declines answering. Yet the damsel is entitled to the same distinctions and privileges with the proudest titles among you."

"Esther's countenance, suffused with a glow of offended modesty as the eunuch stripped away her vail, exhibited a picture of the most dazzling beauty, and every beholder started with an involuntary murmur of admiration. Here was now a sudden change of the scene: the exuberant merriment at once subsided and the unamiable passions of a corrupted nature, so lately reposing under the smiles of a cheerful gaiety, were roused into action. Envy and displeasure were plainly depicted in the countenances of the now silent gazers, and a cloud of malevolence darkened their brows There was no cheerful greeting nor merry welcome to Esther as had met the arrival of every other new comer; but on the contrary, a stately reserve and stately hauteur marked the demeanor of all the beautiful females around her. Had she been introduced by some proud title, or as the daughter of some powerful lord, her reception would have been different, and whatever envy her beauty might have excited, would have been suppressed under the smiles of an apparent welcome. But that an obscure and low-born girl as her unannounced family and origin declared her, should be thrust among them as a competitor for the highest station in the empire was too provoking to admit of courtesy or even of notice.

"This is an abuse of the plain intent of the king's decree," whispered an indignant beauty to her nearest associate, "it could never mean that the vulgar herd should be included in the selection of damsels; for what affinity can there be in the sentiments, education and association of ideas, of the king and the low and contracted views of an unrefined and disgusting plebeian? This creature, it is plain from her concealment of her family, is some vulgar adventurer, who, made insolent by a little personal comliness that nature in a freak has thrown away upon her, presumes to thrust herself among her superiors, not surely with any expectation of pleasing the eye of the king with her despicable abasement, but for the purpose of advancing her miserable pretensions by her present association."

"We will make her repent her impudence," replied her listener, "by exercising our wit and mockery upon her. She shall become the butt and ridicule of the palace."

This answer brought forth an exulting fit of laughter, and the unamiable pair fully determined to carry out the suggestion and to harass the gentle and meek Esther with their malevolent derision. How unaptly joined to fair and beautiful beings seems an envious and evil spirit, connecting in one the two contrasts of loveliness and disgusting deformity. There is something so inexpressibly delightful in the contemplation of the buoyant spirits and merry laughter of happy maidenhood, that we naturally associate pure and heavenly feelings with the beautiful beings before us; and doubly repulsive and unnatural seem the dark and malignant passions when coupled with so winning an exterior. But the vices of progenitors are infused, like their blood, into the natures of their posterity,

and a long line of corrupt ancestry too generally produces a long line of corrupt descendants. Evil propensities in the young force upon us a gloomy presentiment of their future life, for with the *purest* and *best*, the passions and temptations of a life continually chequered with vicissitudes and trials must in time sober down the buoyant spirits by accumulated cares, and too often corrupt and harden those hearts that were once tender and sympathetic. The day-dreams of romance—of unselfish and diffusive benevolence are dissipated by insensible degrees, like the odor of sweet flowers, and the feelings of universal love are contracted to a small circle and to a few objects; and even in that narrow compass they are mingled with disquieting fears, uncertain hopes, and imperfect realization. In old age we look back upon the sunny spots of youth like the weary caravan on the delightful oasis of the desert behind them. But to the pious—though the conviction gathers strength with the advance of years, that *man was made to mourn*—there is a prospect more brightening beyond the grave the nearer they approach its verge, which teaches them that the gleams and snatches of joy experienced in this life are but a foretaste of a blessed existence hereafter.

Yet it is delightful to contemplate the happy anticipations of young life, nor should we disturb the bright delusion unmingled with vice, which will so soon pass away of itself. The cold and chilling reception of Esther passed not unobserved by Hagai, who after several minutes close observation, asked, "Gay damsels, what has so speedily dispelled your good humor? and why do you refuse to receive as an equal this young maiden? Do you know any thing of her, unworthy of your accustomed civility?"

"You construe us wrongly," replied the proud beauty who had first given her opinion of Esther; "what you mistake for pride is nothing less than awe at the commanding personage whose acknowledged greatness makes it superfluous to announce her parentage and station in life. We are forced to acknowledge her a scion of the blood royal, and feel our humble pretensions put to shame by her superior attractions. Surely we must begin to practise our prostrations and most humble homage before this august impersonation of majesty; for nothing less than queen can she possibly become."

This was spoken with a haughty bridling of the neck and a mock-whisper as if for the eunuch's ear alone, but sufficiently loud for all in the room to hear it, and caused a general titter among the lofty-minded beauties.

"For shame!" cried the eunuch, "this treatment of one so gentle and unassuming is both unfeeling and disgraceful. Remember, pretty plagues, that it is the king's province to determine who among you is worthy of the place of Vashti, and not yours. So be not too much puffed up with your own high conceit, for it may come to pass that this modest beauty whom you so much contemn may of a right command the homage you would now pay in mockery."

"Surely yes," said another in a tone of irony, as she curled in proud disdain her pretty lip. "Who shall direct great Artaxerxes' taste or control his will? Yea, he may even descend so far from his lofty grandeur as to make a captive Jewess queen of Persia. Who shall say him nay?"

"Now that were capital," said a third, laughing immoderately. "Think of the stately dames and high-born damsels of Persia bowing down before a bondswoman of Jewry—the thought is too rich. Then Zoroaster would bow to Moses and the God of the Jews take precedence of Ormuzd and Mithras."

Esther shuddered at these remarks and turning to the eunuch, begged to be taken back to her home.

"Not so, timid beauty," he replied; "you are now committed to my custody and must bide your time. Yet be not cast down: I have the power to see you gently dealt with; nor must these beauties presume too far, lest their rudeness be reported to the king and bring about from his sympathy, the very end they are most anxious to defeat."

This speech had the desired effect, for the haughty damsels fearing the effects of the eunuch's threat, instantly whispered among themselves and withdrew in a body from the room, determining to hold themselves aloof from the unknown object of their contempt.

"Now," said the eunuch with a smile, "you are freed from them and need not fear their malice; for they dare not further molest you. Not one of those haughty damsels is there, but what would make a perfect tyrant of a queen. Yet their pride and lofty bearing, methinks, will defeat themselves: for the king has already had quite enough of female arrogance."

Hagai then conducted her to a splendid chamber fitted out with every description of costly and beautiful furniture, and throwing open a large wardrobe said, "You will find here every variety of female apparel." Then pointing to seven young women, who stood in a line at one end of the room, he continued, "These are your maid-servants to obey your pleasure in all you choose to command;—these," pointing to several gold caskets, "contain the precious ointments for your purification, for as fair and beautiful as you seem, it is deemed indispensable that you should be subjected to many ablutions and purifications before you come into the presence of the king."

Here Esther passed her time in more comfort than her seclusion had at first promised, and had the additional satisfaction of seeing Mordecai daily pass before her window to enquire after her health and treatment; nor did she suffer any other annoyance from the numerous young women in the palace

than an occasional prostration of mock obeisance as they happened to meet.

The time at length arrived for their introduction to the king, into whose presence they were carried one at a time. The method of determining precedence was by the drawing of lots. Many had already drawn higher numbers than her own and been rejected, and at length it came to her turn to appear before the king. But notwithstanding her anxious fears lest a queen should be chosen before her turn should come around, her delicate nature, now that her long desired presentation had arrived, shrunk from the ordeal and trembled to know her hopes were realized.

"Now, my little mistress," said Hagai entering her chamber, "the chance which I have long desired you should have is afforded you; for I say with truth, had it rested with me, you should have been queen before this. You have been the most gentle, respectful and manageable of the whole collection, and in my judgment are the most worthy to sit in Vashti's place. But the king cannot fail to see the modest graces that confer more on beauty than beauty lends to them. Be careful to adorn your person with taste and elegance, and be not insipidly timid in the king's presence, but with modest attention comprehend his questions and answer him with ready cleverness. Wear not the mien of an awe-stricken slave, but of virgin modesty before a lover. Now choose the ornaments you would wear."

"I have already chosen them," she replied, with eyes still bent in thoughtfulness upon the floor. "This dress must be more acceptable to the king's good taste, than one covered with tawdry and glittering ornaments."

"What!" asked the eunuch with astonishment; "you surely are mad. Would you offend the king in advance by so great a mark of disrespect! No sudden departure from established customs and fashions can please the king, or any one else; and you are to consult the king's pleasure in this, not your own."

"Then," replied Esther, "do you, who better understand the king's taste, choose for me."

"A sweet and sensible girl," said the eunuch, highly flattered, "and you shall not repent the deference."

His mind seemed accordingly to be bent on every expedient to add a new charm if possible to Esther's beautiful person. The dress he selected for her was of the finest silk dyed in the richest and most splendid colors, embroidered with gold, and almost literally covered with the most brilliant gems. Her glossy hair was studded with clusters of glittering diamonds and a small crown of white ostrich feathers, with flowers of silver, holding sets of innumerable tiny brilliants, encircled her beautiful brow. Her arms and wrists were clasped with sparkling bracelets and her fingers adorned with costly rings. Her small feet were covered with slippers of silver cloth and her round and tapering ankles wore broad clasps of silver and pearl. A purely white vail wrought in flowers of silver was next thrown over her whole person, and Esther was now prepared to appear before the king.

Artaxerxes still retained the impression the fascinating charms of Esther had made upon him, and often dwelt with unsatisfied doubts on her inexplicable conduct towards him. Sometimes he almost resolved to extort from her an explanation of the mysterious barrier she had declared was placed between them and forbade her to share his lofty station, but offended pride and the pledge he had given her, as often checked his impulses. He was surprised, too, that he had heard nothing from her since the Artabanus conspiracy—in the discovery of which she had rendered him so signal a service, and once thought to question Mordecai as to what he had learned of her life and history; but this seemed too great a compromise of his dignity, and he forbore to mention the subject. As Esther was ushered into his presence he was seated in all the splendor of royalty, slightly reclining on a couch, with his cheek resting on his hand with a countenance of melancholy abstraction.

"Hagai," said he slowly erecting himself, "this farce seems almost a mockery to our kingly dignity. How much more rational and safe is the manner of our humblest subjects in choosing their wives from among their fair countrywomen at whatever place or time the eye of fancy may light upon a choice, than this our formal ceremonial, where nothing of nature peers through studied trappings of art to discover the virtues or vices of the woman we may take to our bosom. Think not with the vulgar herd that Kings are so elevated beyond the reach of care as to be placed above the tender and social endearments of life. Though clothed with unlimited power and commanding the homage of all men, they are still endued with the same passions and appetites of other mortals, and oftener sigh for pleasant communion with their kind than the humblest slave. What being then can he more properly look to for pleasant converse—to share his counsels, his joys and his cares than the wife of his love! And how can he bestow too much circumspection in making choice of one! I am already sickened with this blindfolded process of choosing a queen; for I desire that she may not only have beauty, but those qualities that give beauty excellence. I am sad and would be left alone."

"Great King," replied the eunuch, "permit your slave to speak, and let him in humble duty call your august notice to this one damsel more, whose loveliness is far preëminent to all those that have preceded her. Her exquisite beauty, modesty and cleverness cannot fail to please the king,

and sure is his slave, that in her he will find the treasure he has so long sighed for."

Thus concluding, he without waiting to hear the king's reply, nimbly left the room and closed the door after him.

"Ah!" said the king without noticing the eunuch's retreat, and looking around for the first time since her entrance upon the beautiful form of Esther, "she must be some favorite of *yours*, Hagai, since you are not thus accustomed to bestow your commendations on women. But, pretty damsel," continued he to Esther, "you seem to be agitated: why do you tremble so? Perhaps your young heart is even now sighing for the presence of some humbler object—if so, you have nothing to fea ; but express the wish, and you are at liberty to depart free and uncontrolled. To bestow the affections of the heart is not an act of simple volition; but is too often the effect of wayward fancy or a capricious imagination."

Seeing that Esther still remained silent and trembled more violently, he approached her and taking her hand in his, said, "You have been forced then against your will to appear among the assembled beauties of Persia, even though you should be the accepted of the king!"

"No, great king," said Esther in a voice scarcely audible, "I have suffered no violence in coming here, but have done so willingly; yet I greatly fear that I have incurred the king's displeasure and unavoidably given eternal offence."

"Why how is this?" asked the king with a smile, "I do not comprehend you. In what manner can you have given offence? But take away your vail, my little ill-boding beauty, for the heart often speaks through the countenance."

Esther obeyed and throwing back her vail, stood before the king covered with blushes.

"What! Esther!" he exclaimed with a start. "Thou beautiful dream that has never left my thoughts! Yes, wayward, tantalizing spirit that has continued to haunt my imagination, he that beholds you once can never forget you. And have you, who rejected all my offers, come voluntarily to throw yourself in my arms? Then Persia's king is indeed happy," continued he, clasping her in his arms and impressing a kiss upon her lips. "And are you all mine own, Esther, and are you also happy in these arms?"

The blushing beauty replied not, but hid her face in his bosom.

"Now indeed Persia has a queen, and I a beautiful bride, and let all who owe honor and obedience to the king show the same to his queen. Such shall be my commands." Then recalling Hagai to his presence, he said, "you have judged rightly, faithful slave, my choice is made. Let her be attired in the royal apparel with the queen's crown on her head, and be surrounded by as many women as she may demand, and in every manner distinguished as may become the wife of Artaxerxes and the queen of the world."

Esther was accordingly installed in the queen's palace and invested with all the pomp and grandeur of royalty. The news spread through all Susa, and active preparations were speedily commenced for the approaching marriage-feast. None could tell from what province, or of what family or kindred the new queen had come; for she suffered none of the household of Vashti to approach her, but giving orders for the immediate discharge of every domestic that attended that unhappy queen, she made an entirely new selection and among them she included many Jewish maidens, who were secretly charged to conceal their kindred and nation from the Persians around them. Haman, the Amalekite, she dreaded to meet; for she knew he would at once recognize her, yet upon reflecting on the signal deliverances she had experienced at the hands of Providence, she was restored to confidence and became tranquil and happy.

—

## CHAPTER X.

Bigthan and Teresh, the two chamberlains, who had been concerned in Artabanus' conspiracy and had sworn to him to revenge his death, slept nightly in the same room of the palace with Mordecai, the Jew, and at first regarded him with suspicion and fear. But from his seeming listlessness and stupid abstraction of mind, they became at length to esteem him more an old dotard than an object of dread, and often conversed together with a total indifference to his presence. It was on a night succeeding a severe reprimand from the king, that the two eunuchs opened a whispering conference, as they lay together on their couch, heightened in its tone by their vindictive resentment, so as to be distinctly heard by Mordecai.

"We richly merit the outrage we have suffered this day from that usurping king, and the disgrace we have borne before every scullion of the palace," said Bigthan, "for our cowardly sloth in keeping our oath to Artabanus to sacrifice the tyrant."

"Then we will no longer be restrained by a timid, temporizing policy," replied Teresh, "but strike like men, boldly and fearlessly, let what will follow. We are shamed too much already by our delay and will at once accomplish the deed we have so long contemplated, and revenge the blood of our unsuccessful confederates. Let him learn, when too late to profit by it, that the dagger which could reach Xerxes, can also pierce the bosom of his son."

"But let us so manage his death," said Bigthan, "as to escape if possible the penalty of the deed."

"That precaution is already secured," replied his confederate. "In honor of this upstart queen,

who for the present has caught the fancy of the capricious tyrant—like a bauble or trinket pleases a wayward child—there comes off a mighty feast. Prisoners are to be set free, criminals pardoned, and whole provinces released from the accustomed tributes, to give eclat to the occasion. Now in the confusion and uproar of this grand debauchery, when from excess of wine no man shall be master of his wits, but each one feel as mighty as a king, we will conceal two trusty slaves behind the statues, in the bridal bed-chamber, which you know are to be clothed in splendid robes, to seem like living ministers tending on their majesties. At night we will prevail on this accursed Mordecai to keep the door, while we pretend, by orders of the king, to marshal to their several places of repose the drunken nobles of Persia. Thus when both king and subjects shall be weighed down with sleep and wine, my faithful ministers shall steal softly from their concealment and plunge their daggers in the tyrant's and his queen's hearts. Sure work they have sworn to make of it, and after the deed is done, to give us a signal by a shrill whistle of its accomplishment. Then we must seize on the Jew, and suffering the assassins to escape, alarm the palace with cries of treason. By this double stroke we shall both crush this murderer of Artabanus, and be revenged upon this Jew, who gave information of our conspiracy. To fix the crime of the king's murder upon this Mordecai, I have letters ready written purporting to be from other Jews, and urging him to the deed. These letters we will swear we found upon the Jew."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Bigthan—"The scheme is so well planned that it seems already accomplished. But who shall wear the diadem and mount the vacant throne?"

"Can you not conceive?" asked Teresh. "There is but one man who will make this service valuable to us—aye and but one with a soul equal to the dignity."

"I comprehend you," said Bigthan—"Yet that man's unbending hauteur and gloomy selfish ambition, are no great earnest of a grateful memory."

"His fears and a common danger will make him mindful of us at least," continued the other—"and besides, we could elevate no other with him for an opponent."

Mordecai listened with breathless anxiety for the name of this contemplated king, but in vain. Yet he felt convinced, from the description, that Haman, the Amalekite, was meant. In silent gratitude he poured forth his pious spirit in prayer to the God of Jacob, who seemed ever near him and dropped peacefully to sleep. With the early dawn Mordecai rose calmly from his couch, and was preparing to leave his guilty room-mates, when Teresh remarked:

"Old man, you are stirring early. Have you forgotten that to-day the marriage feast comes off; and that sleep is not likely to press your eye-lids till nearly another dawn?"

"There is a time for all things under the sun, as well as 'a time to be born and a time to die,'" replied Mordecai.

"Nor do we know while we sport the words upon our lips"—continued the eunuch with a leer of mockery which did not escape Mordecai's eye—"how nearly our own hour may have run its sands."

"Verily we do not," answered Mordecai emphatically, as he walked away.

"I am half in doubt," said Bigthan, "whether deep policy or stolid insensibility more predominates in the composition of that old Jew. To-day, at all events, we must be cautious of him. That he can understand a plot and mar it too, the death of Artabanus fully attests."

"Tut, tut," replied his companion, contemptuously, "there was a girl in the case, who by the carelessness of Sophron discovered the plans of Artabanus and acted as prompter to the Jew. The wretched old driveller left to his own wits would not smell treason an inch from his nose. It makes me laugh that while he saunters forth securely trusting in his God's protection, our meshes are already spread, and that he and his accursed people are walking blindfolded into them."

"Provoke not his God," said Bigthan with a shudder; "Vashti, it is said, defied him, and behold she is fallen before him."

"Vashti!" repeated Teresh with a sneer, "the vain and weak woman who openly withstood her tyrant lord! Why what had the God of the Jews to do with her downfall? Surely a child could tell you that Artaxerxes was the God who wrought that feat. Your superstitious fears almost persuade me that you are half a Jew yourself. Nebuchadnezzar might have taught you what this God of the Jews is to be valued at against well-concerted measures. Behold his temple plundered and burnt—his altar overthrown and his priests made bondsmen!"

"Yet it is said," continued Bigthan, "that Nebuchadnezzar feared the God of the Jews and openly ascribed his victories to him. One Daniel, too, a Jew, more knowing than all the wise men of Babylon, interpreted a dream the king had had and forgotten, foretelling, as in truth it happened, that this mighty conqueror should become as the irrational beasts, and go grovelling in the dust like four-footed animals, to appease his appetite with grass."

"Pish!" exclaimed Teresh with vexed impatience, "that old king became restless from inaction and grew mad as many others have been and as you and I may be,—and told strange stories and played many idle pranks. But neither that Daniel you prate of nor his God had more to do with it than you or I. Let the Jews' God blunt the knife raised over this Artaxerxes' bosom, or make

his heart impenetrable to its point, and then preach of his power as loudly as you will."

In the meantime the king had ascended his throne and was surrounded by the courtiers of the palace for the transaction of business of state before the hour of feasting. Having dispensed his commands to the nobles about him and looking carelessly around the court, he accidentally espied Mordecai as he stood calmly and abstractedly leaning against a column and gave a signal for him to approach the throne. The crowd fell back to the extremity of the room and Mordecai drew near to the king.

"Old man," said he, "it has several times entered our mind to enquire whether the fortunes of Esther, our queen, have not hitherto been in some manner connected with your own; for it seems she intrusted to you the important discovery of the traitor Artabanus' conspiracy against our person and throne. Speak—How is it?"

"Great king, you have judged rightly," replied Mordecai; "the queen has indeed been known to me from an early age. She was born in Babylon, where I first saw her, and is the daughter of a widow of excellent character and good family. Her father had died before I knew her, and her mother in a few short years followed him, leaving the queen that now is a destitute orphan without friends or any earthly protector save myself. My heart was touched with pity for the beautiful innocent and I sheltered her under my own roof. She was meek, gentle and affectionate, and I became to regard her with the fondness of a parent. Of my bread she has broken and under my vine and fig tree has she reposed; and believe me, great king, the minds of but few damsels are indued with such wisdom and purity. A gem she is, to give a lustre to any kingly crown."

"This report pleases me well," replied the king, "and adds another motive to our will to reward your virtues. While we hold the sceptre of the Persian realm regard us as a constant benefactor, nor fear the malice of any adversary."

"That time would indeed be short, great king," said Mordecai in a low tone, "should the plots of treason prevail."

"How? what now?" asked the king with astonishment.

Mordecai hastily narrated the dialogue of the eunuchs without omitting a single particular.

"This comes of lenity," said the king half musing—"most kings would have taken their heads instead of giving a reprimand for yesterday's offence, but it is well; for had they died, their instruments might have perpetrated the deed. Be silent and let no word, look or action betray your knowledge of this bloody-minded treason. We will unmask it at a proper time."

The day was serene and beautiful, and gay crowds with cheerful countenances soon thronged the palace. The royal guards in holyday uniform, and with arms brightly burnished, stood drawn up in rows before every gate and door of the immense building, and everything within bespoke unusual magnificence and splendor. Gorgeous chariots, drawn by horses glittering in the splendor of their trappings, were seen hastening from every direction through the crowded streets of the city to the royal banquet, and there seemed no end to the numbers that were eager to be present. The hour of feasting came and the banquet board amidst the blaze of sparkling gems, burnished gold and massy silver, sent forth sweet odors from such fare as kings alone can furnish. Countless faces wreathed with smiles bent over the burdened tables and many hundred lips were opened in praise of the king's bounty and magnificence. The beauteous queen all glittering with precious stones and wearing the royal diadem was placed next to the king, nearly stunned by the acclamations of the people as they caught sight of her. The king seemed highly gratified by this expression of their admiration, but Esther, mindful of the source of all her greatness, elevated her thoughts in prayer at that moment to her God, to deliver her from the temptations of her station and to keep her heart free from the besetting sins of pride and presumption. Old Mordecai with a countenance beaming with satisfaction, regarded her with all the fond and tender affection of a parent when contemplating the prosperity of a beloved child—and was at that moment truly happy. On the other hand, Haman, the Amalekite, seemed transfixed and alone of all the hilarious banqueters to taste the feast without the joyous inspiration that rung in peals of merriment around him. His countenance when he first looked upon Esther grew deadly pale, and his eyes starting from their sockets, glowed with a strange, wild glare of consternation. Again he looked at her, and trembling, almost started from his seat. At length his eye encountered that of Esther, but she was prepared for the encounter and glanced listlessly from him to the surrounding crowds without the slightest visible emotion or sign of recognition. "The same countenance and voice," muttered Haman, greatly relieved by Esther's well-dissembled manner, "yet not the same person—that is impossible. Zeresh in vain sought for her after the report of her escape from the ashes. She is surely dead. Besides, the king would have spurned a daughter of the accursed Jews from his presence, had impudence so inconceivable prompted one to aspire to thrones and diadems. It is but a freak of nature forming two women with one countenance, or it is that tormenting delusion of the imagination that makes substances of shadows and frights the anxious mind with fantasies and shapes merely ideal. Yet I can never bear to look upon that face. It shakes my inmost soul with something dreadful, yet inexplicable. It is well we shall meet but sel-

dom," continued he, passing his hand over his clammy brow, "for I must conquer such sensations and carry myself as befits a lord of Persia."

The king now filling a cup with sparkling wine, turned to Haman and said aloud, "My well beloved and trusty Haman, a health to the queen."

With a bow of low humility, the confounded courtier in vain summoning courage to his aid, raised the goblet in a trembling hand to his lips, upsetting half the wine upon his bosom as he did it, and with a quivering voice said, "Health, happiness and dominion to Persia's great queen—the mistress of the world."

"You seem unwell, my friend," said the king, regarding with sympathy Haman's pale countenance and troubled manner.

"A mere faintiness, great sovereign, to which I am sometimes subject," replied Haman. "It will soon pass away."

"Draw near," continued the king.

Haman obeyed more in the manner of a criminal than an honored guest.

"Esther, our beauteous queen," said he, "this is our well beloved servant, Haman—the nearest to our person and the most esteemed. He is a sure and steadfast pillar to our throne, and it is our pleasure that he be the highest in your favor next to the king."

At this unexpected mark of distinction from the king and the security it promised, Haman's countenance suddenly brightened up and his fears dissolved like mist before the bright rays of the sun. He was now fully himself again, and exulting in the full ecstasy of self-satisfied ambition, he with a graceful obeisance and profuse acknowledgments to the royal pair, bowed before them and kissing the hems of their garments, retired to his place. The king was not yet satisfied with the honor done his favorite, but raising his voice to the assembled crowd, he proclaimed that all the subjects of his realm should bow down before Haman and do him reverence. Haman's cup of joy was now nearly filled, and his proud heart exulted with insuppressible delight. The feast that had just been to him so tasteless and insipid, seemed now a banquet spread for gods, and his quick and joyous eye caught themes for pleasure every where. Thus proving that our joys or our sorrows are more the offspring of the mind than of external objects. But in the mind of Haman there was no abiding place for peace, because no well regulated constraint over evil impulses—no subjugation of headlong and criminal passions. The joy he felt was but the momentary delirium of gratified ambition pausing for awhile on the flattering height already surmounted, to be driven on by the burning and consuming lust of power to struggle for a higher and yet higher position till no heights should appear above him. His sudden exaltation, however, was heard in silence by the king's subjects and seemed to impart pleasure to none save the two eunuchs, Bigthan and Teresh. The king who kept an unobserved watch upon them saw them frequently exchange glances with each other and convey a significant meaning by sundry nods and winks. The day rolled on and evening had already set in when the king, who had cautiously taken but little wine, rising up from the table, invited the lords and principal men in Persia to go along with him and view the new decorations in the private chambers of the palace. A throng of Persian nobility quickly gathered about their sovereign, and marshalled by the guilty chamberlains, entered the lofty and magnificent ante-rooms with loud exclamations of wonder and admiration. No king, they averred, before the great Artaxerxes had ever been surrounded by splendor so truly royal and superb. The king, whose experience and good sense had taught him rightly to estimate the hollow and despicable adulation of timeserving courtiers, heeded not their flattery, but keeping a frequent observation upon the unsuspecting chamberlains, said to his attendants—

"Our kinsman, Megabysus, whose absence we greatly regret, has forwarded to Susa certain splendid ornaments for our acceptance, which have been added to the decorations of the royal bed-chamber. These we also invite you to behold."

The chamberlains suddenly grew as pale as marble, but trembling led the way. In the royal bed-chamber they were now assembled and stood gazing with unfeigned amazement on its beautiful embellishments of statues, vases, golden couches, all glittering and sparkling with precious stones—of the gorgeous bridal-bed, on a frame of solid gold, studded with diamonds, and with coverlets of the most costly and beautiful stuffs, worked in flowers of silver and gold. The vaulted ceiling seemed a firmament of brilliants, casting their twinkling lights upon the objects below; and to add to the sense of pleasure, the sweetest odors, rising in curling spires from censers of burning perfumes, filled the whole palace. A second time did the courtier throng pour forth their flattery into a listless ear. The king's attention was fixed upon two of the statues which had, like the rest, been decorated in the Persian costume, surmounted by long flowing robes. Turning at length to several of the guards, he said, with well feigned pleasantry: "Methinks the robes of those dumb worthies," pointing to the statues, "give them rather the attitude of hunchbacks, than of Grecian models, and since they cannot speak to make their grievance known, do adjust them with something more of grace."

The two chamberlains exchanged looks of consternation, but neither had the presence of mind to attempt a prevention of the dreadful discovery. The guards obeyed and raising the robes of the statues, recoiled with a cry of horror.

"What!" asked the king with a smile, "has the

marble, inspired with Grecian hatred, resisted the touch of a Persian!"

"Treason, great king!" exclaimed the guard, seizing on the trembling assassins and drawing them from beneath the flowing robes. Astonishment and alarm filled the countenances of all except the king, who stood calm and collected amidst the gaping crowd.

"How is this my friends?" asked he, turning to Bigthan and Teresh. "Know you the countenances of these bold intruders?"

Both, with horrid imprecations on their heads, protested their innocence.

"Wretches," said the king, "add not perjury to the crime of regicide—seize and search them."

The guards instantly searching the guilty culprits, drew from their pockets letters purporting to be written by certain Jews to Mordecai, urging him to murder the king, whose reign certain prophets they informed him had foretold would be disastrous to the Jews.

"Thus it shall happen to every traitor who may rise against the person and throne of Artaxerxes," said the king. "Know, wretches, when too late, that we carry a charmed life. The walls even will whisper the plots of treason in our ears. Not satisfied with abetting one abortive conspiracy against our throne, you must needs head a second; but see your guilty practices rebound at length upon your own heads. Take them hence," continued he to the guards, "and wring from them by torture the name of the slave they idly thought to place upon our throne, then throw them in the tower of ashes."

The criminals and their instruments, mute and confounded, were led to the dreadful tower and as they entered it, Bigthan said, with a shuddering horror to his no less terrified associate—"This comes of defying the God of the Jews; for none may do it and live."

"The Jew—that accursed Jew, Mordecai"—replied Teresh, grinding his teeth. "He has been a spy upon us. Let Haman look to himself, yet we will bear all they can inflict rather than betray him, and thus cut off all future prospect of revenge.

"All Persia cannot ward off the blow already uplifted against him, even in the midst of all his greatness," persisted Bigthan firmly; "He has cursed and defied the God of the Jews, and sworn to pursue His people with vengeance. Therefore, he will fall in despite of all his cunning."

Their conference was here broken off, when being questioned as to the names of other conspirators and refusing to answer, they were put to the most excruciating torture, but persisting in their obstinacy to the last, they were plunged, when life was almost extinct, into the abyss of ashes and quickly smothered. The king, in commemoration of Mordecai's fidelity, commanded the book of the chronicles of Persia to be brought and formal entry of the whole transaction to be made in his presence.

[*To be Concluded in next No.*]

---

## THE DEATH OF ARNOLD WINKELREID.

*Editor of Messenger, Dear Sir:*

You published a poem of mine called "The Mountains" about a year ago. The same poem has since appeared in a volume of my pieces published by Messrs. Carey & Hart. Notwithstanding the deliberation which might be supposed to attend these acts of publishing, I find what I consider to be a serious fault in the poem. The story of the death of that mountain hero, Arnold Winkelreid, is told in so vague and general a manner, that the reader must know it already from other sources to be able to understand my verses. I have taken the trouble to correct this fault, and send you the added stanzas, with so much of what goes before, as is necessary to a right understanding of them. The verses sent are, you will perceive, only a small portion of the original poem, but they are detached, and complete enough to be published to themselves as "The Death of Arnold Winkelreid."

Yours truly, P. P. Cooke.

*Sept.* 4, 1847.

Right hardy are the men, I trow,
Who build upon the mountain's brow,
And love the gun, and scorn the plough.

Not such soft pleasures pamper these
As lull the subtil Bengalese,
Or islanders of Indian seas.

A rugged hand to cast their seed—
A rifle for the red deer's speed—
With these their swarming huts they feed.

Such men are freedom's body guard;
On their high rocks, so cold, and hard,
They keep her surest watch and ward.

Of such was William Tell, whose bow
Hurtled its shafts so long ago,
At red Morgarten's overthrow.

Of such was Arnold Winkelreid
Who saved his fatherland at need,
And won, in death, heroic meed.

That deed will live a thousand years!
Young Arnold with his Switzer peers,
Fronted a hedge of Austrian spears.

No mountain sword might pierce that hedge,
But Arnold formed the Bernese wedge—
Himself, unarmed, its trusty edge.

His naked arms he opened wide,
A great thought filled his eyes with pride,
"Make way for Liberty," he cried.

And bounding at a runner's pace,
He met his foemen face to face,
And swept five spears in his embrace.

He sheathed them in his breast and side,
And dragged them to the earth—and died,
Making a gap five spearmen wide.

A moment's pause for gallant wonder!
Then crashing like the Ural thunder
When mountain crags are rent asunder—

Over their hero, stormily,
Broke the brave sons of Liberty—
And Switzerland again was free.

---

## THE LEGAL PROFESSION.

### LAWYERS AND LAWYERS' FEES IN THE "OLD DOMINION."

BY THE EDITOR.

"Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom reared!
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrained!"

The following article first appeared in the "New York Legal Observer," (a valuable journal edited by Samuel Owen, Esq.,) together with the one which has already been republished in the Messenger, upon the Legal Profession and its Conservative character. At first, we were afraid that these did not possess sufficient *general* interest for the pages of the Messenger; but as they contain matters calculated to gratify curiosity and as many of our patrons are in the ranks of the Legal Profession, we have determined to ask the indulgence of our readers to the republication of the whole.

We think we read some time since, in some History of Virginia, that at one time lawyers' fees in the "Old Dominion" became so exorbitant that great discontent arose among the people, and they actually sent a deputation to the mother country to obtain a redress of these grievances. In looking cursorily to verify this impression, we have not found the particular passage referred to; but there is in our ancient laws much "curious learning" in relation to lawyers and their fees, which tends to confirm it, and which we hope will prove not less interesting to others than it has to ourselves.

When or how lawyers were first introduced into Virginia, I am not accurately informed. They would, however, naturally spring up from the people as soon as there was a demand for their services. No doubt, too, certain "limbs of the law" were early transplanted in our soil from England. Bacon was quite fresh from the "Inns of Court," when he headed the "rebellion," in 1676; but many must have preceded him. Certain it is, that not thirty years after the settlement of the colony, lawyers had become quite a pestiferous set: and in little more than twenty years after the establishment of the Assembly, stringent laws were enacted against them. From this period, they were objects of repeated legislation, alternating between severity and favor, restriction and privilege, or abolishing the profession altogether.

At first there was very little use for such a class in the colony. According to the Royal Instructions accompanying the Charter in 1607, all matters, civil and criminal, were to be adjudged by the President and Council, except that capital offences were to be tried by a jury. The President might reprieve a convict, but the King alone could pardon. Judicial proceedings were to be "made and done summarily and verbally without writing, until it come to the judgment or sentence," which was to be "briefly and summarily registered into a book to be kept for that purpose."

Lands were to pass and descend according to the laws of England; but as yet, there was no separate property in land; and for five years they were to "trade together all in one stocke, or divideably, but in two or three stocks at the most."

But matters arising even under these regulations, might have sometimes called for the intervention of counsel; and probably it was not very long before some one was allowed to appear somewhat in that character.

All these regulations were unaltered by the subsequent charters of 1609 and 1611. But owing to the character and situation of the colonists, to whom considerable accessions, of none the purest materials, were made from time to time, much turbulence and discontent arose, which called loudly for a remedy. Accordingly a very arbitrary military code adopted from the low countries in Europe, which had long been in a state of confusion and war, was sent over in 1611, by Sir Thomas Smith, Treasurer of the London Company. This code was impartially and beneficially enforced, by Sir Thomas Dale and Sir Thomas Gates; but with a high hand by Capt. Argall.

The community of goods naturally produced idleness and improvidence, and destroyed all individual enterprise; so that in 1613, when the five years had elapsed, Sir Thomas Gates instituted separate property and interests among the colonists, which gave a new impulse to their exertions. From this period there was necessarily a large increase of the subjects of litigation, which no doubt contributed to produce a class of lawyers. Perhaps adventurous spirits, like some of those now in the camp in Mexico, not very full of briefs at home, had deserted the "Inns of Court" for the wilds of Virginia, and now rejoiced in the opportunity of adding a little professional employment to the few other resources which the state of the country then opened to them.

Mr. Burk says, that in 1621, an important change

took place in the administration of justice. The court held at Jamestown caused great inconvenience to suitors, from the distance at which some of the council lived, and the consequent irregularity and uncertainty of their attendance; and four regular *quarterly* terms, of a week each, were now instituted at that place. *

Previous to this, the first Assembly had met in 1619, though there is some uncertainty as to the exact manner in which it was established. As early as March, 1623—4, they passed a law creating monthly courts, in various places, held by what were called Commissioners, "for the decyding of suits and controversies not exceeding the value of one hundred pounds of Tobacco, and for punishing of petty offences." †

Thus having the courts, I shall pursue *their* history no farther, but turn to the lawyers.

Of course, where civilization had made these advances lawyers must have arisen, for "where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered;" but an end is soon put to all conjecture in regard to them. It is not improbable that some prior legislation was had upon the subject; but in 1642—3, (18th Charles I., when Edward Littleton was "Lord Keeper" of the Great Seal of England;) we have this pungent and stringent law:—

"*Be it also enacted*, for the better regulation of attorneys and the great fees exacted by them, that it shall not be lawfull for any attorney to plead causes on behalfe of another without license or permission first had and obtained from the court where he pleadeth, Neither shall it be lawfull for any attorney to have license from more courts than from the quarter court and one county court, and that they likewise be sworne in the said courts where they are so licensed," &c. It might be well for the profession, were they at least to impose upon themselves greater restriction, in the number of courts in which they practise. The multitude of courts in Virginia, the inadequate salaries of the judges, and the number of tribunals before which the same counsel appear, tend to depreciate both the bench and bar, without at all expediting or promoting the ends of justice.

The above law also provides, that no attorney shall, "either by gift or love, directly or indirectly, take a larger fee than 20 lbs. of Tobacco, or its value, in the county court, and 50 lbs. in the quarter court, under the penalty of 500 lbs. of Tobacco, in the former case; and of 2,000 lbs. in the latter, one "moyety" to the king and the other to the informer, "whether client, adverse party, or any person whatsoever;" "And it is further thought fitt, that no attorney licensed as aforsaid shall refuse to be entertayned in any cause as aforesaid, provided he be not entertayned by the adverse party, uppon forfeiture of 250 lb. of tobacco in a countie court, and 1000 lb. of tobaccoe in the quarter court, * * * Provided this act nor any penalty therein expressed extend to such who shall be made special attorneys within the colony, or to such who shall have letters of procuration out of England." *

The provisions of this law partly disclose the character of the legal profession at this period. In the opinion of the assembly, their extortions soon called for a stronger blow; for about three years after, (Nov. 1645,) they opened upon them the following battery:—

"Whereas many troublesome suits are multiplied by the unskilfulness and covetousness of attorneys, who have more intended their own profit and their inordinate lucre than the good and benefit of their clients: *Be it therefore enacted*, That all mercenary attorneys be wholly expelled from such office, except such suits as they have already undertaken, and are now depending, and in case any person or persons shall offend contrary to this act, to be fined at the discretion of the court." † This law, perhaps, only amused some of those whom it so bitterly denounced; for it would be difficult to enforce it. It is not clear whether the punishments, of expulsion and being fined at the discretion of the court, were both to be inflicted; or whether the one was to be in lieu of the other.

At the same session, the law of 1643, for "licensing attorneys," was repealed, whilst this, expelling the mercenary ones, was kept in full force and power. ‡ How the ranks of the profession were filled up now, does not appear. Probably like those of our medical profession, which any one can enter without license or diploma at the present time. And some may have come over who had been admitted to the bar in England.

In October, 1646, it was enacted, "ffor the better prevention of all corruption, partiality and injustice," that no commissioner, magistrate, clerk or other officer should plead in his own court, for any person residing in the colony; § which wholesome regulation is in force at this day.

As if the mercenary attorneys required still more signal vengeance, the next year (1647) it was added that they should not receive "any recompence, directly or indirectly:" and no attorneys in private causes were allowed; but if the courts perceived that any weak party was likely to lose his cause, they were to open the case for him, "or appoint some fit man *out of the people* to plead the cause, and allow him satisfaction requisite. ‖"

So that now the legal profession was abolished in all private causes in court, and we can imagine the result. Of course the dispositions of men did

* Burk's Hist. Va. i. 222—3, and 231.

† Hening's Stat. at Large, i. 125, and 145, note.

* Hening's Va. Statutes at Large, i. 275—6.

† Hening, i. 302.

‡ Hening, i. 313.

§ Hening, i. 330.

‖ Hening, i. 349.

not change and the subjects of controversy did not cease; and the courts must still have been resorted to by litigants. Some plead their own causes and were necessarily stimulated by self-interest, as their counsel would have been; and probably their undigested discourses were often no small infliction. Many "weak parties" no doubt suffered the loss of clear rights; the members of the courts finding that it was not so easy to open their cases for them.

Yet these evils and inconveniences were slow in developing themselves, and this very democratic system continued for the space of nine years; when in the 7th year of the commonwealth under Cromwell, (1656,) it was superseded as follows:—

"This assembly finding many inconveniences in the act prohibiting mercenary attornies, *doe therefore hereby enact*, and be it by these presents enacted, that that act, and all other acts against mercenary attorneys to bee totally repealed;" The governor and council were to appoint fit and able persons, attorneys, in the quarter courts; and the commissioners, in the county courts; these attorneys were to take a prescribed oath, and if any controversy arose with their clients about their fees, the respective courts were to decide, "Provided allwaies that those only be called councellors at law, who have allreadie been qualified thereunto by the lawes of England, and those so qualified to enjoy all the privileges those lawes give them." *

From this, we perceive that the bar was once more put on a separate and honorable footing; and for it, the times of the commonwealth were more royal than those of Charles I. had been. But alas! for poor human nature; in less than two years the old spirit of extortion and selfishness seems to have re-appeared and had again to be exorcised by the power of the legislature. In the assembly it was first "Proposed, Whether a regulation, or totall ejection of lawyers?" As if in despair of *regulating* so mercenary and crafty a set, it was "*Resolved*, By the first vote, An ejection." Hereupon, even at that early day, arose a constitutional question, and rather strangely, too, started by the governor and council, who, their sympathies being in favor of the lawyers, replied to the "House's Message," that they would "consent to this proposition so farr as it shall be agreeable to Magna Charta." Signed by "Wm. Claiborne, 23 Martii 1657—(8.)" It was then deliberated whether any answer should be returned to this, and an answer being resolved on, the House sent word that they had considered Magna Charta, and could "not discover any prohibition contained therein" of the ejection of lawyers; and that the right of legislating on the subject had been repeatedly exercised. † All which they proceeded to exemplify by the following act:—"Whereas there doth much charge and trouble arise by the admittance of attorneys and lawyers through pleading of causes thereby to maintain suites in lawe, to the greate prejudice and charge of the inhabitants of this collony, for prevention thereof, *be it enacted by the authoritie of this present grand assembly*, that no person shall plead any cause, or give legal advice for a fee, or any kind of reward under the penalty of five thousand pounds of tobacco for every offence; and because the breakers of the law through their subtillity could not easily bee discerned," it was enacted that either plaintiff or defendant might make any one who had acted as his counsel, purge himself upon oath. *

In 1661, it was again enacted that no officer should practise law in his own court, except in behalf of the poor, or unless he were attorney for some non-resident who might call him to an account. †

Absolute free trade in law being thus established, "the land had rest" from the offending attorneys for the space of twenty-three years. But all the evils and inconveniences in legal proceedings were not yet eradicated; for in 1680, (32 Charles II., when Heneage Finch, Earl of Nottingham, "the Father of Equity," was Lord Chancellor of England,) in this game of legislative "see-saw" between the people and the lawyers, it was the lawyers' turn to go up again. It was now discovered that by ejecting lawyers with fees, a class of busybodies without sense had been called forth, and the following enactment was the consequence:—‡

"Whereas all courts in this country are many tymes hindered and troubled in their judiciall proceedings by the impertinent discourses of many busy and ignorant men who will pretend to assist their friend in his business and to cleare the matter more plainly to the court, although never desired or requested thereunto by the person whome they pretended to assist, and many tymes to the destruction of his cause, and the greate trouble and hindrance of the court; for the prevention whereof in future (here note the style,) *Bee it enacted by the Kings most excellent Majestie, by and with the consent of the generall assembley, and it is hereby enacted by the authority aforesaid*," that no person shall practise as an attorney, without being licensed thereto by the Governor, under the penalty of 2000 lbs. of tobacco, for every offence in the general court; and of 600, in the inferior courts: For every case in the general court, the fee was fixed at 500 lbs. of tobacco and caske; § and in the county courts, at 150 lbs. and caske; which

* Hening, i. 419.
† Hening, i. 495—6.

* Hening, i. 482—3.
† Hening, ii. 81.
‡ Hening, ii. 478.
§ By parity of reasoning, since money has taken the place of its old substitute, tobacco, the lawyer should be entitled to a *purse* as a substitute for the "*caske*."

might be claimed without any pre-agreement with the client. If any attorney refused to plead a cause for these fees, he was to forfeit to the party aggrieved the amount of the fee according to the court; but any one "capable" was allowed to plead his own cases in any court; a privilege enjoyed to this day, but rarely exercised. If he were indeed "capable," he might escape the force of the adage that "he who pleads his own cause, has a fool for his client;" but how this question of fitness was to be decided, we are not informed. Many, the least capable, might imagine themselves so, and especially after the anti-lawyer system, which had so long prevailed and accustomed men to regard themselves and one another as good-enough counsel. But in two years, the balance turned and down went the lawyers: the above statute was repealed. *

From this time to 1718, about 36 years, our printed "statutes at large" contain nothing relating to lawyers; but some unimportant regulations then, and also in 1727, (1st George II.,) as to fees, &c., render it probable that some intermediate legislation respecting them has been lost. Passing some unimportant items, we find in 1732, a long and significant act, "to prevent frivolous and vexatious suits; and to regulate attorneys practising in the county courts." †

It charges boldly into the number of unskilful attorneys in the county courts, who have "become a great grievance to the country, in respect of their neglect and mismanagement of their clients' causes, and other foul practises;" and enacts that no one shall practise in those courts without a license from the governor and council, under a penalty of 40*s.* for every case undertaken: License to be obtained by petition to the governor and council, who should refer it to suitable persons to examine the candidate. If qualified, he was then to be licensed; but was to subscribe the oath of abjuration and the test, and also to take the following remarkable oath:—

"You shall do no falsehood, nor consent to any to be done in the court; and if you know of any to be done, you shall give notice thereof to the justices of the court, that it may be reformed: You shall delay no man for lucre or malice, nor take any unreasonable fees: You shall not wittingly or willingly sue, or procure to be sued, any false suit, nor give aid nor consent to the same, upon pain of being disabled to practise as an attorney forever. And furthermore, you shall use yourself in the office of an attorney within the court according to your learning and discretion. So help you God."

For violation of duty as laid down in this law, the governor and council could suspend an attorney, or disable him forever; and the courts could make him pay all costs occasioned by his wilful neglect. Practitioners in the general court at the time of its passage, and counsellors and barristers at law were excepted from the operation of the act.

Some trite provisions in 1734, 36 and 38, which come next in order, are omitted. In 1742, so much of the law of 1732, as applied to regulating attorneys and granting them licenses was repealed, not having "been found to answer the good design and intention thereof." * The same year, lawyers' fees were fixed by law, and a new oath prescribed: *viz.*—

"You shall not directly or indirectly exact, demand, or receive, any greater or larger fee or reward, or other gratuity whatsoever for the services by you to be done as an attorney of this court, than you are permitted to take by a certain act of Assembly, intituled, *an act to prevent lawyers exacting or receiving exorbitant fees*, during the continuance of the said act. So help you God." Without taking this oath, no lawyer could practise in any court, under a penalty of 500 pounds current money. †

In 1745, the law for regulating attorneys and granting them licenses was revived and altered, ‡ so that it became the basis of subsequent legislation on the subject for many years; and no doubt from this period the colonial bar began to assume much of that dignity and importance which now belong to the profession. The details of the law, however, will be reserved until we come to the year 1748, when it was re-enacted with amendments. In the meantime, nothing of consequence took place in reference to our subject.

The disposition to "regulate" attorneys still prevailed, and in 1748, (22d George II.) a lengthy statute was passed, containing the following provisions: Examiners from among the Council and lawyers skilled in the law were to be appointed by the General Court, who should be sworn to grant no license except to persons of undoubted capacity, ability, and fitness; and who were to receive from every candidate the fee of twenty shillings: the candidates were to produce to the examiners a certificate of their honesty, probity, and good demeanor, from some inferior court; and, if qualified, to receive a license under the hands and seals of the examiners. If the persons appointed examiners refused to be sworn, granted a license improperly, or charged more than the legal fee, each forfeited for every such offence one hundred pounds, half to the king, for the better support of the colonial government; the other half to the informer: licensed attorneys were to subscribe the oath of abjuration and the test, take oath in every court in which they practised to demean themselves truly and honestly; and if any attempted to plead without license or without duly qualifying himself in court, he forfeited five pounds for every cause so

* Hening, ii. 498.
† Hening, iv. 357—362.
* Hening, v. 171.
† Hening, v. 181—2.
‡ Hening v. 345—350.

undertaken: convicts for felony were incapable of obtaining license, and should any such obtain a license, the general court were to supersede it: the same court could also suspend or disable "without the solemnity of a jury" any attorneys who misdemeaned themselves: the county courts still to have power to fine attorneys for contempt, &c., to bind them to good behavior and force them to pay costs occasioned by their neglect: "to prevent frivolous suits in the general courts, and trifling and vexatious appeals from the inferior courts," no attorney during the time of his practising in the general court, could undertake a case in the inferior courts, with some specified exceptions, under a penalty of twenty pounds, for every such case, though he might finish his cases then depending; no more than two lawyers to argue on a side, in the general court, except in cases of life and death: this act repealing all former acts, to continue in force for four years, and to the end of the next session thereafter. *

In 1753, the laws establishing the general court were reduced into one; and it was enacted, that if an attorney failed to enter an appearance in it, after engaging so to do, he should forfeit to the plaintiff fifty shillings: † at the same time, this sum was fixed as the fee in the general court, to be taxed in the bill of costs, if the plaintiff employed counsel; or in lieu of this sum, five hundred pounds of tobacco, at the option of the defendant. ‡

The law of 1748 was "found to answer the ends thereby intended," and when about to expire (1753,) was continued for *three* years, and to the end of the next session thereafter. And for preventing lawyers taking unreasonable and exorbitant fees, and for the more equal settlement of the same," it was enacted that counsel in the general court might receive, for advice when no suit was brought, £1 1s. 6d.; for any suit at common law, other than those below specified, 50s.; for "all chancery suits, or real, mixt, or personal actions, where the title or bounds of land shall or may come in question," £5. County court attorneys, for similar services, were to receive 10s., 15s., and 30s. respectively; and on a petition for a small debt, 7s. 6d. Any lawyer for attending a survey in the county was to receive, for every day, 1£ 1s. 6d. The penalty for exceeding these fees was fifty pounds, for every instance. §

This law seems to have worked well again; and when the period limited was about to expire, it was again continued, with some amendments, for *four* years, and to the end of the session thereafter.

The prohibition that lawyers practising in the general court should not plead in the inferior courts was removed. The above tariff of fees was continued; but the penalty for violating it was increased to one hundred pounds; and if any lawyer brought suit for his fees, he could recover only the legal amount notwithstanding any agreement he might make with his client to the contrary. This quasi anti-law-usury provision may enable us to remove an ambiguity in the phraseology of the act, which in two places uses the following language: lawyers shall not directly or indirectly, by any device whatsoever, take, or demand, "*before the suits in which they shall be employed shall be finally determined*," any greater fees than those specified. * Does this mean, that after the suits are decided they may take larger fees, which accords best with the precise phraseology? Or that they shall not receive even their legal fees until the services are rendered? The clause in reference to the recovery of their fees by suit, seems to confirm this latter construction, as it denies a legal sanction to greater fees than those specified. The above phraseology is still preserved in our laws regulating fees; but by a recent statute now in operation, a lawyer is authorized to make special contracts for fees with his clients without any limit as to the amount; and most of the fees usually received exceed the legal rates which are taxed in the bills of costs. †

In 1761, (1st George III.,) these regulations which were established from 1748, were, with a few slight differences, re-enacted in one statute, ‡ repealing all others, and to continue in force for *five* years, and from thence to the close of the next session. When the general court had superseded any attorney's license for misdemeaning himself, they could permit him to resume practice under his former license: the restriction as to practising in both courts was renewed, except as to barristers at law: and some of the penalties for violating the act were increased.

We have passed by some regulations of the assembly in regard to taxing lawyers' fees in certain cases, in the bills of costs. In 1765, (the 6th George III.,) a more general law was passed on this subject. Reciting former laws touching fees and the establishing of the general court, and declaring it "unreasonable that the party who prevails, and recovers in any such action or suit, should be subject to the payment of a greater fee to his lawyer than he can by law recover of the adverse party," it requires the fees already specified to be taxed in the bills of costs, "except against executors and administrators, or where the plaintiff may not recover more costs than damages." § At the present day, as above stated, few plaintiffs recover as much as they have to pay their lawyers, though the legal fees are taxed in the bill of costs.

* Hening, vi. 140—3.
† Ibid, 331.
‡ Ibid, vi. 336.
§ Hening, vi. 371.

* Ibid vii.—124—5.
† Session Acts, 1838.
‡ Hening, vii. 397—401.
§ Hening, viii. 184—5.

The general law "regulating" attorneys, still worked so well, that in 1766, it was continued, unaltered, for *three* years and one session; and in 1769, for the space of *seven* years and one session after. *

The stirring era of the revolution was now near at hand. Already were many of the causes in full operation, which led the "delegates and representatives of the several counties and corporations of Virginia," on the 29th of June, 1776, to declare, that by the numerous acts of misrule, which they then enumerated, and which were afterwards recited in the celebrated Declaration of Independence, "the government of this country, as formerly exercised under the crown of *Great Britain* was TOTALLY DISSOLVED." †

The most solemn interests of a free people for several years demanded the attention of the legislature and the convention. A new system had in a great measure to be put in operation, and the old also modified to suit new circumstances and emergencies.

A convention of the colony was held in Williamsburg, the capital, 1st August, 1774; and another in "Richmond town," in March, July and December, 1775. An "Interregnum" of about a year took place; George III. was dethroned in the "Ancient Dominion;" and the colonial government dissolved. On the 12th of June, 1776, "The representatives of the good people of Virginia, assembled in full and free convention," at Williamsburg, issued a Declaration of Rights, "which do pertain to them and their posterity, as the basis and foundation of government;" and on the 29th of June, adopted a "CONSTITUTION, OR FORM OF GOVERNMENT." The same day, the first great orator of Hanover county was elected the first independent governor; and the first year of the COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA commenced.

During the Interregnum, the following oath was prescribed for every attorney at law, before he could practise in any court: "I do solemnly promise and swear, that I will be faithful and true to the Commonwealth of Virginia, and that I will well and truly demean myself in the office of an attorney at law. So help me God." ‡

Of course, the administration of Justice, civil and criminal, was not suspended. An ordinance of the convention in May, 1776, recites that, "WHEREAS it hath been found indispensably necessary to establish government in this colony, independent of the crown of Great Britain, or any authority derived therefrom, and a plan of such government hath been accordingly formed by the general convention; but it will require some time to compile a body of laws suited to the circumstances of the country, and it is necessary to provide some method of preserving peace and security to the community in the mean time;" and among other things, enacts that the common law of England and all her general statutes made in aid thereof, prior to the 4th year of the reign of James I., together with the acts of the colonial assembly then in force, so far as they may consist with the ordinances, declarations and resolutions of the general convention, shall be in full force, until altered by the legislature. *

Nor was the new Constitution silent on the subject of courts, &c. In 1777 and '78, there was some legislation in reference to attorneys failing to enter an appearance, and to taxing their fees in the bills of costs;—that of the year '78 reviving and continuing the above law so long in force—from 1748—but with the material alteration of raising the fees, and allowing a fee of ten pounds in the "high court of chancery." †

And then, the statute book seems silent as to attorneys, till 1782, except as to the salary of the attorney general, which was fixed successively, at £1,200; £2,400; 20,000 lbs. of Tobacco, paid for quarterly in money, according to the valuation of the grand jury, at the preceding term of the general court; and £300, in specie, per annum.

In 1782, so much of the act of 1765, specifying lawyers' fees and allowing them to be taxed in the bill of costs, as had been repealed by the act of 1778, on the same subject, was restored; the chief practical effect of which seems to have been to reduce the fees. And in the same year, the law of 1761, "regulating the practice of attorneys," was revived. ‡

In 1784, each attorney's license in the inferior courts was taxed five pounds; which was altered the next session, by taxing an attorney in those courts, twenty shillings for every court in which he qualified. § This has been improved upon, in very recent years, by an annual tax on all lawyers, of a per centage on their receipts, or a commutation in gross.

In 1786, a very vigorous rule of taxation was laid down. Before an attorney could appear in any court of the commonwealth, for plaintiff or defendant in any suit in which a fee might be taxed among the costs, he had to pay down to the clerk one-tenth of the legal fee, which proportion was to be paid by every attorney appearing on either side: a new tithe-system indeed! The clerk was to be responsible for the said tenth part, whether he received it or not, and to keep an accurate memorandum of all the lawyers on either side. If he failed to make the entries, then he was to be accountable for what two lawyers would have paid,

* Ibid, 198 and 385.
† Hening, ix. 117—18.
‡ Ibid. 126.

* Hening, ix, 126-7.
† Hening, ix., 529.
‡ Ibid. .xi. 76 and 183.
§ Ibid. 378 and 439.

unless it was shown that no attorney did appear, * &c. Physicians, surgeons and apothecaries were also pretty well taxed. In 1790, the taxes on them all were repealed.

In 1785 and '87, the laws indicate two species of neglect not very creditable to those guilty of them, viz., suffering suits to be dismissed by their negligence, which was to be done at their costs; and failing to pay over clients' money; they were now to be compelled to pay in a summary way, on motion. †

In 1786, it was enacted that no person, but the attorney general, should practise as attorney or proctor in any court, unless licensed as heretofore described, or by three of the judges of the high court of chancery, or of the general court, in writing under their hands and seals; but the candidate must bring them a certificate from the court of the county, in which he had resided for the last twelve months, of his honest demeanor: no one convicted of felony to practise law. If the general court by their own observation detected any mal-practice, or complaint in writing were made to them of any such mal-practice in any attorney, the accused was to be summoned to show cause why an information should not be filed against him; and if on such information, he were found guilty, they could suspend his license or vacate it altogether, in that court or any county, city or borough court. The high court of chancery and the court of admiralty had the same powers in reference to those courts respectively. Counsel in the inferior courts were not allowed to practise in the higher ones. But this restriction was soon after (1787) removed; but counsel having appeared for the appellant in the court below, were not to prosecute the appeal. This exception or proviso was probably disregarded; for in 1788, it was re-enacted, and a penalty of twenty pounds denounced against whomever should appear for the same party in both courts, in the same cause. ‡

Under these regulations slightly altered to this day, the profession has moved on for more than half a century, drawing to its ranks many bright ornaments; often the brightest of the state and the Union.

Even when the enactments were most severe, in the time of the colony, against the avaricious and corrupt spirit of attorneys, there were no doubt many shining exceptions and lofty exemplars among the colonial Bar. Indeed, the existence of such laws shows the prevalence of a high standard of honorable dealing, and a popular sentiment requiring strict integrity in professional matters, which were well calculated, in the lapse of time, to produce the most gratifying effects in those upon whom they operated. And on the other hand, a people jealous of their rights and impatient of the least appearance of extortion, may sometimes have done the lawyers injustice. But even supposing all the legislative denunciations against them fully merited, the spirit which exacted such fair and high-minded demeanor from the Bar, must have tended to elevate its tone and purify its ranks. Till at length the Virginia Bar was not unworthy of the Randolphs, the Wythes, the Tazewells, the Pendletons, the Wirts, the Wickhams and the Marshall, who have adorned it.

* Hening, xii., 285.
† Ibid. 36, 472.
‡ Hening, xii., 339, 497, 708.

## Appendix.

Since the above was written, we have found in a MS. Book, in Latin and Greek, belonging to the "Virginia Historical Society," the following sketches of two of our Colonial lawyers, which are so illustrative of the foregoing paper, that we make no excuse for adding them. The MS. book, in the end of which they appear, contains notes on Homer's Iliad, with a translation of many of the Greek terms into Latin. The sketches are probably by Sir John Randolph, highly distinguished as a lawyer and a scholar. He died about 1737 at the age of 44 years, and a handsome tablet to his memory is embedded in the walls of the chapel of William and Mary College: the inscription upon it has already appeared in the Messenger.

### "*Taken from Sr. John's Breviate Book.*

"On the 14th of December 1734 Died suddenly of a Fit John Holloway Esqr. after having languished about ten months with a sort of Epilepsie at certain Times of the Moon, which had much impaired his Memory and understanding. He had practised in this Court upwards of thirty Years with great Reputation for Diligence and Learning; and was so much in the good Opinion of the Court, that I have upon many Occasions known him prevail for his Clients against Reasons and Arguments much stronger and better than his. His Opinions were by most People looked upon as decisive, and were very frequently acquiesced in by both Parties, those against whom he pronounced, being discouraged from disputing against so great Authority. He practiced with much Artifice and Cunning, being thoroughly skilled in Attornyship; But when his Causes came to a Hearing, he reason'd little was tedious in reading long Reports of some Cases, and little Abridgments of others out of which he would collect short Aphorisms, and obiter sayings of Judges and rely upon them, without regarding the main Point in Question; and arbitrarily affirm or deny a Matter of Law, which had often too much Weight against the Reason and Difference of things. By this Method he gained many Causes which always gave him great Joy, but was as impatient if he lost one as if it tended to a diminution of his Credit. He was blamable for one singular Practice, in Drawing notes for special Verdicts; he would state naked Circum-

stances of Facts only, and leave it to the Court to collect the Matter of Fact out of them; so that upon such Verdicts we have had many tedious Debates about what the Fact was: Whereas if that had been found positively as it should be there would have been no Need of a Special Verdict: But against this I could never prevail. His greatest Excellence was his Diligence and Industry; but for Learning I never thought he had any, nor could it be expected he should; He had served a Clerkship; went a youth afterwards into the Army in Ireland in the Beginning of King Wm's reign; after that betook himself to Business having got to be one of the Attorneys of the Marshalsea Court; but not being contented with his income from that, turn'd Projector and ruined himself; which brought him first into Maryland and afterwards hither. I remember one particular Instance which satisfied me his knowledge in the Law was not very profound. An ejectment was brought (whether I was at first concerned in it I forget,) and upon a Special Verdict the Case was thus. A seised in Fee by Deed, gave the Land in Question to B his Daughter for Life and after her Death to her Heirs forever; she sold to the Deft. and after her Death the Plt. B's Heir claiming as a Purchaser in Remainder brought this Action to recover. When I saw this I told the Plt. who was my Client, I could not say one word for him; not knowing a more certain Rule of Law than this: That where by Will or Conveyance any Estate of Freehold is given to the Ancestor and by the same Writing an Estate is limited to his Heirs; that makes a Fee [Heirs] being there a word of Limitation and not of Purchase. Yet the Deft. by this Eminent Lawyer's advice gave up the Land without Argument, upon the Plt's allowing him to remain in Possession some short Time longer: when if the matter had been brought to a hearing, I would not have said one word. However, his reputation was such, that he was universally courted, and most people thought themselves obliged to him, if he would engage their side upon any terms; and he really thought so himself. This gave him great opportunities of exacting excessive Fees; which I have heard he always did, where the Value of the thing in Question would allow it: and covered great Blemishes in one part of his private Life besides many Imperfections of his Mind, which any Body might observe who knew any thing of him: He was of a haughty, insolent nature; passionate and peevish to the last Degree; He had a Stiffness in his Carriage which was ridiculous and often offensive; and was an utter Stranger to Hospitality. He was sincere in his Friendship where he professed any,—but not constant, apt to change upon small provocations, and to contract new Friendships upon very slight Grounds. In which he would be very warm and ready to do all good offices. One of his greatest Defects was that he would always bring his opinion and Friendship to agree. But what he wanted in Virtue and Learning to recommend him was abundantly supplied by fortunate Accidents. He was 14 years Speaker of the House of Burgesses and 11 years Public Treasurer; But in those he acted with little Applause and less Abilities, tho he was three times chosen and once unanimously. His Management of the Treasury contributed to his Ruin, and brought him to the Grave with much Disgrace. I was always his Friend, and had a great deal of Reason to believe him mine. Yet it was impossible to be blind to so many Imperfections: He died little lamented in the 69th year of his age."

—

"In a few Daies afterwards in London died William Hopkins Esqr. who had practiced in this Court about 12 Years, and in that Time by hard Study, and Observation he made a surprizing Progress; became a very ingenious Lawyer and a good Pleader; tho' at his first coming he was raw and much despised. But he had a Carelessness in his Nature, which preserved him from being discouraged, and carried him on till he came to be admired. He had a good Foundation in School Learning, understood Latin and French well; had a strong Memory, a good Judgment; a Quickness that was very visible; and a handsome Person, All mighty Advantages. But his manner was awkward, his Temper Sower, if it was to be judged by the Action of his Muscles; and was too much given to laugh at his own Discourses.

When he had brought himself into good Business, he almost totally neglected it; which I believe was owing to a Desire of Dipping into all Kinds of Knowledge; wherein he had a great Deal of Vanity, and prevented his Digesting what he had, so well as he would have done otherwise. He had many good Qualities in his Practice; was moderate in his Fees; Ingenious and honest; never disputed plain Points, but was a candid fair Arguer. Yet he had a failing which brought him to a Quarrel with me. It was an odd Sort of Pride that would not suffer him to keep an Equilibrium in his own Conceits: He could not see himself admired, without thinking it an Injury to him to stand upon a level with any other. And therefore tho' I was always his Friend, had done him many Kindnesses, and he himself thought himself obliged to me, He came into so ill a Temper, as not to allow me either Learning or Honesty; which broke our acquaintance and after that I thought I discovered some Seeds of Malice in him. He died in the Flower of his Age, and may be justly reckon'd a Loss to this poor Country, which is not like to abound (at present at least) in Great Genius's."

## SMOKE.

'Tis a morning of beauty, sparkling and bright,
With the frost on the pane, the breath of the night,
The glitter on branch, and the glitter on spray,
The ice-jewel gleams in the sun beam to-day
From dripping eaves.

And the curling smoke, with its changeful hue,
A world of beauty is opening to view;
Ah the smoke how graceful its pearly folds,
How varied the lesson that volume unrolls
In each misty page!

How blithesome and free its airy wing flies,
How radiant the gleam of its thousand dyes,
And the rich warm glow in its skyey flight,
Breathing down hope in the darkling night
Of the sorrowing heart.

Emblem of peace, glad things thou'rt telling,
Of the hearts that beneath thy soft wing are dwelling,
That the fire burns bright on the altar of home,
And the heart is light and the joyous tone
Is swelling out.

Climbing and climbing on up and away,
Tinted as brightly as blossom in May,
Up in the sunshine but low in the storm,
Soaring to light, but lowering thy form,
When the cloud frowns.

Image of happiness, scaling the blue dome,
Higher and high up to its ether home,
Beautiful vapor, a lesson thou'rt bearing
To the weary and sad, the lone and despairing
Bowed to the earth.

Sayest thou, rise like me.
High hope and daring free;
Bend to the storm,
When dark o'er thy sky
Its murky folds lie;
Lift up thy form,
When its shadow is gone,
And bright rainbows dawn,
Golden and warm?

Curling on, wreathing on, soaring on ever,
Lighter than Fairy that trips o'er the heather,
Wheeling in downy clouds up to the blue sky,
Reaching where never the proud bird has dar'd to fly
Airy and blithesome.

I would that my spirit as chainless and free
As thy wing, might soar where the night stars be,—
When wearied of earth these eyes shall close
On its scenes, might find a peaceful repose
In some holier clime.

BLANCHE.

## POETRY AND RELIGION.

### No. VI.

FALSE IMPRESSIONS AS TO THE MORAL INSUBORDINATION OF POETICAL GENIUS, &c.—SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

Let us return to the hypothesis in question. As to the necessity of moral aberration supposed to be involved in the poetical character, it may be asked, does such a necessity originate in the physical, or the mental organization of the poet? Not, certainly, in the former. For how can a law so peculiar, be attached to a class so diversified. How can a physical tendency so unique and specific, be affirmed of that endless variety of feature and form, complexion and temperament, displayed in the physical constitution of the poetic tribe? Indeed, poets conform to no specific law of classification, as to their bodily functions. As to those vices, which consist in the indulgence of physical appetites, to which many poets have been addicted, they are by no means peculiar to themselves as a class. Others, besides those distinguished for poetic genius, are guilty of such grovelling excesses. Nay, it will generally be found, that those farthest removed from such a distinction—the ignorant, the rude, the torpid, those in whom the animal part of their nature seems to reign over the mental and the spiritual, are of all others most noted for subjection to brutal propensities and passions. There is nothing consequently in the peculiar physical nature of the poet to distinguish it as a necessary source of such impurities.

But vices of this class may perhaps be regarded as habits, formed in consequence of some unhappy state of mind, which seeks relief in opiates administered through the bodily senses, to stupify the pangs of inward anguish. So that to disorders inherent in the mental constitution may be traced these external irregularities of life, as well as those vices of temper and disposition, with which they are often attended. Does there then exist any conceivable necessity in the intellectual nature of the poet as the cause of such results? Here we must insist on a distinction between *an absolute necessity of nature and a peculiar liability to temptation*. Even admitting this peculiar liability to exist in the case of the poet, yet the excesses which flow from it may be denied to be the inevitable accompaniments of his genius. For with an exposure to temptation, there are the means of resistance, and a neglect of the one will not justify a submission to the other.

But this peculiar liability to temptation itself arises from previous defects of character, which are not the constitutional or necessary ingredients of poetical genius. It springs from an antecedent

moral perversity, which claims no affinity or connection with the elements of poetry; but which, on the contrary, whenever constrained into such an unnatural association, ensures a tendency to deterioration and decay. In such cases, the high authority of religious principle is first rejected, the harmonizing influence of Christian faith is discarded, the charities, the consolations and the hopes, which attend a spirit of humble and fervent piety, are forsaken; and the character of the poet, thus rendered destitute both of defence and support adequate to its position, and left alone to the lower motives and restraints of human society, with its vivid powers, refined sensibilities and glowing emotions, will of course be more liable to break beyond such limits, than others who are equally alien to the spirit of religion, but who are not distinguished by the same elevation and force of mental faculties. Exalt the intellectual powers, enlarge the capacities of the soul, quicken its sensibilities, intensify its emotions, and etherealize its aspirations, and unless controlled by Christian principle in the lofty sphere of true virtue, it will be perpetually liable to run wild by the force of its impulsive and unbalanced powers. While genuine religion comprehends all true virtue and holds forth the highest necessity for social order: Yet there may be a degree of outward propriety and a species of inferior consistency maintained from mere selfish and secular motives, where the loftier principle of religious obligation is habitually discarded. Such virtues, however, are merely negative in their character. As the world is, even *they* are not to be depreciated. Verily they have their reward. They secure present quietude and afford the opportunity to those who may be impelled by noble motives, of ascending, without conflict or injury, to a purer element. But in such cases an exemption from wayward impulses results from a partial deprivation of inward life. An avoidance of vice is owing to the absence of temptation, and not to the ascendency of virtue. The surface of life is calm and smooth, because the current is contracted to a pool and covered with ice. In many instances a partial compliance with the standard of social order is indebted to no higher cause than spiritual decrepitude and depression; and there may be cases in which the soul has just vigor and energy enough to break the bondage of ordinary influences, without wisdom and purity sufficient to lead it to the freedom and harmony of a higher element. It may disown the sway of Mammon and dissolve the apathy of stoicism, but fail to subject itself to the legitimate control of moral principle and religious truth. If such be the position and character of the poet, there will be of course with him a peculiar liability to temptation. But his position is previously wrong. His character is swayed by an antecedent perversion. And it is to this perverted and vitiated condition of his moral nature, and not to the original force and tendency of genius, that we are to attribute all his waywardness and guilt.

We are aware, that in making this admission of a peculiar liability to temptation in such cases, we seemingly give sanction to a prevalent pretext employed by depraved pretenders to genius, to vindicate and encourage their abominable profligacy. With such a warrant to foster presumption, many ambitious aspirants after literary fame, who hold forth no higher claim to such a distinction than that displayed in habits of reckless dissipation, are enabled to avail themselves of a condition of greatness, which is both cheap and agreeable. There is discovered an easy ascent to that eminence, "where Fame's proud temple shines afar." By a process, which has the threefold advantage of gratifying a corrupt taste, soothing a guilty conscience and flattering a stupid pride, the man rises in his own estimation to the attitude of one endowed with superhuman faculties and begins to figure before the world in those *peculiar* eccentricities, which are conceived to be appropriate to such a character. If society should prove blind to the imposing demonstration, he looks with contempt on its heartless stupidity, and scowls with misanthropic defiance in return for its envy and malice. Should it still remain unimpressed, after these additional attestations of his inspired mission, he then laments the tyranny of circumstances and sighs over the mournful fatality of gifted minds, under which they are doomed to desolation by their own convulsive energies; and, despairing of other methods of demonstration, he determines to become a martyr of genius, plunges onward to greater excesses in pollution, until he falls a wreck of shame and guilt, and crowns the proof of his preëminence by consummating a career, which had already impressed the world as both foolish and wicked—a career which depravity first instigated, and vanity subsequently encouraged under the charm of a fascinating, but wilful delusion.

It is true some highly gifted poets have been the victims of such wayward and ruinous propensities. And there is no human history which should be traced with a more sorrowful sympathy, than the dark and downward career of perverted genius. But generally the shallow pretenders to the possession of superior gifts, who are instigated solely by the impertinent presumption of diseased vanity, will be most liable to such demoralizing tendencies, and most prone to seek refuge in the seeming shelter of so baseless a pretext for their indulgence. As to the latter it is useless to expostulate. And even with the former there will be a pertinacity in clinging to so flattering a delusion. That it is a delusion, must be manifest to all capable of reflection, and disposed to rectitude. Otherwise, moral obligation and religious truth, the sources of piety, are opposed to beauty and sublimity, the fountains of poetry; and

both being emanations of the Deity, we must suppose a contrariety in his plans, a discordance in his works, to justify us in embracing the one and discarding the other. But to be more minute.—Let it be considered that the tendency to licentiousness, which is supposed to exist, is directly contrary to the legitimate tendency of the element of poetry, and cannot therefore be justly attributed to it as a source. It is a physical, brutal, stupifying, degrading tendency, manifested, it is true, by some eminent poets, but manifested equally by the most obtuse and torpid of the race, and manifested in its perfection by the beasts that perish. But the elements of poetry are refined, ethereal, elevating and spiritual. Their legitimate tendency leads the soul upward in its aspirations. They cannot, therefore, be justly regarded as the direct causes of a tendency so manifestly opposite. Again, let it be remembered, that this peculiar liability to temptation, which we have admitted conditionally to exist, does exist only on condition of a previous defect of character, for which the poet is responsible—a defect of moral principle, a destitution of religious life. This deficiency is radical and essential in its nature. It is no mere innocent misfortune, which serves to palliate all the consequences which flow from its existence. Even under the unalleviated doom of original apostacy, a moral agent would be culpable in acting according to those depraved propensities to which our fallen nature is heir. But under the provisions and remedies of divine mercy, such reckless infatuation is without the shadow of an apology.

There is a proneness to regard the prevalent standard of social virtue, as an exclusive test of moral integrity—to look no higher as a source of obligation and to consider nothing beyond in the light of a duty. The spiritual elements of religion are ordinarily discarded from our estimate of human character, and we regard the visible deportment of man in the relations of society as alone amenable to praise or blame. Such a system of calculation is admissible, perhaps, when we consider the incapacity of man as a judge of the inward motives and purposes of his fellow creatures, and the great importance of even the outward aspect of such virtues to the peace and order of society. But it is obvious that the ordinary relations of life may, to a certain passable extent, be fulfilled in the visible deportment, while the most selfish and sordid purposes reign in the heart. Moreover, there may be an abstinence from certain vicious excesses secured, as before stated, from an inward contraction of soul—a distinction, (not censurable, of course, as to the form in which it is manifested,) which arises solely from a want of intellectual and moral capacity for any higher distinction. But while such conditions are sufficient under the jurisdiction of human law, and should for the most part satisfy the charitable judgment to be exercised between man and man in society; yet in the discernment of an enlightened conscience, true to its office of self scrutiny, still higher obligations should be regarded, and the spiritual elements of faith and piety should be held essential to the production of genuine moral worth and the development of a consistent and perfect character. At least we are assured that such conditions alone will stand the investigation of a higher tribunal, when the secret springs of human conduct are unveiled in the light of eternity. Nor is there any evasion of such a prospect in the sentiment sung by an unhappy poet—so true in itself, and so tenderly consoling to the sincere and suffering—

> —"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
> Decidedly can try us.
> He knows each chord, its various tone—
> Each spring, its various bias."

Admit every palliation, which is supposed to be derived from the natural tone and bias of character, from constitutional temperament and tendency, from the force of circumstances and the power of temptation; and at the same time admit that the obligations of faith and piety are as direct and urgent, as those of social virtue—that inward religion is as much a duty as external propriety in life; and we ask, will any plea, however derived, suffice to extenuate the guilt of a radical destitution of religious life in the soul? In the case of the poet, the force of any argument drawn from the tone and bias of character, the endowment of rare gifts and faculties, the possession of refined tastes and ethereal aspirations, would only bring to bear upon his conscience an increased power of obligation, constraining him to a pious life—for which he is more fully equipped and furnished by nature than others—to which he is attracted by more congenial tastes and tendencies, urged by stronger motives, and impelled by a deeper sense of duty. If the propensities of nature are to have any weight in determining the measure of personal obligation, and modifying our estimate of human character, we are forced to the conclusion, that he who is endowed with the genius of a poet, is of all others most strongly bound to be a pious man, and consequently most culpable in assuming an opposite character. But if the element of true religion secures the consistency of social virtue; and if the waywardness of poetical character is owing to a primary deficiency in this respect; then those consequent immoralities, which incur the censure of society, cannot be palliated as the necessary appendages of genius. If destitute of piety, the poet may be more liable to temptations, to reckless abandonment; but he is more culpable than others for that antecedent destitution, which occasions such a liability. His waywardness is owing, not to qualities possessed, but to qualities discarded—not to the presence of the elements of poetry, but to the ab-

sence of the elements of religion, which exhibit a congenial affinity, and demand an inseparable union. The tame and the torpid may be equally destitute of religious principle, and yet less liable to external impropriety. While they deserve no greater credit for their abstinence, he can demand no lighter condemnation for his excesses. As to the higher purposes of existence, both are abortive, although from different causes. Both fail to reach the prize of immortality, while one lingers listlessly around the shores of time, and the other drives madly before the tempest, amid vacancy and darkness, to meet the doom of shipwreck. A frail pleasure-boat may escape the agitation of the waves and the fury of the storm, by clinging near the quiet shore; but it moulders away in its contracted position, and never crosses the mighty deep to anchor on the coast of another hemisphere. The nobler vessel, built for a deeper element and a more distant voyage, may lose its course, be driven by the tempest on quick-sands and rocks, and finally float a dismal wreck on the stormy sea. But, if at the outset, it was unprovided with helm and compass and anchor—if these indispensable provisions for security were recklessly thrown away—shall the final catastrophe be charged upon the lofty dimensions of the vessel, the wide expanse of its sails, or the fury of the wind and tide, which swept it onward to its doom? Yea, the poet, destitute of the guiding and sustaining influences of religion, is swift to brave the storms of life. But wherefore? Not because he is a poet; but because he is not a Christian. Without the panoply needful for the contest, when he encounters the stern realities of experience, it is not surprising if he be wounded and conquered. Sensitive, impulsive, and aspiring, the very superiority of his nature, which lifts him above the tame and sluggish security of ordinary minds, renders him exposed to peculiar dangers. The energies which nerve his character are prone to wayward excess, and the very excellencies which adorn it, are liable, under the fatal reaction of disappointment, to be transformed into bitterness and gloom. The unshielded soul, pierced and bleeding in the conflict of life, often completes its misery, by sinking under the shelter of physical propensities, and administering the poison of lust as a balm to its wounds. Besides these ruinous propensities within, there is an array of adverse external influences, which combine their power in hastening on so dire a catastrophe—the sway of fashion, the current of popular prejudice, the force of evil example, and the contagion of corrupt society. But all this exposure to danger arises from a primary destitution in the character of the poet. This destitution moreover implies, by necessity, a process of perversion. The absence of religious qualities not only leaves the native elements of poetry naked and defenceless, under the power of temptation, but the very void in the soul, thus occasioned, insures a distortion of its faculties and a deterioration in its tastes. The presiding influence of religion would harmonize the powers of the mind, correct its vacillations, and guide its ardent impulses aright. The character, thus equipped with appropriate armor, (not clogged and crippled with oppressive incumbrance, but "shielded and helmed and panoplied in truth,") goes forth not only less exposed to danger, but also provided with remedies for every injury experienced in the conflict. For while religion prepares the soul for security in its earthly career, it exerts a modifying power over all external influences. It blunts the shafts of adversity, soothes the pangs of sorrow, and amid all the agitations of this world, sustains the soul in tranquillity and peace by the steadfast anchor of a heavenly hope. We repeat, it is by a process of perversion that the nature of the poet is thus cut loose from such a support, and all his peculiar liability to vacillating waywardness arises from this fatal dislodgment of his spirit from its appropriate reliance and refuge. The luxuriant vine, by its very structure, demands some object to sustain its branches in their vigorous growth. It entwines its tendrils around the massive and towering oak; and thus upborne from the earth, it flourishes unharmed amid warring elements, strong in its dependence, and beautiful in its security. But let it be rudely severed from its support, and trailing helplessly in the dust, it is tossed and torn by every fitful breeze, and crushed and mangled by every passing foot. The worthless weed that shoots forth its stiff and meagre stalk from the earth, escapes without injury. The vine suffers, not from its luxuriance, but from its severance from the oak, by which it should have been sustained.

By observing the vices to which poets are most liable, it will be seen that they arise from the perversion and abuse of qualities, which, if corrected and sustained by religious principle, would have secured the greatest excellence of character. But such a perversion is not necessary to the growth and vigor of poetical genius. It is from no native tendency in the elements of poetry, that they are thrown loose from so salutary a connection, in order to give scope to their expansive luxuriance. The pure and lofty spirit of religion, which lifts the soul in its security above surrounding evils, does not at the same time impede the growth of its higher faculties. Such a supposition is as repulsive to reason, as it is false to history. Is the vigorous vegetation of the vine arrested by its contact with the tree, around which its tendrils are entwined? Is the majestic ship encumbered in its motions, by being provided with helm and compass and anchor? Does it glide less swiftly or gracefully over the heaving billows, when thus shielded against the dangers of the deep? And when the dependent spirit of man entwines its confidence around the throne of God, and sends up its devout

aspirations to Heaven, is its life impaired—are its energies paralyzed? When guided by reason and truth, and sustained by a Christian hope, are the discursive faculties of the soul clogged and encumbered, as they launch forth amid the surrounding amplitude of nature and life? Preposterous absurdity! as well as impious blasphemy, to indulge for a moment the thought! No, the genius of the poet does not necessarily divest itself of security, by the very process of unfolding its charms and maturing its powers. It is from no inherent tendency to poetical perfection, that the mind is thus propelled aloof from the centre of truth, and the sphere of duty. It is a deteriorating tendency, which originates in some foreign quarter, apart from the fountains of poetry, and perverts their native sympathy, and counteracts their original affinity.

If then it be admitted, that the exclusion of the poet from the influences of religion is not strictly attributable to the tendency of his genius; and if the subsequent irregularities of his life originate in this primary deficiency, then the conclusion is inevitable, that the prevalent impression, as to the necessary waywardness of the poetical character, is false and groundless. Thus we expose the touching extenuation, uttered by the poet, from whom we have already quoted, in behalf of his unhappy irregularities:

> "I saw thy pulses' madning play,
> Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
> Misled by Fancy's meteor ray,
> By passion driven;
> And yet the light, that led astray,
> Was light from Heaven."

The literal import of this apology, if we apprehend aright, amounts to this—Those qualities, which constituted him a poet, impelled him to vice. His ardent temperament, his brilliant imagination, his glowing emotions, were the light from Heaven, which led astray. His merit, as a poet, consequently cancelled his demerit as a man. In a certain sense, all high gifts and faculties may be traced to a heavenly origin, but this is strictly true only when regarded in their original purity, as exempt from a state of subsequent corruption, which arises from an opposite quarter, and springs from an admixture with the impure elements of earth. Thus natural light may be traced to the sun as its origin. But light undergoes a thousand modifications as to its appearance and results, from its combination with foreign qualities. From the stormy cloud there is emitted a lurid glare, to terrify and consume. From the putrid vapors of the marsh, there is sent forth an *ignis fatuus* to bewilder the gaze. And from the impure and turbid atmosphere above, brilliant meteors are enkindled, to dazzle and lead astray. Ah! the faithful phraseology of the poet betrays the lurking delusion of his pretext. It is a "*meteor-ray*," which misleads—a light born of pollution and springing from contact with foul and turbid elements. It is owing not to the rare gifts of his nature as they came originally "a light from heaven," but to their subsequent and congenial combination with corruption and lust, that the poet is led astray. Such a doom is not the native destiny of genius. Such a desolating career is not its original orbit. Religion holds forth its inviting prospects, its purifying and restraining influences, its precious consolations and immortal hopes. This true light from Heaven shines over the darkness of earth, dispels its delusions and leads the human mind in the line of rectitude to the port of peace. Shall fitful meteors, exploding in a corrupt atmosphere, be responsible for all the dire evils of shipwreck, when the steadfast firmament is gemmed over with the guiding stars of heaven? Shall impure hallucinations, kindled in the diseased imagination of the poet, be chargeable for his guilty aberrations, when the divine precepts and holy influences of religion are carelessly disregarded, or blindly rejected? No! let the corrupt elements, which kindled the delusive glare and the wilful blindness which shrouded the heavenly light, bear the sole burden of so fatal a calamity!

W. C. S.

---

## THE MAGIC MIRROR;

### OR LADY OF THE CRYSTAL SPRING.

#### Part First.

"My dear Aileen," said her mother, "I do not wish you to walk this evening; I am too unwell to accompany you, and the intense anxiety I shall feel in your absence will, I fear, greatly increase this dreadful headache," and she pressed her fingers to her throbbing temples.

But Aileen disregarded her mother's comfort: she had all day anticipated an evening walk, and a walk she resolved to have.

She was a very headstrong little Miss, and pretty much governed by self-love.

Was she to blame? No, she was yet in that state of negative innocence which belongs to the infantile character, and to which no positive blame can be attached. The fault belonged to her parents. Like the uncultivated vine, she had been permitted to follow the spontaneous bent of her own degenerate nature, until the delicate tendrils of her mind were warped and overrun by the pernicious growth of passion and wilfulness.

"Oh, mamma," she said with an imploring look,

"do not disappoint me; Agatha can go with me, and you know she always takes care of me."

"You do not always mind Agatha, my dear," answered her mother, "and I suspect you will extend your walk too far. You cannot bear much fatigue."

"Indeed and indeed, mamma, I will not go a quarter of an inch beyond the old elm at the foot of the mountain, and you always let me go as far as that."

Her mother, however, did not consent, and Aileen betook herself to a distant corner of the room, and there she sat in a very sorrowful mood. Her mother became very uneasy and directed a servant to get the perspective glass and show Aileen the pictures.

"I don't want to see them," mumbled Aileen.

"You cannot walk this evening, my love; let Eva get your doll; I will give you a new dress for it of this pretty blue satin, and Eva will assist you in making it."

"Take that old baby away!" screamed Aileen, as Eva approached her. "I wont have it—I want to walk, I say."

Her mother still objected to her leaving home, and several other amusements were offered, but all in vain; nothing would do but the walk. At last, wearied out with her importunities and the headache, her misguided mother rang the bell for Agatha, and after giving her many injunctions for the safety of the child, permitted them to set out on their little excursion.

The gloom soon disappeared from the face of Aileen; she had gained her point, and she tripped across the lawn with buoyant step and heart light and playful as the passing zephyr, which now and then disturbed the sunny curls on her brow.

"Agatha," said she, "I knew mamma would let me come; for I was determined to cry until she said yes. I can always tire her out when she has that headache."

Agatha loved the child—she sighed deeply, but remained silent.

"Agatha!" said Aileen, and she almost jerked the servant's sleeve from her arm, "why don't you talk? You are in one of your mum, mum humors now, and you always are when I want you to talk: come, tell me some of your pretty stories," and she pulled her sleeve again.

Agatha made no reply, and Aileen with a menacing look, said, "I'll pay you for this, madam; I'll be bound you'll be sorry for this before we get home again."

When they reached the Elm, Agatha sat down to rest, and invited her companion to do so also, but she refused to stop. "I intend to go the other side of the mountain," she said; "I never was there, and maybe I can find some wild strawberries."

"Indeed you must not, Miss Aileen," answered Agatha; "you promised your mother to stop at this tree; and she will be very angry with me if I let you go beyond it."

"I thought I would make you talk," said Aileen, and she bounded past her like a young fawn.

Agatha in attempting to pursue her, entangled her foot in the root of a tree and fell to the ground; in endeavoring to recover herself, she lost sight of her charge, who, discovering the advantage she had gained, and being bent on mischief, darted into a thicket of hazel bushes and set herself down very complacently to enjoy the chagrin of her perplexed waiting-woman.

She did not, however, enjoy herself long, for in peeping through the leaves, to see if Agatha had discovered her hiding-place, her eyes rested on a large serpent, coiled in an attitude of assault. In her alarm and confusion to hurry from a place which had caused her so much terror, she emerged in an opposite direction; and found herself in a small meadow encircled with trees and carpeted with long silken grass interspersed with flowers of various hues. From the midst of this meadow there issued a fountain of clear water, bubbling through rocks of alabaster whiteness, meandering gently in a limpid stream, forming at the bottom a small lake, or pond, the sides of which were studded with shells of curious form, and shining pebbles of changing color, glistening and sparkling in the light of evening like so many little suns. The border of the lake was adorned with a hedge of rose and myrtle bushes, intermingled with vines dipping their long branches in the water beneath, as if sporting with the little silver trout which played on its surface. The fragrant atmosphere, pure and balmy as the breath of spring, emitted a light resembling the adamant in brightness. Purple and golden winged butterflies revelled on the sweet petals of the flowers, while the harmonious melody of birds added to the enchantment of the scene.

Aileen forgetting for a few moments her fright, stared in mute astonishment at the objects around her; she then stepped to the fountain, played with the water, and applied some of it to her lips with the palm of her hand. She had taken but a few sips, when her desolate situation rushed into her mind and she began to cry most piteously.

At this moment her attention was arrested by approaching footsteps, and turning hastily around, expecting to see Agatha, she found herself in the presence of a stranger. She involuntarily retreated a few steps and took a survey of the being before her.

She beheld a lady of placid countenance and very light airy figure, habited in a dress of sea-green interwoven with silver; across her shoulders was thrown an azure scarf of so fine a texture it might have been taken for a floating cloud; on her head she wore a diadem of pearls; her earrings and bracelets were composed of gems rich

and rare—her feet dressed with sandals curiously wrought with corals and shells.

Aileen gazed a short time on the stranger, and again cried louder than before. The lady approached softly and patting her on the cheek, said in a tone of commiseration, "Why weepest thou, sweet one?"

"Oh, madam! I have left my nurse, and lost my way, and know not what to do."

"Why did'st thou leave thy nurse?" asked the lady.

Aileen in her childish manner related the adventures of the evening. "And oh!" said she clasping her little hands, "what will become of me? and my poor mother—she loves me so much."

"Why dost thou think thy mother loves thee?"

"Oh, because she humors me so much, and gives me every thing I want, and tells me I'm good and pretty."

"Thou hast mistaken the nature of true love, my child; thy mother loves thee not, and tells thee false—thou art not good, and hast behaved very badly this evening in disobeying thy mother and distressing thy nurse: knowest thou not it is an unchangeable law, that the pain we wantonly inflict on others will, at some time, recoil with twofold violence on ourselves."

"How dare you," said Aileen, stepping back with an undaunted air—and her cheek reddened with anger, "How dare you say I am bad, and and that my mother loves me not—she allows no one to tell me *that*;—you don't know my mother—I never heard her speak of you—you were nover at our house, and I don't even know your name."

"Thou hast a bit of curiosity, too," smilingly answered the stranger; "it belongeth to thy sex. Thy mother ought to know me; my name is Femaqua: I am the fairy who presided at thy birth and have ever hovered about thy path."

"A fairy!" cried Aileen, clasping her hands with surprise. "Agatha has told me many stories about the fairies: are you the woman who gave Cinderella the pretty glass slippers."

"No, I am not; but I am the Lady of the Crystal Spring,—and it is a boon granted to each one who tastes of its waters for the first time, to have a wish gratified:—thou hast sipped at that fountain: name thy wish."

"And will you, indeed," said Aileen with an incredulous air, "give me what I want!"

"Certainly: I would not deceive thee."

"Then take me to Agatha—it's all I want in this world."

The fairy instantly granted her desire, much to the relief of the distressed nurse, who was searching every nook and corner for the lost child, in a state little short of distraction.

Before Femaqua left them, she pulled from her bosom a small mirror confined in a gilded case and presented it to Aileen.

"Take this," she said; "the day thou art eighteen hang it up, and the effect will be wonderful."

"Do take this hateful glass, Agatha," said Aileen after they parted from the fairy, "and never let me see it again. I despise that woman, and want none of her presents."

"I think you have little reason to dislike her, Miss Aileen. I'm sure she was very kind in bringing you to me; and but for her you might have been this night devoured by beasts, not to say anything about myself, for I'm very sure I would not have gone home without you."

"Agatha, she told me I was bad, and that my mother did not love me. She can't fool me and make me believe *that*, and besides, I hate any one who tells me I do wrong; and if I *did*, it was none of her business."

Agatha concealed the mirror; and they hastened home.

As Aileen advanced in years, the evils which had been suffered to infect her childhood became more and more ingrafted into her character. From being a petulant, troublesome child, she became a haughty, tyrannical woman: and the death of her mother made her the sole imperious mistress of her father's household.

* * * * *

Time rolled on. The celebration of Aileen's eighteenth birth-day engrossed her attention. All the gentry around were invited, and great preparations were making for a grand fête.

The day arrived, and all the arts that fashion and taste could devise were employed on the occasion. After superintending the decoration of her rooms, Aileen retired to her own apartment to prepare herself for the reception of her guests. She rang the bell several times for Agatha, but no Agatha appeared; this threw her into a violent pet, and she began the business of the toilette alone. She threw off one thing and put on another—yet nothing seemed to become her;—the fact is, her features were distorted with passion, and she at last seated herself in total despair of gaining that evening the admiration she so much desired.

While thus employed, Agatha bolted into the room exclaiming, "La! Miss Aileen, you have forgot—this is the very day the fairy told you to hang the looking-glass. I have been hunting it one hour and found it at last in the very bottom of my *chist*—and I am in such a fidget to see how it will be. You know she said the effect would be wonderful."

"You would have been better employed helping me to dress, than looking for that old fusty glass; I'm sure I thought it was lost long ago: do put it down and come to my assistance. We'll try the experiment some other time—I'm too perplexed now to attend to it."

"But, Miss, this is the very time she set and no other under the canopy will do; any other day

might break the charm—and *another thing*, she'll be mad, and these witches have powerful ways: I would'nt offend her for the world—she might enchant the house and make you sleep a hundred years. I've hearn of such things—let me entreat you—there's no knowing what might turn up."

"Agatha, I always disliked that woman, and would rather have nothing to do with her or her glass."

"Dear me," said Agatha, impatiently; "who knows but she might bring you a coach with silver horses, or some other curiosity—do try it."

"I see plainly," said Aileen pettishly, "I'll not get dressed to day unless I humor you: just hang it and then assist me in dressing."

"Merciful Goodness, Miss Aileen, *I* musn't hang it; why it must be *yourself*, or she won't do a thing;—like enough she may take us up to the sky and show us how they make rainbows and all the pretty bright clouds."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated her mistress, "you're the biggest fool I ever saw. Hand me the mirror, as nothing else will do."

The glass was no sooner suspended to the wall, than it began to expand, and finally became so large that Aileen could view herself from head to foot on its bright surface. She uttered an exclamation of surprise. and lo! the fairy stood before her.

"'Tis well, Aileen," she said with a complacent smile, "that thou hast complied with my request—obedience rarely loses its reward; and I will at this time grant you another wish.

"Will you, or *can* you give what I so much need at this time?" asked Aileen, incredulously staring her in the face.

"'Twere but an ill requital to doubt my power," replied the fairy; "it becometh not the Lady of the Crystal Spring to hold vain parlance with sinful mortals like thyself—thou mayest be quick, or I will leave thee."

A crimson flush of anger glowed for a moment on the face of Aileen; but for the first time in her life she controlled her passion, and very modestly requested Femaqua to make her so beautiful that none could be more so.

The fairy impressively waved her magical wand three times around the passive girl; and, as the cheering light of day gradually breaks through the shadows of night, dispelling in its course every vestige of darkness from the face of nature, so surely and perceptibly did the soft power of beauty steal over the person of Aileen, destroying in its progress each trace of ugliness and irregularity. Her form became symmetry itself. Her features settled into perfect regularity—her complexion assumed a transparent whiteness. A delicate tinge which might have graced the wild rose of summer, suffused her cheeks—the lustre of her eyes, softened by the shade of long silken lashes, beamed mild and lucid as the clear blue sky of evening—her hair became luxuriant and glossy—

> "Part, on her head, in shining ringlets roll'd,
> Part, o'er her shoulders, waved like melted gold;"

and there she stood, the personification of loveliness, transfixed to the spot, triumphantly gazing on her own image in the broad face of the Magic Mirror."

She could scarcely believe her senses, when Femaqua gently tapping her on the arm, said, "Aileen, art thou satisfied?"

"Perfectly," she answered; "nothing can be more beautiful. Oh! Femaqua, why did I doubt your power. Grant one more request—make me as rich as I am handsome."

"Thou art both foolish and unreasonable," replied the fairy; thou hast already enough of this world's goods to satisfy a grateful mind and dost ask for more! I cannot find in my heart to give it thee: learn to be satisfied, and know that a contented mind is as the gold of Ophir; nevertheless, thy wish shall be gratified at a future day: one of the richest monarch's of the East will hear of thy resplendent beauty and solicit thy hand in marriage. Thou wilt roll in wealth—but mark me! Aileen—*Happiness will be a stranger to thy bosom.*"

"My husband will be old and ugly then."

"No. He will be young and handsome."

"Then I suppose he will treat me ill?"

"No, he will gratify thine every want."

"Perhaps I may be diseased?"

"Not so," replied the fairy, "thou wilt enjoy the most perfect health."

"What in the name of wonder," cried Aileen, "can disturb me, with all the blessings you promise?"

"It cometh of evil to enquire into futurity," answered the fairy; "but be assured I speak truth—remember"—here the Lady of the Crystal Spring waved her wand emphatically—"no earthly blessing bringeth true pleasure if misused;—by an improper use, our dearest blessings may become curses:—howbeit, when thou hast been a wife twelve months, if called for I will visit thee again."

Aileen turned to reply, but Femaqua was gone, and the Magic Mirror had resumed its former size.

—

## PART SECOND.

The prediction of the fairy was verified. Atalbert, a rich and powerful prince, sought and won the fair prize for which brave knights and noble cavaliers had contended; and grand and imposing was the retinue which escorted Aileen to the far distant empire of her illustrious husband. His royal palace was magnificent beyond description, and

there its proud mistress enjoyed every delight which wealth could purchase.

A year transpired in all the luxury of sensual gratification, and the young couple still basked in the sun-beams of earthly prosperity.

The anniversary of their wedding was celebrated with feasting and merriment. Yet while the gay crowd still revelled in the stately halls, Aileen retired to her chamber, and dismissing her attendants with the order that she was not to be disturbed, threw herself on a superb couch weary and dispirited. The room in which she reclined was furnished with all the ornamental taste and true magnificence which belongs to oriental style, but Aileen heeded not the grandeur by which she was surrounded. The air was impregnated with a pleasant odor exhaled from the rare exotics and aromatic shrubs which adorned the court yard—but Aileen enjoyed it not. The sound of music fell indistinctly on her ear, but it only added to her inquietude. The rich attire and costly ornaments which adorned her person, all sparkling in the lustre lights, seemed but a mockery to the desolation which reigned in her bosom. While absorbed in gloomy reflections, the words of Femaqua at their last interview rushed forcibly on her recollection, "*Thou wilt roll in wealth—but Happiness will be a stranger to thy bosom.*"

"How truly," thought she, "has that prophecy been fulfilled." She remembered, too, the promise of the fairy to visit her, if required, twelve months after her marriage; and she trembled, she knew not why, when she suspended the Magic Mirror to the wall. The reflection of her own undiminished beauty in its enlarged face somewhat soothed the turbulence of her spirit, and for the first time she was pleased at beholding—the Lady of the Crystal Spring.

"Oh, my friend!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "your power is unlimited; make me happy, for I am miserable."

"My power is great, Aileen, but thine towards thyself is greater," said Femaqua; "if thou believest thou canst obtain true happiness by arbitrary means thou reasonest falsely; real delight exists only in freedom. Were I to force thee into a state, which I would deem the greatest bliss, 'twould prove thy veriest misery; but why should the wife of Atalbert be unhappy? she whose word is but the mandate of his kingdom."

"Not all the wealth and power he has conferred can satisfy my aspiring mind, when I know too well that he has ceased to love me."

"*He* inconstant, Aileen—sayest thou that of Atalbert, the noblest of Princes?"

"Yes, even of Atalbert, and I speak the truth. When first we married, he seemed to live but in my presence: but now, although he seeks to hide it, I know and feel he cherishes no longer that soft and tender passion which once reigned in his bosom; and instead of loving my companionship, I see it gives relief when he can with propriety leave me; and of late he pursues with eagerness those masculine amusements, of which he knows I cannot partake. Besides, Femaqua, when one is loved, one knows it;—coldness too is felt—and there are those among the ladies of my court, who can draw forth a blander smile from the Prince than his own wedded wife. My courtiers and servants pay me the most profound attention and are obedient to my commands: yet there is a sphere around them which convinces me theirs is not a willing service. I know I am disliked, and my proud soul disdains attentions which are not sincere—my lofty and ambitious heart revolts at service paid by those who hate me. My father and my mother and good Agatha, they loved me—but now, alas! they are no more; and could I have retained Atalbert's heart, it might have filled the void they left behind;—thus, vain regrets, distrust, and jealousy engender thoughts which rankle in my heart and still destroy my peace. Oh! Femaqua, all I ask is that you will make those around me warm and affectionate. You do possess some charm to rule my husband's love."

"Thou desirest more than I can bestow," calmly answered the fairy.

"Nought but love can answer love and render bliss secure."

"Thinkest thou canst retain the affection of others, whilst *thou* art governed by a principle of self-love! I could not, would not force thy husband's love—and were it done, 'twould make a mere machine of thy conjugal partner—for *liberty* is all that makes the man. Love is the spontaneous growth of hearts sincere;—with proper treatment and judicious care it may be trained to Heaven. But yet, alas! when rudely bended by the hand of scorn, or chafed by servitude, or forced to yield, it rarely keeps its verdure, but withers, droops and dies, so tender is its nature. Know, foolish woman, wouldst thou be beloved, thou must become a form of love thyself."

"Is not that a form of love?" asked Aileen, proudly pointing to her own beautiful portrait in the Magic Mirror."

"I grant," said the fairy that is a resemblance of love, but it is only an appearance which will quickly pass away: this fair outside, of which thou art so very vain," pressing the tip of her forefinger on the snow white brow of Aileen. "Yes, this fair outside of which thou art so vain, is *natural*, and all natural bodies will be decomposed—even this fine form must fade and die by the hand of Time, and become food for worms; but there is an existence or form within, which will survive 'the wreck of matter.' This beautiful external is but the covering of the mind, or soul, that dwells within it, which is thy real self, and which must live for-

ever—symmetrical, or deformed, according to your state. Aileen, couldst thou see thyself as thou really art, methinks it would convince thee that thou art not a form of love, or a form to be beloved."

"The mind, or soul," replied Aileen, "has not a form. I have been taught to believe it is a volatile substance which gives life to mortal bodies, and when they decay it becomes ethereal; how, Femaqua, would we apply shape or size to ether?"

"Thy teaching is fallacious," returned Femaqua, "and flows from mundane light. We call the soul immortal, and if it live, it would require a real form to make it a distinctive being; but I can convince thee:—this mirror possesses a quality of which thou hast been hitherto ignorant. The plate before thee is viewed in natural light and shows the external only; but there is a plate behind which beams unearthly light, and in it one may behold one's *interior* or *lasting* character—*it* reflects the image of the *soul*."

As she finished speaking, the fairy inverted the glass and there emanated from it a light both soft and silvery, and yet, so clear and bright that it seemed to eclipse the brilliant lamps which illuminated the chamber of Aileen, and she started with dismay and horror at the very hideous form reflected by that light in the Magic Mirror.

"Look!" said Femaqua, "that is Aileen as she *is*. Dost call that a form of love?"

"Oh, you cruel woman!" cried Aileen, with the keenest anguish depicted in her countenance, "why, oh why did you reveal that secret? It has rendered me more wretched than ever."

"It was revealed for thy benefit, my daughter; evils cannot be removed unless seen, and it is that the fiend-like spirit of thy mind may be reformed, that this painful disclosure hath been made. The Lady of the Crystal Spring inflicts no wound that cannot be healed. There is not a defect or deformity in that dreadful figure, but what corresponds to some interior evil by which thou hast been governed, and which cannot be changed by thine own exertions. That husband of thine is not an ordinary man—Atalbert, the generous, the noble, and the good, possesses a mind too profound to be long allured by merely external show. When he married thee, he vainly supposed that fascinating form which attracted his attention was the prototype of the spirit within. The bland expression of thy face deceived him; and he attributed to thee qualities foreign to thy nature. Great, very great was his disappointment, when he found in thee no congenial spirit to meet the glow of virtue which warmed his heart. His generous nature hath been pained and distressed at thy narrow-minded selfishness. Thou hast trampled on the sacred principle of conjugal love, by indulging in freaks and tempers which would have wearied an angelic spirit. Thou hast counted him as nothing in comparison with thy worshipped self. He infringed not on thy rights and thou hast well repaid his liberality by the most unreasonable requisitions; thou art ever on some scheme of self-love, regardless of his comfort, or convenience; thou hast treated his mild counsels with scorn and contempt—and so imperious is thy disposition, (to use a mortal phrase,) he "scarcely calls his soul his own" since thee he wedded; for, were it possible, thou wouldst command his very thoughts, and thus the soft connubial tie has been converted to a knot of bondage. Wearied out by thy continual chiding, Atalbert now seeks other means to divert his mind than thy companionship. Know, dear Aileen, thine own most vicious heart has been the barrier between Atalbert's love and thine. This barrier can be removed. I have been thy guardian spirit from infancy, until the present day. Closely did I watch the steps of thy childhood, but thy mother's bad management produced around thee such a dense atmosphere of falsehood and evil, that it was with difficulty I approached near enough to do thee good. I have borne with thy manners and indulged thy fancy to gain access to thy heart: having succeeded thus far, I counsel thee as thou wouldst be happy, to amend the evils of thy life. Yet I would not deceive thee—the process of this change will be long and painful; it cannot be performed in a few moments as an external change can be. No—it will require time, patience and forbearance too. Let love of rule extend towards thyself, and learn to govern that impetuous temper of thine. To others exercise the golden rule of doing unto them as thou wouldst have them do to thee. Delay not this repentance. Oh, Beware! thy own volition is the pivot on which turns thy fate. I leave thee free. Reflect deeply on what thou hast seen and heard this night, and profit by it. A year from this, if thou art willing, I will be with thee again—then this Mirror will show what change that time has effected. Fare thee well."

Aileen attempted to detain her, but she vanished. She then turned to view herself once more in the Magic Mirror, but it was safely concealed in its gilded case. She fell, overpowered, on the rich Mosaic floor, transfixed with grief;—there she sat, in her grandeur, and pride, and misery. The poorest subject in her kingdom would not have envied her at that time. She had seen herself for the first time, in the light of Truth, and she felt that she abhorred herself. It was a fearful sight; yet she did not entirely despair. Hope, that bright beacon to the human soul, radiated her mind, and she did not resist the appeal of the fairy. She *did* reflect—and her reflections prompted her to action. She commenced a combat with her evils with all the ardor and sanguineness which marked her character, and oftentimes she became victorious. Her husband roamed abroad no longer for amusement and often lingered near her to catch

the words of wisdom which flowed from her pleasant and instructive conversation. He wondered at the transformation, but knew not whence it came. She governed her household with justice and with love, and felt that *true* happiness which always flows from a consciousness of moral rectitude.

Anxiously did she await the day which was to test her improvement by the Magic Mirror. When the day arrived she retired to her chamber and drew it from her casket of jewels, esteeming it the richest—and regardless of the external plate, hung the internal one to view.

She was so amazed at the change which had been effected, that she heeded not the light step of the Lady of the Crystal Spring, who, true to her word, stood beside her.

"Look! Femaqua," she exclaimed, "many of the deformities have disappeared, and oh! what a pretty suit of silken hair has covered the baldness; but I hoped," she added with a discontented air, "that the change would have been perfect—it is not as beautiful as is the external."

"Be patient, Aileen," replied the fairy, "the work thou wouldst perform cannot be done in a day, nor a year, but rather is the work of a *life time*. Yet persevere—I will be with thee from time to time and in the reformation of that once horrid figure, we will together watch the progression of wisdom and virtue in the human mind."

Femaqua saw Aileen once every year until the change was perfected. The last time she visited her, they were both highly delighted in finding that the interior plate of the Mirror portrayed an image much more beautiful than the exterior—for *that* had somewhat faded in the hand of Time; while the beautiful portrait on the interior plate was immortal: the limbs were well proportioned and not a blemish marred its lovely face.

"It is to your patience and forbearance, my friend," said Aileen, "that I owe my present undisturbed felicity. Atalbert esteems and loves me; and in my household all is peace and order."

The hate that Aileen had previously felt for the fairy was changed to intense love, and she felt sad when Femaqua told her it was unnecessary for her to visit her more.

The Lady of the Crystal Spring then bade Aileen a final adieu, taking with her the Magic Mirror, for the uses it might perform to others.

She left her, not as she first found her, petulant and discontented, but one of the BEST and happiest of women: and often in after life did Aileen bless the day she first saw the fairy and the Magic Mirror.

R. R. W.

*Indiana.*

## THE INFANTICIDE.

*Translated from the German of Schiller.*

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Hark—the bells are tolling slow and solemn!
And Time's finger hath the hour proclaimed!
Be it so! now let the funeral column,
In God's name, my gentle friends, be framed!
Take, oh world! these last, these parting kisses,
Oh accept these hot tears, falling fast;
Sweetly taste, oh world! thy poisoned blisses;
Heart-corrupter—we are quits at last!

Sunny joys farewell! exchanged in sadness
For dark mourning, fading ye depart!
Oh farewell, thou rosy time of gladness,
Which intoxicated girlhood's heart!
Fare ye well, ye dreams of tissue golden.
Born in Paradise, ye fantasies!
Ah, they vanished in the germ enfolden,
Ne'er to bloom upon my gladdened eyes.

Once my form, the scarlet scarf entwining,
The pure dress of innocence enclosed;
In the tresses of my blonde hair shining,
Sweet young roses lovingly reposed.
Woe! the wretched victim of damnation
Folds the white dress o'er her bosom still;
But alas! the scarf hath lost its station;
Death's black bandage doth its office fill!

Weep for me, ye who are still untainted;
Ye for whom the stainless lily blows;
Ye, whom God, with strength sublime, and sainted,
Hath endowed, to stay Love's tender throes!
Ah! this heart hath felt but human feeling,
And for human feeling I must die!
Woe! the false man's arm around her stealing,
Lulled to sleep Louisa's chastity.

Ah! perhaps that reptile heart now flutters
Round another, with its fond caress.
While I seek the dismal grave, it utters
At her side its am'rous playfulness;—
Toys forgetful with his maiden's tresses,
And devours the tender kiss she brings,
When my head upon the death-block presses,
And my life-blood from my bosom springs!

Joseph! Joseph! may my death-chant rolling,
Follow thee through many distant years!
May the church-bell with its gloomy tolling
Sound with fearful warning in thy ears!
When Love's whisper on thy ear is falling,
From some maiden's lip, with passion warm,
May that whisper strike a wound appalling,
Deeply in Delight's enchanting form!

Ah, false man! could not Louisa's weeping,—
Woman's shame, and sorrow, make the feel!
Nor the babe, upon my bosom sleeping—
That which melts the Tiger's heart of steel!
Proudly fly his sails from land retiring,
Tremblingly I trace them o'er the main;—
Now he whispers fondly and admiring,
Love's false sigh beside the distant Seine!

And the babe—Upon the mother's bosom
It reposed, in sweet and golden rest.
In the beauty of the morning blossom,
Laughed the little one upon my breast.
Ah, with fatal loveliness addressed me
His dear image, in the gentle child;
Love and furious despair oppressed me,
Tossed my heart with palpitations wild.

"Woman, where's my father!" Spoke astounding
The stern language of its sinlessness.—
"Woman, where thy husband?" comes resounding
Through my heart, from every dark recess!
Vainly, child, thou wouldst have sought his kindness,
Which perhaps some dearer children claim;
Wouldst have cursed our hour of blissful blindness,
When the future spoke thy *bastard* name!

In thy mother's bosom, hell is burning:
Lonely sits she in the midst of all;
To the fount of bliss forever turning,
Which that look of thine hath changed to gall.
Ah! with every sound from thee, arises
Painful memory of past delight,
And Death's arrows clothed in soft disguises,
From thy smiles, transfix my tortured sight.

Hell—whene'er my eye thy presence misses,
Hell—whene'er it rests upon thy face;
Rods of Euminedes are thy kisses,
Which from *him* could every grief erase!
From my grave his oaths are thundering round me!
Oh! his perjury chokes me in despair!
Then the Hydra-headed falsehood bound me,
And the murder, was perfected there!

Joseph! Joseph! through thy distant straying,
May the shadow grim with ghastly arms
Chase, and grasp thee, those cold arms displaying,
Haunt thy blissful dreams with dire alarms!
Through the gleaming of the starlight gentle,
May its look of anguish meet thy eyes!
May it meet thee in its bloody mantle,
May it scourge thee back from Paradise!

At my feet it lay—in death reposing.
Cold, and staring—soul confused, and sense,
I beheld its crimson life-blood oozing,
And my life flowed with the current thence!
Ha! already on its fearful mission
Justice knocks! more fearfully my heart!
Joyfully I hasten to perdition,
And to drown my raging grief depart!

Joseph! Mercy's throne is still in Heaven!!
I, a sinner, pardon thee from blame.
All my wrongs I leave on earth forgiven.—
Pierce the faggot thou devouring flame!—
Happy! happy! see his letters glowing!
From his oaths the fire now makes him free!
How his kisses in the flames are glowing!
What on earth was once so dear to me!

Trust not, sisters, girlhood's precious flower!
Never trust man's oaths, forgot too soon!
Beauty was my snare, and in this hour,
On the scaffold do I curse the boon!
Tears! what! tears upon the hangman's features!
Quick—the bandage for my eyes be brought.
Canst thou not pluck lilies—tender creatures!
Executioner,—nay, tremble not!

---

## THE PRICE OF EXCELLENCE.

Excellence of the highest order is possible to man.

Excellence in literature is acquired by the same process as in other liberal pursuits.

Superlative excellence, literary and moral, may be obtained by ourselves, provided we are willing to pay the fixed and immutable price. These are the general points to which, in this discussion, our attention will be directed.

*First*, it is possible for any man of ordinary endowments to obtain the highest order of excellence. The disposition to distinguish and the capacity to interest ourselves in the true, the beautiful, the good, and the grand, are faculties which are latent in every rational being, and are designed to indicate the choice and conduct of life which is most becoming our nature as moral agents; and nothing is more certain than that the interest we take in surrounding objects, is exactly proportioned to the degree of cultivation which these faculties have received. It may be our blessing, it may be our bane; but for weal or woe, the disposition to soar above the finite and the actual exists in every mind, and may be employed for the noblest ends.

> "Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
> Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
> When disengaged from earth, with greater ease
> And swifter flight transports us to the skies;
> By toys entangled, or in guilt bemired,
> It turns a curse."

*Secondly*, excellence in literature is acquired by the same process as in other liberal pursuits. Innate force of genius is doubtless the primary requisite to success; but with respect to much that appears spontaneous, we should apply the observation of Sir Joshua Reynolds, "that where such

excellence is produced with certainty and constancy, it cannot be by chance; for that is not the nature of chance; but the rules by which men of extraordinary parts work, are either such as they discover by their own peculiar observation, or of such nice texture as not easily to admit handling, or expressing in words." Quinctilian quotes Pythagoras as saying, "the theory is nothing without the practice." "And," says the younger Pliny, "what means have we to retain what has been taught us, if we put it not in practice?" Excellence in writing is won in the same way as in sculpture, not so much by what is added as by what is taken away. In practice, this rule will apply just so far as the perfected Apollo is superior to the unworked block. No man ever does his best, but by repeated efforts. Michael Angelo was finishing a statue: a friend, returning after a long absence, and finding him still at his work, exclaimed, "Have you been idle since I saw you last?" "By no means," replied the sculptor; "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."

Let us remember that theoretical knowledge, unaided by manual practice, can never insure success in any valuable art. We should by no means allow that man to be an orator who has the best thoughts imaginable, and who knows all the rules of rhetoric, but who has acquired no ability by practice; and can neither compose nor utter an excellent discourse. Great excellence is a long journey; but it avails nothing to hoard up necessary provisions, and laboriously to study maps of the route, if we do not actually begin to travel and persevere to the goal. "There is no royal road to geometry," said Napoleon, and the remark has a wide application. Careful study of principles, a comprehensive knowledge of facts, and familiarity with the best models, are indispensable for sound theories and intelligent practice.

In the creation of all beautiful and valuable things, there are two kinds of facility to be acquired,—that of the mind and that of the hand. The first proceeds from an active temperament, full of fire; the second from an accurate knowledge of well-established rules, and skill in their application. The possession of the first is indispensable to invention; the second is equally necessary to successful execution; the height of perfection is attained only when both are happily united and diligently applied. The capacity to invent must be native to the soul, the best instruction can never impart it; it is the golden branch of Virgil, which no adventurer could discover and bear away, except as he was guided by destiny. Good teachers can greatly improve emulative pupils, but no master can inspire excellence, or impart facility to the stupid; the eagle can raise only eaglets to the sun.

Lucian says, that love is of two kinds, the one sensual, the other intellectual. The latter "was let down from heaven by a golden chain, not by fires, or arrows, inflicting the pains of wounds difficult to cure, but enamoring of its beauty the uncontaminated and pure intellect; exciting by a discreet madness of the soul, as says the tragic poet, those who are near to Jupiter, and who are associated with the gods. To this love all is easy, as in the case of Demosthenes,—the tonsure, the cave, the mirror, the sword, the conquering of impediments, the learning at a late period of life the art of gesture, the strengthening his memory, the contempt of tumult, the adding of nights to laborious days. Who is there that knows not how great an orator he came forth after these exertions; enriching his eloquence by thoughts and expressions, establishing the credit of his arguments by the vehemence of his feelings, splendid in his copiousness, exquisite in his choice of words and sentiments, and inexhaustible in the variety of his figures?"

In many instances the sister arts assimilate with each other, and the *pictura loquens*, and the *muta poesis*, are synonymous terms. Take any great exemplar of excellence, in any department, and what is his history? Invariably you will find that he was no mere passive child of nature; no astute automaton of genius; but he patiently, minutely observed, profoundly meditated, till rich stores of knowledge blended with his fervid sensibilities, and at length burst forth in that stupendous power which crowned him at once a monarch in the kingdom of thought. He won the palm of excellence and its attendant honors, simply because he was ready to "scorn delights and love laborious days!" "As to other points, what God may have determined for me," said Milton, "I know not; but this I know, that if he ever instilled an intense love of moral beauty into the breast of any man, he has instilled it into mine. Ceres, in the fable, pursued not her daughter with a greater keenness of inquiry, than I day and night the idea of perfection." From such a mind, developed under such influences, what might we not expect?

Raphael, the prince of painters, adopted as his motto, never to pass a day without a new task for his skill. Hayden, the most original of musicians, assiduously fed his imagination with copious stores of those ancient and unique airs which abound among the primitive people of every land. He prosecuted his musical studies regularly sixteen or eighteen hours per day. Poussin was the greatest of the landscape painters of France; when some one demanded how he had arrived at such perfection, his reply was, "I have neglected nothing." Claude Lorrain composed his pictures of various

draughts, which he had previously made from diversified and beautiful scenes in the open air; and Vernet, to win excellence in delineating the swelling sea, lashed himself to a mast, and painted in the midst of howling storms. The mother of the Gracchi won mature excellence for her sons, by prosecuting their discipline from infancy; and Cicero, late in life, tells us, that it always had been his rule, not to pass a day without the use of his pen and the practice of declamation. It is in this way only, that a master mind obtains the power of masterly execution. Great facility in creating what is really valuable, is never suddenly acquired; the greater the apparent ease, the more certainly we may infer the magnitude of the toil it has cost. "Seldom have I written that in a day," said Coleridge, "the acquisition or investigation of which had not cost me the previous labor of a month."

In surveying the world of science, literature and art, we shall every where find like causes, producing like results. Each successful devotee will be frugal, chaste and industrious in all his habits. He will be single in his design and untiring in his toil. It is through the subjugation of the body to the soul, that God has opened a free path to mental wealth that is valuable and moral,—enterprises that are grand. We never see large, beautiful, and luscious fruits growing on a tree which stands in the shade and is encumbered with thorns. Unity of pursuit and freedom from the shackles of vice, are essential to success. Intrinsically our object must be noble and our devotion to it must be strong. When we ardently love our pursuit, exhausting toil becomes a source of delight. "And it is a shameful thing," said Cicero, "to be weary of inquiry, when what we search is excellent."

These instances and illustrations are enough to show that excellence in literature is acquired by the same process as in other liberal pursuits. We pass more fully to consider

The *third* proposition. Superlative excellence, literary and moral, may be obtained by ourselves, provided we are willing to pay the unvarying price attached thereto. Human culture is perfected in two directions: in soaring upward, where the mind seeks its ideal in the true, the beautiful, and the good; and in excursions outward, where it seeks actual worth in the history of all nations, and in the moral progress of every master spirit. It is in efforts to encircle this vast field of research, that the mind is expanded, and a bond of union is formed between the individual aspirant and every link of the chain that binds the sublimities of the universe together. He who most reverences those lofty forms in which the human and divine are manifested, and kindles the flames of pure devotion on altars sacred to both, will have his whole being imbued with that spirit which garnishes the heavens and beautifies the earth. From the remotest regions and most distant times, like one gathering jewels from every continent and sea, he must with enthusiastic industry collect the most precious trophies to adorn the one glorious idol of his heart. It is thus that we breathe the breath of heaven and win a foretaste of immortality. We grow in mental stature only while accumulating materials for the judgment to digest, and for fancy to combine. Before we can achieve any thing valuable, we must habituate ourselves "deeply to drink in the soul of things," and thus raise to loftier heights the goal of our pursuit, and stretch over a wider domain the scope of our thought.

The candidate for enduring fame will labor unceasingly and magnanimously to deserve what he pants to attain. He will remember that indolence is suicidal to success, and that avarice cripples all refined desires. Said one of England's noblest sons, "Were I to love money, I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. I might roll in wealth, and ride in a golden chariot, were I to listen to the voice of parsimony. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments." One may be endowed with genius, a rare and precious gift; but skill in execution with the pen or living voice, must be obtained at the common price—study and practice. It is impossible to excel in any art, without making its pursuit a habit; and it is impossible to secure this without infinite efforts adroitly diversified. Arbitrary rules are soon learned, but it is only great diligence in their use that can render one practically a master of them. Michael Angelo, when sixty years old, declared that he learned something new every day. Long anterior to this great man, the maxim was established, that "the gods give every thing to labor."

When one is truly inspired with a literary spirit, he will become an apostle of the sublime and beautiful, and his calling will render him a hero as truly as that of the apostle Paul. But the modern scholar, like that magnificent man, must go to his work with enthusiastic passion and conscious power. Great things, in our day, are seldom executed, because great toil is seldom employed. But, says Johnson, "excellence in any department can now be attained only by the labor of a life-time; it is not to be purchased at a lesser price." This we too often forget, and passively await the contributions of chance, instead of energetically compelling the world and all things therein to pay tribute to our toil. If all our wishes for valuable acquisitions were but reduced to efforts worthily made, our mental resources would accumulate in wonderful profusion. But without earnestness there can never be any thing valuable earned. He who would bend the bow of Ulysses, must have more than the imbecile muscles of a babe. All things great and good arrive at perfection by a slow but perpetual and sublime process, like the works of God, "who

hardens the ruby in a million years, and works in duration, in which Alps and Andes come and go like rainbows."

Every acquisition in literature, and every triumph of art, the serenest heights of meditation and most exalted degrees of moral improvement, should be regarded but as ascending stages in our progress to the pinnacle of grandeur we were designed to attain. Isolated as we are on this fragment of the universe, and encompassed by the boundless and mysterious unknown, it is still our prerogative as rational creatures, and should be our chief delight, to soar in calm sovereignty above mutable and distracting scenes, where intellect can be, what its possessor has fondly named himself, the god of this lower world. In every instance where such attainments are approximated by the choicest spirits of our race, there is realized what John Foster so admirably described:—"A character stands before us of colossal stature, who presents the lineaments and the powers of man in magnitude,—a magnitude which conceals a numerous crowd of mankind undistinguished behind him. He calls suffering, discipline; sacrifices, emolument; and, what are usually deemed insuperable obstacles, he names impediments, and casts them out of the way, or vaults over them. His mind seems a focus which concentrates into one ardent beam the languid lights and fires of ten thousand surrounding minds."

It is a mistaken notion to suppose that extensive acquisitions are unfavorable to originality. It is the law of our mental nature, as of our physical, to appropriate to itself excellencies from without, and to subsist by the assimilation of the food we devour. Neither the Nile, nor the Rhine, nor the Ohio, derives its waters from its own fountains only. All great rivers receive auxiliaries as they flow, and in the same manner all prolific minds accumulate energies in proportion as they advance. Every thing beautiful belongs to all who have eyes to see it; and all material, from the grossest to the most refined, is legitimately his to use who, in the crucible of consummate genius, can imbue it with original splendor and impart to it a more potent use. No one can acquire a lasting reputation in the departments of science, letters, philosophy or art, who does not gather honey from every flower of the mind. Genius is never smothered under the accumulation of true knowledge; as soon would fire be extinguished by the combustibles that feed its flames. The highest order of intellect is always impelled by aspirations after the infinite, and revels in every kingdom of thought as in a congenial clime. Homer appears the most original of all authors, simply because we have not the means of tracing his sources of information. Cicero and Virgil were most familiar with all the best productions of antiquity, and were themselves most original among their cotemporaries. Dante, the father of modern literature, was ripe in book knowledge; and so was his great successor, Ariosto. Sir Francis Bacon speaks with approbation of the varied means employed by the ancient orators to assist their invention. The genius of Bacon himself, great as he was, would never have made so many original observations, had not his mind been disciplined by the scrutiny of nature and a comprehensive knowledge of books. The uncultivated intellect is a barren soil; a soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no valuable crops, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter. The daily food of an original mind is found in the excellencies which may be culled from predecessors of every rank and age. No man can become great, but by appropriating strength from all sources, as an oak takes in vigor from all the elements as it grows. Critical observation and diversified reading give freshness and force to superior mental powers. "What is genius," asked Goethe, "but the faculty of seizing and turning to account every thing that strikes us; of coördaining and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves; of taking here marble, and there brass, and building a lasting monument of them?"

The classical reader reanimates antiquity by his vigils; and by the aid of a cultivated imagination, he contemplates the past and anticipates the future. He who strives most to know what others have originated, will be most educated and facile himself to invent. His genius becomes more original in proportion as his acquired resources are copious; as the eagle adds vigor to his wing and fire to his eye the farther he journeys from his nest, and the nearer he approaches the sun. Those who do not read extensively the works of others, will seldom produce any thing of their own worthy of being read. Their mental progress will resemble the navigator who puts to sea without charts. Such a candidate for fame is like an astronomer who, in order to be quite original in his discoveries, refuses to use a telescope. A skilful artist, in appropriating a posture, will make it his own, by throwing over it the charm of graceful fancy and natural elegance. The power of combining and abstracting is an inherent faculty, but industry must have furnished the accurate knowledge of forms and facts, or the most exalted power of combining and abstracting will be utterly useless. Until memory be stored with ideas, no faculty of the mind has the means or occasion to work; it is with respect to rhetorical composition what the painter is without canvass and colors.

The musician of one note, and the painter of one tint, could hardly be expected to produce Handel's Oratorio of Creation and the pictorial splendors of the Vatican. This analogy of painting to literary composition, is deserving of being minutely traced. In either department, the devotee should overlook no kind of knowledge. He must range

deserts and mountains for images; imprint upon his mind every tree of the forest, and every flower of the valley; observe towering crags of massy rock, and the polished domes of splendid cities; he must follow the windings of the rivulet, and listen to old ocean's roar; study the vicissitudes of the seasons, and watch the changing aspects of the clouds; all nature, savage and civilized, animate and inanimate, the plants of the garden, the animals of the wood, the minerals of the earth, and the motions in heaven, must pass critically before his eye and stamp themselves on his mind. Whatever is great, or beautiful, or interesting, or dreadful,—whatever thrills the heart, expands the intellect, or fires the imagination,—whatever fortifies thought, or embellishes fancy, must be analyzed, devoured, and incorporated into the studious soul. What in this country we most need is not so much genius as application; we want great and heroic spirits who will devote themselves, by strenuous efforts, to great things, without seeking any other reward than their accomplishment. We want men of courage, who will dare and do, ready to withstand the carpings of envy, and the contempt of the mean; disinterested enough to trample under foot the seductions of ease, and the attractions of wealth. We want men largely and magnanimously educated, who shall be brave in the studio and library, as well as in the tented field,—men who from their own abundant resources can rekindle the flickering fires of genius, and arrest the pernicious influence of those who dig the grave of literature as of nations.

Indolence must always succumb to industry. A notable illustration of this is furnished in the history of Roman eloquence. Hortensius at one time was supreme in popular estimation, and in point of natural genius was perhaps not inferior to his great competitor. But it is from a study of Cicero's life, that the most certain means of obtaining unrivalled excellence may be learned. He felt a burning thirst for distinction, as an orator, from his earliest boyhood. His favorite recreation was to visit all the scenes of public speaking, where he listened with avidity to the most eminent orators of the age. Constantly was he occupied in reading, writing, or profound meditation. Scevola directed his studies in jurisprudence; Philo, the Athenian, in philosophy; Molon, of Rhodes, instructed him in the rules of oratory; and Diodotus trained him in logic; while along with those specific branches he gleaned every field of learning, speaking and composing by turns, both in Greek and Latin, according as the attendance of his numerous instructors required. Every candidate who aspires after like honors must pass through a similar process. We might as well expect the elasticity of a rope-dancer and the muscularity of a gladiator, without training, as skill to invent, without practice, and intellectual power to execute, without toil. Only by the severest labor does one gain "winning words and heavenly eloquence."

A General, long pampered at court, once demanded of Napoleon, that he would promote him to be a marshal of France. "It is not I who make marshals, but victory," replied the plebeian architect of kingly fortunes. High honors are not rightfully conferred, except as the public recognition of what the recipient has previously earned for himself. The true scholar must be a man of iron firmness and indomitable courage; he must march to mental conquests, as a martial hero projects the subjugation of a world, with an elevated front, fixed eye, fearless of obstacles, and without a doubt of success. He must sacrifice studious days and meditative nights, the blandishments of fortune, and the distraction of social joys, all the resources of health, and all that is potent in existence, to this one end; he must attach himself with intrepid firmness, as with hooks of steel, to the greatest impediments in his way, and relax neither hand nor foot while there remains one throb of muscular strength, or energy of will. "Apparelled in celestial light," he must go forth from conquering to conquer, gathering the richest spoils from every region, to wreathe round his name a supplementary halo, more honorable than the greatest hereditary distinction, and fairer than all the indolent or perverted genius in "grandeur's most magnificent saloon."

Long and persevering must be the struggle. We run no worthy race in "the primrose path of dalliance," and therein we win the lofty goal. The crown worthy of our pursuit is purer than the gross passions of earth, and lies high above its shallows. It is a glorious boon and will repay the noblest strife to win it. Before the hand of the aspirant is permitted to grasp the prize, every faculty of the soul must be aroused and put upon the most vigorous pursuit. According to the Grecian fable the child of Jove had to pass through many struggles voluntarily assumed, before he was deemed worthy of divine honors in the presence of the gods. No son of earth can enter the august circle of exalted worthies, but by those labors which exorcise the heart of every thing debased, and invigorate the intellect with influences the most energetic and pure.

To insure honorable success, we must adopt Cæsar's motto, "Think nothing accomplished while there remains any thing to be done." Many years ago, a little boy entered the famous school near London, at Harrow. He was put into a class much beyond his years and attainments, and was chid for occupying the low rank from which it seemed impossible for him to escape. But at length resolving to outstrip his associates, he procured the necessary aids, and eventually became the best oriental scholar in Europe. This was Sir William Jones, and his history is the common tale of all distinguished men. When Newton was asked how he so far excelled the majority of mankind, his reply was, that

he could not account for it on any other ground than that he was able to pay longer and closer attention to a given subject than most persons cared to bestow. Most men fail to make strong impressions, because they are not habitually governed by great designs; they lack that perseverance and concentration which are requisite to great and successful enterprises, and, in the absence of efficient action, waste a magazine of gun-powder in squibs. Let the devotee of excellence avoid the adventitious, and beware of every thing that diverts him a moment from his grand design; let him seek to be upheld by a heavenly inspiration, and pausing not a moment, press on towards the high and holy light.

> "For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
> Of canopy reposing, Fame is won:
> Without which, whosoe'er consumes his days,
> Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth
> As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

To enter upon a profession before the mind is prepared by protracted discipline, is to destroy the scaffolding before we have raised the edifice; or rather it is to employ the material of the foundation to complete the roof. Patient perseverance is the only sure architect of true greatness. The most useful genius is heroical application. This will improve great talents, or supply their deficiency. Nothing is impossible to well-directed toil; nothing valuable is obtained without it. We must be all a-glow with that "energetic reason and shaping mind" which with talismanic power transmutes every thing into forms more precious and more beautiful than gold,—that *aliquid immensum infinitumque*, which inspired the early youth of Cicero, and, after reducing him to the brink of the grave in unremitting study, raised him to the highest point of human glory. The mind that in sincere devotion contemplates excellence, will swell with an inward and noble pride in its presence, and be as powerfully affected, as if it had itself produced what it admires. Our destiny is eternal progress; and our faculties are appropriately employed only in a perpetual ascent. The mind must practise excursions more and more extended daily, till it becomes "free of wing as Eden's garden bird," and then the genuine scholar, soars sublimely in those pure regions "where knowledge enormous makes a god of him." Adam Ferguson said truly:—"The lustre which man casts around him, like the flame of a meteor, shines only while his motion continues; the moments of rest and of obscurity are the same."

These remarks have a particular bearing on that attainment which is most coveted among men—effective oratory. Over and above a natural talent for eloquence, which no measure of labor can absolutely supply, the effective orator must arm himself at all points with information that is pertinent and adapted to elucidate the topics he is called upon to discuss. By preliminary studies, as Cicero has said, he must gather "a forest of ideas and illustrations" which will prompt and sustain the most fruitful inspirations, and render one's discourse rich, spontaneous, and copious. If we will but cultivate with the same ardor the fields which the ancients enriched, we shall attain the primitive fruitfulness they employed. That orator can never fail, who at any moment is facile to inscribe on paper, or through the living voice hurl into the bosom of an audience, the treasures he has conquered in solitary meditations, and carefully hoarded in the coffers of his mind. But before he can do this his tuition must be long and active

> "In the marble porch where wisdom was wont to teach
> With Socrates and Tully."

Genius, labor, zeal, these are the trinity divine, the component attributes of every great master of eloquence. Said Quinctilian, "Let them enjoy their persuasion, who think, that to be born, is sufficient to make a man an orator; they will pardon our labor who think that nothing can arrive at perfection, unless when nature is assisted by careful cultivation." The judgment pronounced by a still greater Roman critic on Piso, may be applied to every student in this imperial art who arrests for a moment the diligence of his pursuit—"as much as he withdrew from application he deducted from glory." The great Turenne of France began his career as a soldier at fourteen; Bossuet, in the funeral oration dedicated to his memory, said, that seiges and battles served to exercise his infancy, and that his first amusements were victories. Such is the discipline of every successful competition in the more elevated career of which we now speak. Too many begin with ardor, but fall into a fatal lassitude before the season of harvest arrives. They resemble the sluggard, who, too imbecile to eradicate noxious plants from the soil, sows but reaps not, because he has permitted the good seed to be stifled by weeds.

Another class of men, scarcely more meritorious, are like the husbandman who has already gathered a rich harvest in bundles on the field, but leaves it there to perish rather than reduce it to practical use only because he fears a little additional toil. Such loiterers in the arena of glorious intellectual gladiatorship, never speak in those accents which reverberate in the heart of nations like thunder heard remote. Such recreants to themselves, to God, and to the well being of all mankind never took an honored place among the great and good, who

> "Stooped their anointed heads as low as death,
> To plant the Tree of Life, to plant fair Freedom's Tree!"

It is not simply a man's acquired learning that makes him an orator; it is the latent genius of eloquence in his soul that makes him learned, by constantly impelling him to look abroad for nour-

ishment, and to lay all worlds under contribution to feed that which within him cries, like Homer's giant quaffing from the goblet of Ulysses,

"More, give me more!"

All great legislators, ancient and modern, were distinguished as scholars, before they became eminent as statesmen. Chatham, and Pit, and Fox, and Burke, and Brougham, and Peel, and Adams, and Webster, and Calhoun, were all remarkable for early classical attainments. They laid the foundation of their future greatness in the cloisters of the university. If Sheridan and Clay are urged as exceptions, let it be remembered that only one Sheridan was ever heard on the floor of Saint Stephens,—only one Clay ever awed the Senate with the splendor of his fulminations,—and these great masters were not the less admirable in learning for being "with academic laurels unadorned." Since the world began, genius without industry has accomplished nothing. No deception can be more fatal to the hopes of youth, than the indolent self-complacency which trusts to the supposed possession of superior endowments. Not such were "the sons of memory, the great heirs of fame," whose history is brilliant with noble deeds, and whose success should prompt and sustain our untiring toil.

E. L. M.

*Cincinnati, July*, 1847.

## BERTRAND DU GUESCLIN.

### A HISTORICAL BALLAD.

It was a night of festival in Windsor's crowded halls,
For England's red cross, victor, wav'd o'er Poictier's distant walls,
And British rank and chivalry and beauty, all had met
To pay, with homage unrestrain'd, high valor's mighty debt,
While chief amid the courtly throng, that form'd a circle wide,
Sat Philippa the lovely, her young son at her side.

Bright was the scene; for o'er that full and richly-laden board,
A thousand perfum'd tapers floods of purest lustre pour'd;
Reflected in unnumber'd rays from many a steel-clad breast;
Playing, like lightning, 'mid the folds of many a jewell'd vest;
And kindling that ancestral dome, until the eye could trace
Each quaint device and rude attempt at statuary's grace.

Free flow'd the wine-cup; music rose in glad, triumphant swell,
And every heart responded fast to pleasure's thoughtless spell,
Saving Sir Bertrand du Guesclin, a knight from Gallia's land,
Who, as an honor'd captive, sat at Philippa's right hand,
Yet with such rigid form and face of melancholy gloom,
As though that kingly hall, for him, were a sepulchral tomb.

"Ah! victory is but empty boast, if this must be the cost,"
Whisper'd young Edward to the queen, "far rather had we lost
The fair estate of Poictier's, than press such needless shame
On yon brave cavalier, whose deeds might swell the lists of fame;"
And as with animated air, he urg'd some secret suit,
His pleading tones were musical as breathings of a flute.

"Nay! have it as thou wilt, my son! for charity's sweet sake,
I grant thy generous prayer," and scarce the loving matron spake,
Than springing forward, with flush'd cheek, and eye, that flash'd delight,
The princely boy bow'd courteously unto the captive knight,
And cried aloud, "so help me God! however small it be,
Name but thy ransom, valiant Sir! and thou, at once, art free."

The statue mov'd; his hand unclench'd; the weight of great despair
Pass'd from du Guesclin's furrow'd brow, like shadow from the air;
And seizing from the festive board, a massive silver cup,
He pour'd the red wine, till it flash'd in diamond sparkles up;
Then quaffing deep the teeming draught, he said, in accents bold,
"A hundred thousand crowns, I pledge to pay in virgin gold."

"Nay! be not thou so rash," rejoin'd Britannia's high-born heir,
And fervent admiration rose above his boding fear;
"Think how the chance of ruthless war, thy kingdom hath o'erthrown,
Leaving thee nought but valor's pearl, that thou canst call thine own;
And count it not mistrust, true knight, if I, thy princely host,
Question how thou canst hope to win thy freedom at such cost."

Then spoke Sir Bertrand; and his mien reveal'd right proud was he,
To tell the source of hidden wealth, he pledg'd thus fearlessly;
"'Tis true, God wills it! that I stand a prisoner here to-day
Dismantled by a conquering foe of my ancestral sway,
The stranger dwells within my home; no more can I defend
Those ancient towers, beneath whose roof I hop'd my days to end:

"Yet heaven be prais'd! that I may set my ransom still as high,
As when Gaul's lily banner wav'd its folds triumphantly;
For in my native Bretagne dwell a hundred noble knights,
Ready to mortgage their last fields, to buy me freedom's rights;
And e'en if these, by reckless fate, are swept away from earth,
I ask no grace, nor rate myself beneath my real worth.

"Why need I? since by woman's truth, that fail was never known,
I wager there is not in France, from cottage to the throne,
One female heart, that does not bleed in sorrow for my sake,
Who, since my youth, in their good cause ne'er fail'd a lance to break;
Yea! the poor spinner at her wheel a double task would ply,
Ere her tried champion should be left, in foreign land, to die."

"Strong in thy faith, thou well mayst be," replied the beauteous Queen,
"For gentle spirits ne'er forget their gratitude, I ween;
And for the love of my poor sex, I pray thee, noble sir!
Accept this tribute, as a mark of sympathy from her,
Who, though the consort of thy foe, not longer would detain
A sword, that for weak woman's help, was never drawn in vain."

And loosening from her wounded arm, a jewell'd circlet bright,
Where, diamonds, on a pearl-sown ground, glitter'd like stars at night,
With look and step magnificent, as royalty should wear,
Yet rife with all that winning grace, that quick dispelleth fear,
The lovely Philippa advanc'd amid the courtier band,
And laid the costly gift within the astonish'd Bertrand's hand.

"Lady! I ask no higher fame," the joyous prisoner cried,
As low, on bended knee, he sunk, o'erwhelm'd by feeling's tide;
"But long as life shall last, I vow, O peerless dame! to fight
As best my heart and strong arm can, for none but woman's right!"
And well he kept his knightly troth, for chroniclers declare,
Bertrand du Guesclin left no stain on his escutcheon fair.

MARY E. LEE.

*Charleston, S. C.*

---

## THE LATE R. H. WILDE.

Although the newspaper press of the country has already given expression to an affecting sense of the deep public loss sustained in the death of the gifted Wilde, yet it is eminently proper that some tribute should be paid to his memory by a magazine whose pages, in times past, have been graced by his contributions. He died on the 10th day of September, in New Orleans, of that disastrous and malignant fever, which has carried off so many of the inhabitants of our great Southern metropolis. In the crowded ranks of its victims, there was perhaps none other, who united in himself, to so great a degree, the highest qualities of the head and the heart. While exhibiting in his daily walk those virtues and charities which lend a charm to social life, his habits of studious application had raised him to an exalted position at the Bar, where his graceful eloquence gave him a commanding influence. In Mr. Wilde, the literature of the South has lost, at once, a votary and an ornament.

Mr. Wilde was born in Baltimore about the year 1789. In early life he removed to Augusta, Georgia, where he studied the Law and commenced the practice. In a few years after his admission, he was made attorney-general for the State and subsequently, in the fall of 1815, when he had barely attained the age required by law, he was elected to Congress, as a member of the House of Representatives. Being defeated at the next election, he again resumed his profession, but in 1825 he was returned and from 1828 to 1835 he continued to occupy his seat. The most important chapter in his political history, perhaps, was his opposition to the Force Bill, which he denounced in an effective speech, as the precursor of a civil war.

In the summer of 1835, Mr. Wilde sailed for Europe, where he spent several years in the pursuit of those studies and occupations, to which his refined taste inclined him. On the continent he amassed the *materiel* for his work on the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Tasso, which he published soon after his return to America. It is not, we think, generally known, that, during his residence in Florence, Mr. Wilde rendered an acceptable service to the Fine Arts in rescuing from oblivion a correct and authenticated portrait of Dante, taken in the full glow of health and in the vigor of the great poet's days. In the October number of the Knickerbocker magazine, for the year 1841, Mr. Irving acknowledges this labor of love and compares the furor awakened throughout Italy by the discovery of this work to the sensation which would probably occur in England, should some zealous antiquarian dig out from the dusty recesses of a building at Stratford a veritable original of Shakspeare in his ruff and doublet. The circumstances under which Mr. Wilde found his picture were these. Conversing casually with an artist, he learned by mere chance that in the life time of Dante the pencil of Giotto had traced his features on a wall of the *Bargello*, a building which had formerly been the prison and the palace of the republic. This picture had been suffered to mould with the decaying edifice and was then almost obliterated. With his usual energy Mr. Wilde determined to make an effort to restore it and soon his exertions were crowned with success.

As a poet, Mr. Wilde was always happy and spirited. He rendered into English verse many choice excerpts from the Italian, in which he preserved with singular felicity the tone of the original. The most remarkable of his poems were the "Ode to Ease," "Sonnet to Lord Byron," "Napoleon's Grave," and a touching little song, which is so feeling a specimen of the tenderest melan-

choly, that, although often published, our readers will pardon us for introducing it.

"STANZAS.

"My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scatter'd on the ground—to die!
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me.

"My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless and soon to pass away,
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

"My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea,
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!"

Ah! many, very many, shall mourn for the generous and the gifted! Light lie the turf on the ashes of the poet! His most adequate epitaph is written in the affectionate remembrance of his countrymen and winds and waves shall sing his requiem.

"Call it not vain. They do not err
Who say, that when the Poet dies,
Mute nature mourns her worshipper
And celebrates his obsequies."

T.

---

## TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY THE REV. RICHARD T. BROWN.

Thou trembling watcher of the twilight hours,
I love to see thee with thy holy ray
Serenely beaming when the darkness lowers
And draws its curtains round the sleeping day.

High on thy post within the jewelled sky,
Thou speakest of immortal, deathless things;
How the high soul shall wear an angel's eye,
And float through ether on untiring wings.

Thou drawest out my soul with thy pure beams
From its dark prison-house of sin and pain,
Up to the world of light, the land of dreams,
To watch with thee upon the nightly plain.

Soon as the watch-fire glimmers o'er the hill,
And thy soft rays have kissed my feverish brow,
I take my post in silence deep and still,
And breathe to God my grateful prayer and vow.

Thou hast a voice, sweet teacher of the eve,
And holy truths thou tellest in mine ear;
What heavenly lessons do thy pure beams weave,
If earthly men would but those lessons hear!

Thou pleadest for the sky! when earth's day-god
Hath quenched his orb 'mid thunders long and loud,
Thou seemest to point with prophet's golden rod
To realms of light unsullied by a cloud.

Bright star! each ray doth pierce my heaving breast,
And warms its coldest cell with *altar-fire*,
Until I burn to be a spirit blest,
And hear the angels say, *come, come up higher!*

---

# Notices of New Works.

## ADDRESS

*Before the Alumni Association of the University of North Carolina, delivered in Girard Hall, June 2nd, 1847, (the evening preceding Commencement day.) by Hon. John Y. Mason, L.L. D. Washington. J. & C. S. Gideon. pp. 24.*

This is a composition which we earnestly recommend to the attentive perusal of every reader in America, particularly among its youth. It is an able and most eloquent exposition of the happiness, dignity, and power conferred upon us as a people and a nation by the wisdom of our fathers in the foundation and adoption of our present republican system and institutions. It is calculated to excite the pride, nerve the resolution and cheer the heart of every lover of republicanism and believer in that glorious doctrine—Man's advance towards perfection and his capability of self-government. The English Tourist and the English Journalist may berate, belittle and belie us, but a few statistics taken from this speech of Mr. Mason will set the boldest of them at naught, and restore to us all our hope and confidence.

We would be glad, did our time and space permit, to analyze and comment upon this beautiful Address and make copious extracts from its glowing pages, but as it is, we can only, like Robin Hood, add our halloo when we see so truly aimed a shaft, or so well stricken a blow."

We assert, without fear of contradiction, that Americans are peculiarly a *thinking* people. Mr. Mason attributes this, and with reason, to the workings of our Republican system.

"He, (the American citizen,) wields the power of the elective franchise, and determines by his vote the choice alike of measures and of men; not only *who* shall rule him, but *what* shall rule him; he sits in the jury box, and the fortune, the fame, nay the very life of his neighbor, rests upon his decision; he is called as a witness, and is sworn to give true testimony on questions involving the deepest interests and the most important results; or, by the suffrages of his fellow citizens, he is clothed with still greater trusts, and assumes responsibilities which belong only to the highest stations in the gift of the people."—p. 15.

The plain man amongst us early learns his importance in a political point of view. He has leisure, in this prosperous country, to attend public meetings. He hears the argu-

ments and reasoning on both sides of a question of the more able and educated leaders of party. He reads them in the newspapers—he talks them over with his neighbors—he reflects upon them, and he delivers his vote upon men and measures with an enlightened judgment and a clear insight into his own and his country's interests. His powers of thought are thus exercised and improved and hence it is that the sagacity, the caution, the power of resource and the fertility of invention of the Yankee have become a "bye word among the nations." To nothing else than this working of our system of government, and great diffusion of education, can the unexampled progress of this nation be attributed.

In the composition of this address, Mr. Mason has exhibited a rare combination of talents. He has been from his youth up eminently a man of action; the harness has been seldom laid aside; early engaged in the "discords of professional strife, the hard competitions of business," the fierce and engrossing struggle for political supremacy, and the labors of legislation. Then came the honors and duties of the bench in his native State, the administration of the Navy Department, the high law office of the government, and finally the heart of the Navy swelled with joy to welcome him back again to that station where he had won so much admiration and regard by the vigor of his administration, the justice of his decisions, the kindness of his heart and the amenities of his manner.

We say that he has exhibited a rare combination of gifts, for we think it remarkable that a man who has been thus engaged all his life long in these active and engrossing pursuits, should have shown, as he has done in this address, the far-sightedness of the thoughtful philosopher combined with the grace and elegance of the accomplished scholar. It abounds with rich classical allusion and graceful and happy quotation, and we would have given much to have heard his soft and most musical voice pronouncing in the halls of his Alma Mater, and to the listening youth, who nurtured in the same lap, were to succeed him in the great business of life, the following concluding sentences of the address—

"Living under the only free government on earth, upon us are concentrated the dearest political hopes of man. Wherever glitters the crown of despotism, or faintly throbs the heart of freedom—wherever toil goes unrewarded, or human right is crushed beneath oppression—from patriots of all climes, and the oppressed of every land—come blended to our ears voices alike of warning and entreaty; all invoking us to be faithful to our holy trust and to preserve it sacredly for the civil redemption of the world. The voices of the past come mingled with the voices of the present, and amid the graves of fallen empires, and the splendid ruins of departed greatness, we gather anew the solemn lesson of individual duty. Let us receive it with submission, and reverence, and awe; and let it increase the warmth of our patriotism, the earnestness of our virtue, and the devotedness of our toil. If we would discharge aright the duty which we owe to our country and mankind, let us begin by discharging aright the duty which we to ourselves.

"This above all; to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'"

---

*Fresh Gleanings, or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel.*

This is the sweetest of "sentimental Journeys" since that in which we read how Sterne travelled from Calais in the chaise with the lady whose "face of about twenty-six—of a clear transparent brown," is so well known to us all; how he felt the pulse of the beautiful grisette, 'who showed him the way to the *Opera Comique*, and talked with poor Maria by the poplar, near Moulins.' This Mr. *Ik.* Marvel, as he is pleased to denominate himself, is somewhat like Sterne—alike with a difference as Charles Lamb says. He seems to us, (who believe in the "hereditary transmission," &c.,) what a descendant of Sterne would be in these days; possessing some of his grandfather's qualities, but wanting some and having others that did not belong to him; with all his characteristic altered by these modern times, and affected by modern literature. He has a great deal of the peculiar humor of Sterne, but more subdued; he has much of his imaginative tenderness, but is more romantic; while he wants his deep pathos; and although he is a close observer of individualities, never shows that strong, keen intellect, which is continually flashing like steel through the vagaries of the Englishman. It is decidedly the most agreeable book of the season,—and it will be read when the season is over, too. The author's mind is peculiarly healthy and fresh; and those who have been irritated and fevered by the reading of such books as Martin the Foundling, or the Count of Monte Christo, (intellectual gin drinking,) will find this a most soothing, as well as a most delightful book. It produces that same pleasant and dreamy feeling, which a lonely ride in a clear evening of this sweet season creates. A great deal of useful information is to be obtained from this book,—information that *sticks*. He gives mental daguerreotypes of the Cafes and Maisons Garnies of Paris, and of Hungarian peasants and inns. Nor is the "Pipe with the Dutchman" inferior to the first part. From this portion we take the following extract, which may serve as an example of the descriptive style of this author:

"Little yards were before the houses and stocked with all sorts of flowers arranged in all sorts of forms, and so clean—walks, beds, and flowers—that I am sure a passing sparrow could not have trimmed his feathers in the plat without bringing out a toddling Dutch wife with her broom. The fences were absolutely polished with pains; and the hedges were clipped, not with shears, but with scissors. Now and then, faces would peep out of the windows, but in general, the curtains were close drawn. We saw no men, but one or two old gardeners and half a dozen painters. Girls we met, who would pass a word to my entertainer and a glance to me, and a low courtesy, and would chuckle the baby under the chin and glance again. But they were not better dressed nor prettier than the rest of the world, besides having a great deal shorter waists and larger ankles. They looked happy, and healthy, and homelike.

"Little boys were rolling home from school—rolling I mean as a seamen rolls—with their short legs and fat bodies and phlegmatic faces. Two of them were throwing off hook and bait into the canal from under the trees; and good fishers I dare say they made, for never a word did they speak; and I almost fancied that if I had stepped quietly up and kicked one of them into the canal, the other would have quietly pulled in his line—taken off his bait—put all in his pocket, and toddled off in true Dutch style to tell his Dutch mamma."

---

We are indebted to our obliging friends, Messrs. Drinker & Morris, for transmitting us the following new works:

*Louis the Fourteenth, or the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century.* By Miss Pardoe. Part 5.

This part is quite equal in point of exquisite embellishment and typography to any of its predecessors and does infinite credit to the taste and enterprise of Harper & Brothers.

They have also just published,

A Simple Story, by Mrs. Inchbald, being No. 102 of their "Library of Select Novels."

Part 7 of the cheap serial edition of Thier's History of the Consulate and the Empire, from the press of Carey & Hart.

No. 28 of the Harpers' Pictorial History of England, which has been so highly and justly commended for its illustrations and subject matter.

---

*Tam's Fortnight Ramble and other poems.* By Thomas Mackellar, author of "Droppings from the Heart." Philadelphia, Published by Carey & Hart. 1847. pp. 216, 12 mo.

This little volume comes from the pen of a gentleman, who has long since been registered among the poets, but we fear there is not much in his present effusion to enhance his Parnassian reputation. With here and there a passage of beauty or a gem of thought, there are many puerilities and affectations, which strike us as unworthy of Mr. Mackellar. There has evidently been little labor bestowed upon the *manner* of the poems and the author's muse has certainly no faculty of description. In his visit to Greenwood Cemetery, the sweetest spot that affection ever selected for the burial of the dead, the verse falls far below the theme and we are entertained with truisms and trite reflections, unrelieved by any felicities of expression or any touches of genuine pathos. The most simple and graceful of the smaller poems, we think, is the short one, at the end of the fifth Canto, of the Watchman's cry of the Hours. It must be said in Mr. Mackellar's praise that his verse runs trippingly and breathes a spirit of wholesome ethics and serene philosophy.

---

*The Public Men of the Revolution, &c.* In a series of letters by the late Hon. Wm. Sullivan, L.L. D., with a Biographical sketch of the author, and additional notes and references by his son, John T. S. Sullivan. Philadelphia. Carey & Hart. 1847.

It would be doing injustice to author, editor and publisher to attempt any lengthy notice of this work, after dipping so slightly, as we have done, into its pages. We can only say that it is a well printed octavo, with a handsome portrait of the author facing its title page, and that it contains many historical and biographical sketches of Revolutionary men, colored doubtless by party prejudices, but graphic and drawn with a skilful pen. The portraitures embrace nearly all the worthies who flourished in the early days of the Republic. Without venturing at this time to say how far they are faithful and correct, we predict that this work will make a sensation in the reading world.

---

A new edition of Livy with English notes, by Professor Lincoln, of Brown University, from the press of D. Appleton & Co.

The late hour at which these volumes were received, must be our apology for this summary acknowledgment of them. Some of them well merit an extended notice and at some future time we may recur to them again.

---

## TO THE PUBLIC.

### THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

An arrangement with Mr. B. B. Minor, by which I have become the proprietor of the "Southern and Western Literary Messenger and Review," devolves upon me the duties and responsibilities of its editorial management. To those, who, for so many years have extended towards that Magazine a generous and enlightened patronage, it is due that this new relation I bear to them should be at once announced. With the present number, the labors of Mr. Minor, as Editor of the Messenger, are at an end, but it may be proper to state, in this connection, that, in the new vocation to which he proposes to direct his energies, he will still contribute to its pages and materially assist in the formation of the work.

It is not without some distrust that I assume the control of a periodical, which, during a space of thirteen years, has been the representative of Southern taste and the vehicle of Southern feeling and opinion. Started under adverse auspices by the late Mr. White, and pushed into favor by his unflagging exertions, it soon attained a high character and drew around it the support and confidence of a large body of influential friends. Four years ago, when death had removed its devoted founder from among us, Mr. Minor succeeded to his arduous office, and has toiled in behalf of the Messenger with a zeal and ability that merited and has received the approval of a discerning public. It is matter of honest pride for those whose efforts have built up and whose counsels have guided the Messenger, to look back upon what it has accomplished. It has called into active exercise talent, which else had lain dormant and useless. It has been the medium through which our ablest men and most thoughtful writers have addressed the literary ear of the reading world. It has furnished amusement and instruction to a large circle of readers and beguiled many a weary hour with the happiest inspirations of the poetic muse. But, the past, full as it is of pleasing recollections, can avail nothing, but as a help and guide to the future. Will the public suffer a work, which has done so much, to decline for want of encouragement? Shall the Messenger ever want friends in the South, of whose rights it has ever been the peculiar guardian? I cannot believe it. I appeal to the literary intelligence of Virginia, of every State between the Potomac and the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, to sustain and foster it, and I have an abiding trust that this appeal will not be made in vain. For myself, I want from it only a support. I am determined to work faithfully and strenuously, and I am assured of the assistance and co-operation of able contributors, whose pens will make the Messenger worthy of its best days.

It is not designed to make any changes in the spirit of its conduct. While always prompt to defend Southern interests, it will maintain in politics a strictly neutral ground. No attempt to array one portion of the Union against the other, or to excite sectional feelings and jealousies, will ever meet with countenance in its pages. Its province shall be rather to regard the Republic of Letters as an indissoluble confederacy, recognizing no landmarks or barriers of division, but united together as a literary brotherhood, by sympathies of a kindred nature and a community of tastes, sentiments and pursuits.

In the November number I shall address the Patrons of the Messenger more at length with regard to its prospects. I take occasion, however, to state, that all the debts due the Messenger for the 13th volume have been conveyed to me, and I earnestly request delinquent subscribers to remit, as soon as possible, the amount of their subscriptions. I may say here also, that it is not my intention to abandon my profession, but to continue as heretofore a practitioner of the law.

Editors of journals and magazines, friendly to the Messenger, will confer a favor by granting this notice an insertion in their columns.

JNO. R. THOMPSON.

*Richmond, September 25th*, 1847.

# THE VIRGINIA FEMALE INSTITUTE.

## B. B. MINOR, ESQ., PRINCIPAL.

### BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

THE RIGHT REV. WM. MEADE, *President*,
THE REV. T. T. CASTLEMAN,
ALEX. H. H. STUART,
WM. KINNEY,
T. J. MICHIE,
DR. F. T. STRIBLING,
N. C. KINNEY,
R. S. BROOKE,
JAMES POINTS.

*This Institution will be opened on the 1st day of November next, in the spacious building just erected for its accommodation, in the Town of Staunton. It will be under the management of B. B. Minor, Principal, who will be assisted by teachers of the highest qualifications.*

### Terms, &c., for the Session of Ten Months.

| | |
|---|---|
| Board, including washing, | $125 00 |
| All the branches of English, | 30 00 |
| Any one Ancient or Modern Language, | 20 00 |
| Music on the Piano, Guitar and Harp, each, | 45 00 |
| Use of Instruments, | 10 00 |
| General exercise in vocal music,—in which the whole school will be expected to engage,—including music books, | 5 00 |
| Matriculation Fee, to be applied to the improvement of the grounds, the repairs of the building, or to enlarging the apparatus, | 5 00 |
| | $240 00 |

Thus it appears that pupils in the Institute will receive board, washing, instruction in English, any one Ancient or Modern Language and Music, partly Vocal, for $235 00.

Should they desire to do so, they can add to these,

| | |
|---|---|
| Drawing and Embroidery, each, | $20 00 |
| Vocal Music, with instrument, | 35 00 |
| But for Vocal Music, *alone*, with accompaniment, the charge will be | 45 00 |

### Primary Department,

Embracing Orthography, Reading, Writing and the Elements of Geography and Arithmetic, $20 00

Payments; one half *in advance;* the remainder at the middle of the session.

No pupil will be permitted to keep any store accounts; nor will the Principal incur any obligation for a pupil beyond the amount of funds that may be entrusted to him.

No pupil will be permitted to board out of the Institute unless with such persons as may be approved by the Principal.

To avoid unneccessary expense, the pupils will be required to wear a neat, plain uniform of such material and color as shall be prescribed by the Principal.

The handsome and commodious edifice erected for the purposes of this Institution stands on an eminence in the town of Staunton, in the midst of a region so remarkable for its health, beauty and other advantages, as to have determined the authorities of the State to select it as a location for several of its most interesting benevolent institutions.

The Principal would not embark in such an enterprise but with the determination to make the Institution one of the highest order. With this view two things will be specially aimed at;—thoroughly grounding the pupils in the elementary principles of knowledge, so that embellishments and accomplishments may have a solid foundation; and inspiring them, as far as possible, with a spirit of self-improvement which will make education progressive through life: Without this, it is believed that education fails of its highest utility; for the amount of knowledge treasured up at school, even by the most gifted and industrious, is comparatively small. Besides imparting to the pupils this *sound* instruction, constant pains will be bestowed in training their characters, especially those of the boarders, under the most salutary moral and religious influence.

Persons wishing to send pupils to the Institute can communicate with the Principal, at Richmond till the middle of October, by which time he expects to have removed to Staunton.

*September 17th*, 1847.

P352.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. NOVEMBER, 1847. NO. XI.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kernot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rec'd May 17, 1850. Gift of Prof. Simon Greenleaf, LL.D.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1849.

## THE EDITOR TO HIS PATRONS.

The present number of the Messenger comes to you under the guidance of a new Editor. On the cover you will read a stranger's name, where you have been wont to see one endeared to you by a long and pleasant intercourse. In the Editor's corner, you will miss the familiar teachings of a pen, which has held excellent converse with you, during a period of four years. The person, on whom has fallen his Editorial mantle, now addresses you, and as the public ear is ever open to the cadences of an unaccustomed voice—

> "As when a well-graced actor leaves the stage
> The eyes of men
> Are idly bent on him who enters next,"

he supposes you will grant a patient hearing while he ventures a few words by way of salutation.

In this place, however, he has something to say beyond a mere friendly greeting. It is proper that the Messenger should be discussed in connection with its history, its prospects and its aims. The occasion invites too some serious reflections on the literature of the country and the causes, which have hitherto operated to retard its progress. These are kindred topics and deserve at our hands an attentive consideration.

We presume that none will dispute the proposition, that an exalted literature is the noblest trait in a national character. The Chinese have a proverb, that letters and husbandry are the two principal professions. Certainly there can be nothing better calculated to humanize a people, to raise them in the standard of true greatness, than an expansive intellectual development. It gives them an influence surpassing the *prestige* of military fame and a power that shall survive the wreck of dynasties and thrones. Accordingly all history goes to establish that those nations who have most cultivated polite letters, have exercised the largest sway over human affairs and left us the worthiest examples of national renown. Why do we venerate Athens above all the cities of antiquity? Because she has bequeathed to us the rich legacy of an imperishable literature and upon her models we are taught to form our style. What throws a halo around the pontificate of Leo X? Assuredly, its literary lustre. If we look back to the age of Elizabeth or Louis, we shall find their most permanent glory, not in Turenne leading vast armies in the field, or Raleigh giving chase to the galleons of Spain, but in their mental wealth—in Shakspeare, Massinger, Jonson and Marlowe, in Corneille, Racine, Bossuet and Massillon.

Humiliating to our pride as may be the confession, it must be admitted that America has added little as yet to the garners of intellect. In the physical sciences and the mechanic arts, we have accomplished great results. The finest merchant-navy in the world wafts to our shores the products of the Orient and carries back the fabrics of a thousand looms. The prophetic rhapsody of Darwin has been more than fulfilled in our facilities of locomotion and it has been reserved for an American, in the wondrous invention of the Telegraph, to reduce to practical utility what an old writer foreshadowed as a figment of fancy.* But we are still dependent on our transatlantic brethren for the more important and considerable portion of our literature. We can point as yet to no poem of

* See No. 241 of the Spectator.
"Strada in his Prolusions," &c.

American composition which is likely to become a classic. The sketches of Irving and the histories of Prescott, have indeed reflected credit on our literary pretensions, and pleasant Sidney Smith, were he now among the living, could ask no longer, "Who reads an American book?" But as a great Continent, we cannot deny that we are still in literary leading-strings.

To account for this acknowledged inferiority, many causes have been assigned. It would be rank injustice to ourselves, in view of what we have done in other departments of science, to suppose that it springs from any lack of native talent. The cause which is most received does not obtain our assent. It is urged that speaking as we do, a common language with England, and sharing with her the priceless treasures of her literature, we are not conscious of the want of a separate storehouse, and have thus neglected to supply it. Now the possession of this common literature must necessarily act upon the intelligence of England in like manner as upon ourselves, and if it has impeded our progress in letters, it must also have impeded hers. To admit this, would be to advance the absurd opinion, that the enjoyment of a copious and elegant literature, prevents all further contributions to it and that the Anglo-Saxon mind has reached already its point of culmination and is destined to rise no higher in its intellectual orbit. We reject at once an argument which assumes that advancement carries in itself a check to its onward course. We rejoice to believe, on the contrary, that under the ordinations of a wise Providence, the human mind is continually progressive and that each stride places it upon a vantage-ground, from which a farther point may be attained. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum.* In the middle of the sixteenth century, it was thought that the English drama had arrived at the highest point of excellence it was ever destined to reach. In the plays of that period there was indeed much power and originality. But a few years and there was born a man, whose genius peopled the stage with the images of a nobler creation, and uttered the lessons of a higher philosophy. And shall we say that another Shakspeare shall never appear to dignify humanity? It is no under-estimate of the exalted powers of the great dramatist to suppose that, in the lapse of ages, dramas may be composed more effective than Hamlet or Lear. It is rather to say, that the range of the mind is boundless, and that no limits can be assigned to the improvement of man's diviner faculties.

Another cause of our literary inferiority is brought forward in our form of government. The enemies of free government have referred, with an air of triumph to the United States, as an instance of the injurious effect of republican principles on letters and the arts, and they contend that a low standard of excellence is the inevitable and legitimate result of equality. The argument is, therefore, that the prevalence of free institutions over the world would necessarily extinguish the rays of science and learning and cause the human family to fall back into the darkness and ignorance of the past. To expose this fallacy would betray us into a discussion at once trite and unprofitable. It is worthy of the absolutism from whence it sprang. But we can say with truth that it is only when genius has been left free and untrammelled, that she has poured forth her loftiest inspirations. The poet, uttering the voice of song from his lonely cottage, with no other immunity than

> "the glorious privilege
> Of being independent,"

will live longer in the remembrance of posterity, than all the laureates who have ever embalmed the follies of royalty in stipulated panegyric and compulsory fervor. The literature which has flourished in the hot-bed of royal patronage, has always been a sickly flower and has diffused but a passing and partial fragrance. To exemplify these truths, we have only to look at a gifted poet of our own time and to contrast the beauty and grandeur of the Excursion, with an Ode recently pronounced by Wordsworth at the Installation of Prince Albert as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge.

While we cannot recognise the validity of the reasons, to which we have adverted, we are still at no loss to account for our literary inferiority upon other and more rational grounds. And among them, we regard as most important, our peculiar social conditions, growing out of our position as a new country. In all infant communities, the attention of the people is, first of all, directed to the exigencies of the State. To rear habitable settlements, to cultivate the soil, to establish commercial relations, to provide a system of national defence, these are the occupations, which demand their earliest concern. In a meagre population, no one can be spared from these urgent duties to foster letters, the want of which cannot yet be felt. From the very nature of things, there can be no *literary class.* The temples of justice must precede the lyceum and the university, and there must be laid an agricultural basis for all the branches of intellectual research. While the energies of our infant Republic have been directed to these necessary objects, letters and the arts have progressed in England and on the Continent, under the encouraging auspices of a class of men, whose whole time is devoted to literary pursuits. De Tocqueville, perhaps the most acute foreign observer who has ever visited America, says, that "at the very time, when the Americans were naturally inclined to require nothing of science but its special application to the useful arts and the means of rendering life comfortable, learned and literary Europe was engaged in exploring the common sources of truth

and in improving at the same time all that can minister to the pleasures or satisfy the wants of man."* We have been engaged, too, in a great political experiment. The struggle for freedom in this Western Hemisphere, an issue between the powers of light and the powers of darkness, broke out just at that period of our history, when we were preparing to put forth some literary efforts, and those, who under other circumstances would have added to the treasures of the language which Chatham spoke, were absorbed in the shock and stir of passing events. The people of these colonies turned from the peaceful avocations which had employed them and made an united opposition to the aggressions of the English Parliament and Crown. They appealed to the God of Battles to decide a momentous question, and until that decision was rendered, they abandoned all other pursuits. When Peace at last smiled on their victorious eagles, a government was framed, which was to demonstrate a problem in political science, and from the day, which saw the signatures affixed to the immortal instrument which binds us together, to the present time, the first minds of the nation have never ceased to regard the operation of that government with zealous and anxious interest. We cannot regret this, even while we deduce from it our literary poverty, for if the price of liberty be eternal vigilance and the cause of free institutions be threatened by open enemies from without and treacherous friends within, the State cannot be guarded with too watchful a care. This untiring devotion to politics, has not been without happy effects in exhibiting the most gratifying proofs of the capacity of our people in the highest efforts of forensic eloquence, of statesmanship and diplomacy. In the progressive changes of the country, then, from a sparsely settled region to one swarming with an opulent and enlightened population, have we not abundant reason to hope for a noble literature, adapted to our sensibilities and adequate to our wants? When some future Waverley shall depict the domestic charities and home-bred virtues of America in the pages of fiction, or some unborn minstrel shall "wake to ecstasy the living lyre," he will find millions to laugh and weep over his chapters, or to be roused by his strains from the chain of the Alleghanies to

> "the continuous woods,
> Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
> Save his own dashings."

But before the golden age of American letters can be ushered in, there is another depressing cause, which must cease to operate, or must, in a great measure, be removed. It arises out of the enormous increase of new books. The facilities afforded by the recent improvements in the art of printing, have wonderfully multiplied the number of books issued from the press. Every day brings forth some uncut volume, and we have works following each other in rapid succession on every conceivable subject. The catalogues of publishers now contain longer lists of authors than were to be found some years ago in the largest libraries. As the *quantity* increases, the *quality* is impaired, and while there are many books to be "tasted," there are few to be "swallowed," and still fewer, as my Lord Bacon hath it, "to be chewed and digested." Where so much more is to be read, reading becomes hasty and superficial, and as this habit leads to a want of reflection as well among authors as readers, an ephemeral and frivolous literature loads the tables of the bookseller. We have bad treatises and bad biographies, essays without thought, and verses fit only to line portmanteaus. Nor is this all. We have been introduced latterly, through the medium of translation, to a class of writers, who, gifted by nature with rare powers, have used them only for the basest of purposes and who, embroidering the dark tissue of Socialism with the flowers of an exuberant fancy, have woven a winding-sheet for all Law and Virtue and Religion. In the fascinating serials of Eugene Sue and Alexandre Dumas, we recognise an insidious attempt to debase the understanding and subvert the morals. In his hero, the author becomes the advocate of every vice and the apologist of every crime. He talks to us in the vocabulary of a cold sensualism. He would at once disorganize society, by removing every conservative restraint, and, like Comus with his rabble crew, would transform us, by the power of his enchantments, into a brutish herd of satyrs and bacchanals. If indeed we could discern the poison he administers, there would be little danger to be apprehended. But it is commended to our lips in a jewelled chalice and the fatal ingredients are mixed with the skill of a Cagliostro. "Save us," said Mr. Burke, on a memorable occasion in the House of Commons, "from French daggers and French principles." Save us, say we, from this modern school of French romance, as an evil more to be dreaded than *noyades* or *guillotines*. It is time to take a stand in this matter. We appeal to our brethren of the periodical press throughout the country—to all who would preserve unsullied the purity of the female character, who would defend the shrines of our jurisprudence, our religion and our domestic peace—to raise a determined remonstrance against these infamous publications. In vain shall we look for the pure streams of a perennial literature, till we seal up this fountain of bitter waters.

In the cause of Southern letters, the Messenger has labored earnestly, and we trust not without success, since the appearance of its first number in 1834. Month after month, it has reached you,

* Democracy in America, vol. 2, p. 36.

freighted with rich and valuable stores of instruction and amusement. It has not indeed sought to beguile an idle hour, without leaving some useful impression on the mind of the reader. The contributors, who have filled its pages, have not written thoughtlessly, nor have they endeavored by flippant common-places to "catch, as she flies, the Cynthia of the minute." Content to stand upon its own merits in the estimate of an impartial public, it has left to others those adventitious aids and (so-called) embellishments by which the eye of the million is caught in this day of mezzotint engraving. It has put forth as original no bad copies of tawdry pictures in the English annuals, nor has it circulated a monthly fashion-plate, to show how the extravagant *demoiselles* of the Faubourg St. Germain dress themselves for a morning-call. It has ever had a higher aim and exercised a nobler ministry. It has attempted to present some truths in manifestations more lovely and imposing than they had before assumed and thus to fasten them upon the moral perception. It has enlisted in the prosecution of literary studies many minds, whose light might otherwise have been long obscured. In commending the lessons of History and by a salutary recurrence to the recorded experience of our own country, it has wiped the dust from the urns of the illustrious dead and held up their characters to the affectionate remembrance and imitation of the living. In an age of prosing realities and calculating utilitarianism, it has labored to gather up every fragment of intellect, to refine the taste, to soften the asperities of party warfare and to invest with poetic beauty the daily walks of life.

Thus much has the Messenger accomplished. How far its well-earned fame will be sustained in the hands of a new and untried Editor, is an important question, which time alone can determine. He enters upon the responsible duties of his office with an unaffected sense of their grave and difficult nature. He makes no fair promises to his patrons, but relies upon their generous support in the path which stretches before him, with an abiding confidence that if he proves worthy of his high vocation, he will not fail to receive the rich reward of their encouragement and approval.

It is proper, however, to remind the public, that although the Messenger has hitherto been fixed upon the sure basis of successful experiment, it is still entirely dependent on their patronage for its existence. If their liberal subscriptions are withdrawn, the magazine stops as surely as a taper is extinguished by being immersed in an exhausted receiver. The Editor appeals then to the old and tried friends of the work to stand by it under its new management, and he invites those who are favorably inclined to the cause of letters, but have never enrolled their names on the subscription list, to come forward at this juncture and subscribe. A word too financially. There is a large outstanding debt due the Messenger, which the Editor must respectfully ask his patrons to discharge. The expenses of publication are very considerable and to meet them he must make collections. Money is now-a-days and has ever been the primum mobile of every undertaking. The priestess of Apollo would utter no Delphic revealings until an offering of gold was laid upon her altar and from her time to the present, oracular wisdom has had its marketable value. The Editor cannot furnish gratuitous printing or paper free of cost. The laborer in literature, as in all other callings, is worthy of his hire. But enough of this. A few remarks with reference to the conduct and *materiel* of the work, and we close this address, which we fear has already transgressed the ordinary limits of editorial talk.

As far as possible, we shall adhere to the line of policy marked out by the former Editors of the work. As they have studiously avoided any introduction of party politics into its pages, so shall we strive to preserve a strict neutrality, regarding the excitement of faction as eminently pernicious to the graces of literature. But as the prefix of *Southern* to the name of the Messenger has always had a peculiar significance in pointing it out as the guardian of Southern rights and interests, we shall ever be prompt to defend those rights and interests, when they are made the object of ruthless assault. To this extent it will be political and sectional and no farther. We shall assuredly "contract our powers" in no "pent-up Utica" of narrow and parochial feelings, but shall recognise the kindlings of genius in whatever section of this "*one broad land*" they may be seen and foster genuine talent wherever it asserts its native dignity and truth.

The Messenger shall continue to present its usual variety of contents. The criticisms that shall guide—the tales that shall interest—the essays that shall instruct—the poems that shall elevate—such articles we hope to lay before our readers, infusing, at the same time, a proper degree of the gay and lightsome, but following the Horatian precept, *Dulce est desipere*, and exhibiting the sportiveness of the comic muse only in its proper place. In this design, we invoke the assistance of the old contributors of the Messenger and exhort them to be not weary of well-doing. Their labors, while of essential service to us individually, will contribute to the stores of Southern science and learning and will be gratefully appreciated by a large circle of readers. We hope to hear from them. We intend, in addition to this aid, to engage the best talent of the country, so far as the support of the public will enable us so to do.

We cannot discern what lies enshrouded in the mists of the future. What may be the destined

mission of our paper in time to come is yet matter of doubt. But we have never been

> "over exquisite
> To cast the fashion of uncertain evils,"

and we do not believe that our gallant bark will be permitted to founder, while there are stout hearts and willing arms to avert such a fate. On the contrary, we rejoice to hope that her voyages may be prosperous as in times past and that, with her colors flaunting from the topmast, we may say in the spirit of our chosen motto, "*Au gré de nos desirs bien plus qu 'au gré des vents.*"

---

## THE GREEK SLAVE,

### OF POWERS.

It is not that the sculptor's patient toil
Gives sweet expression to the poet's dream—
It is not that the cold and rigid stone
Is taught to mock the human face divine,
That silently we stand before her form
And feel in a holy presence there.
But in those fair, calm lineaments of hers,
All pure and passionless, we catch the glow,
The bright intelligence of *soul* infused,
And tender memories of gentle things
And sorrowing innocence and hopeful trust.
The perfect utt'rance of ideal grace,
Life-like as Hermione, there she stands,
As if her bosom throbbed with high designs,
And those celestial lips would part in speech
To tell the brief sad story of her wrongs!

In some secluded vale of Arcady,
In playful gambols o'er its sunny slopes,
Had nature led her childish feet to stray.
Or she had watched the blue Egean wave
Dash on the sands of "sea-born Salamis."
Or, in her infant sports, had sank to sleep,
Beneath the wasting shadow of that porch,
Whose sculptured gods, upon its crumbling front,
Reveal the glories of a by-gone age.
There, watered by affection's richest dews
And the warm tear-drops of maternal love,
This lovely flow'ret, day by day, grew up
In beauty and in fragrance. Such the line,
That marked the short and simple chronicle,
Of life's clear morning. Soon the spoiler came,
The mercenary Turk with horse and spear,
And this meek blossom rudely tore away
To deck the harem of some brutal lord.
A long and toilsome road they took, and oft,
In the warm twilight of a summer's eve,
This lovely girl had fallen in the path,
Weary and sick at heart. And then a tide
Of gushing recollections quickly came
From feeling's fount "to ope the source of tears,"
And her young spirit bowed in anguish there;
Like Israel's captives, when, by Babel's stream,
Remembering Sion, they sat down and wept!
Her ear perchance had caught a passing strain,
Some well-known melody of youthful days,
And she had feebly lisped a prayer to God,
That she might live to see her childhood's hills
And look again into her mother's face.
As when, in foreign climes, the Switzer hears
That wild effusion of his native Alps,
The thrilling Ranz des Vaches, he longs to climb,
In freedom once again, the chamois track
Of his remembered home.

And now a slave,
Fettered and friendless in the market-place
Of that imperial city of the East,
Whose thousand minarets at eve resound
With the muezzin's sunset call to prayer,
She stands exposed to the unhallowed gaze
And the rude jests of ev'ry passer by.
There in her loveliness, disrobed for sale,
Girt with no vesture save her purity,
A ray of placid resignation beams
In ev'ry line of her sweet countenance,
And on the lip a half-disdainful curl
Proclaims the helpless victim in her chains
Victorious in a woman's modesty!
There does the poor dejected slave display
A mien the fabled goddess could not wear,
A look and gesture that might well beseem
Some seraph from that bright meridian shore,
Where walk the angels of the Christian's creed!

* * * * *

Sweet visions cheered the sculptor's lonely hours,
And glorious images of heavenly mould
Came trooping at his call, as blow by blow,
The marble yielded to his constant toil,
And when he gave his last informing touch
And raised the chisel from that radiant brow,
And gazed upon the work of his own hands
So cunningly struck out from shapeless stone,
His eye dilated with a conscious joy,
That patient effort with enduring life
Had clothed his beauteous and majestic child!

Such are thy triumphs, genius, such rewards
As far outweigh all perishable gifts,
Ingots of silver and barbaric gold
And all the trophies of tiaraed pride!

Σ.

*New-York City, September*, 1847.

## VOTIVE WREATHS.

In the present number of the Messenger, we had designed weaving a simple chaplet for the grave of the gifted, in recurring to the death, so distressing and untimely, of Mrs. Jane Tayloe Worthington. But in the following tributes to her memory, this grateful and affecting office has been much more touchingly performed than by any eulogium that we can bestow. Our correspondents have indeed well expressed the general burst of grief occasioned by the loss of so much genius and worth. We must be permitted to mingle our sorrows with theirs that another star has been extinguished from the little cluster of the Pleiades.

Mrs. Worthington, like the lamented L. E. L., was one of those tranquil and benignant spirits, that sometimes walk the earth to show us how lovely is human nature, when guided by faith and softened by sensibility. Although cut off in the spring-time of life, with a future full of bright and joyous anticipations, she has left behind her, in the pages of the Messenger, many glowing traces of her exalted ministry. These we shall learn to value with a higher interest, while of the deplored one, we may say, in the language of Shenstone,

> "Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari
> Quam tui meminisse!"

[*Ed. Mess.*

---

### LINES TO THE MEMORY OF

### MRS. JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON.

A low, deep sound, as of a harp-string broken,
  A faded light, as of a vanished star,
The memory of the sad word *farewell*, spoken,
  Are these the only thoughts of thee which are
Left those who weep for thy young spirit, gone
From us to dwell forever with its own?

Not so—not so! thy memory still leaveth
  A hallowed light where'er thy step hath been;
Our thought of thee is holy, and it giveth
  New strength, although it teacheth that to lean
On earthly love, is but to pour the heart
With its deep wealth, on that which must depart.

Sad is the home, now by thy step deserted,
  Lonely the dwelling whence thy smile hath fled,
Yet, filled with precious thoughts of the departed,
  And holy to the memory of the dead.
So early called! yet unto thee 'twas given
To bless on earth, ere thou wert blessed in heaven.

Thine was a loving heart that lent a beauty
  And gladness of its own to all around,
And ever thy high sense of holy duty
  Did make thy life with love's glad deeds abound.
Oh then! a good-deed offering let us weave
To lay, with spring-buds, on thine early grave.

And, when the sweet spring-time again returning
  With its young flowers makes bright the place of gloom,
Then let our fond hearts, to behold thee yearning,
  Look forward to the world to which thy tomb
Was but the portal:—where—thy cross laid down,
So meekly borne on earth—thou wear'st the crown!

Thine earthly lyre hath ceased its tuneful ringing,
  Yet still its echoes linger in thy home;
While thou, in numbers yet more rapt, art singing
  Amid the white-robed, round the eternal throne.
Thine heavenly harp breathes now no note of pain,
And sister-spirits bend to catch its strain.

Joy for the ransomed spirit! thanks! that one more grave
  May shed around a light of holiness
To cheer and sanctify, to strengthen, save,
  And guide us as we onward still would press:
For, as of old, from out the heavenly home
Are angel-voices still heard, saying "come."*

Farewell! "a little while," and we shall meet thee
  Where, 'mid green pastures, silent waters flow,
And with the watch-word of our faith shall greet thee,
  And see thy smile though hidden from us now.
We feel, while gazing at the path thou hast trode,
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they see God!"

MATILDA FREEMAN DANA.

*Boston, Mass.*

---

### MRS. JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON.

> "Ah! 'tis sad to speak of genius gone,
> Of gifts departing from the goal they won,
> Of those whose inspiration strong and true,
> Tints for the many, dreams that haunt the few,
> The glance that sees the rainbow in the sky,
> And paints its glories ere its colors die,
> They of the earnest thought, the spirit stern,
> The mind that nobly grasps what others *learn*,
> The pure in heart, the steadfast and the true,
> Alas! one more is lost of those who were so few!"

The above lines were written on the death of the poet Campbell, by Mrs. J. T. Worthington; and they now apply most sadly to her own. He died when the days of life's autumn were fast speeding on. She had scarce entered the summer of her years.

* Rev. iii., 12.

"Gone while her step amid life's flowers was lightest
To sleep the dreamless slumber of the dead."

Her thoughts still live, though the hand that traced them has lost its cunning, and the mind which made its brief dwelling so bright, hath sought its far off home of glory. Its rays still linger to brighten a world dark indeed without the light with which genius gilds it. How many a weary hour is winged by the joy their beautiful thoughts bring us, and how many a fainting soul cheered by the songs of those birds of Paradise, ever the first to leave us for a brighter shore. In the contemplation of their works we feel that we are immortal, that the ties which link us with angels are stronger than those "which are of the earth earthy." Much of her poetry has been published in the periodicals of the day, but much rarely beautiful has never been given to the public. She has been justly styled the Hemans of America. She strung again the lyre left by this gifted woman hanging so sadly on the willows—but alas! once more are its full chords hushed—its music on earth is o'er—but in heaven a sweeter song 'tis theirs to sing—and they there have "found fulfilled the fairest thoughts they only dreamed before."

The following lines written at the early age of fourteen on Thebes, entitled a "Vision," give evidence the genius which penned them was of no ordinary stamp.

"Methought the past was present,
I beheld Thebes as it was in days gone by,
There splendid temples proudly stood
Where now their ruins lie;
The hum of busy voices too was there,
The tones of gladness and the note of care.

"Its hundred gates of which the poet sung,
The pillars that have mouldered into dust,
All that adorned fair Thebes ere ruin came,
To bring the desolation ruin must,
These I beheld in majesty and pride,
Ere time swept by with his destroying tide.

"Altars I saw, where thousands vainly knelt
To give the worship only due to *one*,
The gods have perished with their worshippers,
Their reign of power is forever done;
No vestige now remains to mark their throne,
For Thebes is ruined, desolate, alone.

"Strange that the cities once so great
Can leave behind them nothing but a name;
We too may pass away and leave no trace
Of our existence to give future fame;—
Ours is a sad and yet most certain *lot*,
We live to sorrow, die to be forgot."

All must live to sorrow, but all are not forgotten when they die. They live in the words which have written themselves immortal—and "being dead yet speak." We owe to them almost all that remains to us of the mighty past, and for all the dearest hopes which gild our future. Mrs. Worthington is too well known as a prose writer for me to add aught to a fame so justly earned and so readily awarded by all those who can appreciate "whatsoever things are lovely and whatsoever things are true." I shall close with her own sweet words these remarks made by one who deeply feels how much friendship, society, and literature have lost in the

DEPARTED.

"Say, are ye changed from all we knew and loved?
When 'mid the scenes of earth your footsteps roved
In times gone by.
Are those soft eyes familiar still with tears?
Or have the signs of troubles and of years!
No dwelling in the sky.

"Tell us, if in your voices linger still
The touching tenderness that erst could fill
Our hearts with mirth?
Or hath a tone of heavenly music lent
A deeper melody to that which blent
With ours on earth?

"Speak, are ye changed? or will our loving gaze
Yet meet the answering one of other days,
In yon bright sphere?
We picture you as blest and yet the same,
And idly call you by the earthly name
Kind thoughts made dear.

"We would believe that in the meeting hour,
The eager look of love will bear a power
To know again
Those who have passed before us to the bourne,
Where the calm eyes of faith so often turn,
And not in vain.

"We will believe a holier light is shed
Around your brows—that ye are perfected
And freed from former care,
But wearing still the hues our hearts hold dear;
That all ye ought to have been, and were not here,
Is what ye are."

---

## THE PEN.

Immortal instrument of mighty men,
Sceptre of sages, swayed with giant force,
What wondrous influence, oh! magic Pen!
Shall e'er attend thee in thy conq'ring course!

Nations, long buried in th' eternal Past,
The brave, the true, the loyal, and the fond,
From the dark tomb of ages rise at last,
And own the magic power of thy wand.

The mighty mystery, the wondrous wire,

Stretching from shore to shore, from clime to clime,
Conveys its freighted thoughts on wings of fire,
And mocks the power of distance and of time.

But mightier thou, through Time's eventful change,
To search the annals of a former day,
Through the deep ocean of the past to range,
And bear each jewel from her depths away:

The fall of Empires, and the "Pomp of Power,"
Thou dost engrave upon the glowing page,
Compress the past into a fleeting hour,
And make a moment of a rolling age!

Imperial Rome, enslaved by sordid lust,
Though lost forever to the brave and free,
Rises in beauty from its crumbling dust,
And owes its Immortality to thee.

Waked by the power of the Pen to life,
Heroes and bards appear in ghostly train,
Once more Achilles meets the deadly strife,
And Homer sings his noble deeds again.

Thus o'er thy swelling wave, Eternal Time!
The might of wisdom of a former age,
In history's prose, or in the rounded rhyme,
Is borne triumphant in the magic page!

And not for these, alone, art thou designed,
The thoughts of human wisdom to impart,
To trace the follies of a little mind,
Or paint the glowing visions of the heart.

But higher objects, oh, Immortal Pen!
Must fill the measure of thy destiny—
The vehicle of thought from God to men,
The tongue of great Omnipotence to be!

For traced by Inspiration's fingers, thou
Canst point to where the holy Prophets stood,
Again we look on Sinai's burning brow,
And hear the law fresh from the lips of God!

Thou, gilded with the light of fervent faith,
Canst cheer with hope the humble sufferer's gloom,
Soothe the dark moments of approaching death,
And shed a ray of light across the tomb!

Bright arch between omnipotence and man!
Methinks thy kind assistance has been given
The gloomy darkness of the grave to span,
And lift the hopeless wanderer to heaven!

CARRIL.

## APPEAL OF IRELAND

### TO MATERNAL ENGLAND, IN 1847.

Oh, England! Mother, we must call on thee
In this, our dire extremity of wo!
Look from thy fulness on our abject need!
Give to our sons the refuse crumbs that fall
From thy luxuriously appointed boards.
Turn not away, but hear the stifled cries
Of agonizing thousands. Bow thine ear,
For voices choking in the utterance
Of Death's last shriek, sound faint and low,
Amid the mirthful echoes of thy halls.

And thou! young mother of a royal line!
Hast thou no thought of Ireland? Canst thou feel
A mother's love, and yet forbear to turn
To those who claim thy succor as their right!
Is there no spring of mercy in thy heart,
Or does the stricken rock refuse to yield
Compassion's gracious drops to us alone?
Look on *thy* babes, in lavish plenty nursed,
Then turn to *ours* and hear the pitying moans,
The gasping cries, the long-drawn shiv'ring shrieks
Which tell that welcome death has come at last.

Before thee, rampant Life sits, crown'd with flow'rs,
Around the festal board—whilst in our homes
Grim Death triumphant waves his sceptred arm,
And Famine reels among the yawning graves,
Where fester'd corses, all uncoffin'd lie.
Canst thou not feed the starving from thy hoard
Of needless luxuries? Give but the gems
That sparkle in thine ears, (unseemly show
At such a time,) and they will purchase bread
For starving innocents!

Oh! crowned Queen!
Bethink thee of the Holy One above!
Who placed the regal sceptre in thy hand,
And bound the chain of Duty on thy heart!
Thou, too! must stand before the judgment seat,
And bare thy bosom to his searching eyes.
Bethink thee of the solemn enquiry,
Where are thy people? which must pierce thine ear,
And probe thy heart at the dread bar of God!
Not Cain, the fratricide, did tremble more
At the dread summons of a righteous Judge,
Than thou wilt tremble on thy day of doom,
If thou withholdest succor from thine own!
We are thy subjects! thou didst draw from us
The means of wasteful luxury—so long
As our hard hands could gather up the peace
That duty bound us to award to thee!

Queen of a mighty realm! and can it be
That those whose counsels sway thy youthful mind
Can harden thee against our hapless race!
Oh! heed them not. They cannot teach aright
Who would unknit the ties that God hath bound!

## HISTORY OF VIRGINIA.

[December 9th, 1775.] A little before sunrise, Captain Fordyce, at the head of sixty grenadiers of the fourteenth regiment, who, six abreast, led the column, advanced along the causeway. The alarm being given in Woodford's camp, a small guard at the breast-works began the fire; others hastened from their tents and regardless of order kept up a heavy fire on the head of the British column. Fordyce though received so warmly in front, and flanked by a party posted on a rising ground to his right, rallied his men and marched up to within twenty yards of the breast-work, when he fell pierced with many bullets. His followers now retreated, galled by the fire of a handful of riflemen under Colonel Stevens, but being covered by the artillery of Dunmore's fort, they were not pursued. Every British grenadier was killed, and the whole number of the enemy's killed and wounded, amounted to about one hundred. Four officers were killed and one wounded and made prisoner. Woodford's troops suffered no loss.* This was the first scene of revolutionary bloodshed in Virginia. On the night following this action, the royalists evacuated their fort, and lord Dunmore took refuge on board of one of his vessels. Col. Howe, with five or six hundred North Carolina troops, now joined Woodford and assumed command of all the provincials at the Great Bridge. Col. Henry now saw Woodford, who had refused to acknowledge his command, submitting himself to an officer of no higher rank and of another colony.

The provincials under Howe took possession of Norfolk. Dunmore's fleet being now distressed for provisions, upon the arrival of the Liverpool man-of-war from England, a flag was sent on shore to enquire whether the inhabitants would supply his majesty's ship. Being answered in the negative and the ships in the harbor being continually annoyed by a fire from the quarter of the town lying next the water, Dunmore determined to dislodge the assailants by burning it. Previous notice having been given to the inhabitants, [January 1st 1776,] a party of sailors and marines landed and set fire to the nearest houses. The party was covered by a heavy cannonade from the Liverpool frigate, two sloops of war and the governor's armed ship, the Dunmore. A few were killed and wounded on both sides. A printing press had been removed from Norfolk some time before this, on board the governor's ship, and according to his bulletin, published after this affair, it was only intended to destroy that part of the town next the water. The provincials, however, strongly prejudiced against the place, made no attempts to arrest the flames as they spread from house to house. After four-fifths of the town were destroyed, Col. Howe, who had waited on the convention to urge the necessity of completing the destruction, returned with orders to that effect, which were immediately carried into execution. Thus fell the most populous and flourishing town in Virginia. Its rental, [1775,] amounted to $44,000 and the total loss was estimated at $1,300,000.

Dunmore continued to carry on a predatory warfare on the rivers, burning houses and plundering plantations. The convention having raised six additional regiments, Congress doubtless misled by the machinations of a cabal, agreed to take the six *new* regiments of Virginia on continental establishment, thus passing by the two first, so as to exclude Colonel Henry from the chief command, to which he was best entitled. The convention, however, interfering, the two older regiments were admitted into the continental line; but here again unrelenting envy procured commissions of brigadier general for Colonel Howe and Colonel Andrew Lewis. Colonel Henry now declined the commission tendered him by Congress and resigned that which he held under the convention. Ill treatment drove him, as it had driven Washington, from the army. The troops encamped at Williamsburg knew how to appreciate their loss; they immediately went into mourning and being under arms waited on him at his lodgings. In their address they deplored his withdrawal, which deprived them at once of a father and a commander, but applauded his just resentment at a glaring indignity. Henry closed his reply in these words:—"I am unhappy to

* Marshall's Life of Washington, vol. 1. pp. 68-69. This author was with Woodford in this expedition. Burk. vol. 4. p. 86. The Bland Papers, vol. 1. pp. 38-39. Richard Kidder Meade, father of Right Rev. William Meade, was present at the affair of the Great Bridge.

part with you. May God bless you and give you success and safety and make you the glorious instrument of saving our country." Henry dined on that day with the officers at the Raleigh tavern and in the afternoon they proposed to escort him out of town. The soldiers, however, now assembled tumultuously and unwilling to serve under any other commander, demanded their discharge. Col. Henry, therefore, found it necessary to remain a night longer in Williamsburg and visiting the barracks in company of Colonel Christian and other officers, he employed his eloquence in allaying the commotions which had arisen. Love and admiration for Henry pervaded the whole army and the great body of the people. In March he was addressed by ninety officers at Kemp's Landing, at Suffolk and at Williamsburg, upon the indignity offered *him*, whose eloquence had first taught them to resent oppression and whose resolution had first led them forward to resist it. This indignity they attributed to envy. It seemed to them indeed an effort to fetter and retard in his upward flight the republican eagle, whose adventurous wing had launched into the storm, while others sate crouching in their nests mute and thunderstruck. Immediately upon his return to Hanover, Mr. Henry was returned a delegate to the Convention. This body assembled in the capitol at Williamsburg, [6th of May, 1776.] Edmund Pendleton was elected president. This eminent man, born in Caroline county, [1741,] had overcome the disadvantages of a defective education by study and good company. In person he was spare, his countenance noble. With a vigorous judgment he united indefatigable application and thus became a profound lawyer and consummate statesman. A zealous churchman, he never lost his veneration for the hierarchy. His manners were graceful and dignified. As a speaker he was distinguished by a melodious voice, a distinct elocution, fluency, vigor, urbanity and simplicity. *

May 15th the convention unanimously adopted resolutions instructing the Virginia delegates in Congress to propose to that body to "declare the United Colonies free and independent States." On the next day a feu de joie was fired and the Union flag of the American States waved from the capitol. June 12th, the Bill of Rights prepared by Mr. Jefferson, (who was at this time in Philadelphia,) was adopted and on the 29th, a constitution, mainly composed by George Mason. This gentleman, the author of the first written constitution in the world, was pre-eminent for his enlarged views, profound wisdom, extensive information and the pure simplicity of his republican principles. As a speaker he was earnest and impressive, but devoid of all rhetorical grace.

Patrick Henry, Jr., was elected the first republican governor of Virginia, he receiving 60 votes and Thomas Nelson 45. The salary was fixed at £1000 per annum. The first council appointed under the constitution consisted of John Page, Dudley Digges, John Tayloe, John Blair, Benjamin Harrison of Berkeley, Bartholomew Dandridge, Thomas Nelson and Charles Carter of Shirley. Mr. Nelson on account of his infirm old age declining the appointment, his place was supplied by Benjamin Harrison of Brandon. [7th of June, 1776,] a resolution in favor of a total and immediate separation from Great Britain was moved in Congress by Richard Henry Lee * and seconded by John Adams. [June 28th,] a committee was appointed to prepare a declaration of independence. The members of the committee were Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Robert R. Livingston. Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the resolution, had been compelled by the illness of Mrs. Lee to leave Congress on the day of the appointment of the committee. Mr. Lee's place was filled by Roger Sherman. The declaration of independence was adopted, [4th of July, 1776.] It was composed mainly by Mr. Jefferson. † The Virginia delegates who subscribed it were George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee and Carter Braxton.

Thomas Nelson, Jr., ‡ son of Hon. Wil-

* Wirt's Life of Henry.

* 1 Writings of Jefferson, p. 10.

† See copy of original draught of the Declaration, ib., pp. 16-22 and fac simile of the MS. appended to vol. 4.

‡ There is preserved at Shelly, in Gloucester county, Virginia, seat of Mrs. Mann Page, a daughter of General Nelson, a fine portrait of him, taken while he was a student at Eton, by an artist named Chamberlin, London, 1754. I was informed by Mrs. Page that her father never afterwards would consent to sit again for a portrait and that

liam Nelson, sometime President of the Council of Virginia, was born at York, December 26, 1738. At the age of fifteen he was sent to England to be educated. [1774.] He entered upon public life in Virginia as a member of the House of Burgesses. He was a member of the conventions of 1774 and 1775, and displayed extraordinary boldness in opposing the British tyranny. He was afterwards appointed Colonel of a Virginia regiment. In 1775 and 1776 he was a member of Congress. In the summer of 1777 ill health obliged him to resign his seat and return to Virginia. Here he was shortly after appointed Brigadier General and Commander-in-chief of all the military forces of the State. His popularity was now unbounded. When a motion was made to sequester the debts due to British merchants, he opposed it with manly firmness. When the American cause seemed about to be overwhelmed, and Congress made an appeal to young men of property and influence, Gen. Nelson issued an animated address and succeeded in enlisting about seventy young Virginians in a volunteer corps and furnished a number of them from his own purse. [1779.] He was for a short time in Congress, when ill health again caused him to return to Virginia. [1780.] When Virginia undertook to raise two millions of dollars in aid of Congress, General Nelson raised a large sum by pledging his own property as security. By this magnanimous course he brought upon himself enormous losses. [1781.] When Virginia was invaded, Gen. Nelson was employed in endeavoring to oppose the enemy. In a period of great public distress he succeeded Mr. Jefferson in the office of Governor. In providing troops and stores for the siege of York, Governor Nelson displayed the greatest patriotism and energy. He was present in command of the Virginia militia at the siege and received from Washington an acknowledgment of his valuable services. This generous patriot, however, did not escape the shafts of slander, and his noble efforts in the cause of his country subjected him to ingratitude and unmerited reproach.

Benjamin Harrison, Jr., of Berkeley, was descended from ancestors who were among the early settlers of Virginia. His father was of the same name, his mother a daughter of Robert, (called King) Carter of Corotoman. Benjamin Harrison, Jr., was educated at the College of William and Mary. Long a member of the House of Burgesses for the county of Charles City, [Nov. 14, 1764,] he was one of a committee chosen to prepare an address to the king, a memorial to the House of Lords and a remonstrance to the House of Commons, in opposition to the Stamp Act. [1774.] He was a delegate from Virginia to the first Continental Congress, of which his brother-in-law, Peyton Randolph, * was President. [June 10th, 1776.] As Chairman of the committee of the whole House, Mr. Harrison introduced the resolution declaring the independence of the colonies, and on the 4th of July he reported the Declaration of Independence, of which he was one of the signers. He was four times returned a delegate to Congress from Virginia. After the expiration of his term of service in that body, he was elected Speaker of the Virginia House of Burgesses, which office he held until 1782, when he was chosen Governor of the State. †

when Col. Trumbull was engaged in his piece, "The Signers of the Declaration of Independence," intended for the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, Chamberlin's portrait was forwarded to Trumbull, but it not answering his purpose, being too youthful, he copied from Thomas Nelson, son of the General, and said to be very like him. Mrs. Page mentioned to me as among the earliest recollections of her childhood, her having seen Lord and Lady Dunmore at the palace in Williamsburg. She remembered too that in 1776 she was taken into the State House in Philadelphia by the Hon. John Penn. During the revolutionary war she accompanied her mother from Yorktown to the county of Hanover, to avoid the enemy. The house at Offley, a plantation belonging to General Nelson, being too small for the accommodation of his family, it was found necessary to build an additional room, and in the interim they occupied a house, the property of Patrick Henry, at Scotch-town, and Mrs. P. saw him there. She was at school with two of his daughters. Thus far the reminiscences of this venerable lady.

The first of the Nelsons of Virginia was Thomas, son of Hugh and Sarah Nelson, of Penrith, Cumberland county, England. He was born February 20, 1677, and died October 7, 1745, aged 68. Coming from a border county, which had formerly belonged to Scotland, he was styled "Scotch Tom." He was an importing merchant and Yorktown was in his day and for a long time the sea-port town of Virginia. He was father of the Hon. William Nelson, (President,) and Thomas Nelson, (Secretary)

* He married Elizabeth Harrison.

† The common ancestor of the Harrisons of Berkley and of Brandon was Benjamin Harrison of Surrey. He was born in that county 1645 and died 1712. It was long believed by the Harrisons of Virginia, that they were lineally descended from the celebrated Col. John Harrison, the friend of Cromwell and one of the regicides. This opin-

George Wythe was born, [1726,] in Elizabeth City county, Virginia, on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay. His father was a prudent farmer of estimable character. George Wythe enjoyed but limited advantages of school education and his early tuition was principally directed by his mother, and it is related that he acquired a knowledge of the Latin classics from her instructions. * Mr. Jefferson mentions that while young Wythe was studying the Greek Testament, his mother held an English one to aid him in the translation. † By dint of application and this maternal assistance, he came to be at length the most accomplished Latin and Greek scholar in Virginia. He pursued other studies with a like success. His parents dying before he became of age and his father leaving him a competent fortune, he fell into idleness and dissipation. At the age of thirty, however he abandoned that course of life and devoted himself with unremitted industry to the study of the law under Mr. John Lewis. Mr. Wythe in after life often deplored the loss of so many golden years of his early life. His learning, judgment, industry and eloquence soon raised him to eminence at a bar adorned by men of learning, ability and dignity. Early elected a member of the house of burgesses, he continued a member of it until the revolution. At the dawn of that event, Mr. Wythe in common with his pupil, Thomas Jefferson, and the venerable Richard Bland, assumed the bold ground, that the Crown was the only connecting link between the Colonies and Great Britain. [Nov. 14th, 1764,] Mr. Wythe was a member of a committee of the house of burgesses appointed to prepare a Petition to the king, a Memorial to the Lords and a Remonstrance to the Commons on the subject of the Stamp Act. He prepared the Remonstrance in conformity with his radical principles. It was, however, greatly modified by the Assembly before assenting to it. [May, 1765,] Mr. Wythe in common with Nicholas, Pendleton, Randolph and Bland, opposed Patrick Henry's celebrated Resolutions as premature. Early in 1775, Mr. Wythe joined a corps of volunteers, but in August of that year became a member of Congress. [1776.] He signed the Declaration of Independence, which he had strenuously supported in debate. He was twice married, first to a Miss Lewis, daughter of the gentleman under whom he had studied law; second to a Miss Taliaferro. * He died childless. Mr. Wythe was distinguished for his integrity, justice, patriotism, ardent love of liberty and a singular disinterestedness. Temperance and regular habits gave him good health, sweet and modest manners endeared him to every one. His elocution was easy, his language chaste, his arrangement lucid. Learned, urbane, logical, he was not quick, but solid and profound. He

ion, however, appears to be erroneous. The first of the family in Virginia was the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, a member of the council in Virginia. He lies buried in the yard of an old church, near Cabin Point, in the county of Surrey. The following is his epitaph:—"Here lyeth the Body of the Hon. BENJAMIN HARRISON, *Esqr.* who did Justice, loved Mercy, and walked humbly with his God; was always loyall to his Prince and a great Benefactor to his Country. He was born in this Parish, the 20th day of September, 1645, and departed this Life the 30th day of January, 1712-13." It is certain that this Benjamin Harrison, born in Southwark parish, Surrey, Virginia, in 1645, during the civil war in England, could not be the son of Col. Harrison, the regicide. He may, however, have been a collateral relation. That this Benjamin Harrison, of Surrey, was the first of the family in Virginia, is confirmed by some ancient wills still preserved. He had three sons, of whom Benjamin, the eldest, settled at Berkley. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Louis Burwell of Gloucester, and was an eminent lawyer and sometime Speaker of the House of Burgesses. He died in April, 1710, aged 37, leaving an only son Benjamin and an only daughter Elizabeth. The son Benjamin married a daughter of Robert, (called King) arter of Corotoman, in the county of Lancaster. Two daughters of this union were killed by the same flash of lightning at Berkley. Another daughter married —— Randolph of Wilton. The sons of this Benjamin Harrison, and —— Carter his wife, were Benjamin, signer of the Declaration of Independence; Charles, a general of the Revolution; Nathaniel, Henry, Colin and Carter H. From the last mentioned, are descended the Harrisons of Cumberland. Benjamin Harrison, Jr., of Berkley, the signer, married a Miss Basset. Their children were Benjamin, Carter B., sometime member of Congress, and William Henry, President of the United States, one daughter who married —— Randolph, and another, who married —— Copeland. So far the Berkley branch of the Harrisons.

The second son of Benjamin Harrison of Surrey, first of the family in Virginia, was Nathaniel. His eldest son was named Nathaniel, and his only son was Benjamin Harrison, of Brandon, one of the council of Virginia, at the same time with Benjamin Harrison, Jr., of Berkley, about the commencement of the Revolution. This Benjamin Harrison of Brandon was father of the present William B. Harrison, Esq., of Brandon, to whom I am indebted for most of the foregoing particulars, relative to his ancient and eminent family. See 8 Hening, pp. 66 and 174.

* Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, p. 65. This fact was communicated to Mr. Wirt by Judge Nelson, a relation of Mr. Wythe.

† Writings of Jefferson, vol. 1, p. 92.

* Taliaferro, (pronounced Tolliver,) originally an Italian family, Tagliaferro. 2 Writings of Jefferson, pp. 44-228.

was of the middle size, well-formed, his face manly and engaging. *

Richard Henry Leewas born at Stratford, on the banks of the Potomac, January 20th, 1732. His father was Thomas Lee; his mother a daughter of Colonel Ludwell of Greenspring. †

His early days were passed somewhat after the Spartan manner. His mother, one of the high-toned aristocracy, confined her care to her daughters and her eldest son and left her younger sons pretty much to shift for themselves. * After a course of private tuition in his father's house, Richard Henry was sent to Wakefield Academy, Yorkshire, England, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in his studies, particularly in the Latin and Greek. Having finished his course at this school, he travelled through England

* 1 Writings of Jefferson, pp. 92-94. Sanderson's Biography of the Signers, vol. 2, pp. 160-184

† Life of Richard Henry Lee, by his grandson of the same name, vol. 1, pp 5-7. Richard Lee, first of the family in Virginia, great grandfather of Richard Henry, a cavalier, emigrated from England to Virginia during the civil commotions in the time of Charles I., and making several voyages to the mother country, brought over with him a number of followers, each of whom received a portion of land in the colony, under the title of "head-rights." He probably settled at first in York, for he appears as a burgess of that county, [1647,] 1 Hening, p. 339. Henry Lee was a burgess of the same county, [1652.] Ib., p. 370. Richard Lee finally settled in Northumberland county in the Northern Neck [1659.] Certain lands there being deserted by the Indians, were ceded to the Hon. Samuel Matthews, governor, "*Provided* that no intrenchment be made upon any preceding rights of Col. Richard Lee." Ib. p. 515. See also 2 Hening, pp. 200-201. In the Life of Richard Henry Lee, as above referred to, it is stated that Richard Lee was for a long time secretary to Sir William Berkley, governor of the colony, and that after the surrender of Virginia to the Parliamentary forces, he [Lee] hired a Dutch ship and visited the exiled Charles while at Breda, in order to ascertain whether in case Virginia should declare her allegiance to him, he could protect her, and that finding the prince too feeble to undertake it, he returned to Virginia. This tradition is not confirmed by history and is probably entitled to but little credit. The rest of the story is, that upon Cromwell's death, Richard Lee, with the assistance of Sir William Berkley, contrived to get Charles II. proclaimed in the colony, king of "England, France, Scotland, Ireland and Virginia," *two years* before he was restored to the throne in England! A tissue of monstrous fictions.

Richard, second son of Richard Lee, was of the king's council in Virginia. Thomas Lee, third son of the former, was sometime President of the council. Richard Henry Lee's maternal relations were conspicuous for their public stations. Col. Ludwell, father of Mrs. Lee, was of the Council, as also was a son of his. Her grandfather was sometime Collector of the Customs in Virginia, (having succeeded Giles Bland, who was executed during the rebellion,) and was afterwards Governor of North Carolina. When about to send this sheet to the press I have received a copy of the will of Richard Lee, head of the family in Virginia, for which I am indebted to Mrs. Susan H. Thornton, one of his descendants. This will is dated 1663. The following extracts are taken from it:—"I Col. Richard Lee of Virginia and lately of Strafford Langton, in the county of Essex, Esq. being bound out upon a voyage to Virginia aforesaid and not knowing how it may please God to dispose of me in so long a voyage," &c. "First I give and bequeath my soul to that good and gracious God that gave it me and to my blessed Redeemer Jesus Christ, assuredly trusting in and by his meritorious Death and Passion, to receive salvation, and my Body to be disposed of whether by Sea or Land, according to the opportunity of the Place, not doubting but at the last day both Body and Soul shall be re-united and glorified." "Also my will and earnest desire is that my good friends, [Thomas Griffith and John Lockey merchants in England,] will with all convenient speed, cause my wife and children, all except Francis if he be pleased, to be transported to Virginia and to provide all necessary for the voyage," &c. "To my wife during her life I give the Plantation [Stratford] whereon I now dwell, ten English servants, five Negroes, 3 men and 2 women, 20 sows and corn proportionable to the servants The said negroes I give to her during her widowhood and no longer and then presently to return to those of the five youngest children, also the Plantation Mocke Neck. Item my will and earnest desire is, that my household stuff at Strafford be divided into 3 parts, two of which I give to my son John and bind him to give to every one of his brothers a bed and the other third I give to my wife Anna Lee. Item I give all my plate to my three eldest sons or the survivor or survivors of them, each to have his part delivered to him when he comes to the age of eighteen years. Item I give to my son John and his heirs forever, when he comes to the age of 18 years, all my land and plantation at Mathotick, all the stock of cattle and hogs thereupon, also 10 Negroes, viz 5 men and five women and ten English servants for their times, &c." He likewise bequeaths his Plantation Paradise and the servants there, &c., to Richard; the Paper makers Neck and War Captain's Neck with 5 Negroes and 10 English servants, &c., to Francis. To his 5 younger children, William, Hancock, Betsey, Anne and Charles, the Testator bequeaths a plantation including Bishop's Neck, 4000 acres of land on the Potomac and the remainder of two plantations after the death of his wife, together with the residue of his estate real and personal. To his eldest son John he bequeaths "3 Islands lying in the Bay of Chesapeake, the great Bed that I brot over the last year in the Duke of York and the furniture thereunto belonging." To William he bequeaths his lands on the Maryland side. "Also my will is that goods sufficient be set apart for the maintenance of the gangs of each plantation, for the space of two years and all the rest of the Goods to be sold to the best advantage and the Tobacco shipt home to Mr. Lockey and Mr. Griffith," &c. To Francis he gives his interest being one eighth part in the ship Elizabeth and Mary and the ship Susan. The will provides a fund "for the better education of John and Richard equally to assist the one in his travel for the attainment of a reasonable perfection in the knowledge of Physick the other at the University or the Inns of Court which he shall be most fit for."

According to tradition the Lees of Westmoreland, Virginia, are descended from the English family of that name, to which belonged the Earls of Litchfield. The English Lees were loyal supporters of the Stuarts. Accordingly Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley is a cavalier character in Sir Walter Scott's novel of Woodstock.

* Life of Richard Henry Lee, by his grand-son of the same name. Vol. 1., p. 244.

and visited London. He returned when about nineteen years of age to his native country, two years after his father's death, which occurred [1750.] Young Lee's fortune rendering it unnecessary for him to devote himself to a profession, he now passed a life of ease, but not of idleness, for he indulged his taste for letters and diligently stored his mind with knowledge in the wide circle of theology, science, history, law, politics and poetry. [1755.] Being chosen captain of a company of volunteers raised in Westmoreland, he marched with them to Alexandria and offered their services to General Braddock in his expedition against Fort Duquesne. The offer, however, was declined. In his 25th year Mr. Lee was appointed a justice of the peace and shortly after a burgess for his county. Naturally diffident and finding himself surrounded by men of extraordinary abilities, for one or two sessions he took no part in the debates. One of his early efforts was a brief but strong and elaborate speech in support of a resolution, "to lay so heavy a tax on the importation of slaves as effectually to put an end to that iniquitous and disgraceful traffic within the colony of Virginia." On this occasion he argued against the institution of slavery as a portentous evil moral and political.* When the defalcations of treasurer Robinson came to be suspected, Mr. Lee, like Patrick Henry, (on another occasion of the same kind,) insisted, with manly firmness, in the face of a proud and embittered opposition, on an investigation of the state of the treasury. [Nov. 1764.] When the meditated Stamp Act was first heard of in America, Mr. Lee, at the instance of a friend, wrote to England making application for a collector's office under that Act. At that time neither he, nor as he believed, his countrymen, had reflected at all on the real nature that Act. In a few days, however, reflection convinced him of its pernicious character and of the impropriety of his application, and from that time he became, in public and in private, one of the most active and strenuous opponents of the Stamp Act.† In this year he brought before the Assembly of Virginia the subject of the declaratory Act of Parliament, claiming a right to tax America, and he draughted the address to the king and the memorial to the commons. His accomplishments, learning, courtesy, patriotism, republican principles, decision of character and eloquence, commanded the attention of the legislature. Although a member at the time of the introduction of Patrick Henry's Resolutions, [1765,] Mr. Lee happened not to be present at the discussion, but he heartily concurred in their adoption. Shortly after the passage of those Resolutions Mr. Lee organized an association in Westmoreland in furtherance of them. [1767.] He vigorously opposed the Act laying a duty on Tea and that for quartering British troops in the Colonies. He was now residing at Chantilly,* his seat on the Potomac, in Westmoreland. [25th July, 1768.] In a letter to John Dickinson of Pennsylvania, Mr. Lee suggested, "that not only select committees should be appointed by all the colonies, but that a private correspondence should be conducted between the lovers of liberty in every province."† [1773.] The Virginia Assembly, (about the same time with that of Massachusetts Bay,) appointed a committee of correspondence, consisting of six members, of whom Mr. Lee was one.‡ [1774.] Mr. Lee was a delegate from Virginia in the Congress that met at Philadelphia. Patrick Henry, the first who spoke in that body, was followed by Richard Henry Lee. Mr. Lee was an active and laborious member of all the leading committees, and he draughted the memorial to the people of British America.§ [1775.] Returned again from Westmoreland to the Virginia Assembly; that body elected him a delegate to the second congress. When Washington was chosen commander-in-chief, Richard Henry Lee as chairman of the committee, appointed for the occasion, prepared the commission and instructions. He served also on several other important committees and prepared the second address to the people of Great Britain.‖ [May 17, 1776.] The Convention of Virginia passed resolutions instructing her delegates in congress to propose to that body to declare the colonies free

* Life of R. H. Lee. Vol. 1, p. 17-19.
† Life of R. H. Lee. Vol. 1., pp. 31, 40-42.

* A few miles below Stratford. The house at Chantilly is now in ruins.
† Ib. p. 65.
‡ Ib. 63. The suggestion was, however, claimed by Mr. Jefferson.
§ This masterly document is to be found in the Life of R. H. Lee. Vol. 1., pp. 119-133.
‖ Ib. 143-153.

and independent. When those instructions were received at Philadelphia, the Virginia delegation appointed Mr. Lee to bring forward resolutions to that effect. He accordingly, June 7th, made that motion, which was seconded by John Adams. June 10th, Mr. Lee received, by express from Virginia, intelligence of the dangerous illness of his wife. He therefore left Philadelphia on the 11th, the day on which a committee was appointed to draught a Declaration of independence. Had he remained he would have been chairman of that committee, and would have been the author of the Declaration of Independence. Shortly after the adoption of the Declaration, [July 8th,] Mr. Jefferson enclosed to Mr. Lee, in Virginia, the original draught, and also a copy of the Declaration as adopted by Congress. In August Mr. Lee resumed his seat in congress. Richard Henry Lee was in person tall and well proportioned, his features bold and expressive, nose aquiline, the contour of his face noble. He had lost, by an accident, the use of one of his hands, and was sometimes styled "the gentleman of the silver hand;" this hand he kept covered with a black silk bandage, but leaving his thumb free. Notwithstanding this disadvantage his gesture was pre-eminently graceful. His voice was melodious, his elocution Ciceronian, his diction elegant, copious, easy. His eloquence flowed on in tranquil magnificence like the stream of his own Potomac, reflecting in its course the beautiful forms of nature. * Mr. Lee was a member of the Episcopal church.

Francis Lightfoot Lee, brother of Richard Henry, was born, [October 14, 1734.] He was educated under a private tutor and inherited an independent fortune. [1765.] He became a member of the Virginia house of burgesses, and continued in that body until 1775, when the convention of Virginia returned him a member of Congress, in which he remained until 1779, when he re-entered the Assembly of Virginia. †

Carter Braxton was born at Newington, on the Matapony, in King and Queen county, Va., [Sept. 10th, 1736.] His father, George Braxton, a wealthy planter, married Mary, daughter of Robert Carter, of the council, and, [1748,] represented the county of King and Queen, being colleague of John, (known as speaker,) Robinson. Carter Braxton was educated at the college of William & Mary. Inheriting in his youth, upon his father's death, a large estate, at the age of nineteen he married Judith, daughter of Christopher Robinson, of Middlesex. She dying, [1757,] Mr. Braxton visited England, where he remained for several years* and returned [1760.] [1761.] He married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Richard Corbin, of Laneville. During his first marriage, he built an elegant mansion at Elsin Green, on the Pamunkey, and afterwards another at Chericoke, on the same river. He lived in a style of generous and costly hospitality, according to the fashion of that day. [1761.] He was a member of the House of Burgesses from the county of King William, and took an active part in the session of 1765.† [1769.] He was a delegate in the assembly from the same county and was a signer of the non-importation agreement. He was a member of the Virginia convention, [1774.] [1775.] When Patrick Henry, at the head of 150 volunteers, had advanced to Doncastle's, within 16 miles of Williamsburg, for the purpose of recovering the gunpowder, removed by Lord Dunmore, Mr. Braxton repaired to Henry's head-quarters and interposed his efforts to prevent extremities. Finding that Henry would not disband without receiving the powder or compensation for it, Mr. Braxton returned to Williamsburg and procured from his father-in-law, Corbin, the deputy receiver general, the amount demanded, and delivering it to Henry, succeeded in warding off the threatened blow. In this pacific course Mr. Braxton coincided with the moderate councils of Pendleton, Nicholas and Peyton Randolph. In this year Mr. Braxton was an active member of the assembly and of the convention that met at Richmond. He was one of the committee of safety. [Dec. 15.] He was elected a delegate to congress in the place of Peyton Randolph, and he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. [June 1776.] The convention having reduced the number of delegates in Congress from seven to five,

* Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, p. 68. Life of R. H. Lee, vol. 1, pp. 249 250.

† Encyclopædia Americana.

* A diary which he kept during this period is still preserved by his descendants.

† His colleague was Bernard Moore of Chelsea, son-in-law of Gov. Spotswood.

Mr. Harrison and Mr. Braxton were not re-elected. According to Girardin, * "Mr. Braxton's *Address on Government* was not universally relished and his popularity had been in some degree impaired by persons whose political indiscretions, though beyond his control, fatally re-acted against him." He was, however, about this time returned by the county of King William a member of the convention, and if he had fallen under a cloud of suspicion, it appears to have been soon dispersed, for, [Oct. 12th, 1776,] the thanks of the convention were unanimously returned to Thomas Jefferson and Carter Braxton, for their ability, diligence, and integrity, as delegates in Congress. †

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### 1776—1781.

Dunmore; Miscellaneous Affairs; Clarke Captures St. Vincennes; The Convention Troops; Arrival of British Squadron in Hampton Roads; Suffolk Burnt; Battle of King's Mountain; Arnold Invades Virginia; Arrival of Phillips; Petersburg taken; Devastations of the Enemy; Phillips proceeds down James River; Returns to Petersburg; His Death; Succeeded by Arnold; Simcoe.

Dunmore, pressed for provisions, burnt his intrenchments near the ruins of Norfolk and sought refuge on board of his fleet. Major General Charles Lee took energetic measures for curbing the disaffected in the lower country. His orders were carried into effect by Col. Woodford, who, in this affair, displayed vigor tempered with humanity. Dunmore, with his fleet left Hampton Roads about the first of June and intrenched himself on Gwynn's island, in the Chesapeake Bay, to the East of Matthews county. [July 9th] he was attacked by a party of Virginians under Brigadier General Andrew Lewis and forced to abandon the island. Shortly afterwards despatching the remnant of his followers to Florida and the West Indies, he retired to the North and thence returned to England, where he continued to exhibit himself an active, untiring opponent of America.

[July 3, 1775.] Washington assumed the command of the American army, consisting of 14,500 men, encamped near Boston, and made his head-quarters at Cambridge. The British army, blocked up on the land side remained inactive in Boston until March, when Sir William Howe, who had succeeded General Gage, evacuated that city and sailed for Halifax. In the meantime Canada being invaded and Montgomery having reduced St. Johns, Fort Chamblee and Montreal, united his force with that under Arnold and fell in a gallant but unsuccessful attack upon Quebec. Reinforcements of American troops were sent to Canada, but owing to their insufficiency in number and in discipline, the rigor of the climate and the activity of General Carleton, the British commander, the expedition proved fruitless, and it was found necessary to evacuate that country.

Upon the evacuation of Boston the American army proceeded to New York. Early in July, 1776, Sir William Howe with his army landed on Staten Island. The command of the fleet was under Lord Howe, brother of Sir William, and these two were constituted commissioners for restoring peace. The British army being re-inforced, in August amounted to 24,000 men. The American army numbered 27,000, of whom, however, many were undisciplined and a fourth part sick. [August 27.] In the battle of Long Island, the American army, inferior in number to the British, and without cavalry, was defeated with a heavy loss, variously estimated. Among the prisoners was General Sullivan. The British loss was not inconsiderable. From the commencement of the battle on the morning of the 27th till the morning of the 29th Washington never slept, and was almost constantly on horseback. The disastrous result of this action cast a gloom over the cause of independence and damped the ardor of the American troops. The militia, in large numbers, quit the camp and went home, insubordination prevailed and Washington was obliged to confess his "want of confidence in the generality of the troops." He urged upon Congress the necessity of a permanent army. [September 15, 1776.] Washington was compelled to evacuate New York with the loss of all his heavy artillery and a large part of his stores. General Howe took possession of the city.*

* See Burk's History of Virginia.

† Biography of Signers of Declaration of Independence. Vol. vi, pp. 177-207.

* 1. Marshall's Life of Washington, pp. 81-102.

In a skirmish, on Haerlem Heights, a detachment of the third Virginia regiment, (which had arrived on the preceding day,) formed the advanced party in the attack. Major Leitch, while intrepidly leading them on, fell mortally wounded. In accordance with Washington's solicitation, congress took some measures to put the army on a better footing. Washington to obviate the movements of the enemy, moved his army up the North River. [October 25, 1776,] occurred the battle of White Plains, warmly contested with equal loss and without conclusive result. [Nov. 16th.] Fort Washington was stormed by the British, and the garrison, consisting of upwards of 2,600 men, were made prisoners. The loss of the enemy was 800. Early in December, Washington finding his army reduced to 4000 men, retreated across Jersey. Upon reaching the Delaware, his number was reduced to 3000, badly armed, half naked and destitute of supplies. They were followed by a British army, numerous, well-appointed, and victorious. Gen. Charles Lee was surprised and made prisoner. The spirit of disaffection, prevailing in the country, was added to render the American cause still more hopeless. This was a dark period of the Revolution. [Dec. 20, 1776.] Washington's army, on the west bank of the Delaware, increased by re-inforcements, amounted to 7000 effectives. In a few days, however, all of them, except about 1,500 men, were about to be dissolved. In the gloom that overspread the country, Washington became convinced that some bold enterprise was necessary, and he resolved to strike at the posts of the enemy, who had retired into winter quarters. Crossing the Delaware in a night of extreme cold, he surprised a body of Hessians at Trenton, on the morning of the 26th, and made 1,000 prisoners. Lieut. Monroe, afterwards President of the United States, was wounded in this affair. Lieut. Colonel Baylor, of Virginia, Washington's aid, carrying the intelligence of this success to Congress, was presented with a horse caparisoned for service and was recommended for promotion. At Princeton, another corps was routed with heavy loss, but the joy of the Americans was mingled with grief for the loss of the brave and virtuous General Mercer.

During this year died Richard Bland, a man of extraordinary intellectual calibre, of a finished education, and of indefatigable habits of application. Thoroughly versed in the charters, laws and history of the colony, he was styled the Virginia Antiquary. He was a politician of the first rank, a profound logician and the first writer in the colony. His letter to the clergy of Virginia, published 1760, and that on the rights of the colonies, published 1766, are monuments of his patriotism, his learning, and of the vigor of his understanding. In debate he was an ungraceful speaker.* It is said that he was pronounced by Mr. Jefferson "the wisest man south of the James river." He resided at Jordan's Point, his seat on James river, in the county of Prince George. His portrait and that of his wife were mutilated by British soldiers during the revolutionary war.

The Cherokees, instigated by the English, having made bloody incursions on the frontier of Virginia, Col. Christian marching with a body of troops burnt their towns and compelled them to sue for peace. [October 7th, 1776,] the Assembly of Virginia met for the first time since the commencement of the Revolution. Edmund Pendleton was chosen Speaker of the house of delegates and Archibald Carey of the Senate. The Presbytery of Hanover presented to the Assembly a Memorial praying that religious freedom should be secured to dissenters. The Memorialists pledged themselves that nothing in their power should be wanting to give success to the common cause. In the frontier counties, containing one fifth of the inhabitants of Virginia, the dissenters, who constituted almost the entire population, were yet obliged to contribute to the sup-

* Wirt's Life of Patrick Henry, p. 64. The Blands of Va. derive their name from Bland a place in Westmoreland or Cumberland, England. William de Bland flourished in the reign of Edward III., and did good service in the wars, which that king carried on in France, in company of John, of Gaunt, Earl of Richmond Thomas de Bland obtained a pardon from Richard II., for the death of a person slain in a duel, by the intercession of his friend, the Duke of Guyenne and Lancaster. Giles Bland, collector of the customs for James river, a partisan of Bacon, was executed during the rebellion. Edmund Bland, a merchant in Spain, [1643,] removed to Virginia, and settled at Kimages, in Charles City county. Theodorick Bland, who settled at Westover, [1654,] and Giles Bland, who was executed in the time of Bacon's Rebellion, have been mentioned in a preceding part of this work. This Theodorick left three sons, of whom the second was born at Berkley, [1665.] His second wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Colonel William Randolph, of Turkey Island, and their eldest son was Richard, afterwards member of the old congress.

port of the church as established. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of the other parts of the colony labored under the same disadvantage. "Certain it is, [say the Memorialists,] that every argument for civil liberty gains additional strength when applied to liberty in the concerns of religion; and there is no argument in favor of establishing the Christian religion, but what may be pleaded with equal propriety for establishing the tenets of Mahomed, by those who believe the Alcoran; or if this be not true, it is at least impossible for the magistrate to adjudge the right of preference among the various sects that profess the Christian faith, without erecting a chair of infallibility, which would lead us back to the church of Rome." Religious establishments, (they contended,) are injurious to the temporal interests of any community. The more early settlement of Virginia and her natural advantages would have attracted hither multitudes of industrious and useful members of society, but they had either remained in their place of nativity, or preferred worse civil governments and a more barren soil, where they might enjoy the rights of conscience more fully. Nor did religion need the aid of an establishment. On the contrary, as her weapons are spiritual, Christianity would flourish in the greatest purity when left to her native excellence, and the duty which we owe our Creator can only be directed by reason and conviction. The Assembly passed an act exempting Dissenters from contributions for the support of the established church and submitting to the people the question whether a general assessment should be levied for the support of religion. *

Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, George Mason and Thomas Ludwell Lee were appointed a committee to revise the State Laws. By the resignation of Mr. Mason and the death of Mr. Lee, the duty devolved on the other three. An act of great consequence, framed by Mr. Jefferson, for docking entails, was passed. The Virginia Assembly met, [May 5th, 1777.] George Wythe, pupil and friend of Jefferson, was made Speaker of the lower house. The oath of allegiance was prescribed, a loan office established and acts passed to support the credit of the continental and state paper currency. Benjamin Harrison, George Mason, Joseph Jones, Francis Lightfoot Lee and John Harrison were elected delegates to Congress, Richard Henry Lee being left out. [June 5th.] On account of his health and for the purpose of meeting certain charges circulated against his character as a patriot, Mr. Lee returned home. Having recently been elected to the Assembly from Westmoreland, he repaired to Richmond and demanded an enquiry into his public conduct. After a full investigation and a defence so graceful and so eloquent as to extort admiration even from his enemies, he was honorably acquitted and the thanks of the legislature were returned to him for his fidelity, zeal and patriotism, by the venerable Speaker George Wythe. *

[July, 1777.] Sir William Howe sailed from New York and entering the Chesapeake Bay, proceeded up Elk river, where, [August 25th,] he landed his army consisting of 18,000 men. The American Army, numbering nearly 15,000 men, of whom, however, there were not more than 11,000 effectives, marched about the same time towards the Brandywine. In the Battle of Brandywine, which took place [September 11th, 1777,] Sir William Howe proved victorious. The action was sanguinary and the loss on both sides heavy. The Virginia brigades under Wayne and Weedon were among the troops that particularly distinguished themselves. The 3rd Virginia regiment under command of the brave Colonel Marshall, (father of the Chief Justice,) suffered terribly. † Among the wounded were the Marquis de la Fayette and General Woodford. The enemy passed the night on the field of battle. September 26th the British

* Evan. and Lit. Mag., vol. 9, pp. 30-33. The Hanover Presbytery in 1777 presented a Memorial against the Assessment.

* Life of Richard Henry Lee, pp. 192-196. 1 Bland papers, pp. 57-58.

† This regiment, which had performed extremely severe duty in the campaign of 1776, was placed in a wood on the right and in front of Woodford's brigade and Stephen's division. Though attacked by much superior numbers, the 3rd Virginia regiment maintained its position without losing an inch of ground, until both its flanks were turned, its ammunition nearly expended and more than half of the officers and one-third of the soldiers were killed and wounded. Col. Marshall, whose horse had received two balls, then retired to resume his position on the right of his division; but it had already retreated. 1 Marshall's Washington, p. 156.

army entered Philadelphia. October 4th occurred the battle of Germantown. Here again after a bloody conflict, Washington was compelled to retreat. The 9th Virginia regiment and part of the 6th were made prisoners. Col. Matthews, after penetrating to the centre of the town with his regiment, was made prisoner. In December the American army encamped at Valley Forge.

In the meantime, General Burgoyne, with a well appointed British army of 7,000 men, had advanced from Canada in order to open a communication between that country and New York and to cut off New England from the rest of the States. After capturing Ticonderoga, he moved slowly towards the Hudson river, encountering continual obstructions in his route through a wilderness country and harassed by the American troops. A strong detachment was overwhelmed by Starke and his brave countrymen near Bennington. After a series of engagements in which he suffered a terrible loss, Burgoyne was at length, [17th October, 1777,] forced to surrender his army to Gates at Saratoga. * In consequence of Burgoyne's surrender and of the treaty by which the Americans had secured the alliance of the French, the British army (under command of Sir Henry Clinton, who had relieved Sir William Howe,) evacuated Philadelphia, [June 18, 1778.] Crossing the Delaware, they marched through Jersey for New York. [June 28th, 1778,] occurred the battle of Monmouth. The result was not decisive, but the Americans remained masters of the field. † Sir Henry Clinton occupied New York. The arrival of a French fleet under Count D'Estaing reanimated the hopes of the Americans. Washington took up a position at White Plains on the Hudson. About this time Col. Baylor's regiment of cavalry was surprised in the night by a British corps under General Gray. Of 104 privates 40 were made prisoners, 27 killed or wounded. Col. Baylor was dangerously wounded and taken. During this year Virginia sent Gen. George Rogers Clarke in an expedition to the Northwest. After enduring extreme sufferings in marching through a wilderness, Clarke and his hardy followers captured Kaskaskias and its governor Rocheblave. [December 15, 1778.] Hamilton, British Lieut. Governor of Detroit, under Sir Guy Carleton, governor-in-chief, took possession of the post of St. Vincennes. * Here he fortified himself, intending in the ensuing spring to rally his Indian confederates—to attack Kaskaskias, then in possession of Col. Clarke, and to proceed up the Ohio to Fort Pitt, sweeping Kentucky in his way, and finally overrunning all West Augusta. This expedition was ordered by Sir Guy Carleton. Clarke's position was too remote for succor, and his force too small to withstand a siege. Nevertheless he prepared to make the best possible defence. At this juncture, however, a Spanish merchant brought intelligence, that Hamilton had, by detaching his Indian allies, reduced the strength of his garrison to 80 men with a few cannon. Clarke immediately despatched a small armed galley with orders to force her way, and station herself a few miles below the enemy. In the meantime, [Feb. 7th, 1779,] he marched with 130 men upon St. Vincennes. † During his march many of the inhabitants of the country joined the expedition; the rest garrisoned the towns. Impeded by rain and high waters, Clarke's

* 1. Marshall's Washington, p. 207.

† Col. Richard Kidder Meade, father of Bishop Meade, of Virginia, was one of Washington's aides-de-camp during the revolutionary war. The following anecdote relative to him, is taken from Aubarey's Travels, vol. 2, pp. 402-404. Aubarey was a lieutenant in the British army and at this time a prisoner of war in Virginia and visiting the lower country on parole. "On my way to this place, I stopt and slept at Tuckahoe, where I met with Colonel Mead, Colonel Laurens, and another officer of General Washington's suite. More than once did I express a wish the General himself had been of the party, to have seen and conversed with a character, of whom in all my travels through the various provinces I never heard any one speak disrespectfully as an individual and whose public character has been the admiration and astonishment of all Europe." * * "the Colonel attributed the safety of his person to the swiftness of this horse, at the battle of Monmouth, having been fired at and pursued by some British officers, as he was reconnoitering. Upon the Colonel's mentioning this circumstance, it occurred to me he must have been the person that Sir Henry Clinton's Aid-de-Camp had fired at, and requesting to know the particular color of his horse, he informed me it was black, which convinced me it was him; when I related the circumstance of his meeting Sir Henry Clinton, he replied, he recollected in the course of that day to have met several British officers and one of them wore a star. Upon my mentioning the observation Sir Henry Clinton had made to his Aid-de-Camp, the Colonel laughed and replied, "Had he known it had been the Commander-in-chief, he should have made a desperate effort to have taken him prisoner."

* Now Vincennes in Indiana.

† 1. Marshall's Washington, p. 294.

little army were occupied for 16 days in reaching the borders of the Wabash. When within nine miles of the enemy, it required five days to cross "the drowned lands" near that river, "having to wade often upwards of two leagues to our breast in water." But for the mildness of the season they must have perished. On the evening of February 23rd they reached dry land and came unperceived within sight of the enemy. An attack being made at 7 o'clock in the same evening, the inhabitants of St. Vincennes gladly surrendered it and assisted in besieging Hamilton, who held out in the fort. [Feb. 24th.] He surrendered the garrison. Clarke shortly afterwards despatching some armed boats up the Wabash, captured a British convoy including 40 prisoners and £10,000 worth of goods and stores. Hamilton, with some officers and a few privates, was sent to the Governor of Virginia at Williamsburg. * Colonel Shelby about this time attacking the Cherokees who had taken up the tomahawk, killed six, burnt eleven towns and 20,000 bushels of corn and captured £25,000 worth of goods. †

[October 1778.] Washington, in compliance with the resolutions of congress, ordered the removal of the convention troops of Saratoga, then quartered at Cambridge and Rutland, in Massachusetts, to Charlottesville in the county of Albemarle in Virginia. ‡ Gen. Burgoyne had sailed for England in May, and from that time the command of the British troops of convention had devolved upon Gen. Phillips. Col. Bland, with an escort, conducted the prisoners of war to Virginia. Upon their arrival they suffered many privations, being billeted in block-houses, without windows or doors, and poorly defended from the cold of an uncommonly rigorous winter. But in a short time they constructed better habitations, and the barracks assumed the appearance of a neat little town. In the rear of each house they had trim gardens and enclosed places for poultry. The officers were allowed upon giving parole to provide for themselves lodging places within a circuit of a hundred miles. Mr. Jefferson exhibited a liberal hospitality towards the captives, and Governor Henry afforded them every humane indulgence in his power. The amiable disposition of Col. Bland, who commanded the guard placed over the Convention troops, still further ensured their quiet and comfort. General Phillips occupied Blenheim, a seat of Col. Carter's; General de Riedesel, with his family, resided at Colle, seat of Mr. Mazzei. The baroness de Riedesel, whose romantic sufferings at Saratoga are so well known, has given an entertaining account of her sojourn at Colle, in her letters. Charlottesville, at this period, consisted of a courthouse, a tavern and about a dozen dwelling houses. * In 1779 congress was convulsed by dissensions. Some of the members were suspected of treasonable designs, the paper currency was miserably depreciated, speculation raged, dishonesty and corruption preyed upon the public misfortunes, the demoralizing effects of war were manifested and a languor in the cause of independence seemed everywhere to prevail. Washington deemed this a more gloomy period than any that had preceded it. In a letter written at this time to a friend he exclaims, "where are our men of abilities? why do they not come forth to save their country? Let this voice, my dear sir, call upon you, Jefferson and others."

Until 1779 the British arms had been chiefly directed against the Middle and Northern States, but they were now turned against the South. Georgia soon fell a prey to the enemy and South Carolina was invaded. [May 1779.] A British squadron, under Sir George Collier, anchored in Hampton roads, and General Matthews took possession of Portsmouth. The enemy destroyed the public stores at Gosport and Norfolk, burnt Suffolk and destroyed upwards of 100 vessels. Upon the approach of 600 British infantry upon Suffolk, the militia and greater part of the inhabitants fled. Few could save their effects; some who remained for that purpose were made prisoners. The enemy fired the town and nearly the whole of it was destroy-

* 1. Writings of Jefferson, pp. 451-453.

† Ib. p. 163.

‡ Writings of Washington, vol. vi, pp. 93, 94, 96, 106. 122. [Jan. 1778] Congress, whether from distrust in the British prisoners or from reasons of state, resolved not to comply with the article of the Saratoga Convention allowing the prisoners to embark for England on parole, until the Convention should be ratified by the English government. 1. Marshall's Washington, p. 232.

* Burk, iv. p. 355. Bland Papers, 1, 116 et seq. Anburey's Travels, 2, 316 and 342 where may be seen an engraving of the encampment of the Convention army. The town was then styled Charlotteville.

ed. Hundreds of barrels of tar, pitch, turpentine and rum lay on the wharves. The heads of the barrels being staved, and their contents, which flowed in a commingled mass, catching the blaze, descended to the river like torrents of volcanic lava. The wind blowing violently, the flaming mass floated to the opposite shore in splendid conflagration and there set on fire the dry grass of an extensive marsh. This broad sheet of fire, the crackling flames of the town, the smoke, the explosion of gunpowder in the magazines, projecting ignited timber like meteors in the air, presented altogether an awful spectacle of the horrors of civil war.* The enemy shortly afterwards, laden with plunder, embarked for New York.

While Sir Henry Clinton was encamped near Haerlem, and Washington in the Highlands on the Hudson, [Aug. 18, 1779,] Major Lee of Virginia surprised, in the night, a British post at Powles Hook, a point on the west bank of the Hudson, and opposite the town of New York and with a loss of two killed and three wounded made 159 prisoners including three officers. Shortly after this affair, a fleet, under Admiral Arbuthnot, arrived at New York with reinforcements for Sir Henry Clinton. Not long after, Count D'Estaing returned to the southern coast of America with a fleet of twenty-two ships of the line, eleven frigates, and having on board 6,000 soldiers. The Count arrived so suddenly, that the British ship Experiment of fifty guns and three frigates fell into his hands. In September, Savannah, occupied by a British force, under General Prevost, was besieged by 3,500 French and 1,000 Americans, commanded by D'Estaing and Lincoln. [October 9th,] in an ineffectual effort to storm the post, the French lost about 700 in killed and wounded, and the Americans 241, while the loss of the enemy was only fifty-five. The siege was now raised, and D'Estaing, who had been wounded in the action, sailed again for the West Indies after this second abortive attempt to aid the cause of independence. The condition of the South was now more gloomy than ever. Sir Henry Clinton, towards the close of 1779, embarked with a large force in Arbuthnot's fleet and sailed for South Carolina. In April Sir Henry laid siege to Charleston and General Lincoln, after an obstinate defence, was compelled to capitulate, [May 12, 1780.] The loss was about equal and not heavy. The number of continental troops surrendered was 1,977, of whom 500 were in the hospital.* Shortly after this disaster Colonel Buford's regiment was cut to pieces by Tarleton, 113 being killed, 150 wounded, and 53 made prisoners. The British loss was 5 killed, 14 wounded. Georgia and South Carolina now succumbed to the enemy.

[June 1780.] General Gates was appointed to the command in the South. Having collected an army principally militia, he marched against the British forces posted at Camden, in South Carolina, and under command of Lord Cornwallis. While Gates was moving from Clermont towards Camden, in the night, [Aug. 16, 1780,] Cornwallis marched out with a view of attacking the American army at Clermont. Thus the two armies met unexpectedly. At the first onset the American line was thrown into disorder. A body of light infantry, and in particular a corps under command of Colonel Porterfield of Virginia, maintained their ground with undaunted constancy. This brave officer refusing to give way, fell mortally wounded. The battle was resumed in the morning. Upon the approach of the enemy firing and shouting, the Virginia brigade of militia, under General Stevens, threw down their arms ingloriously and in spite of the efforts of their commander fled from the field. Their example was quickly followed by the North Carolina division of militia and others. The right wing of continentals, under De Kalb, thus deserted, held their ground and fought with the utmost valor until overpowered by superior numbers and charged by cavalry. De Kalb fell covered with many wounds. The rout of the Americans was now complete, and after a very heavy loss the army was entirely dispersed. The American army consisted of about 3,000 men, of whom two thirds were regulars. The British numbered about 2,000, of whom 1,900 were regulars. Tarleton, with a strong body of cavalry, assisted Cornwallis, while Gates had only Armand's handful of badly mounted cavalry. Added to this the Americans had suffered from a long march through hot sands and

* iv. Burk, p. 337.

* 1. Marshall's Washington, p. 320.

from a want of provisions. Gates retired to Charlotte in North Carolina.

On the 18th of August Sumpter was overwhelmed by Tarleton, and for a time the British arms were in the ascendant throughout the southern provinces. Cornwallis, [1st of September,] detached Col. Ferguson, a gallant and expert officer, across the Wateree, with 110 regulars. In a short time tory recruits swelled his numbers to 1,000 and, confident of his strength, he sent a menacing message to the patriot leaders on the Western waters. The spirit of the mountaineers was aroused, and by the 30th of September 1,390 men in arms were concentrated on the banks of the Wataga. Of these 400 were from Washington County, Virginia, under Col. William Campbell, the rest from N. Carolina, under Shelby, Sevier, McDowell, Cleveland & Winston. Ferguson, discovering his danger, began to retreat, and [6th of October] took up a strong position on King's mountain. The command of the patriot force was devolved upon Col. Campbell. It was resolved to pursue Ferguson with all the men capable of such active service, amounting to 910. At the Cowpens, where Ferguson had encamped on the 4th, Campbell was re-inforced by 460 men, the greater part from South Carolina under Colonel Williams. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of October the troops advanced up the mountain and surrounded the enemy. Ferguson defended himself with desperate valor and fell mortally wounded. Of his troops 150 were killed, the rest made prisoners. The patriots lost 30 killed and 50 wounded. The gallant Williams was slain. About twenty of the tories were executed on the following day. Colonel Campbell, on this occasion, led on his men with his coat off. He was a native of Augusta county and removed early to the county of Washington. Fame has awarded him the title of "the hero of King's mountain." *

In 1780, Arthur Lee returned to America after a long absence. This distinguished patriot was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, December 20th, 1740. He was the youngest of five brothers, all of whom became eminent. After passing some time at Eton, in England, he entered the University of Edinburgh, where he took the degree of doctor of medicine. After travelling through Holland, Germany, Italy and France Dr. Lee returned to Virginia and commenced the practice of his profession at Williamsburg. Although successful, the bent of his genius induced him to return in a short time to England for the purpose of studying the law and fitting himself for taking a part in public affairs. Returning to London he associated himself with Wilkes and other opponents of the Government and prevailed on them to favor the cause of the colonies. About this time he held an amicable discussion with Junius on American matters, subscribing his publications Junius Americanus. These procured him the friendship of Burke, Dr. Price and other popular leaders. [1770.] Dr. Lee was admitted to the bar. In the spring of 1774 he set out on a tour to France and Italy and while at Paris, published an appeal to the people of Great Britain. In the same year he succeeded Dr. Franklin as Agent of Massachusetts. The secret committee of Congress appointed Mr. Lee their their London correspondent. Through the French embassador there, he obtained assurances of aid from France to the Colonies. He was afterwards made commissioner to

* See account of the battle of King's mountain, by Gen. Joseph Grahame of North Carolina, in Foote's Sketches of North Carolina.

Dodsley's Annual Register for 1781 gives the following account of Col. Ferguson; "He was perhaps the best marksman living, and probably brought the art of rifle-shooting to its highest point of perfection. He even invented a gun of that kind upon a new construction, which was said to far exceed in facility and execution any thing of the sort before known, and he is said to have greatly outdone even the American Indians in the adroitness and quickness of firing and loading, and in the certainty of hitting the mark by lying on the back or belly, and in every other possible position of the body." * * "It has been reported that General Washington owed his life at the battle of Brandywine to this gentleman's total ignorance of his person, as he had him sufficiently within reach and view during that action for the purpose." The Annual Register contains a liberal and graphic cotemporaneous account of the war.

The following is a list of some female contributions in Virginia, made in aid of the war, probably in 1780. Mrs. Sarah Cary of Scotchtown a watch-chain, cost £7 sterling; Mrs. Ambler five gold rings; Mrs. Rebecca Ambler three gold rings; Mrs. Nicholas a diamond drop; Mrs. Griffin, of Dover, ten half Joes; Mrs. Gilmer five guineas; Mrs. Anne Ramsay, (for Fairfax,) one half Joe, three guineas, three pistareens, one bit and upwards of 65,000 dollars of paper money; Mrs. Lewis (for Albemarle) £1,559 8 s. paper money; Mrs. Weldon £39, 18s. new instead of £1,600 old paper money; Mrs. Blackburn (for Prince William) $7,506 paper money; Mrs. Randolph, the younger of Chatsworth, $800; Mrs. Fitzhugh and others £558. 1. Writings of Jefferson, pp. 459-460.

France in conjunction with Silas Deane, to whom Dr. Franklin was afterwards added. Mr. Lee at the same time served as Agent for Virginia and procured from the royal arsenal a large supply of warlike stores for her. [1777.] Congress appointed him Commissioner to Spain, where he obtained a large loan. Still continuing a member of the French Commission, he next went on a secret mission to Berlin, where he negotiated with Frederick successfully in behalf of the American colonies. During his French commission, Mr. Lee had exposed the peculations of some of the subordinate agents, who were employed in conducting the commercial details of the public business. This interference gave rise to many aspersions upon Mr. Lee. [1780.] Resigning he returned to America and prepared to vindicate himself before Congress, but that body expressed their full confidence in his patriotism. [1781.] He was elected to the assembly of Virginia and by it returned to Congress, where he continued to represent the State for several years. He never married. *

During 1780, Mr. Madison took his seat in Congress. James Madison was born March, 1751, (O. S.) in the county of Caroline, Virginia, on the Rappahannock river near Port Royal. He was the son of James Madison, of Orange county, and Nelly Conway his wife. At the age of twelve James Madison was at school under Donald Robertson, a distinguished teacher in the neighborhood, and afterwards underthe Rev. Thomas Martin, the parish minister of the established church, who was a private tutor in his father's family. Young Madison was next sent to the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, of which the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon was then president. There Mr. Madison received the degree of bachelor of arts in the autumn of 1771. He had impaired his health at college by too close application. Nevertheless on his return to his home in Virginia, he assiduously pursued a systematic course of reading. He became a member of the legislature of Virginia in May 1776. It was during this session, that the assembly unanimously instructed the deputies of Virginia in Congress to propose the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Madison did not enter into public debate during this session. At the next election, owing to his refusal to electioneer by treating the voters and his diffidence, he was superseded by another. He was however at the ensuing session of the legislature, [1778,] appointed a member of the Council of State. This place he held till 1779, when he was elected to Congress. While he was of the council, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson were governors. Mr. Madison's knowledge of French, (of which Governor Henry was ignorant,) rendered him particularly serviceable in the frequent correspondence held with French officers: he wrote so much for Governor Henry, that, (as is mentioned by Mr. Jefferson,) he was called "the Governor's Secretary." Mr. Madison took his seat in Congress in March, 1780, and he remained a leading member until the fall of 1783. Such was the commencement of the career of this illustrious man, who was destined to pass through every eminent station and to fill all with honor to himself and benefit to his country and to the world. As a writer, a debater, a statesman, a patriot, he was of the first rank and his name goes down to posterity one of the brightest of those that adorn the annals of his country.

Towards the close of December, 1780, a hostile fleet appeared within the capes of the Chesapeake, with a force detached by Sir Henry Clinton from New York under command of the traitor Arnold. A frigate in advance having captured some small vessels, Arnold, with the aid of them, pushed on at once up the James River. Attempting to land at Burwell's Ferry, (the Grove Landing,) his boats were beaten off by 150 militia of Williamsburg and James city, under Col. Innes and General Nelson. Nelson on this occasion retorted a verbal defiance in answer to a letter, with which Arnold had ushered in his invasion. Leaving a frigate and some transports at Burwell's Ferry, Arnold proceeded, [January 4th, 1781,] up the river to Westover. Here landing a force of less than 800 men, † including a small party

* Encyclopædia Americana.

* In a series of replies made by Mr. Jefferson to strictures thrown out upon his conduct of affairs at this juncture, the following is found. "Query.—Why publish Arnold's letter without General Nelson's answer? Answer.—Ask the printer. He got neither from the Executive." Burk's Hist. of Va., vol. 4, App., p. 15.

† Simcoe, p. 161.

of badly mounted cavalry, he marched for Richmond at 2 o'clock, P. M. of the same day. Nelson in the meanwhile with a handful of militia, badly supplied with ammunition, had marched up the right bank of the James river, but had arrived too late to offer any opposition to the landing of the enemy. Arnold at one o'clock of the next day after he marched from Westover, entered the infant capital of Virginia, without having encountered any resistance, although his route was very favorable for it. * Simcoe with a detachment proceeded a few miles beyond Richmond, and destroyed the Foundry, emptied the contents of the powder magazine over the cliffs into the James river, struck off the trunnions of the cannon and set fire to the warehouses and mills, the effect of the conflagration being heightened by occasional explosions of gunpowder. † Many small arms and a large stock of military supplies were likewise destroyed at this place. At Richmond the public stores fell a prey to the enemy; private property was plundered; the soldiers breaking into houses procured rum, and several buildings were burnt. Arnold withdrew from Richmond on the 6th, and on the following day encamped at Berkley and Westover. Simcoe in a patroling excursion in the night surprised a party of 150 militia at Charles City Court House. After some confused firing the militia fled, with small loss. Some few in attempting to escape were drowned in a neighboring mill-pond. In this skirmish, sergeant Adams, of Simcoe's Rangers, was mortally wounded. Dying shortly afterwards, he was buried at Westover, wrapped in some American colors taken a few days before at Hood's. ‡ Nelson reinforced at Holt's Forge by a party of Gloucester militia under Col. John Page, finding his whole force not exceeding four hundred men, retreated. On that very night the British, [January 10th,] embarked at Westover and dropped down the James river to Flower-de-Hundred. Here Simcoe was detached with a force to dislodge some militia at Bland's Mills. After marching about two miles, the advance guard in a dense wood were fired on by some Americans posted at the forks of the road in front. The British lost twenty men killed and wounded, but charging put the militia to flight. Simcoe then returned. Arnold sending a detachment ashore at Hood's, a skirmish ensued with 240 men in ambuscade, under the brave Colonel George Rogers Clarke. The enemy lost 17 killed and 13 wounded at the first fire, when Clarke being charged found it necessary to retreat. John Marshall, afterwards Chief Justice of the United States, was present at this affair. The enemy dismantled the fort at Hood's and carried off the heavy artillery. Nelson in the meantime by a forced march reached Williamsburg just before the enemy's fleet came to off Jamestown. Arnold, however, landed part of his forces at Cobham on the opposite side of the river, and marched down, his ships keeping pace with and occasionally reinforcing him. On the next day, [January 14th,] Nelson paraded about 400 militia at Burwell's Ferry to oppose the landing of the enemy. On the 14th reinforcements arriving augmented Nelson's force to 1,200, but the enemy was now beyond their reach. Col. Griffin and Col. Temple with a party of light horse had hovered near the enemy's lines at Westover and followed the fleet as it dropped down the river. In this party were Colonels William Nelson, Gregory Smith, Holt Richardson, Major Claiborne Lincoln's aid, Majors Burwell, Ragsdale and others, together with a number of young gentlemen. * Arnold returned to Portsmouth without having encountered any serious interruption.

Thus it happened that while the regular troops of Virginia were serving at a distance in other states, the militia, after a five years war, was so unarmed and undisciplined that no serious resistance was made to this daring invasion. About the time when Arnold reached Portsmouth, some of his artillerymen, foraging on the road towards the Great Bridge, were attacked, their wagons captured and their officer wounded. Simcoe, with a handful of yagers and rangers was detached for the purpose of recovering the wagons. Ferrying across to Herbert's Point they advanced about a mile, when "an artillery-man, who had escaped and lay hid in the bushes,

* Lee's Memoirs.
† Simcoe, p. 163.
‡ Ib., p. 168.

* MS. letter dated Rosewell, January 21, 1781, of Col. John Page to Theodorick Bland, Jr., in my possession. Simcoe, p. 169.

came out and informed him that Lt. Rynd lay not far off. Lt. Col. Simcoe found him dreadfully mangled and mortally wounded; he sent for an ox-cart from a neighboring farm, on which the unfortunate young gentleman was placed; the rain continued in a violent manner, which precluded all pursuit of the enemy; it now grew more tempestuous and ended in a perfect hurricane, accompanied with incessant lightning. This small party slowly moved back towards Herbert's Ferry; it was with difficulty that the drivers and attendants on the cart could find their way; the soldiers marched on with bayonets fixed, linked in ranks together, covering the road. The creaking of the waggon and the groans of the youth added to the horror of the night; the road was no longer to be traced when it quitted the woods, and it was a great satisfaction that a flash of lightning, which glared among the ruins of Norfolk, disclosed Herbert's house. Here a boat was procured which conveyed the unhappy youth to the hospital-ship, where he died the next day." *

Arnold, now ensconced within the fortifications of Portsmouth, was prevented from planning new schemes of devastation by the apprehensions that he now began to entertain for his own safety. [Jan. 26th, 1781.] Richard Henry Lee wrote:—"but surely if secrecy and despatch were used, one ship of the line and two frigates would be the means of delivering Arnold and his people into our hands, since the strongest ship here is a forty-four, which covers all their operations. If I am rightly informed, the militia, now in arms, are strong enough to smother these invaders in a moment, if a marine force was here to second the land operations."† [Feb. 9th, 1781,] a French 64 gun ship, with two frigates under Monsieur De Tilley, sailed for the Chesapeake, and arriving by the 13th threatened Portsmouth. But the ship of the line proving too large to operate against the post, De Tilley, on the 19th, sailed back for Rhode Island. It was a great disappointment to the Virginians that the French admiral could not be persuaded to send a force competent to capture the traitor. Governor Jefferson offered 5,000 guineas for his head. His anxiety for his own safety was relieved by the arrival of a re-inforcement under General Phillips, [March 27, 1781.] He was an accomplished and able officer, but proud and passionate. Jefferson styled him "the proudest man of the proudest nation on earth." Exasperated by a tedious captivity, upon his exchange he had been indulged by Sir Henry Clinton in a desire to invade Virginia and wreak his vengeance on a province where he had been so long detained, (unjustly, as he, not without some reason, believed,) a prisoner of war. Having united Arnold's force with his own, Phillips, left Portsmouth, [April 18, 1781,] and on the following day the army landed at Burwell's ferry, from which the militia fled precipitately. Phillips, with the main body, marched upon Williamsburg, which he entered without any serious opposition. Simcoe, detached with 40 cavalry, early next morning surprised a few artillerymen at Yorktown, (the rest escaping across the York in a boat,) and burnt "a range of the rebel barracks." The British sloop, Bonetta, anchored off the town. How little did the parties, engaged in this petty episode, anticipate the great events which were destined soon to make that ground classic? The Bonetta, too, was destined to play a part in the close of the drama. Phillips embarked at Barrett's ferry, near the mouth of the Chickahominy. He here issued "the strictest orders to prevent privateers, the bane and disgrace of the country which employs them." But these orders were disregarded. When off Westover he issued further orders saying: "A third object of the present expedition is to gain Petersburg for the purpose of destroying the enemies stores at that place, and it is public stores alone that are intended to be seized." * [April 24th, 1781,] A body of 2,500 men, under Phillips, landed at City Point and passed the night there. On the next morning they marched upon Petersburg. Baron Steuben, with 1,000 militia, disputed the entry of the town. At 2 o'clock the British advanced. They were opposed by a party of militia posted on the heights just beyond Blandford, under Captain House of Brunswick. The enemy were twice broken and during two hours advanced only one mile. At length the Americans being flanked by four pieces of artillery, were compelled to retire over the Appomattox, taking up the

* Simcoe, pp. 171-172.

† Bland Papers, vol. 2, pp. 57-58.

* Simcoe, pp. 190-194.

bridge as soon as they had crossed it. The American loss was estimated at sixty, that of the British was not ascertained.* Lieut. Col. Abercrombie, who commanded the British infantry on this occasion, was the same who afterwards fell in Egypt. Phillips, taking possession of Petersburg, made his head-quarters at Bollingbrook. He destroyed a large quantity of tobacco and several vessels at Petersburg. The bridge over the Appomattox being readily repaired, Abercrombie, with a detachment, passed over on the 26th and took possession of the heights opposite the town. Phillips, after committing great devastations at Chesterfield court-house, near Osborne's and at Warwick and Manchester, proceeded down the James river as far as Hog Island. [May 7th.] Phillips receiving orders to join Lord Cornwallis returned up the river to Brandon.† The troops were landed at once there in a gale of wind. General Phillips being taken ill, found it necessary to travel in a carriage. [May 9th.] Part of the troops were sent to City Point in boats; the rest marched upon Petersburg. They arrived there late in the night and surprised a party of American officers engaged in collecting boats for Lafayette to cross his army. For the purpose of covering a convoy on the way to General Greene's army,* [May 10th,] Lafayette, with a strong escort, appeared on the heights opposite Petersburg. The artillery under Col. Gimat cannonaded the enemy's quarters. Bollingbrook, where General Phillips lay ill, was so exposed to the fire, that it was found necessary to remove him into the cellar for security. He died on the 13th.† He lies buried in the old Blandford church. Upon his death the command devolved on Arnold. He sent an officer with a flag and a letter to Lafayette. As soon as he saw Arnold's name at the foot of the letter he refused to read it, and told the officer that he would hold no intercourse whatever with Arnold, but with any other officer, he should be ever ready to interchange the civilities which the circumstances of the two armies might render desirable. Washington highly approved of this proceeding.‡ Already before the death of General Phillips, Simcoe had been detached to meet Cornwallis, who was advancing from North Carolina. Simcoe on his route to the Roanoke captured, some miles to the South of the Nottoway river, Colonel Gee, at his residence, "a rebel militia officer," who refusing to give his parole, was sent prisoner to Major Armstrong. Another "rebel Colonel" Hicks, mistaking Simcoe's party for an advanced guard of Lafayette's army, was also made prisoner. At Hick's Ford a captain with thirty militia-men were taken by a *ruse de guerre* and compelled to give their paroles. Simcoe on his return towards Petersburg met with Tarleton and his "legion clothed in white" at Hicks' Ford.§

* Col. Banister, in Bland Papers, vol. 2, pp. 68-70, makes the British loss not less than fourteen. Simcoe, pp. 195-198, reports the British loss at only one killed and ten wounded.

John Banister was the son of an eminent botanist of the same name, who settled in Virginia towards the close of the 17th century and devoted himself to the study of plants. In one of his botanical excursions near the falls of the Roanoke, he fell from a rock and was killed. A plant of the decandrous class, in honor of him, is called Banisteria. As a naturalist he was esteemed not inferior to Bartram.

John Banister, the son, was educated in England and bred to the law at the Temple in London. Before the revolution he was a member of the Virginia assembly, and early in the revolution, a deputy in the convention which met at Williamsburg. Burk, IV, p. 89. He was a delegate in Congress from Virginia in 1778-9, and one of the framers of the Articles of Confederation. 1781. He was Lieut. Colonel of Horse, under Brigadier General Lawson. The two other colonels, in the same brigade, were John Mercer, afterwards Governor of Maryland, and James Monroe, subsequently president of the United States. During the invasions which Virginia was subjected to, Col. Banister was actively engaged in the efforts made to repel the enemy. Proprietor of a large estate he suffered repeated and heavy losses from the depredations of the British. At one time, it is said, that he supplied a body of troops, then on their way to the southward, with blankets at his own private expense. He resided at Battersea, near Petersburg. He married first, Mary, daughter of Theodorick Bland Sr., and second, Anne, sister of Judge Blair of the Federal Court. Of an excellent and well cultivated mind and refined manners, he was in private life amiable and upright, in public generous, patriotic, and enlightened. As a writer always clear, correct and easy, often elegant and vigorous—he may be ranked with the first of his day. A number of his letters have been published in the Bland Papers.

† Seat of Benjamin Harrison.

* Almond's Remembrancer for 1781, p. 108.

† Lee 286. Marshall in Life of Washington, Vol. 1, p. 435, in note, has inadvertently said, that "Phillips died the day on which he entered Petersburg."

‡ Spark's Writings of Washington, vol. 8, p. 61.

§ Simcoe, pp. 207-208-210.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### 1781.

Henry Lee; John Tyler; Cornwallis enters Virginia; Lafayette retreats; Simcoe's expedition to the Point of Fork; Tarleton's expedition to Charlottesville; Cornwallis marches towards the Point of Fork; Devastations of the enemy; Lafayette reinforced by Wayne marches to Albemarle old Court-House; Cornwallis retires to the lower country; is followed by Lafayette; Skirmish at Spencer's plantation; Cornwallis prepares to cross the James near Jamestown; Lafayette makes an unsuccessful attack upon the enemy; Lafayette encamps near West Point.

Henry Lee was born January 29th, 1756, in Virginia. His family was old and respectable and his father was for many years a member of the house of Burgesses of Virginia. Henry receiving the early part of his education from a private tutor at home, afterwards pursued his studies at the college of New Jersey, under the presidency of the celebrated Dr. Witherspoon * and was graduated there, [1774,] in his eighteenth year. [1776.] When twenty years of age, on the nomination of Patrick Henry, he was appointed Captain of one of six companies of cavalry raised by Virginia, the whole being under command of Col. Theodorick Bland. [September, 1777.] The regiment joined the main army, where Lee by his discipline, vigilance and efficiency, soon won the confidence of Washington, who selected him and his company for a body-guard at the battle of Germantown. While Lee lay near the British lines a plan was devised to cut him off. A body of 200 cavalry surprised him in his quarters, a stone house where he had with him but ten men. Yet with these he made a gallant defence and obliged the enemy to retreat, after having lost four men killed, together with several horses and an officer with three privates wounded. Of his own party besides the patrols and quarter-master-sergeant, who were made prisoners out of the house, he had but two wounded. Washington complimented Lee on his gallantry in this little affair, and Congress shortly afterwards promoted him to the rank of Major with the command of an independent partisan corps of horse. [July 19th, 1779.] Major Lee distinguished himself by surprising the British garrison at Powles Hook, where he captured 160 prisoners, with the loss of only two killed and three wounded of his own men. Congress in reward of this achievement, presented him with a gold medal. Early in 1780 Lee, now Lieutenant Colonel, with his legion, joined the army of the South under General Greene. In this General's retreat before Cornwallis, Lee's legion formed part of the rear-guard of the American army. During this retreat Lieutenant Colonel Lee charging upon Tarleton's dragoons, killed eighteen and made a Captain and several privates prisoners. After Greene had effected his escape, he detached Lee with Colonel Pickens to watch the movements of Cornwallis. Lee with his legion, by a stratagem, surprised four hundred armed loyalists under Colonel Pyle, of whom ninety were killed and many wounded. At the battle of Guilford Lee's legion distinguished itself. When Cornwallis retired upon Wilmington, it was by the advice of Lee, that General Greene moved at once into South Carolina. Lee detached with his legion joined the militia under the gallant Marion. Forts Watson, Motte and Granby speedily surrendered. Lee now joined Pickens for the purpose of attacking Fort Augusta, which was reduced. In the unfortunate assault upon Fort Ninety-Six, Lee was entirely successful in the part of the attack entrusted to his care. At the battle of the Eutaw Springs, he contributed to the success of the day.

John Tyler was born at his father's residence about four miles from Williamsburg, in the county of James City, in the year 1748. His father, whose name he bore, was marshal for the colony of Virginia under the royal government and his mother was the daughter of Doctor Contesse of Williamsburg, one of the protestants driven from France by the Revocation of the edict of Nantes, and who finding a home in Virginia, passed here an irreproachable and useful life. John Tyler, younger of two sons of this union, (the elder of whom died young,) while in Williamsburg and its vicinity, enjoyed frequent opportunities of attending the debates of the House of Burgesses and had the good fortune to hear Patrick Henry in the stormy discussion on his resolutions

* He was one of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence.

of 1765. The animation with which Mr. Tyler in the decline of life related his recollections of that debate, proved how deep an impression it had made on him. He became a warm and decided opponent of the tyrannical pretensions of the mother country, and avowed his opinions on this subject in so bold a tone, that his father often predicted to him that sooner or later he would be executed for high treason. Mr. Tyler studied the law under Mr. Nicholas, Treasurer of the colony. While thus engaged, he formed an acquaintance with Thomas Jefferson, which ripened into a close friendship, terminated only by death. The society of the ardent Jefferson, fanned the flame of young Tyler's patriotism and he became at an early day the advocate of the independence of the colonies. About the year 1774 having obtained his license, he removed to the county of Charles City, where he took up his permanent abode. Successful in the practice of the law, he was after a brief interval elected a delegate from that county. He was re-elected for several years, his colleague for the greater part of that time, being Benjamin Harrison, Jr., of Berkley, whom Mr Tyler succeeded as Speaker of the House of Burgesses. After the lapse of many years Mr. Tyler's son, of the same name, succeeded General William Henry Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison, Jr., in the Presidency of the Union. Mr. Tyler, the Revolutionary patriot, while a member of the Virginia assembly, contracted a close friendship with Patrick Henry, for whom he entertained an almost idolizing veneration. They corresponded for many years. Mr. Tyler participated largely in the debates of the assembly and on all occasions exhibited himself a devoted patriot and thorough-bred republican. In subsequent years he filled several eminent stations. In private life his virtues won esteem; in public, his talents and worth commanded the confidence of his country.

That able commander, Cornwallis, after his disastrous victory of Guilford, in North Carolina, retreated towards the sea-coast and arrived at Wilmington [April 7th, 1781.] [April 25th,] he marched for Petersburg in Virginia. To facilitate the passage of the intervening rivers, two boats mounted on carriages accompanied the army.* Tarleton led the advance. While the main army was yet on the left bank of the Roanoke, Cornwallis who had passed it, upon overtaking Tarleton's detachment, ordered them to be dismounted and formed in line for the inspection of some of the inhabitants to enable them to discover the men who had committed some horrid outrages on the preceding evening. A sergeant and a dragoon being pointed out as the offenders, were remanded to Halifax, condemned by a court-martial and executed.† His lordship was prompted to such acts of discipline, by his moderation and humanity as well by a desire to avoid any new exasperation of the people of the country and by a hope of alluring to his standard the numerous loyalists of North Carolina. [May 19th, 1781.] Cornwallis reached Petersburg. With the remnant of his Carolina army he now united the troops under Arnold, consisting of a detachment of Royal Artillery, two battalions of light infantry, the 76th and 80th British regiments, the Hessian regiment of Prince Hereditaire, Simcoe's corps of cavalry and infantry called "the Queen's Rangers," chiefly tories, one hundred yagers and Arnold's American Legion, likewise tories, the whole amounting to about 2,500 men, which together with the Carolina army, made his lordship's force at Petersburg about 4,500. The entire field force now under his command in Virginia was not less than 7,300, including 400 dragoons and 700 or 800 mounted infantry.‡ He now received certain intelligence from Lord Rawdon of his defeat of General Greene at Hobkick's Hill. Cornwallis remained three or four days at Petersburg. Light troops and spies were despatched to discover Lafayette's position. He was found posted near Wilton, an old seat of the Randolphs, on the James river, a few miles below Richmond, with 1,000 regulars and 3,000 militia, the main body of them under command of Gen. Nelson. Lafayette was expecting reinforcements of militia and of Wayne with the Pennsylvania brigade. In compliance with the orders of Governor Jefferson, continental or regular officers were substituted in the higher commands of the

* Tarleton, p. 285.
† Idem., p. 290. Lee, p. 286.
‡ Lee, p. 288. Tarleton, p. 395.

militia. Three corps of light infantry of 250 each and consisting of select militia marksmen, were placed under command of Majors Call, Willis and Dick of the continental line. Lafayette's cavalry were only the remnant of Armand's corps, sixty in number, and a troop of volunteer dragoons under Capt. Carter Page, late of Baylor's regiment. * General Weedon not now in the service, owing to a diminution in the number of officers, was requested to collect a corps of militia to protect a manufactory of arms at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock. Tarleton patroled from Petersburg as far as Warwick. Surprising near there 400 militia, he made fifty prisoners and brought them to Petersburg. In the meantime General Leslie arrived at the mouth of the James river, with a reinforcement sent by Sir Henry Clinton from New York. Cornwallis upon receiving intelligence of it ordered Leslie to repair to Portsmouth with the 17th British regiment and two battalions of Anspach and the 43rd to join the main army. His lordship now proceeded with his forces to Macocks, (opposite Westover,) on the James, where being joined by the 43rd, he crossed over. † The passage occupied nearly three days. The horses swam by aid of boats, the river there being two miles wide. ‡ "Brigadier General Arnold obtained leave to return to New York, where business of consequence demanded his attendance." The British officers had found it irksome to serve under him. The force of Cornwallis now amounted to 8,000. Lafayette hearing of this movement of the enemy, crossed the Chickahominy and retreated towards Fredericksburg, with the view of covering the manufactory of arms at Falmouth and of meeting Wayne. Cornwallis pursued with celerity, but finding Lafayette beyond his reach gave out the chase § and encamped on the banks of the North Anna ‖ in Hanover county. Lafayette who had been hotly pursued by Tarleton, retreated precipitately beyond Fredericksburg. It was on this occasion that Cornwallis in a letter said of Lafayette, "the boy cannot escape me." * Cornwallis now detached Simcoe with 500 men, Queen's rangers and yagers, with a three pounder, the cavalry amounting to one hundred. The object of the expedition was to destroy the Arsenal, lately erected at the Point of Fork and the military stores there. The Point of Fork is the angle contained between the two branches of the James river, in the county of Fluvanna. Here during the recent predatory incursions of Phillips and Arnold, a State Arsenal had been established and military stores collected, with an especial view to the prosecution of the war in the Carolinas. The protection of this post had been entrusted to the able Prussian officer, the Baron Steuben. His force consisted of 600 new levies, originally intended for the Southern army and an equal number of militia under General Lawson. † Cornwallis however informed Simcoe, that the Baron's force was only three or four hundred. ‡

* Lee, p. 287.

† Tarleton, p. 291. Lee, p. 288.

‡ Tarleton, p. 342.

§ Lee, p. 290.

‖ Several rivers in Virginia were called after Queen Anne—the Rivanna, the Rapidan, the Fluvanna, the North Anna and the South Anna.

* "All I learnt by a conversation with Mr. Bird, [landlord of Bird's Ordinary in New Kent.] was, that he had been pillaged by the English, when they passed his house in their march [from] *Westover*, in pursuit of Monsieur de la Fayette, and in returning to Williamsburgh, after endeavoring in vain to come up with him. It was comparatively nothing to see their fruits, fowls and cattle carried away by the light troops which formed the van-guard; the army collected what the van-guard had left; even the officers seized the rum and all kinds of provisions, without paying a farthing for them; this hurricane, which destroyed every thing in its passage, was followed by a scourge yet more terrible: a numerous rabble, under the title of *Refugees* and *Loyalists*, followed the army, not to assist in the field, but to partake of the plunder. The furniture and clothes of the inhabitants were in general the sole booty left to satisfy their avidity; after they had emptied the houses, they stript the proprietors; and Mr. Bird repeated with indignation, that they had taken from him by force, the very boots from off his legs."—2 Chastellux's Travels, pp. 3-7. "Mr. *Tighman*, our landlord [at Hanover Court House,] though he lamented his misfortune in having lodged and boarded Lord Cornwallis and his retinue, without his Lordship's having made him the least recompense, could not yet help laughing at the fright which the unexpected arrival of Tarleton spread amongst a considerable number of gentlemen, who had come to hear the news, and were assembled at the Court House. A negro on horseback came full gallop to let them know that Tarleton was not above three miles off. The resolution of retreating was soon taken, but the alarm was so sudden, and the confusion so great, that every one mounted the first horse he could find, so that few of those curious gentlemen returned upon their own horses." Ib., p. 14.

† Burk's Hist. of Va., vol. 4, p. 496-497. Lee, p. 293.

‡ Simcoe held the Earl's military intelligence in slight respect. Thus on page 226, he says, "He had received no advices from Lord Cornwallis, whose general intelligence he knew to be very bad." "The slightest reliance was not to be placed on any patroles from his lordship's army."

Lieutenant Spencer with twenty hussars formed Simcoe's advanced guard of chosen men mounted on fleet horses. Simcoe crossing the South Anna pushed on with his accustomed celerity, by Byrd's Ordinary towards Napier's Ford on the Rivanna. No inhabitant of the country coming within view, escaped capture. From some of the prisoners intelligence was obtained that Steuben was at the Point of Fork and in the act of crossing to the South side of the James river. The Baron adopted this measure in consequence of intelligence of Tarleton's incursion. Within two miles of Steuben's camp, a patrol of dragoons appeared, was chased and taken. It consisted of a French officer and four of Armand's corps. The advanced men of Spencer's guard changed clothes with the prisoners, for the purpose of attempting to surprise the Baron at the only house at the Point of Fork. Just as Simcoe was about to give the order to his men to lay down their knapsacks in preparation for an engagement, the advanced guard brought in a prisoner, Mr. Farley, Baron Steuben's aid, who had mistaken them for the patrol which had just been captured. Mr. Farley assured Simcoe that "he had seen every man over the Fluvanna before he left the Point of Fork." This was confirmed by some waggoners, who with their teams were now taken. Simcoe's cavalry advancing, plainly saw the Baron's force on the opposite side. About thirty of Steuben's people collected on the bank where the embarkation had taken place, were captured. Simcoe employed stratagem to persuade the Baron that the party was Earl Cornwallis's whole Army, so as to cause the arms and stores that covered the opposite banks to be abandoned. Captain Hutchinson with the 71st regiment clothed in red, was directed to approach the banks of the Fluvanna, while the baggage and women halted in the woods, on the summit of a hill where they made the appearance of a numerous corps. The woods mystified their numbers and numerous camp-fires aided the deception. The three-pounder was carried down and one shot fired, by which was killed the horse of one of Steuben's orderly dragoons. The Baron was encamped on the heights on the opposite side, about three quarters of a mile back from the river. He had passed the Fluvanna in consequence of intelligence of Tarleton's incursion, which he apprehended was aimed at him. The river was broad and unfordable, and Steuben was in possession of all the boats. Simcoe himself was now in an exposed position, but his apprehensions were relieved, when the Baron's people were heard at night destroying their boats with great noise. At midnight they made up their camp-fires. Soon after a deserter and a little drummer-boy passed over in a canoe and gave information that Steuben had marched off on the road by Cumberland Court-House, towards North Carolina. * The drummer-boy belonged to the 71st regiment; he had been taken prisoner at the Cowpens, had enlisted in Morgan's army and now making his escape, happened to be received by a picket guard which his own father commanded. On the following morning, by aid of some canoes, Simcoe sent across the river Captain Stevenson with twenty light infantry and Cornet Wolsey with four hussars, who carried their saddles with them. The infantry detachment were ordered to bring off such supplies as Simcoe might need and to destroy the remainder. The hussars were directed to mount upon such straggling horses as they could find and patrol in Steuben's wake. Both orders were successfully executed. The stores were destroyed and Steuben's retreat accelerated. Simcoe in the meantime employed his force in constructing a raft, by which he might pass the Rivanna at its junction with the South Anna. There was destroyed a large quantity of arms, the greater part of them, however, out of repair, together with ammunition and military stores. The quantity and value of property destroyed were greatly exaggerated by the enemy. Simcoe took away also a mortar, five brass howitzers and four long brass nine pounders, mounted afterwards at Yorktown. † According to Simcoe's opinion, a small guard left by Steuben would have protected these stores. The want of military intelligence exhibited on this occasion is what the disaster must be attributed to.

* Simcoe, pp. 212-223. Lee, pp. 293-294.

† Simcoe, p. 223. These may perhaps be the brass pieces recaptured at Yorktown, now to be found at the Armory at Richmond. Tarleton, Cornwallis and the historian Stedman, it is said, have exaggerated the American loss. Burk, vol. 4, p. 498.

At the same time when Simcoe was detached, Lord Cornwallis had sent out, [June, 1781,] that other distinguished partisan, Tarleton, with 180 cavalry, and 70 mounted infantry of the 23rd regiment under Captain Champagne, with instructions to surprise the Virginia Assembly, then sitting at Charlottesville, to seize Mr. Jefferson at Monticello, near that town, and to destroy such stores as could be of use to the Americans. Tarleton moving rapidly towards Charlottesville, met with twelve wagons laden with clothing for the Southern army and he burnt them. Learning that a number of gentlemen, who had escaped from the lower country, were assembled, some at Dr. Walker's, the others at Mr. John Walker's,* Tarleton despatched Captain Kinloch, with a party, to Mr. John Walker's, while he proceeded with the rest to the doctor's mansion. Here he surprised Col. John Syme, a half-brother to Patrick Henry, and some other gentlemen, who were found asleep, † it being early in the morning. Captain Kinloch captured Francis Kinloch, (his relative ‡ and a delegate to congress from South Carolina,) together with William and Robert Nelson, brothers to General Thomas Nelson. Mr. Iouitte, one of the inmates, effecting his escape on a fleet horse, conveyed intelligence of Tarleton's approach, to Charlottesville, so that the greater part of the members of the Assembly escaped. Tarleton, after a delay of some hours, entered Charlottesville. Seven Burgesses fell into his hands and the public stores there were destroyed.

Captain McCleod, with a troop of horse, visited Monticello and reached the house a few moments after Mr. Jefferson had fled. The magnificent prospect visible there, must have afforded some compensation to the party for their disappointment. While Tarleton was in the neighborhood of Charlottesville, 20 British and Hessian prisoners of "the Convention troops," cantoned with the planters, joined him. The prisoners of distinction, captured by Tarleton, were treated with lenity, being detained only a few days, on their parole not to escape; "the lower class were secured as prisoners of war." * "The prisoners of note" were released at Elkhill, on their paroles.

Earl Cornwallis, with the main army, arriving, [June 7th,] near the Point of Fork, Simcoe and Tarleton rejoined him. [June 9th.] Simcoe was detached to the Seven Islands, where he destroyed 150 barrels of gunpowder, and burnt the tobacco in the ware-houses on the river side. Some militiamen were surprised and made prisoners. † The British army was now encamped along the bank of the James river, from the Point of Fork to Elkhill, ‡ a plantation of Mr. Jefferson's, where Cornwallis for ten days made his headquarters. This plantation was utterly laid waste by the enemy. Wherever his lordship's army went, plantations were despoiled and private houses plundered. During the six months of his stay in Virginia, she lost 30,000 slaves, of whom the greater part died of small pox and camp fever, and the rest were shipped to the West Indies, Nova Scotia, &c. The whole devastations committed by the British army, during these six months, was estimated at upwards of thirteen millions of dollars.

Lafayette being joined by Wayne's brigade, eight or nine hundred strong, marched at once towards Albemarle old Court-house, where some magazines remained uninjured by the British. He succeeded in saving these stores from the attempts of Tarleton. Lafayette, at Albemarle Court-house, was joined by Col. Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain, with his brave riflemen. § Cornwallis now, in accordance with advices from Sir Henry Clinton, retired to the lower country and was followed by Lafayette, who had in the meantime, above Richmond, been reinforced by Steuben, with his 600 levies and

* Belvoir, about seven miles from Charlottesville, and residence of the late Judge Hugh Nelson.

† Lee, pp. 294-295. Tarleton, p. 296. It is said that as one of the gentlemen, who was 'rather en-bon-point and who had found time to put on nothing but his breeches, ran across the yard in full view of the British dragoons, they burst into a fit of laughter at so unique and extraordinary a phenomenon.

‡ There is a family tradition, that when this Captain Kinloch was about to leave England, the Ladies of his family playfully begged him not to kill their cousin in America, and that he replied, "No, but I will be sure to take him prisoner"—which jocular prediction was thus fulfilled. See Lee, p. 295, in note.

* Tarleton, p 298.

† Simcoe, p. 223.

‡ It was here, that Mr. Jefferson, when confined by an arm fractured by a fall from a horse, composed his "Notes on Virginia."

§ Lee, p. 297.

by the militia. Cornwallis halted for a few days at Richmond. Simcoe was posted at Westham, Tarleton at the Meadow Bridge.* Lafayette's army amounted now to 4,500, of whom one half were regulars and of these 1,500 were veterans. He was still inferior to Cornwallis in numbers, by one third, and very deficient in cavalry.† Cornwallis leaving Richmond, [June 20th, 1781,] reached Williamsburg on the 25th.‡ Lafayette followed and passing Richmond, arrived at New Kent Court-house on the day after the British general had left it. Lafayette now took a position on Tyre's plantation, twenty miles from Williamsburg. Cornwallis having detached Simcoe, to destroy some boats and stores on the Chickahominy, that energetic and accomplished partisan performed the service with his accustomed promptness. Lafayette discovering this march of Simcoe, detached Col. Butler, of the Pennsylvania line, in quest of him. Butler's van consisting of the rifle corps, under Majors Call and Willis, and the cavalry—the whole not exceeding 120 effectives, was led by Major McPherson of Pennsylvania. Having mounted some infantry behind the remnant of Armand's dragoons, he overtook Simcoe on his return, near Spencer's plantation, about six miles above Williamsburg, at the Forks of the roads leading to Williamsburg and Jamestown. The ground there, in Simcoe's phrase, was "admirably adapted to the chicanery of action."§ The suddenness of McPherson's attack threw the yagers into confusion, but they were firmly supported by the Queen's Rangers.‖ Call and Willis having now joined McPherson, a warm conflict ensued. Simcoe found occasion for all his resources. The advanced party of Butler's corps was repulsed and fell back in confusion upon the continentals. Simcoe satisfied with this advantage, retired. Both parties claimed the advantage in this rencontre. The loss of the British was eleven killed and twenty-six wounded. The loss of the Americans is not reported, except that three officers and twenty-eight privates were made prisoners. The number of killed and wounded probably exceeded that of the British.* Major McPherson was unhorsed, but crept into a swamp and made his escape. Simcoe after retreating two miles towards Williamsburg, met Lord Cornwallis, with the advance of his army, coming to his relief. Coret Jones, who had fallen in the skirmish, was buried at Williamsburg on the next day with military honors. Col. Butler, the American commander in the action, was the same who afterwards fell at St. Clair's defeat, being on that occasion second in command.†

June 28th, Cornwallis with an escort of cavalry, under Simcoe, visited Yorktown, for the purpose of examining the capabilities of that post. His lordship formed an unfavorable opinion of it. The party was ineffectually fired at from Gloucester Point and returned on the same day to Williamsburg. After halting here nine days, Cornwallis, [4th of July,] marched and encamped near Jamestown island, for the purpose of crossing the James river and proceeding to Portsmouth. The Queen's Rangers passed over the river in the evening of the same day, to cover the baggage which was now transported. Lafayette, as Cornwallis had predicted, now advanced, with the hope of striking at the rearguard only of the enemy, supposing upon imperfect intelligence that the main body had already crossed to the left bank of the river. Accordingly about sunset, [July 6th, 1781,] Lafayette attacked Cornwallis and after a warm conflict, was compelled to retreat, having discovered that he was engaged by the main body of the British army. Of the continental troops, 118, including ten officers, were killed, wounded or taken. Some cannon also fell into the hands of the enemy. The British state their loss at five officers and seventy privates, killed and wounded. Cornwallis now crossed the James and marched [9th of July] for Portsmouth.

Lafayette re-inforced by some dragoons from Baltimore, retired to a strong position near West Point, at the head of York river. The militia had already been discharged.

* Tarleton, p. 300.

† Lee, p. 299.

‡ Tarleton, p. 301.

§ Simcoe, p. 227.

‖ Trumpeter Barney gave the alarm to the Rangers, exclaiming, "draw your swords Rangers, the Rebels are coming." Simcoe, p. 228. Barney captured a French officer.

* Simcoe, pp. 227-237. He gives a plan of the affair and says that he "considered this action as the climax of a campaign of five years, p. 234.

† Lee, p. 300.

## THE FORTUNES OF ESTHER, THE JEWESS.

### CHAPTER XI.

Could those who envy the great and judge of their happiness from the glare of external circumstances, but look into the hidden recesses of the heart and contemplate the hot-bed of exotic cares and wants accumulating at an even pace with the advance of rank; the alarms and cravings of jealous pride—the wounds and ranklings of a morbid sensibility—the vindictive hatred of opposing rivals and the midnight labors of restless ambition, they would retire from the scene convinced that the enjoyments of life are not so unequally distributed among the different classes of mankind as a superficial view leads them to believe. The humble peasant, whose aspirations mount no higher than to the supply of animal wants and creature comforts, is happier than many a prince surrounded by the splendors of state; for the sources of contentment lie not in the capricious gifts of fortune, but in the moral government of the mind. Haman, the Amalekite, who had come to Persia a poor adventurer, not conceiving in his wildest dreams of ambition the remotest possibility of rising to the height he had obtained, was a far happier man in his first humble station than now, the second man in dignity throughout the empire. The homage of the prostrate forms that bent before him was to his haughty spirit grateful incense, yet he reflected that this kingly honor was paid to him at the commands of another and might as easily be withheld by the same breath that bestowed it. His unscrupulous and inappeasable ambition was a burning and a consuming flame, that wasted his restless spirit with one absorbing aspiration. There stood but one man between him and single absolute supremacy. Nothing less than the title and the power of the great king could now satisfy his towering pride. With a stern and haughty carriage he strutted in gloomy promenades about the courts of the palace with his arms locked upon his bosom, his lips compressed and his head proudly erect, scarcely deigning to cast a glance upon the prostrate forms that bent before him. Old Mordecai sat calmly resting his back against one of the pillars of the king's gate, with his right leg across his left, his hands locked around his knees and his eyes attentively surveying the motley crowds that thronged the streets when Haman, with an air of lofty dignity, slowly passed before him. The old man turned his eyes and viewed him leisurely from head to foot, then looked another way and hummed a tune.

"Know you not," asked a servitor of the palace, stepping up to Mordecai, "that the king has commanded all men to bow down before Haman and pay him the same worship that is given to the king?"

"The king of kings," replied Mordecai, "has commanded that 'thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and him only shalt thou worship.'"

The slave glad of an opportunity to ingratiate himself with Haman watched his approach, and and bowing down before him, said in a submissive voice, "O prince of royal dignity, before whom all knees should bend, the Jew, Mordecai, sitting in the king's gate, scorns to bow down and do homage to Haman according to the king's decree."

In an instant the blood mounted to Haman's cheeks in a torrent of wrath, and his eye flashed with a fire dreadful to behold. Too haughty to reply to the prostrate slave, he turned impatiently away and resolved to test at once the truth of what he had heard. "This accursed Jew and his juggling daughter, so much like the present queen," muttered Haman, "have made sport of me and laughed my power to scorn, till I have become a cowardly dastard in my own eyes. One of them, thanks to Vashti, who at least did one good deed in her time, has already been crushed and the other soon shall be, in defiance of the favor of this stupid king."

He now drew near to Mordecai and stopping directly opposite to the gate, confronted him with a look of concentrated vengeance. The old man sat perfectly quiet, and looking with the most placid composure, first on the scowling brow of Haman, then on his magnificent dress, and seeming to discover nothing about him worth much attention, turned imperturbably away and followed with his eye a gay equipage that dashed along the street. Haman's wrath was nearly suffocating him, yet his proud soul could not bend to utter a word to the old Jew; nor could he, though trembling with eagerness to crush him, proclaim to the king the fact so galling and humiliating to his haughty spirit, that one man was found who refused to bow down and pay him homage. Tortured nearly to madness, he suddenly turned homewards to ease the pangs of his heart in domestic sympathy and advice. Weak and infatuated wretch! Had your greatness so perverted your reason as to make your peace dependent on the action of an old man's body? Haman entered his splendid palace amidst all that could give comfort to the body, or delight the eye, and yet perhaps he was the most unhappy man in the Persian empire. Throwing himself upon a couch in all the agony of a haughty and turbulent spirit under imaginary outrage and insult, he revolved in his dark mind various schemes of fierce revenge against the Jew; yet his proud heart could not bend to the confession so humiliating—that an object so contemptible in his eye as Mordecai, had for a moment employed his thoughts. After torturing his heated brain for many minutes, he suddenly started from his seat and exclaimed, "I have it—the lives of a thousand such accursed

slaves would but mock my thirst for revenge. I will crush the whole detested race at one blow. That fortunate decree that has gone forth for the consolidation of the empire, and which this hateful people—like bodies in chemistry without affinity or the attraction of cohesion—alone obstruct, shall afford me a theme of accusation so weighty as to extort from this credulous king the license to satiate my vengeance."

Neglecting for the first time the studied decorations of his person in his impatience to execute his plans, he sallied forth hastily from his palace; his gorgeous robe hanging awry upon him, and all rumpled by his restlessness while recumbent on his couch of thorns; and forgetful of his staid and stately dignity of carriage, passed with rapid strides into the king's palace. Scarcely waiting to announce his presence, he appeared before the monarch, still wearing in his countenance the traces of ruthless indignation.

"Speak, Haman," commanded the king, as the crafty hypocrite bowed down before him, "your haste and clouded brow bespeak some weighty affair of state for our special ear."

"Great king of kings, the light and splendor of the world," began Haman, "your high and dread decree sent forth to the hundred and twenty-seven provinces of your unlimited empire commanding peace, unity of government, and obedience to the laws, to the end that local interest and jealousies may cease to distract the public mind, and that a sense of fraternity and community of interests as one people, might produce general tranquillity and contribute to the prosperity of all, has been duly forwarded by couriers and acknowledged with humble and dutiful reverence by all the princes, governors and people of the empire, save an accursed and misanthropic race in our midst—and would beyond all question secure the end the king has so much at heart, but for the malevolent and unsocial customs of this incorrigible people, the Jews, who are a canker—a foul ulcer upon the body politic and diffuse the poison of their rebellious example through every grade of society. Now I beseech the king to judge of the truthfulness of my report and the singleness of my purpose, by the fidelity I have proven to three successive kings, untouched even by suspicion, when treason, with all its temptations, has continually reared its head around me; and the nobles of the land have forgotten, in their guilty dreams of ambition, even the sanctity that attaches to the sacred persons of kings and have impiously shed the royal blood. If then these considerations deserve any weight with the king, let the devotedness of his servant, directed by his long experience and his knowledge of men, impress him with the truth, that all his efforts to harmonize the empire by a general fraternity and social consolidation of interests, will prove abortive as long as this unsocial and disjunctive people holds a place in the provinces of the dominions. As well may he attempt to mingle oil and water, as connect the Jews in social compact with any other people; for it is known to all men, O king, that this malicious people have laws and customs differing wholly from those of every other nation under heaven; and that they inculcate the duty of disobedience to all laws and lawgivers save Moses and their Sanhedrim; and an uncompromising hatred and malevolence towards all mankind, who acknowledge the supremacy, or even the existence of any other god save their God Jehovah. An article of their creed enjoins the obligation to defraud, oppress, and even to murder where impunity may follow, the subjects of all governments, of customs differing from their own: and to uproot the foundation of every throne that acknowledges not a single and undeviated devotion to their God. The truth standing thus, great king, but few things would more delight this misanthropic race than the utter subversion of your throne and empire and to that end, whenever a glimmering of success shall be promised, their whole energies will be directed. By secret and stealthy means, and hidden practices, and in dark conclaves, their agents are continually at work. Since the days of Nebuchadnezzar their implacable hatred to the people and governments of the empire—the Persian no less than the Assyrian—has been handed down from generation to generation, and it has come to my knowledge, by the most conclusive evidence, that nearly all the rebellions, intestine commotions and bloodshed of the provinces have been secretly fomented by Jews in disguise. Therefore, great king, it remains for you to determine whether this detested people, inflexible and incorrigible as they are in their wickedness, be suffered to continue in our midst, to increase in numbers, wealth and power, till they shall become too mighty for forcible subjugation; or by a wise precaution be now, while weak, suddenly and without a remnant, cut off by the sword in one day, and thus by a single stroke free the State from the intolerable nuisance of their practices. If they be permitted to live, great king, in all your future decrees commanding the obedience of your people, except the Jews; for they already laugh to scorn those that are published."

Though naturally generous and humane, Artaxerxes, who had been reared in the school of despotism, and was as fully persuaded that resistance to his will was a crime as deserving of death as those of treason or murder, became exceedingly indignant as the wily and hypocritical Haman proceeded in his artful and provoking address. Unpractised in the arts of the designing, and from the frankness of his own nature, without suspicion, he ascribed the bold and vehement exhortation of Ha-

man to his comprehensive wisdom and experience, impelled by his unwavering fidelity and devotion to the prosperity and glory of the empire. Judging, therefore, that his counsel was well matured and not to be slighted, and enraged by the assurance of a contemptuous resistance to his will by the Jews, he bitterly and emphatically exclaimed, "Then let their contumacy and accursed malevolence work their own destruction; for since it appears that we or they must be crushed, we answer, as it is natural, let it be them. They have drawn down the penalty of the violated laws upon their own heads and become their own executioners. Take this ring," continued the king, pulling a splendid diamond from his finger—"its seal will give sanction to the parchment bearing its impress—and let it be proclaimed throughout every province of our empire, that on a certain day—which you may set apart for the purpose—every Jew in the empire shall be cut off and the State be freed at once from their rebellious practices."

"Great and wise governor of the world!" exclaimed Haman in an ecstasy of delight, "your dutiful slave, honored by your favor and enriched by your bounty, cannot see your treasuries diminished by the annihilation of the tribute-paying Jews, and will advance to the royal revenue ten thousand talents of silver out of his own means. Thus shall the king, my generous benefactor, be freed from the danger of an insidious and rebellious people and secure to his treasury a sum that will cover the loss that would follow from the destruction of the Jews."

"Honest Haman," replied the king, "your generous zeal for the splendor of our throne commands our love, yet we must not suffer our interest to make us unjust by burdening the loyal and faithful with the losses sustained by the revenue in the execution of criminals. Therefore, no more of this. The means of the empire are sufficient without the accustomed tax upon the Jews. Leave us now alone and hasten the publication of the decree against that people, that a work so distasteful, though so necessary, may cease to harass the mind by its contemplation."

Haman, exulting in the success of his mission and revelling in the luxurious anticipation of that dark and terrible pleasure of a fierce and merciless spirit, grasping the power of revenge, passed majestically from the palace and approaching Mordecai, the Jew, at the king's gate, with a countenance frightful by the presence of a fiendish smile, stood immediately confronting him and paused for several minutes with eyes gloating upon him with the expression of the tiger sure of his prey, yet in the ecstasy of certainty, forbearing for a moment to leap upon it. The old man, with impassable meekness, raised his eyes to the fixed gaze of his vindictive enemy, which resembled more the glare of an exulting demon than the light of the human eye, but moved not, nor seemed in the slightest degree discomposed by that look of concentrated vengence. Tranquil and peaceful, he sat with a countenance of gentle benevolence and the consciousness of security and protection in the approbation of his God. The miserable slave of misguided and ungovernable passions that stood before him could bring no terrors to his mind. He both pitied and despised his weakness. Haman too haughty to throw himself upon the object of his hatred and pour out his heart's blood as he was tempted to do, tore himself away with a mind phrensied and maddened to the last extreme of endurance. Thus proving to himself, had he ever accustomed his mind to self-examination, how unstable and fleeting are the triumphs of a vicious and haughty spirit, when amidst honors, wealth and every worldly possession that could afford enjoyment to a rational and well-regulated life, the slightest expression of disrespect—even a gesture, or a listless indifference in the humblest individual, can turn his existence into gall and bitterness, and make his peace dependent upon the caprice and passions of all he meets. Old Mordecai, on the other hand, contented and grateful for the blessings he enjoyed, free from envy or pride, and careless alike whether he was noticed or passed by with indifference, sat meditating on the inexplicable passions of the Amalekite. "Can that man," thought he, "conscious as he must be of his own demerits and of his dark and vicious life, scarcely alleviated by one redeeming virtue, believe himself in truth worthy of a homage above all his fellow-subjects? The most overweening self-esteem would seem incapable of such delusion. Yet his manner bespeaks an unfeigned indignation, that I, a servan of the living God, though the only recusant, have not in disobedience to my Maker's will, fallen down and worshipped him. Ah, unhappy king! thus to be deceived and strew your honors on a wretch too bad to live."

In the meantime, one of the scribes commanded by Haman to draw up the king's decree passing by Mordecai and knowing him to be a Jew, revealed to him the dreadful sentence pronounced upon himself and all his people. Overwhelmed for the moment by the terrible and astounding doom, the afflicted old man, after the manner of his nation, rent his clothes with loud lamentations, covered his head with dust and ashes, and as a farther manifestation of humility in the sight of his Maker, he clothed himself in sack-cloth and refused to be comforted. With hasty steps and loud and impassioned wailings he traversed the streets of Susa, apprising the Jews of their terrific sentence and calling on them to unite with them in one general supplication to the God of Jacob to avert the impending calamity. Unmoved by personal considerations, he even approached the gates of the palace, where it was unlawful for any to appear in

sack-cloth, and filled the outer courts with his wailings and lamentations. In Esther's palace, and specially favored by her, were the twin sisters, Rachel and Leah, who looking out into the streets of the city, saw Mordecai dressed in sack-cloth, throwing about his arms with violent gestures, and shuddering with the fear of some calamity, immediately told it to Esther.

"God of my fathers," she exclaimed, springing from her seat with deadly paleness and hastening to satisfy her own eyes of the truth of what she heard, "what can this portend? While I thought Mordecai peaceful and happy, behold him deprecating some terrible evil. Now the God of Jacob be our support." Then turning to one of the eunuchs, she commanded him to carry Mordecai a decent suit of apparel and entreat him for her sake to put off his sack-cloth and be decently clothed. "Tell him," she continued, "to be comforted, whatever his cause of trouble, and to remember the signal mercies of our God, who has never forsaken us and will uphold us by his righteous judgment as long as we place our trust in Him."

The eunuch obeyed, but Mordecai was immoveable. "Away! away!" he replied. "Go tell the queen I supplicate our God after the manner of our fathers and that she and every other Jew must humble themselves in the dust before Israel's God and cry aloud to Him to shorten the arm of our ungodly enemy and save his people."

When Esther heard this reply she took the alarm, and trembling in the suspense of some impending, but indefinable calamity, sent hastily for Hatach, a Jew, and one of her chamberlains, and bade him go and inquire of Mordecai the cause of his distress.

"What! knows she not," asked Mordecai, "that our implacable enemy, Haman, the Amalekite, has extorted from the king, by false accusations against the Jews, a decree for the slaughter of us all in one day, herself included, for there is no exception—no, not one! Then take this parchment—it is a copy of the decree—and bear it to Esther and enjoin it upon her from me to go boldly to the king and entreat him to recall his unjust and bloody decree."

During his first paroxysms of grief, old Mordecai had been led away by the irresistible impulse of human passions; but now that an interval was afforded for reflection, his confidence in the protection of his God rekindled with renewed ardor and infused a tranquillity into his so lately troubled mind. "Sinner that I am," he reflected, "why have I for a moment distrusted the watchful mercy of a righteous and omnipotent God, whose arm has been so often outstretched to protect me and whose blessings have never been withdrawn from me? God of my fathers, thou knowest I have not been restrained by pride, envy or malice in withholding my homage from Haman, the Amalekite; but from obedience to thy superior commandment, which forbids us to give to the creature that worship which is due only to the Creator. Thy word has been my law, and I will trust in thy mercies, which endure forever."

In the meantime, Esther, who with anxious alarm had run her eyes over the decree, unconsciously exclaimed—"This bloody monster indeed then remembers who I was and am, and in pursuance of his threats of vengeance against my people, and his hatred to myself, has revealed to the king the nation of whom I sprung, and poisoned his mind against my people. That too explains why for so many days the king has not sent for me. This Haman, in whom he so deeply confides, has constrained him to cast me off and decree my death. Yet the God of Jacob has not forsaken me. I will lean upon His righteous arm, nor will He shake me off. But to venture unbidden in the inner court, while the king is thus disposed, would be tempting God; for how should I expect the king, now exasperated against me, to extend his sceptre in token of forgiveness? Go tell this to Mordecai," she continued to Hatach, "and bring me his answer."

"Tell Esther," said Mordecai, "that God will appoint some other means to save His people if she refuse to venture on the king, and let her beware how she shrinks from the performance of a duty fraught with such tremendous consequences, by fear of death, lest God in his displeasure make her the only victim. Nor let her hope, because the queen of Persia, that if this bloody decree be carried into effect she shall escape. She must in that event fall with her people."

When Esther heard the message, she said to Hatach, "Go yet again to Mordecai and tell him I will go in to the king, and '*if I perish, I perish.*' But in the meantime let him call together all the Jews of Susa and with fasting and prayer make their supplications to our God to aid my humble efforts to save our people."

Her maidens clung around her with the affection of sisters, weeping and bewailing their dreadful doom, in abject despair. Esther also wept, but looking around on the helpless innocence of the trembling beings that tended her and reflecting on the agonizing feelings of thousands whom her eye could not reach, she gathered strength from the consciousness of the mighty responsibility that awaited her, and called for instant action. Kneeling in the midst of her women and pouring forth her pious spirit in one rapid and burning torrent of pathetic prayer to that God who ever hears the supplications of submissive piety, she rose to her feet another being, nerved and sustained for any encounter. With a countenance glowing with confidence and eyes bright with enthusiasm, she stood before her astonished and sympathizing maidens a picture of angelic beauty. A

soft serenity now calmed her bosom and a smile of ineffable sweetness played around her lips. "Why have we doubted the watchful and almighty providence of our God!" she asked, embracing affectionately her delighted maidens. "His countenance, though veiled from mortal eyes, ever shines upon those that love him. He has soothed my troubled spirit and breathed into me the assurance of safety to my people. I go to the king, whose heart is subject to the King of kings. Attire me as befits his queen."

Cheered by their mistress' inspiring words, the maidens thronged about their beloved superior and in a few minutes completed her preparations. The Greeks, with all their conceptions of the beautiful in painting and statuary never portrayed such superhuman loveliness as Esther now presented to the eye of the beholder.

The king was seated upon his lofty throne busily employed in conference with his ministers, Haman occupying the most honorable seat below him. His brow was contracted with the severity of thought and his mind wholly intent upon the business before him. In the midst of this solemn and weighty counsel, Esther softly thrust open the door and throwing back her veil, confidently smiled and approached the king. In a moment the cloud was dispersed from his brow and a sparkling gleam of admiration lighted up his countenance. Quickly extending his sceptre to his lovely queen, he raised her upon the throne by his side and playfully asked, "Did you fear the anger of Artaxerxes, thou beautiful spirit of light? Why your presence is like the bright beams of the sun that scatter the clouds of gloom that gather about our throne, and your fascinating innocence would drive wrath from the bosom of a fiend. Say now, what boon do you ask? Speak and receive it, even to the half of my kingdom. I have no power to deny you any thing."

"Then," said Esther, thrusting her small hand in his and looking up delightedly in his face, "since I am thus favored by the partiality of the king, let him and Haman honor a banquet I shall prepare for them this night."

"This is not all, thou little tantalizer," replied the king; "that simple request has not brought you here. Fear no denial, but speak out boldly:" then lowering his voice to a whisper of playful affection, he proceeded to say something intended for her ear alone, when lifting her fingers she nimbly pressed them upon his lips and thus stopping his voice, repeated as she laughingly descended the throne, "Come to my banquet."

The king followed her with his eyes till out of sight, then murmured with a sigh, "Happy innocence! care should never trouble that gentle bosom."

Haman who had heard Esther's invitation, though inwardly shrinking from the countenance of the queen, so strikingly recalling to his mind the beautiful Jewess, whom he had persecuted and afterwards dreaded, now swelled and exulted with a pride and satisfaction apparent to all about him. Already honored by the king above all others and continually presented to the eyes of the people with a power and pomp almost regal, and now chosen from among all the lords of Persia as alone worthy to appear at the queen's banquet, he felt himself approaching the acme of greatness his ambitious spirit so much coveted and saw the way already paved for his ascension to absolute supremacy. Elevated by a sense of his superior dignity and importance in the State, and really persuaded by his overweening vanity and the seeming control of his genius over all opposing obstacles, that every quality of greatness incident to man was found prëeminent in himself, he rose with a heart throbbing with a wild delirium of joy and hastened to share his gladness with a delighted and a sympathizing family. But as he passed the king's gate there sat the canker of his peace—the sight that withered his soul and turned all his delightful ecstasy into gall and bitterness. Old Mordecai still remained motionless in the king's gate and refused to do him reverence. In a moment the dark passions of his bosom that only slumbered, were roused like beasts from their lair, and banished the delightful emotions of gratified ambition from the tortured mind of their unhappy slave, and forced him to seek comfort for his insupportable anguish in the bosom of his family instead of giving it. O pride of place and pomp of power! Could men but strip away the veil and view the tumultuous hell that seethes within the vast depths of busy thought, they would not so often deem your crimes unpunished. Haman entered his palace with thick drops of perspiration upon his brow—his countenance pale with deadly wrath and lips quivering with a passion that shook his frame. Calling around him his wife, his ten sons and many courtiers that thronged his palace, he exclaimed with bitterness—"I have no peace: my life is more a curse than a blessing. Behold the splendor of this palace—the wealth that crowds its many chambers—look into my treasury overflowing with untold riches—see the elegance, wisdom and accomplishments of my wife—the comeliness, dignity and manliness of my sons—contemplate the honors and exalted greatness of my station, so conspicuously prëeminent that the queen has thought me alone worthy to appear at her banquet. Yet all this avails me nothing; for an accursed Jew, named Mordecai, in defiance of the kings decree, sits motionless in the king's gate and refuses to do me reverence. His presence blasts my sight and poisons my existence. The maddening reflection on the slave's contempt drives sleep from my pillow and appetite from my meals. His fall in the general massacre of his detested race will not appease my revenge. I would signalize his death by some special act of vengeance."

"Are you a man!" asked Zeresh contemptuously, "and do you fret and chafe away your existence in impatient wailings at the insolence of a miserable slave! What stays your hand! Pitch a gallows fifty cubits high and hang this accursed Jew aloft to the conspicuous view of every inhabitant of Susa. This shall bring a terror over the minds of men and confirm your authority for all time to come."

This advice was warmly seconded by his sons and friends and was readily adopted. "Why have I been so stupid," exclaimed Haman exultingly, "as not to think of this before! His days are numbered. He has drawn upon himself the penalty of death by disobeying the king's decree commanding all to fall down and do me reverence, and I shall not lack for other arguments if that fail, to work my end. Do you, my sons, see that the gallows be erected and to-morrow I will feast my eyes upon his pendent carcass as it swings erect to do me the honor it would not *stoop* to pay."

"The gallows shall be ready," replied his oldest son; "but a boon I have to ask, dear father, for myself and brothers—it is, that on the 13th day of the month Adar, we may command the troops that shall slaughter the accursed Jews. Thus shall we gratify our hereditary vengeance and enrich ourselves with the enemies spoil at the same time."

"Then be it so," replied Haman; "remember to be vigilant that not one escape."

While the sons of Haman with exulting malice were giving directions to their slaves for the building of the gallows, their father accompanied the king to Esther's feast. The sumptuousness of the fare and tasteful elegance of the arrangements pleased and delighted the king. For untouched by the jealousy that poisoned the peace of the unhappy Vashti, Esther had brought to her palace the most beautiful damsels among the Jews and Persians, who filled the rooms with the sweetest strains of vocal and instrumental music while groups of laughing girls tripped before them in the graceful dance. The repast was long and grateful, and never had the heart of the king been more light and joyous. Esther herself, when the feast was over, caught the harp, and bending over it, brought all her exquisite skill to bear with an intensity of effort, that drew forth strains so beautiful and pathetic as to enwrap the spirits of her listeners as by a spell of enchantment. Never before had the king heard her touch that sweet instrument with bursts of melody so thrilling and grand. When she had ceased, he seated himself by her side and taking one of her small hands in his and gazing fondly on her beautiful countenance, now heightened in loveliness by her exertions, said, "Speak, sweet minstrel, and life of my existence—what is your petition? It is granted before you ask it, as I have said even to the half of my kingdom."

"Nay," said Esther, throwing an arch smile into her countenance, but with a heart swelling with the most grateful emotions to her God and the deepest affection to the king, that disposed her more to weep with joy than to laugh, "but since my little banquet has been so fortunate as to give you pleasure, you shall come again to-morrow evening with Haman to another, which I will prepare."

"Then be it so," replied the king, laughing merrily, "we will surely come again and see to what gay petition this feasting prelude points. Haman, something whispers me that you are somehow connected with our queen's merry boon, since you are to be with me when it is made known. Perhaps she intends you some further mark of honor that has escaped our thoughts. If so, it shall please me well."

Haman bowed with a semblance of deep humility and replied, "My life and all I have are valued but as they may conduce to the service of Persia's royal pair. When I shall cease to feel that I exist but to promote their glory and greatness, let me cease to live."

Esther who well knew the shocking depravity of Haman's heart and had besides been informed by Mordecai of his suspicions of his treasonable purposes and warned to keep an eye upon his actions, could scarcely suppress her disgust at the vile hypocrisy that fell from his lips. Yet she replied, "Haman shall see that I appreciate his services and will seek for him a reward commensurate with his merits."

Though Haman took this language in its most favorable sense, yet there was something in the tone and manner that so forcibly recalled to his mind the person of Esther when he had met her as an obscure Jewess, that he shuddered and shrunk from her gaze.

"Then it is so," resumed the king, "and we shall have another instance of woman's ingenuity; for I confess our means to reward our faithful minister seemed exhausted and yet inadequate to his deserts. So Haman she has given us a puzzle that we must solve by to-morrow's banquet."

At a late hour the feast was ended and Haman departed to his palace.

—

## CHAPTER XII.

When Artaxerxes had returned from the queen's palace, Esther's maidens gathered about her and asked with anxious inquietude, why she had not made her petition for the Jews, while the king seemed so favorably disposed to grant her anything.

"Because," replied Esther in a low voice, "I have been secretly informed by Mordecai, that Haman, in his fiery impatience, has sent certain letters to his creatures in the provinces by couriers supposed to be devoted to his interest, but who are

Jews in disguise; and that I must delay my petition to the king, till he can ascertain the purport of their mission. He is persuaded they have reference to the bloody edict, and will throw some light on the part Haman has taken to procure it, and may strip away the veil that conceals his hypocrisy and guilt from the eyes of the king."

In the meantime, the king, without undressing, reclined upon a couch in his bed-chamber to compose himself to sleep; yet all his efforts to slumber were vain—sleep fled from his eyelids and he was never more awake. After an hour of restless impatience, which all at times have experienced, when after vainly courting repose they are yet wakeful and from no conceivable cause, he gave up the effort, and to beguile the monotonous and oppressive stillness of a sleeping palace, he called for the chronicles of the Persian Kings and commenced a cursory review of the records of his own reign. Nearly the first instance that caught his eye, was the conspiracy of Bigthan and Teresh, discovered and revealed to him by Mordecai, the Jew. The king was pained and mortified at the oblivion which he had suffered to drive from his mind so signal a service, and exclaimed, "what culpable neglect and ingratitude is here!" The fidelity of a loyal subject has been conspicuously instrumental in preserving my life and throne from an otherwise inevitable destruction, and I have suffered his unobtrusive modesty and diffidence to banish from my memory his claims to honor and reward. This shall be amended and that speedily while now fresh in my mind. Thus to pass over the merits of our most faithful and deserving subjects, is both ungrateful and impolitic. Who is in the ante-chamber!" he asked of the guard at the door.

"Haman has just entered," replied the chamberlain.

"Bid him attend us immediately."

With a feverish and watchful impatience Haman had expected the dawning of light, so eager was he to extort from the king the privilege to sacrifice the unsuspecting Mordecai to his fierce and haughty revenge. With a fiendish satisfaction he, before his departure to the king's palace, had walked around and surveyed the height and strength of the gallows, already reared for the execution of the old Jew, and exclaimed, with a horrid smile, "It delights my soul to look upon it." Then turning away he strode hastily to the king, to prepare the feast of vengeance with as little delay as possible. There still sat Mordecai, with the early dawn, posted at the king's gate, yet as calm and as unmoved as ever, nor stirring a finger to do him reverence. The sight he could not bear, but turning aside, he hastened by him with the precipitancy of one escaping from the nauseating fætor of some putrifying body that he needs must pass. As he entered the vestibule of the palace, he muttered with bitter vehemence—"Ah! how exulting the idea of seeing that accursed form lifted from yonder gate, fifty cubits into the air. I will give a feast of joy that shall astonish all Susa with its costly sumptuousness, in token of my satisfaction." Now summoned to the king, he joyfully obeyed, his impatient thirst for vengeance illy supporting the least delay.

"You are early, Haman," said the king with a cheerful smile, "but you are always the first on duty and the last to leave. Now I would have you tell me what mark of favor shall be bestowed on him whom the king delights to honor!"

Haman's vanity was now fully aroused, and having dwelt much of the night on the king's flattering remarks at Esther's banquet, and revolving in his imagination the new honors he doubted not the queen intended him, he had settled in his mind upon one distinction, which, if at liberty to choose for himself, would make him the happiest man in the empire, as giving, both a foretaste of the greatness to which his ambition aspired and familiarizing his kingly honors to the sight of the people. Judging therefore that the king's mind had been engrossed by the subject of conferring new honors upon him with a desire to surprise, and if possible, to surpass the queen in the degree of dignities to be conferred, he readily replied:

"Let the man whom the king desires to distinguish with honors, be clothed in the royal apparel, with the king's crown on his head and mounted on the horse the king rides, be conducted through all the streets of Susa by one of the highest lords of Persia walking at his side and holding the bridle, who shall continually proclaim as they proceed, 'Thus does the king distinguish the man he honors.'"

"Then hasten," resumed the king, "and see that all these things be done unto Mordecai, the Jew. Let all respect and homage be paid to him, and all men bow down before him while thus representing our person; and do you, the greatest of our lords, lead his horse through all the streets of Susa and proclaim his honors as you have advised. Behold, Haman, how our culpable negligence has passed over the inappreciable service of this faithful old man. But for his timely fidelity, we should have been murdered like our father, Xerxes, in our sleep and our throne and empire made the prey of a rebellious faction. Your generosity, ready to appreciate the merits of others, has prompted this award to a fellow subject, and we afford you the additional gratification of seeing your decision carried into effect. Away and let our mind be at ease by this act of just retribution. It shall encourage others, too, to watch over the safety of our person."

Overwhelmed and confounded by this astounding sentence—for such it seemed to him—more galling to his proud and vindictive spirit than the most humiliating death, and reduced to silence by

the misapplied praises of the king, the wretched Haman shrunk from his presence, and entering a retired chamber, threw himself in an agony of wild and tumultuous grief upon a golden couch. There he was tossed and tortured with an intensity and bitterness of grief which none but the wicked can feel. There was no resource of comfort, upon which his mind could fall back. No alleviating support of religion, reason, or philosophy. He had staked the peace of his existence upon the gratification of passions and had now become their victim. Who that beholds this miserable picture of human weakness and folly, can fail to moralize upon the inadequacy of earthly greatness, with all its florid trappings and splendid adjuncts, to secure to man the coveted boon of his existence—the fullness of a contented and satisfied mind—when the passions have a licensed sway over his impulses and actions? Behold this prostrate wretch, though possessed of princely wealth, covered with honors almost regal, and worshipped as a God by both nobles and populace, crushed to the dust with an intensity of suffering that the worst calamity could inflict and simply because he must lead about an old man, who had never injured him, in an idle procession and forbear to hang him. What menial employed in the lowest offices and subject to the commands of a hundred superiors, was not a happier man than Haman? But there was no alternative, he must either perform this humiliating task, or sink all his present greatness and future aspirations in the displeasure of the king. The thirteenth of the month, Adar, a day which had filled his revengeful mind with the most delightful anticipations, could not afford an offset to this withering degradation.

"The Greeks," he muttered to himself, "adorn their victims with garlands, before offering them at the altar, and could the honors of this accursed Jew be but in like manner the mock trappings and ornaments before the sacrifice, I might bear my disgrace with some equanimity; but this doating stupidity of a detested king, foretells me that this curse of my existence will be rescued even from the general slaughter. Ye Gods of my people, whom I have worshipped, is there no remedy for my woes? Is there no escape from this crushing doom? Then since there is none, let me rush through it like one through consuming fires."

Thus concluding, he hastily sent for Mordecai into the palace. The chamberlain who bore the message, knowing the king's command, bowed down before the astonished old man, and in terms of the most abject submission, told his errand. Though Mordecai regarded the whole as a malicious mockery, he resolved to obey, judging that Haman was vested with authority by the king to command his attendance. He accordingly rose, though reluctantly, from his accustomed seat at the gate, and entered the palace, not doubting that some vindictive measure had been planned by Haman to oppress him. In this surmise he was the more confirmed when, on entering the palace, the habitually haughty and unbending Haman, with illy-concealed malevolence, bowed down before him. In the moment of his self-abasement, which he felt the blood of all concerned could alone wash away, he thought of the king, and convulsively grasped the hilt of his dagger. Recovering himself quickly however, and mastering his indignation, he turned to Mordecai, who stood calmly awaiting the issue of what he yet believed to be a mock representation of the homage he had refused to pay, and thus addressed him—

"Old man of Jewry, the king commands that you be clothed in the royal apparel, with his crown on your head, and be conducted by the greatest lord of Persia, myself, with proclamation of his favor thus shown, through all the streets of Susa; and that all men this day shall bow down before you."

Conceiving this to be the prelude of the king's displeasure, at his refusal to do reverence to Haman, and that some substantial punishment was to follow it, Mordecai replied,

"Beware to what extremity you carry your malice. The king's ear shall be disabused, even by the queen, and a terrible retribution will surely follow."

"The queen!" repeated Haman, starting back with horror in his countenance, as the dreadful suspicion flashed again upon his mind, that this woman, though now called Esther, was the Hadassah—the obscure daughter of Mordecai, whom he had persecuted—"What know you of the queen!"

"That she is generous, and just, and good," replied Mordecai.

"There is no need of an appeal to any one," continued Haman anxiously, "nor any insult intended you. The king decrees you this honor, to reward your discovery of the treason of Bigthan and Teresh."

At length convinced of the truth, he suffered himself to be indued in the royal dress, and the crown to be placed on his head, and being mounted on the king's superb horse, covered with the most gorgeous trappings, was conducted by Haman, who held his bridle, and continually dinned in the ears of the gathering crowds, as they traversed the many streets of the city, "*Thus does the king to the man he honors.*" The mind of Mordecai was turned, however, upon the author of his deliverance, and he exclaimed in the Hebrew tongue—"The God of Israel be adored for thus confounding the wicked and bringing their malice to nought. His strong arm, I see, is now stretched out over his people. The God of our fathers is with us; we need fear no adversary."

When Haman had discharged the task imposed upon him, he hastened home meditating schemes

of terrible revenge against the authors of his disgrace. Harassed in body and mind by the burning and consuming tumults of passion, he cursed in the bitterness of his heart every object about him, and even his own existence.

"Behold," he exclaimed to Zeresh, his wife, who with her ten sons had been impatiently waiting around the lofty gallows to witness the execution of Mordecai! "Behold the king has blasted our hope and compelled me, on foot, to lead Mordecai, mounted on the royal charger and attired like the king, with the crown upon his head, through all the streets of Susa, proclaiming as I went, '*Thus does the king to the man he honors.*'"

"And did you, miserable slave that you are," asked Zeresh, with phrenzied indignation, "submit to this degrading servitude to an accursed Jew, whom you would hang for refusing you homage! And do you who have basely cast this disgrace upon myself and sons, dare to reveal it in my presence!"

"Nay, Zeresh, good wife," supplicated Haman, finding new torments where he expected comfort, "reproach me not. This honor to the accursed Jew was determined on before I approached the king, as a reward for the exposure of the treason of Bigthan and Teresh, which the weak king declared had escaped his mind."

"And had you not a tongue to disclose to the king, at the critical moment of his humiliating command, the charges prepared against the Jew! and have you been thus foiled by the contemptible slave, who had craftily operated upon the king to humble you at his feet! Poor cowardly vassal! the Jew has made you his footman and triumphs in your degradation. You are sold, a servitor to a bondsman—the crouching menial of a Jew."

Stung to madness by these bitter taunts, Haman dashed away from the presence of his wife, and shutting himself up in a room of his palace, rolled and writhed upon the floor in all the agony of insupportable wretchedness. How intolerable the weight of cares to the wicked, and how certainly they await them! When no real cause of suffering oppresses them, a vitiated mind conjures up terrible phantoms of imagination—the unsubstantial creatures of their own formation. What evil to a rational and well regulated mind, now weighs down the miserable Haman! Yet his abject wretchedness, though the creature of delusion, is as crushing as the criminal's sentence of death. It is the fruit of his own culture, nurtured and brought to perfection, too, by a long and toilsome application. What resource now has his tortured mind to fall back upon! What pleasant reminiscences of beneficent deeds—of commiseration for suffering virtue—of sincerity of professions—integrity of purpose, through a long and active life, now rise in review to cheer and strengthen him! The fountains of his existence are poisoned, and can only alternately madden with the wild delirium of intoxicated vanity, or the cheerless gloom of succeeding reaction. The calm and peaceful tranquillity of a virtuous mind, is unknown to him—the simple beauties of nature have lost to him the charms of their tints and colors; and the innocent recreations of life, and the cheerful flow of animal spirits, shock the austerity of his gloomy pride. One grand absorbing passion—the lust of power—controls his being. Missing this, he loses every thing, and his life becomes the heaviest of curses. The evening drew on, and the hour of the queen's banquet was at hand; yet the honor of an invited guest could bring no longer a thrill of pleasure to the depressed and gloomy mind of Haman. Nature had now nothing in its wide diversity of objects and interests, to excite within this slave of passion one agreeable emotion. With a tortured and agonizing spirit, however, he prepared for the feast, fearing to be absent, and entered the queen's palace with the feelings rather of a condemned criminal, than an honored favorite. Esther exerted herself to please the king and to appear cheerful and gay, yet an occasional cloud of anxiety would pass over her fair brow, and her eyes fall in the abstraction of thought upon the floor. Haman in vain essayed to rally his crushed and gloomy spirits. The effort was a hollow and lifeless mockery of gaiety. Inquietude and oppressive wretchedness, were too plainly discernable beneath the flimsy veil of affected cheerfulness. Nevertheless, the king, whose heart was free from care, believed all about him to be peaceful and happy. The banquet was drawing near its close, when he, with a cheerful smile, turned to Esther and said:

"Now is the time to make your petition, thou bright joy of my existence. When I contemplate the ceaseless efforts of your gentle spirit to make our time flow sweetly, as if your beautiful being had no other end, or joy in existence, I could turn idolater and worship you. What were life without you! and what can you ask that will not confer as much pleasure on me bestowing, as on you receiving it! Speak confidently, and learn henceforth to regard us, not as the awful embodiment of power, but as the tender and devoted husband."

This impassioned outpouring of affection from one so intensely dear to her, and at a moment so pregnant with the fate of her people, distended her heart to bursting, and, unable to control the tumult of contending passions, she burst into tears and wept like an infant. The king pained and astonished at this expression of sorrow, when he expected all was tranquillity and joy, folding Esther in his arms and resting her head on his bosom, asked with hasty anxiety—"Esther, my own beloved queen, what means this burst of grief! What sorrow can have approached you within these walls! Speak out, and if it be the work of man, he had better wish himself unborn."

The struggle with Esther was soon over. Tears

had calmed her bosom, and the unaffected tenderness of the king, inspired her with confidence. Raising her beautiful eyes to his, as he still clasped her in his arms, and with her small, white hand thrusting aside the curls from his lofty and manly brow, as if to take a full survey of his countenance, as he bent it upon her, she thus addressed him:

"Suffer me, generous king, to introduce my petition by a simple and touching narrative, that needs must move with sympathy every heart that has not lost the noblest feelings of our nature. There is a realm favored and blessed by the hand of nature's God. In its varied features and outlines, is every natural prospect that fills the eye and delights the imagination. The sublime and lofty mountain looks with unbounded vision over green and fruitful valleys, filled with the homes of a loyal and happy people. Broad and beautiful rivers roll their waters amidst teeming cities and crowded villages, to irrigate the soil and open highways for commerce. On their green and luxuriant banks, feed innumerable flocks and herds; and the prolific fields of the husbandman repays his moderate toil, with the increase of a hundred fold. Over this favored people, there reigns a king, wise, generous and just; and yet this king is made the unsuspecting instrument of the most cruel and unjust oppression, by the deception of a wicked and revengeful minister. Within the limits of his kingdom live a young woman and her foster-father, who have proven their loyalty and devotedness to him, by twice warding off from him the knife of the assassin. They have lived blameless in the sight of God and of men, and have been loved and favored by the king; yet this couple were not natives of the province in which they dwelt, and suffered many contumelies, especially from the prime minister and favorite of the king. This vicious and unscrupulous lord, who by his artful duplicity had imposed himself upon the king as a model of virtue, pursued the young woman from covert to covert, with the abominable designs of the libertine, and exulted in the prospect of crushing both her and her protector into the dust. Foiled in this attempt and spurred on by hatred and revenge, he has whispered in the ear of the king stories of calumny against them and their kindred, and provoked the king to give to the sword these two unoffending people, and all their kindred to the remotest ties of blood. Their possessions become the spoils of the murderous minister, who is himself a traitor and but waits a favorable occasion to assassinate the king and mount his throne. Thus will this unhappy king become the dupe of a monster, and cut off those who love him, but to open the way to his own destruction."

"This is indeed a shocking story, if true," replied Artaxerxes—"but who does report say this simple king is?"

"Then know," continued Esther, "that you are that king—myself am the woman spoken of, whom the ring you gave me saved from the violence of the wicked libertine—old Mordecai who sits at your gate is my foster-father, and both of us being Jews, are doomed by your decree, together with all our kindred and people, to one indiscriminate slaughter on the thirteenth of the month, Adar. Haman is the wicked minister, who has deceived you."

With astonishment and indignation, the king turned his eyes fiercely upon Haman, who sat pale and speechless, with his head drooping upon his bosom. The dreadful truth that Esther was indeed the Jewess he had formerly known, overwhelmed and confounded him with the superstitious horror of her supernatural powers. His tongue refused to speak and his mind to suggest a word in his defence. The king, in a paroxysm of contending passions, rose hastily from his seat and throwing open the door stepped out into the garden to cool his burning and throbbing brow. It was a terrible stroke to him to be thus deceived and abused by the man whom he had loved and trusted as the soul of sincerity and honor and had raised to a dignity nearly equal to his own.

"Unhappy state of kings," he exclaimed striking his brow as he walked to and fro, "to be excluded by dark intrigues and hollow professions from the light of truth and know of none in whom to confide! Favor begets ambition, and ambition ingratitude. Within the purlieus of the palace, candor has no nook or cranny in which to dwell. The courtier's mien, his gesture and his words are artificial things. No ray of honest truth glimmers through the cloak of heartless duplicity that covers them. Whom shall we trust when all prove false! There is one whose life is all beautiful truthfulness and sincerity, but a woman. And did the base hypocrite dare to dream of sullying her purity! The thought sets my soul on fire."

While the king was thus tossed by the tumult of his feelings, Esther withdrew to the extremity of the chamber and reclined upon a couch to compose her agitated mind, when Haman at length, starting from his terrible stupefaction, as a gleam of hope rose in his mind, drew up to the couch and stretching out his arms towards her as he knelt down supplicated her in the most impassioned language to save him from the wrath of the king.

"Unhappy man," replied Esther, "that God whom you have so often blasphemed knows your iniquity to be now full and will do by you according to his righteous judgement."

"Great princess and queen of the word," resumed Haman, "your God has given you the power to control the will of men. O turn away the wrath of the king and your repentant slave will"—

Here Haman's address was broken off by the sudden entrance of the king, who seeing Haman

extending his arms towards Esther, and mistaking his purpose, asked in a voice of furious haste:

"What! Has he offered violence to our queen?"

"Pardon—O pardon, gracious king," sobbed the prostrate wretch—I but besought the queen to beg my life of you."

"Thy life! thou monster of guile and blood! A thousand lives like thine would not atone for half thy guilt. How many thousands would your black revenge have put to slaughter among the Jews, not even excepting our queen, whose nation was unknown to me, in the decree your artful malice and false accusations procured to be published! Old Mordecai, too, our faithful benefactor, whose origin had escaped our memory, you would have given up to slaughter. And dare you now, stripped of your disguise and standing forth the hideous monster you are, speak of pardon! Away with him to execution."

"Behold, great king," said one of the chamberlains, "there stands a gallows fifty cubits high, reared by this Haman to hang old Mordecai this very day."

"Your information comes in well," replied the king; then turning to the guard he continued, "take him to that gallows and hang him on his own machine. This is but retributive justice."

In the selfsame hour the guilty Haman hung a lifeless corpse upon that instrument of death raised by his orders for Mordecai the Jew. Thus ended a criminal wretch, whose life grew more and more miserable the higher he rose in favor and honors. When he had left the palace for the place of execution, Artaxerxes said to Esther, "As an act of justice, I give you the house and wealth of Haman, who offered you outrage, to dispose of in any manner you may choose."

Esther accepted the present and bestowed it upon Mordecai, who now held undisputed possession of the gorgeous palace and untold wealth of his haughty and implacable enemy. Zeresh shed no tear for the death of her husband, though it afflicted her with the deepest anguish. Her grief was stern and unbending, mingled with the bitterness of hatred and an immitigable thirst for revenge. When commanded to leave her palace and seek another home, she drew herself up to her greatest height, and casting a look of scorn and defiance upon the officer who delivered the mandate, exclaimed, "Thou contemptible slave! that yesterday would have bent the knee before me with trembling humility, but to-day, when the caprice of an ungrateful tyrant has stunned but not subdued my power, can, with the meanness of soul peculiar to the vile and base spirited craven, withhold the respect due to the person of an injured lady, even when her political dignities are stripped away, tell, I command you, into whose hands this dwelling and these trifling appendages of greatness shall fall? It matters but little who may strut the master in these halls; for as they can detract nothing from true greatness by their loss, neither can they add to it by their acquisition. No!" continued she, placing her hand upon her heart, "greatness lies here, superior to all the world in arms against it. So speak out, you will not move me."

How little do mortals know themselves, and how feeble all the boasts of self-command! The minister, stung by the insolence of her reproaches, replied with scorn scarcely inferior to her own:

"An humble Jewess, whom your black and vindictive jealousy would have mutilated and afterwards tortured to death, because *that* Haman, who now hangs from an elevation he never coveted with all his ambition, had cast an eye of evil concupiscence upon her—even that Hadassah, or Esther as she is now called, is the queen of Persia, and endowed by the king with all your possessions. Are you answered now?"

Zeresh had listened with increasing intensity of feeling as the maddening truth was unfolded to her, and at the conclusion, so astounding to her haughty spirit, could no longer sustain the terrible conflict of her overwrought passions, but fell upon the floor in horrid convulsions. View her as she lies, bereft of reason, the miserable slave of ungoverned impulses, that impart their tortures from the mind to the writhing and distorted muscles of the body. Such is the reward that vice ever pays to her votaries. Her children entered and bore her away.

—

THE CONCLUSION.

Artaxerxes, in the tumult of feelings and the hurry of business, remembered not to revoke the bloody decree against the Jews, which notwithstanding the death of Haman, remained yet in full force and clothed in all its terrors. Esther therefore having this fact explained to her by the vigilent Mordecai, was constrained to appear unbidden a second time a suppliant before the king. As she approached the throne, the king with a smile extended his sceptre and attempted to raise her to a seat by his side, but she knelt at his feet dissolved in tears.

"Why, my own loved and beautiful queen," he exclaimed, "what new source of sorrow is this? Is there one being upon earth, who after the fate of Haman, would dare molest you? Speak—why do you weep, and what would you have me grant?" continued he, raising her by force and seating her by his side.

"Then, O king," she eagerly replied, "spare my people, the Jews, and annul the decree that gives them to destruction on the 13th of the month Adar. The wretched Haman has indeed gone to his place, but his acts live after him."

"And has it not been done already?" he asked with surprise. "Ah, my mind has been a chaos

since that horrid night. Call hither Mordecai the Jew," he commanded.

As the old man approached the throne, the king drew the ring from his finger, which he had before entrusted to Haman, and handed it to him, saying as he did so, "Take it, you will make a better use of it than he that so lately abused the power it conferred. Its seal gives by its impress kingly authority. Use it to annul the unjust decree against the Jews and substitute in its place any other edict that may suit the occasion. Sure I am that justice will be meted to all."

He then commanded his chamberlains to bring forth a suit of his own apparel, glittering with the richness of its colors and the many brilliant diamonds with which it was covered, and ordered Mordecai to be clothed with it, and a crown of gold to be placed on his head. Mordecai smiled at this last act of the royal munificence and begged the privilege of declining it, declaring he had neither ambition nor taste for such display. The king motioned all his other attendants to fall back, and in a low voice said to Mordecai, "Appearances are every thing in the vulgar eye. If you would impress them with the power delegated, you must also take along the accustomed trappings of authority. Without them they will despise you."

Accordingly Mordecai was indued in the vestments of royalty, and walked forth the perfect representation of a king. Mordecai wrote letters to the Jews in every part of the empire exhorting them to gather themselves into strong bodies and to repel whatever attacks might be made on them on the thirteenth of the month Adar. This order was given to save the king the mortification of violating, in his person, the customs and usages of the Persian kings, (whose laws and published edicts were considered irrevocable and unalterable,) and to prevent the weakening of that impression so long grounded in the public mind. The Jews being informed that this privilege had been granted them by the king prepared for the occasion, and observing the forms and compact order of men drawn out for battle, and holding in their hands the arms used in war, they, with the least conceivable difficulty, put to flight the irregular and disorderly crowds that came to attack them. Wherever molested on that day and however surpassed by numbers, they infused a panic among their enemies and old oppressors, and ended the engagement with a perfect slaughter. The sons of Haman were taken and hung upon the gallows they had reared for Mordecai the Jew; and Zeresh, their mother, died a maniac—the victim of ungoverned passions. Thus ended this famous conspiracy against the Jews. Vast numbers of the Persians acknowledged the supremacy of the God of Jacob and joined the Jews in paying their adorations at his altars. Through the intercessions of Esther, the king removed all the legal disabilities of the Jews and secured to them all the privileges and immunities granted to the native Persians. Old Mordecai increased in honor and the confidence of his sovereign as he advanced in age; and Esther ever possessed the undivided love and affection of her husband and king, thus affording in themselves an example of the happy estate to which unyielding virtue, guided by steadfast and unwavering piety, may elevate the poorest and humblest mortals.

---

## SABBATH MORNING IN SUMMER.

Come, let us list to the Sabbath bell,
As its first sweet notes on the breezes swell.
They waken an echo in ev'ry breast,
For they speak of the blessed day of rest.

Come, let us gaze on the prospect fair,
There is beauty abroad in the dewy air;
There is fresh life springing in wood and dale,
And its spirit stirs in the summer gale.

Come, let us muse where the waters play,
And the sunbeams dance on the silv'ry spray;
Where the green leaves quiver in light and shade,
And the fresh breeze springs from the flow'ry glade.

Come, ere the bell's last chime is heard,
And the spirit of love in our hearts is stirr'd;
Let us join in the worship of earth's mute things,
Ere we bow at the throne of the King of kings.

List to the low, sweet tones that rise
From the teeming earth to the sun-bright skies—
'Tis the insect choir as they soar and sing
Their hymn of praise to the heavenly King.

Each lowly flow'r in its green retreat
Sheds from its bosom an incense sweet;
All Nature joins in homage free
To the omnipresent Deity.

Then let us list to the Sabbath bell!
As its full, sweet tones on the breezes swell.
They waken an echo in ev'ry breast,
For they tell of the holy day of rest!

## ON PUBLIC EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA.

The interest that a few months ago seemed to be awakened on the subject of education, appears again to be dying away and losing itself amidst the din of party politics and military movements. This interest seems never to have been a very general feeling, but rather one that was fanned into existence by a set of philanthropists, who hoped by their own unwonted exertions on the subject to arouse the people to a sense of their wants. But these efforts I fear have failed to effect any important change in Virginia in our system of public education.

It seems nearly impossible amongst us to produce any thing like unity of action, unless we can bring party spirit to act on the subject. The habit of thinking and acting individually is one of the strongest traits of our national character, and is, in my opinion, notwithstanding its inconveniences, one of its best elements, and one that has no doubt been increased by our having no national system of education; furnishing in this another instance of that beneficent order of Providence, which causes incidental good to flow from almost, if not all evil. The kind of national conformity which I would avoid, appears to spring from faults in certain systems of education, which in forming new ones should serve as beacons to warn us.

The first thing to be determined on this subject is what we mean by education, and what purpose we intend to effect by the system we would introduce. What is usually meant by the term education, is the process of cramming the human mind with the greatest number of facts of which it will be a recipient; and particularly that class of facts which is most likely to aid in pecuniary acquisition, or, (as it is called,) making your way in the world. And the means to effect this purpose are generally thought good in proportion to their economy, both in time and money, or in other words, the object is to reduce the matter as much as possible to a process of mental packing, which will answer the double purpose of furnishing the packer with a number of small offices, and the packed with well put up parcels of knowledge, which will serve him for the common business of life.

If this is the true theory of education, then in this age and land of improvement, the matter has been nearly reduced to perfection. To convince ourselves of this fact, we have only to examine our present system of school books, and we shall be struck with admiration to see how wonderfully they are adapted to combine knowledge with the smallest possible degree of intellectual improvement.

This system is as exterior to the mind, as clothes are to the body, though we admit to a certain degree equally necessary. Yet what should we think of a parent whose whole mind was engrossed in procuring the best tailor for his son, while that son's body was perishing for want of proper nourishment. What contrast can be more painful than this outward garniture of learning with the inward decay of soul? Yet it is a truth, that we must acknowledge, while we deplore, that this outward garniture of learning, as of dress, is more valued by the sordid every-day world, than all perfections of mind and body combined. We acknowledge this to be the present state of things, but is it always to endure? After the great and progressive improvement of mankind through all ages, are we now to be stationary? Is the spirit of man, that was born for immortality, to be chained down to serve only as some great motive principle in the mechanism of life?

No, education in its highest sense has far nobler aims, it is to instruct man in his birthright; to make him feel that he is born into an eternity of happiness, if he will only use the means that are prepared to educate him for this eternity; that as yet he is but on the very threshold of existence—an existence ever unfolding new sources of knowledge and happiness, and whose very evils are so interwoven with good, that they serve but as shadows to obscure, for a moment, as they pass, the effulgence of that light, that would be too strong for the infancy of our being. But shadows as they are, we shall be lost in their darkness unless we are taught to believe in the light they conceal, and undismayed to press through them to its source. It is this faith, this hope, that makes one man to differ from another; for without it, after the first novelty of life, the first stimulus of animal existence has past, life becomes to all a constantly diminishing pleasure. When we have no object in life but what is limited to its present transitory duration, and no idea of self-culture beyond what will fit us for its daily routine, how can it be but that our interest in it will daily diminish? We fling up, one after another, all our various pursuits, to which in the beginning of life we had attached so much importance, and find our intellectual being, which in its uses has been severed from our spiritual one, dwarfing again to the proportions of childhood. We no longer act from the sources of inward life, but from the habits that have been rivetted on the outward man, and without an object or aim beyond the petty ones of a day, we cease to look for happiness, and find our only peace in supinely yielding to the law of necessity, and suffering ourselves to be borne on the current of events like the beasts that perish.

The great object of public education then is not merely to communicate knowledge to mankind without reference to individual culture, but to quicken the germ of life that is in the heart of every human

being. The education that we want, is one that will rather make a man feel his powers than count his knowledge; that will show him that all he learns and does has reference to an eternal life, and is to qualify him to fulfil a part in the great work of creation; in truth, he is already born into eternity, his bark is launched upon this mighty ocean.

Our Saviour has said, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work," and it is in this great work, that we are called upon to join, not as the springs in a machine, but as intelligent agents; not as the slaves of necessity, but as the children of God, learning to know and love him, by each in our little sphere imitating Him, thus going on to a perfection, that will extend before us forever and ever. This, then, is the ultimate end of education, but what means have been used for its attainment? It has been stated as an alarming fact, that the increase of crime has not diminished with the increase of education; but this should excite less alarm when we reflect what that education has been. Its object has been not to bring the man out of the child, but simply to supply the intellect with knowledge, without reference to the adaptation of that knowledge to form the character.

In those countries where the best systems of education prevail, the only object has been to make a certain amount of knowledge accessible to all classes, and this certainly is a great object, and calculated to have a beneficial effect on the human character; but still it is not the whole of education, nor can it ever produce the results that have been expected from it. How many children are there who can answer thousands of questions on the common routine of geography, history, &c., whose minds have never assimilated one particle of knowledge to feed their perishing souls! Yet what would be thought of an agriculturist, who should heap all kinds of improvement on the soil, without considering if it were in a state to be assimilated by the plants he would cultivate.

The first education that has been provided for man is at home; it is through his affections that light enters his soul, by these he is taught to love and rejoice in the love of others; to be happy and to hope by his own exertions for a continuance of that happiness; and wo to that child who is deprived of this first development of the soul, and alas! how many are in this case. Parents are the proper guides of childhood, and if they make a right use of this season, all after education, (however imperfect.) falls on prepared ground, the child will by its own efforts overcome a thousand difficulties, and will have in all that he does and learns an end, an object, harmonizing his whole life.

Yet even in the upper ranks of life, we find parents on this subject careless and indifferent, wanting their children educated without taking the trouble to think what they themselves mean by education; but believing it to be a commodity, that can be purchased, if they can only raise money enough for the purchase; and to do this, it is impossible they can have time themselves to bestow on their children. How many are lost body and soul for want of this first, best care, and how many parents sacrifice themselves to purchase what money can never buy! What must be the result of these false views of education, views that make it consist in knowledge only, and that too of the meagrest kind, a dry accumulation of words and facts that have no particular reference to the needs of our being.

To enlighten all classes most effectually, we should begin with the upper ones first. Light should be set on high places that it may dispel the darkness that surrounds us, and a few men truly and thoroughly educated, would shed more light around them and awaken a desire of improvement in a greater number, than in any other single way in which we could attempt to diffuse it.

In any system of National Education, if the funds are insufficient for its support, both in primary and high schools, it seems to me evident, that its object would be best promoted by making the high schools as perfect as possible in their kind; for those educated in such schools will, on their return, be centres of light to all around. We shall never succeed in dispelling our darkness if we begin with faultering lights, but go groping about together, without one being able to direct another, until all light is extinguished.

There are many things in which the attempt to introduce the principle of equality must end in the complete deterioration of all the parties concerned. God made the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night, and this principle of inequality was through the whole order of Creation, and all attempts of man to subvert it, must end, as they always have done, in the manifest injury of all parties. Let us provide means to enable every man to put his talent out at interest; but let us not insist that the man who has ten shall have no means provided but for one, thus depriving all mankind of the value of the other nine. The feeling that has manifested itself in our own State towards its University, has savored but too much of this disgraceful feeling of vulgar ignorance. But I can imagine no reason why in a State like Virginia, we cannot raise funds both for primary and high schools, and why this subject should split us into parties, when its objects seem to harmonize so perfectly. It is not wonderful that many should despair of effecting any good by primary schools, as they have heretofore been conducted, for the amount of good produced has been so small that it requires close observation to discover it.

Many causes have contributed to prevent our schools from doing much good, but the chief cause has been the kind of teachers to which they have been intrusted. Heretofore there has been noth-

ing done beyond herding the children together, in some miserable cabin, hardly sufficient to keep the weather out, to be taught by some man who has formed no idea of education, beyond the simple acts of reading and writing, and even with these he is but imperfectly acquainted. He is provided with no books that could awaken a child's mind, or enlighten it if awakened; the few that can be procured by their parents are conned over until the mind is perfectly wearied and disgusted, yet the parents are satisfied because their children are out of their way, and because they believe it to be a good thing to send them to school, and the teachers are satisfied, because their qualifications are so low, that even their miserable pittance is beyond what they could make in any other way.

If we would have a good system of public education, our first attention must be turned to providing teachers, and to do this, we must have salaries for them equal to what would support them respectably in the station they should occupy. Instead of providing, as has hitherto been done, money for sending such a number of scholars, it would be better to furnish in every school district a salary for a teacher; who for this salary is to teach all the children whose parents are unable to pay the school fee, but if such parents should be able to pay a part of such fees, and not the whole, that part should be added to the teacher's salary, together with the whole fees of such parents as are able to send their children to school from their own property. The salary given by the government should be the same without reference to the number of children sent, thus securing in all cases competition for the office of teacher, and increasing this competition in proportion as parents are themselves willing to add to this salary. We should not allow parents to send who are able to pay, but not willing to do so, but of this class, I think, few or none would be found, for where good teachers are provided at their door, and the great majority of children around them taught, the parent must be degraded indeed that would make their own an exception; but if there should be any such parents, the children themselves would become so restless in a state of ignorance, that they would be stimulated to make every effort for their own education, efforts that must surely succeed when learning becomes generally diffused.

But when we have provided suitable salaries for teachers, the next thing would be to provide proper persons to receive them, and the first step to effect this would be to allow no man to teach in the public schools without a license from the school commissioner, who should be appointed to overlook these schools, and they should have no power to give such licenses, unless the teachers could show a certificate from the heads of the college or university where he has been educated, and this certificate should be not only as to his literary attainments, but as to his moral character; and this supervision over teachers might certainly be exercised by the government that furnishes their salaries.

And in order to secure an educated class to furnish teachers for these teacherships, might not the state endow our university with an additional number of scholarships, to be filled by candidates for the office of teacher, and these scholarships to be given as rewards to the best scholars educated at the primary schools, confining this privilege to such children as have parents unable to send them to the university?

In singling out this institution and concentrating our efforts, we should be enabled to make it what it ought to be, the centre of light for the whole State, and at the same time, we should, in some degree, make it accessible for all classes. The teacherships should be accessible to all who could procure a license, but the scholarships would furnish us with a certain supply, educated in our own State, to fill them.

When means have been provided for procuring proper teachers, the next step should be to provide suitable books, for it is in vain to attempt to teach a child when they are debarred the use of books, except such as they use in conning their daily tasks. Many parents are able to send their children to school who are unable to furnish them with books to stimulate them to that self-education without which all other is vain.

Each school district should be provided with a small circulating library, to be placed under the care of the teacher and to be used for his scholars as sunday school libraries are, by lending them out as rewards for good conduct, and also to assist him in purposes of instruction.

Books are after all the true teachers, and teachers but the guides to lead us to explore these treasures. Provide a child with books and give him a taste for them and we have done nearly all that can be done for his education, for in these are invested all the capital of the world's wisdom, and in these, too, an enlightened eye may discover in all times and countries that spiritual light which leads us back to its source.

In books we find instruction and refreshment for every stage of our lives, a resource against weariness and the thousand vexations of life; knowledge to guide us in whatever path of life we may choose, and wisdom to apply all knowledge to the enlargement and elevation of our being. Can we be willing then to exclude any portion of our fellow creatures from the great world's treasure?

Some will say in this matter of education, as in all other things, we must let the supply wait upon the demand, and let each man be trusted to himself to obtain what he wants, or otherwise to suffer the privation.

But a little reflection will suffice to show us, that the gratuitous means of education is an exception

to this general rule, and is a supply which must precede that demand which it will certainly create.

For whom do we provide the supply? for children, a class unacquainted with their own wants, and unable to make any demand, and children in intellect they must remain if we suffer them to grow up in ignorance. And when they become parents themselves, how can we expect them to seek for *their* children an education of which they know neither the nature nor value?

In such a state of things ignorance must be perpetuated, unless such as are enlightened and know the value of learning step forward to provide means of obtaining it for those helpless children whose parents are unwilling or enable to do so themselves.

But these means being provided, and the present generation educated, we should find the necessity for gratuitous education daily diminish, and parents who had been themselves educated, willing to use every means to procure the same advantage for their children.

It is not for us to visit the sins of the fathers on the children, but to prevent them, if we can, from the fatal consequences and place them on the vantage ground of christian education. Has not God himself interposed to rescue us, and placed us on higher ground than that from which our first parents fell!

It is for our legislators to provide means for carrying out some system of public education, and in doing so they may make liberal appropriations without feeling their usual cowardly fear of popularity. There is a spirit abroad among the people that will make them come heart and hand to the work, if they can only be shown that it is done well and wisely.

There is still in old Virginia a great deal of virgin ore, the vein is not exhausted.

Though our performances are feeble, our aspirations are high, we worship whatever is noble and generous, but our conceptions of these qualities are dimmed and perverted. We are determined they shall be our own, and appropriate them by empty boasting rather than by enlightened and persevering efforts to attain them. And yet, with all our boasting, we want faith in ourselves, a faith that may be united with humility. In all our public efforts, after one or two unsuccessful attempts, we despair of success, and feel a secret disposition to disparage whatever is Virginian, a disposition which is shown particularly towards our native literature.

This very want of self-confidence makes us imperfect in all we undertake, and without attempting to improve this imperfection, we cover it with empty boasts.

We do not study our own national character, nor the state of things peculiar to ourselves, but are contented, when we do introduce an improvement, to copy it from our northern neighbors, of whom, in our hearts, we think a great deal more highly than we are willing to allow, from the very fact, that they possess the qualities in which we are most deficient.

This influence is daily increasing amongst us, and must continue to do so, while our education is so entirely entrusted to their hands; most of our teachers and all of our elementary books are taken from them, and whilst our politicians are guarding against their national preponderance, all parties conspire to promote their moral and intellectual action on our people. They are indeed remodelling the Old Dominion, and though I am willing to confess we may learn much to advantage from our Northern brethren, I would not be willing that either our morals, or taste, or even our religion, should be entirely under their guidance; the first step to prevent this would be to have their school books admitted with more caution, and not subject our children so completely to their influence from the very dawning of reason.

The libraries with which I propose that each school district should be supplied, should be uniform, and this selection committed to a committee of competent men; by competent men I mean men of liberal education and capable of taking an enlarged view of the whole subject of education, and not mere teachers, whose minds have been cramped by a constant school routine, such, as it exists in our country.

But after all that can be done to organize plans of public education, they can only be beneficial to a very limited extent, unless we can excite public spirit enough in the minds of our enlightened citizens to put their laws into execution.

If we could, in each neighborhood, find a few individuals only interested in such schools as may be instituted, we might hope every thing, even from a plan indifferent in itself; for if there were any class of intelligent men interested in discovering where the system worked badly, we might, by repeated efforts, improve and perfect it. But in Virginia we seem to be paralysed on this subject, and our patriotism would rather lead us to run to Mexico and die there of vomito, than to attend a few days, out of the three hundred and sixty-five, to the supervision of a school. We may easily find amongst us heads to devise excellent plans of public improvement, but where shall we find hearts to execute them,—this is the rock upon which we split.

I was much pleased to see the part the Presbyterian Church is disposed to take in this great work, and wonder that the ministry of other Protestant churches have not been more alive to its importance, in this they might learn much wisdom from the Roman Catholic priesthood; the great part they have had in the education of their church, is no doubt the chief source of their unbounded influence, an influence which, though badly used, has been nobly earned.

If our ministers could be awakened to the importance of this subject, and unite it as it should

be to the duties of their ministry, we might, perhaps, by associating them with our school commissioners, secure some officers more interested on the subject than those we have hitherto had.

The few hints that have here been imperfectly thrown out might possibly be worked into our next school system; the present one seems to avail little, or nothing, and I cannot but believe that our next Legislature will return with fresh vigor to the work.

---

## APRIL MORNING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

Heard ye young Zephyr's cry
Early this morn?
There doth the plund'rer lie
Pierced by a thorn!

Often he conquereth,
Seldom is ta'en,
While by his treach'rous breath
Sweet flow'rs are slain.

Young Rose was reaching
Her flowerhood sweet;
Prudence was teaching
A lesson most meet.
"Go not abroad
While the frost-gem is seen,
Veil thy frail charms
In thy mantle of green;
List not when Zephyr breathes soft in thine ear,
But turn from his whisper, for danger is near."

Sweet Rose most meekly
This counsel received;
She knew that her race
Had been often deceived;
She veiled her young charms
From the spoiler's rude breath;
And oped not her bosom
To shield him from death.
Yet she wept o'er her lover, who, pierced by a thorn,
Met his doom in her bower, that chill April morn.

## "THE SPEEDWELL,"*

A FLOWER FROM THE VOLUME CALLED

"BOUQUET FOR THE FRIENDS OF NATURE."

Count Weymuth, the possessor of a beautiful summer retreat called the Oaks, had, according to old custom, retired for a short time from his city residence, to celebrate the birth-day of his wife by a brilliant fête, to which were invited all the neighboring nobility, his numerous friends and relatives from the city and surrounding country, and the most distinguished officers of the regiment, over which he held the rank of General.

The birth-day of the Countess fell on the 27th of May, and about mid-day the bell of the village church was heard ringing a merry peal as one equipage after another rolled through the wide courtyard up to the castle portal, where the mistress of the mansion cordially welcomed her guests. Soon they assembled in the drawing-room, and in the intervals of conversation, the Countess amused them by a display of the various fancy works of her two nieces, and the beautiful birth-day gifts just received from her husband, while the General invited his friends to a turn out of doors, where his splendid horse, his pack of hounds, so numerous as almost to exhaust every mythological name, and the noble bull, which he had purchased for a hundred gold pieces, were all in turn admired. Scarcely had the gentlemen returned to the house, when the welcome sound of the dinner-bell was heard, and with lively animation they hastened up stairs to conduct the ladies into the dining hall, where, surrounded by numerous liveried servants, was seen a glittering table, which from its abundance and elegance revealed the wealth and taste of the noble proprietors. As the General led his partner to the head of the board, the musical clock commenced the overture to "Figaro's marriage," forming a pleasant accompaniment to the conversation, and while nothing was wanting to the culinary perfection of the feast, the beautiful season of Spring had clothed outward nature in her loveliest charms, and the landscape, as seen through the open folding-doors, was rife with loveliness. The air, that perfumed courtier, played gently with the young foliage of the trees, or peeped into the balmy cup of the numerous flowers; the birds glanced high in the blue vault of heaven with loud exalting notes, or were seen bearing little particles for their nests to the roof of the barn, or the windows of the garden-house; insects sported in the warm sunshine; the industrious bee carried on her labors amid the aroma of the orange groves, and in the dewy shrubbery which surrounded the reservoir the nightingale might be heard breathing a love-song, which might have put to shame Mozart's most splendid efforts.

Scarcely had the glowing Burgundy and the sparkling Champagne begun to circulate freely among the male part of the company when the party rose from the table, and after partaking of the refreshment of coffee, it was unanimously agreed that they should adjourn to the garden, which, glowing in the light of a beautiful May evening, might well induce them to linger amid its beautiful confines, where were revealed alike the beautiful provisions of a good Providence and the taste and refinement of the wealthy occupants. After roaming for some time along the perfumed orange alley, whose rare exotics were the pride of the experienced gardener, the elder portion, wearied with exercise, took their seats in the summer-house, which stood in the midst of a green lawn overshadowed by apple trees in full blossom and where card-tables were arranged; while the younger continued to ramble along the winding paths, seeming fully to enjoy the exquisite scene.

It was indeed a beautiful season! The glorious orb of day became yet larger and more fiery as he sank behind the distant mountain-summits; a rich, crimson glow rested on the green tree tops; a sheet of burnished gold overspread the clear mirror of the reservoir, and as the various groups of young people, tired of rambling, met in the leafy covert, the clear notes of a feathered Catalini broke with such sudden enchantment upon the ear, that all stopped to listen. Just then Bianca, the General's niece, stooped to the ground, plucked a small blue flower which grew at her feet, and looking towards the group with an expression of satire and severity in her large black eyes, enquired the name of the blossom.

"It is called 'Speedwell,'" (*Ehrenpreis,*) answered a young officer, (Captain Hallen,) as he examined the flower in Bianca's hand.

"Say rather man's-faith," rejoined the Countess with a bitter smile, "for see! is it not a fit emblem." As she spoke she breathed on the delicate field-blossom so rudely, that the leaves around its chalice flew off and fell against her companion's decorated breast.

Captain Hallen, who was an amiable young man, and a particular favorite of the General's, became suddenly pale as he marked the maiden's taunt; a shade of deep sorrow flitted over his manly features, as though some painful thought had been awakened in his bosom; his dark eyes flashed with feeling, and he threw a glance on Bianca, in which self-respect, pity, resignation and the sense of wounded honor were all together expressed.

Just at this moment of perplexity, a young lady of the company murmured, as if unconsciously, this last line from the song "Hector's Farewell:"

"True love never drinks of Lethe."

A Lieutenant, who wore on his finger the engagement ring, heard the half-uttered words, and raising her hand respectfully to his lips, exclaimed, "Heaven reward you, fair lady, with a true and faithful heart, for your panegyric on love: but alas! I fear that Nemesis will punish your beautiful cousin for her severity in comparing man's good faith with yonder short-lived flower."

Hallen's glance, and the dark threat conveyed in the Lieutenant's playful words, sent a chill stream through the hot veins of the jealous Bianca, and she was about to return him a spirited answer, when one of the ladies of the party exclaimed, "Surely we should have some music this evening; come! Captain Hallen, you must add to the enchantment of this twilight scene. The Countess owns a fine guitar, and you must not refuse us 'Hector's Farewell;' when a few minutes ago the last line was repeated, it recalled to my mind how delighted we all were when you sung it at the Counsellor's." The little party, with the exception of two persons, eagerly joined in the request, for Hallen was an excellent tenorist, and excelled both on the flute and guitar. With a low bow of acknowledgment, he expressed the pleasure which a compliance afforded him, and then as if anxious for a moment's absence, he himself hastened to bring the instrument. On his return, he found the party seated on the green turf bank which surrounded a large lime tree, beneath which it was agreed he should take his place as performer. Ere Hallen accepted this seat of honor, he stepped up to the young lady who had so unconsciously declared the worth of true love, and modestly pleaded that she would take the part of Andromache.

A blush of modest shame suffused her fair face as she bowed a silent assent, and as the full and melodious prelude changed into the simple accompaniment, her silvery voice rose clear and unbroken, save in the slight tremor of accent, which imparted double pathos to the words of the song running as follows:

"Ah! my Hector, wherefore art thou turning
To you plain, where stands Achilles, burning
To avenge Patroclus' fearful death;
Who will teach thy children arms to measure,
Who instruct them in the God's high pleasure,
When dread Orcus claims thy failing breath?"

As the Captain stood behind her, clad in his splendid uniform, which reflected at countless points the rays of the setting sun, and with an expression of more than usual seriousness resting on his pale, but manly features, one might almost have imagined him the Grecian hero himself, and when his voice rose in this answering stanza, the soft and pliant tenor now expressed the tenderness, and now the bold and heroic confidence of the ancient warrior.

"Dearest wife! repress thy tearful sadness,
To the battle-field I haste with gladness
For the sake of our beloved Troy:

What though in the sacred cause I perish,
Fame's loud trump shall still my honor cherish
When o'er Styx I sail with dark convoy."

An audible sigh stole on the silence, as in clear, flute notes, in which deep feeling was visible, the sopranist now chanted in reply:

"Never more thy clanging arms shall waken
Thoughts of pride within this heart forsaken;
Priam's hero-race will soon pass by;
Thou art hast'ning where no sunshine flashes,
Where Cocytus, through the wild waste dashes,—
Ah! thy true love must in Lethe die."

The expression of sadness, which ran through the modulations of this beautiful song, stole deep into the hearts of the entranced audience; and as the evening wind rustled through the damp foliage of the lime trees, one might have almost imagined Hector's vow repeated by the neighboring Dryads, as the Captain gave utterance to this concluding verse:

"All my plans of high heroic daring;
Every hope is full of noble bearing;
All save love lies on oblivion's brink!
Hark, the foeman is already near me,
Gird them on, my sword, dear wife! and cheer thee,
My true love will ne'er of Lethe drink."

Gentle reader, it seems to us that lovers alone should sing, because they only can give full expression to that high and creative feeling, which exists in song: To those, however, who would make a secret of their attachment, we would advise never to venture on this open expression of tenderness, for though, with watchful prudence, they may succeed in guarding the glances of the eye, and made choice of formal and precise phrases, yet the voice of song is the accent of the heart itself, it is the child of love, and will surely betray its true origin.

As the music ceased, it seemed to the little party who had collected around the principal performers, that the young Countess Andromache, or rather to give her her proper name, Camilla Modesta, (for the songstress was the poor, but beautiful niece of the lady of the mansion, and an orphan,) had so completely entered into the spirit of the piece, as to chant her part, not as Hector's partner, but as Hallen's beloved wife; and the Captain, too, might be accused of sharing in the illusion, if one might judge from the tender glance of interest with which he gazed on her lovely features, as a tear stole from the drooping eyelids which overshadowed for a moment her melting azure orbs.

In the midst of the loud expressions of delight, which broke from the party as the song concluded, Bianca suddenly arose, and in agitated tones, besought the party to excuse her absence, as she was suffering severely from a rheumatic tooth ache, which made her fearful of remaining in the open air of twilight. But as the richest heiress in the county, and one whose beauty won admiration from every circle, Bianca's least wish was the universal law, and scarcely had she uttered her complaint, when the whole party resolved to accompany her to the house, with the exception of Hallen and that officer who had playfully sought to revenge the bitterness which she had shown his Captain in the trifling affair of the flower. As the sympathizing group turned from the spot, the notes of the guitar, made by distance doubly sweet, rang out as an accompaniment to Goethe's "Evening Song of the Hunter," and awoke in the heart of the young Camilla the thought that the pleasantest day of her life had almost passed by.

The card-tables were now deserted by the elder members of the company, and after partaking of refreshments, handed by the servants, the various groups bade farewell to their noble host and hostess, and while some took possession of carriages, others mounted their impatient steeds, and soon the whole party disappeared through the moonlight avenue.

The Surveyor Weymuth, a younger brother of the General's, invited Hallen to take a seat in his commodious carriage, which was occupied by only himself and his daughter Bianca; but with thanks for his politeness, the Captain declined the invitation, saying that he had promised his host to remain at the Oaks through that night and the following day.

Bianca's beautiful teeth really seemed to deny the truth of her accusation against them, they were so white, brilliant, and perfect in appearance; but we will allow our readers to judge whether her heart, or her teeth, were to blame for the sudden expression of anguish, which, on hearing the young man's excuse, overshadowed her fair face, and caused her to bite her ruby lip till it was completely indented. Hastily springing into the carriage, she prayed her father to preserve utter silence, since the pain rendered all conversation insupportable, and then sinking into the downy cushions, she closed her eyes on the moonlit landscape, while her companion ready to yield to her every wish, gave himself up to dreamy reflection. The deep stillness, however, failed to work a cure in the maiden's wounded spirit, for as they rolled rapidly onward, she vexed herself with imagining the gaiety of the little circle who still remained at her uncle's; she suspected the artlessness of the young Camilla was only the effect of the deepest art, and tortured herself with determining that by her near vicinity to Hallen she would certainly succeed in winning his heart. Again when she remembered how this day had blasted her fondest hopes, she felt as if she could not escape quickly enough from the scene of her mortification; for what to her was all the beauty of the feast, and the attentions of the company, when she saw herself supplanted in the affections of one whom she had believed her

admirer, and by such a rival too, for plainly dressed and wearing no ornaments, Camilla seemed to have attracted the entire notice of the handsome officer. She was provoked with herself also for having yielded to the severe taunt conveyed in her comparison of man's faith with a fragile flower; which bitter speech had not only revealed the true state of her feelings, but had also called forth the song in which Camilla had so touchingly and naturally taken a part, and aware as she was of the usual unsusceptibility of Hallen's feelings towards feminine charms, she felt it a point of honor to prevent the escape of the only man whom she could truly love.

During the ride from the Oaks to her city home, the unhappy Bianca yielded to a thousand contending determinations. At one moment she resolved to punish Hallen by the most cold and frigid indifference; at the next, it seemed as if she could forget and forgive all that had passed, if she could but once more recover his esteem. Now her maidenly honor demanded that she should carelessly relinquish him: again it seemed sinning against love and reason quietly to yield up the attachment of one so far superior to his fellows; and thus was her weak heart wounded and oppressed by con flicting emotions. Poor Bianca! one upward glance at the stars, as they moved in solemn grandeur in their eternal orbits, might have soothed her vexed soul with the thought, that man proposes, but God disposes.

* * * *

By both of his marriages with wealthy heiresses General Weymuth had succeeded in repairing the almost broken fortunes of his family; but alas! Providence had only seemed to lend to his happiness the glimmer of a dying flame, since, in spite of his earnest desire, he still remained without a child to inherit his large estates, while his brother, the country surveyor, had been blessed with an only daughter, the young Bianca, yet at the sacrifice of the life of his beloved and amiable partner. It is probable that he would have formed another match had it not been for the unhappiness of several second marriages which came under his immediate eye; and thus deprived of the watchful love and tenderness of a mother, and seldom receiving the benefit of her father's presence, who was constantly occupied with company or business, Bianca, in childhood, was reared and watched over by injudicious domestics, among whom she exercised the sway of a little despot. Whenever her father entered into her realm, he always brought with him a supply of confectionary and toys to serve as payments for her caresses; and often when her stubborn humor won the ascendancy, he could not gain these demonstrations of affection even at the highest price.

Towards her uncle, the General, Bianca displayed the greatest respect; for accustomed to see him in splendid uniform at the head of a regiment, who yielded him the most perfect subordination, she regarded him with a shyness amounting to reverence, while his lofty character in private life only served to increase these childish emotions. As for the aunt, the Countess, she could scarcely believe the assurances of her servants when they represented the obstinacy and self-will of her niece, since in her presence the child was ever quiet and yielding, patient and good-tempered, till soon the Countess began to flatter herself with the thought that she only knew how to manage her pretty favorite.

The education which Bianca received was, as may be imagined, of the most desultory sort; for allowed to indulged her own fancies, she often wasted the strength of her intellect in the accomplishment of useless works of fancy, and had it not been for a naturally noble and ardent heart and a vivid sense of the good and beautiful, the powers of her youth would have become entirely wasted and enervated. Endowed with a strong understanding, she soon discovered the weakness and falsehood of others, and punished their flatteries with silent contempt. As she grew up to womanhood, she began however to feel the loneliness of her situation more forcibly, and often in the midst of the adornments of the toilet and the gay bustle of the ball-room, Bianca would find herself seized with strange yearnings, which, to the astonishment of her friends, made her despise and reject the emptiness of a life of idle pleasure, and at such times she bitterly lamented the early death of her mother, declaring how delighted she would be if she could still claim her as her counsellor and friend, and frequently as she stood before her picture, painted by a skilful hand, it seemed to her that the holy and thoughtful eyes of her mother gazed sympathizingly on the agitated emotions which coursed one another like ocean waves in the bosom of her orphan daughter; while in the celestial smile which placed around the mouth, she read those lessons of truth, patience and quiet resignation, which seemed to have departed with her from the earth.

It may readily be supposed that at our heroine's introduction into society, there flocked around her a host of devoted admirers; and surely she would have been no woman, if such open attentions had not unfolded in her bosom those germs of vanity and coquetry, which are so apt to find rapid growth in that soil whose nature and wisdom have not been called in to nurture and direct their gradual progress. Bianca, however, set no more value on her numerous conquests, than does a distinguished General, when he takes possession of some inconsiderable and unimportant post; she even felt a contempt towards them, and her heart could not repress its natural dictates, but constantly yearned to find some one whom she could really love and

respect. For is it not true, dear reader, that no woman desires to rule, but sees in self sacrifice and devoted love, the proper aim of her being, and is ever ready to allow that the sweetest emotions of her sex are founded on the knowledge of its gentle dependence on the protection and superiority of man.

About the period of Bianca's nineteenth year, her aunt, the Countess Weymuth, felt herself necessitated to offer a home to the orphan daughter of an elder sister, whose first marriage, made at the desire of her family, was rather a match of respect than affection. As a young and beautiful widow, with a noble estate, the lady was not, however, allowed to remain without new offers, and among other admirers, was a certain count Modesta, who, as rumor said, was a fortune-hunter and adventurer, but who, by his handsome exterior and plausible manners, so won on the youthful widow, that in the course of a year after her husband's death, she consented to become his bride, and in spite of the entreaties, threats and dark prophecies of her haughty family, she allowed him to make sale of her three beautiful country-seats, and intoxicated with hope and love, readily bade farewell to her relations, to accompany him to his distant father-land, where flourished the orange in its native soil.

Among the relatives who opposed this hasty match, none were more mortified and incensed than her sister, the wife of General Weymuth, a lady distinguished by excessive pride of birth and who felt that even her husband's public importance was diminished by any connexion with the worthless Modesta.

A long and severe illness was the consequence of this violent excitement, and the countess could not rest satisfied until her husband promised that neither his sister-in-law, nor any of her descendants, should ever, save with her approval, be admitted to his presence, and happy was he no such trial presented itself, since years went by without bringing any news from the thoughtless wanderer.

But there was one relative who even though she had not approved of her hasty choice, still expressed a kindly feeling towards the absent countess, Modesta, and this was Mrs. Von Bornnes, the sister of the countess' first husband, who, retired from the bustle of the world, lived at her small country seat, where she passed the evening of her life, overshadowed by many trials, in acts of benevolence and the prosecution of her favorite tastes. Mrs. Von Bornnes made frequent enquiries concerning her sister-in-law, but during the period of nine years, she could obtain no certain intelligence of her fate. One morning the maid entered her chamber with a handsome ring, which a female pedler, who frequently visited the villa with her goods, had urged her to request her mistress to purchase. What was Mrs. Von Bornnes' astonishment, when, in the costly bauble, she discovered a family ring which had been presented by her deceased brother to his wife. Without alarming the woman, she caused her to be summoned to her apartment, and learned that she had been intrusted with the jewel by a weaver's wife, who lived at some miles distant, and who had undertaken its disposal for a sick stranger, who, during two weeks, had been an inmate of her house. For a moment Mrs. Von Bornnes was overcome with emotion, but strongly controlling her feelings, she presented the woman with a sum equivalent to the value of the ring, and after obtaining exact directions, she ordered her carriage and was soon on the way to the weaver's humble dwelling. No answer was returned to her gentle tap, but on opening the door of the lower apartment, she discovered a neat but scanty bed, on which lay an emaciated form, apparently in restless slumber, while by this pale image of death stood the genius of life, in the form of a beautiful girl of eight years of age, who was busily employed in chafing the cold hands of the sleeper, but who at the sound of the intruding step, turned anxiously round, and sighed as she met the stranger's sympathizing gaze. Even in those deep and fallen features, Mrs. Von Bornnes could still discover some resemblance to her beautiful and hapless relative, and as the tears gushed from her eyes, the little girl looked enquiringly towards her, and exclaimed, "lady, why do you weep?" then turning to the feeble invalid, she added, "Ah! my mother is so sick, what if she should die?"

"Then I would fill her place," replied Mrs. Von Bornnes, as in deep agitation she laid her hand on the golden locks of the innocent girl. Her voice aroused the invalid from her restless slumber, for she opened her eyes with a wild and staring glance, in which however was no sign of recognition; but when in tones of melting love and forgiveness, Mrs. Von Bornnes exclaimed, "do you not know me, Ottilia?" a flash as of lightning seemed to kindle the dark waste of her memory, and murmuring "God in Heaven!" she sprang upright, and in the next moment sank back on her pillow in a state of partial unconsciousness. Mrs. Von Bornnes was deeply affected by this painful scene, and summoning the weaver's wife, with noble independence she informed her of the relationship existing between herself and the sick stranger, and entreated to know whence she had come and how long she had been residing with her.

With a respectful courtesy the woman replied, "that as her husband was returning a fortnight previous from a neighboring fair, he met this lady and child walking along the road-side, and observing her excessive paleness, he offered a lift in his cart to assist them on their journey, but just before reaching his home, the stranger was seized with a violent ague, which induced him to invite her to stop and partake of a cup of tea. As soon as she,

the narrator, had seen her, she felt that it would be sinful to allow her to continue her journey in the damp evening air, and the stranger gratefully accepted her proposal to pass the night under their humble roof. The next morning found the lady in a high fever, and as the neighboring physician was absent, she employed every simple remedy with which she was acquainted and had expended all her little funds in supplying comforts to the sufferer, who appeared totally destitute of means.

"One day she called her to her bed-side, and drawing the before mentioned ring from her finger, requested her to dispose of it at such a price as would fully repay her kindness, and defray the expenses of her approaching burial. She also desired that a messenger might be sent to the country seat of Mrs. Von Bornnes, to inform her of the extreme illness of her sister-in-law, the countess Modesta. At first she had supposed it only the illusions of fever, but when the sick lady steadfastly persisted in her urgent request, she, (the weaver's wife,) intrusted the ring to the care of the worthy pedler, who promised that it should reach the hands of Mrs. Von Bornnes, where it might possibly be recognized as the property of her absent relative."

Mrs. Von Bornnes praised the woman's ready contrivance, and after bestowing her hearty thanks and a considerable sum of money for the kindness which had been shown towards her hapless relative, the two assisted in lifting the countess into the carriage, where her sister-in-law and young daughter supported her. By good nursing and the attentions of an excellent physician, the sufferer seemed somewhat to revive, although excessive debility prevented her from making any disclosures of the events of her married life: in truth she felt that she was rapidly forsaking this world of dreams for the region of eternal light, and with her spirit cheered by the hopes of a glorious resurrection, she cared not to look back to the dark road in which she had been so long a wanderer. A few hours before she expired, Mrs. Von Bornnes enquired whether she would not allow her to send an express for her sister, the countess Weymuth, but with a gentle expression of disapproval, she murmured, "not till after my burial, which will soon take place;" but when her kind nurse next asked whether she would wish to be buried at the side of her first husband, whose remains lay in the grave-yard of a country-seat, belonging to one of her acquaintances, a bright smile of approval flitted over her emaciated face, she pressed her friend's hand to her lips, and then looking towards the little Camilla, she added: "you will not refuse to fill a mother's place towards her;" and as Mrs. Von Bornnes looked up from the loving embrace of the sobbing child, the dying woman fixed her eyes for a moment beseechingly upon her, and then closed them forever.

It was a melancholy autumn evening, and the village bell tolled mournfully when the hapless Countess was laid by her husband's side, and strange did it seem, that she, who misled by frivolity and passion, had wandered with a stranger in foreign lands, where she had been basely deserted, should have returned home only to find a grave near him who, in spite of his real worth, she had respected but never loved. Immediately after the funeral Mrs. Von Bornnes wrote to Countess Weymuth, giving all the particulars concerning her late sister, offering to fill a mother's place to the orphan Camilla, but urging at the same time that as her own health was exceedingly precarious, she must promise, in case of any painful contingency, to receive her as her own.

On the first perusal of this letter, the Countess was evidently deeply affected; yet, strange to tell, while she felt a serious disinclination to promise protection to any descendant of her unhappy sister, yet for the sake of that common philanthropy which she ever affected to sustain, she felt that she must not shrink from this painful duty, and accordingly returned for answer that she would ever be ready to receive Camilla as the grand-daughter of her own parents. Ten years, however, passed by, and the veil of forgetfulness had fallen over this promise, when one day a clergyman was announced at the castle who, as Mrs. Von Bornnes' confessor, was the bearer of an important message from that lady. The Countess colored deeply as his probable mission broke on her mind, and in answer to her enquiries concerning Mrs. Von Bornnes' health, he informed her that for some months past she had been confined to a sick bed, and believing her days to be numbered, she earnestly reminded the Countess of her promise and besought her to carry Camilla to her house immediately after her decease should take place. Thinking it prudent to make the best of a troublesome matter, the Countess readily consented, and asked concerning the disposition of her niece, to which the pastor replied, by assuring her, that Camilla was an angel both in mind and person, and by her devoted attention to her benefactress, had fully proved the truth of the saying, "that charity brings good interest."

It was Bianca's birth-day, and as she was a frequent resident at the castle, she had been allowed by her indulgent relatives to invite some young friends to assist in a rural fête, given in honor of the occasion. She was exceedingly happy, for a new star of hope, which had for some time appeared in the horizon, shown on this day with uncommon brilliancy, shedding a rosy light over the maiden's every thought, and as the party sat in the open summer-house and gave attention to Captain Hallen, whose skill on the guitar had been just betrayed by a brother officer, a servant entered abruptly and whispered to his mistress, who, without waiting the end of the piece, immediately withdrew. In a few moments, however, she returned leading by the

hand a maiden clad in deep mourning, and who, as Camilla Modesta, we will now introduce to our readers. Somewhat below the middle size, her figure presented a model for art's most beautiful effort, and while the dark blue eyes, the golden hair, and an expression of timidity betrayed her German origin, the musical tones of her voice, the fire that flashed at times from the downcast lids, and the deep blush that came and went at every moment, giving to her face a Mignon-like expression, revealed the tie that linked her to a Southern clime. Her dress, simple and without ornament, formed a fine contrast to the pure whiteness of her velvet skin, where the ermine of youth had however found a place.

With a general introduction to the company, the Countess now led Camilla to her niece, and with a look which assured Bianca, that the new comer should never usurp her place in an aunt's affections, she entreated her to receive Camilla as a sister; and too happy and satisfied with self to discover any cause for alarm, Bianca welcomed her heartily, while Camilla, as if carried away by her ardent feelings, gazed for a moment into the flashing eyes which were fixed upon her with a look of timid confidence, and then with a bright smile playing over her thoughtful features, threw her arms lovingly around Bianca's neck and imprinted on her glowing cheek a fervent kiss. As the two maidens stood thus in close embrace, the spectators were greatly struck with the contrast between them. Bianca, clad in her gay and jewelled dress, radiant with hope and happiness, and Camilla, in her mourning garb, entering as a lonely orphan the home of an unknown protectress. The effect of this contrast struck one mind at least most forcibly, as will be revealed in the following story.

Countess Milly, for so Camilla was called by the family at the Oaks, felt herself less happy in her new situation than the world imagined. She discovered that riches alone cannot afford contentment, and was surprised by the difference which existed between her aunt's mode of living and that of her former benefactress. With the latter love was the law which directed her every movement, while each relation with, or object in, nature was made a source of instructive conversation. In the flower of the field Camilla had been taught to behold a mirror of God's wisdom; in the song of the birds she heard a psalm sung by a holy choir, and in the constant charities of life every service rendered to others she regarded as a privilege and performed as a pleasant duty. At the Oaks, on the contrary, reigned the spirit of the world! Every act was performed with a reference to self; the love of God was but an empty sound; all but the most trifling subjects were carefully avoided, and if her aunt had been as open as she was indifferent, Camilla might have been told a similar anecdote to this, which we learned from a friend, for whose truth we pledge ourselves, that when a young lady, returning from a rural party, was asked whether she had enjoyed the society of her partner, a highly intelligent gentleman, she answered peevishly, "oh not at all! not at all! for he spoke of nothing but the immortality of the soul and other things of that sort, which did not interest me in the least."

Although the Countess could not in justice deny Camilla's activity and industry, yet her cold approval of her services seemed rather reproofs when compared with the warm praises which she bestowed on the most trivial acts of the careless and indifferent Bianca. Her real worth could not, however, escape the General's watchful scrutiny, and while he secretly admired the delicate beauty of her form and features, which even compared favorably with the dazzling charms of his more petted niece, he could not but perceive that in every quality of mind and heart, Camilla, thanks to a good education, was greatly her superior. The experience which he had gained in his marriage of twenty years standing made him repress, however, these feelings of partiality towards the new inmate, since he felt it best to allow his wife's good sense to form a true judgment, and while he displayed towards Camilla a fond and unremitting kindness, he secretly hoped that by an early and happy marriage, she might free herself from the hated name of Modesta, which was a constant vexation to his haughty partner.

About six months previous to the orphan's arrival, Captain Hallen, at his own earnest request, had been allowed to leave a distant garrison and to become a member of General Weymuth's regiment. The General had been for some days indisposed and Bianca was setting in his chamber, when Hallen called and requested an interview. The ideal beauty of his form, the perfect outline of his face, which was as colorless as marble, a pair of eyes out of which Soul looked as through a melancholy veil, and a certain general depression, which seemed to weigh on the spirit of the officer, all made Bianca exceedingly interested in her new acquaintance. For the first time in her life she found herself almost unnoticed, and yet she valued the single glance which Hallen bestowed upon her, in return to some playful speech addressed to her uncle, far more than all the admiration which she had received from countless admirers.

A lucky star seemed to shine on the young man from the time of his introduction into the General's house, and soon he became such a favorite that it was openly rumored that he was about to win the hand of the lovely niece, and in fact there seemed truth in the report, since her father paid him marked attention, while Bianca could not repress the pleasure she felt in his society.

Good fortune bears in its every aspect an expression of caprice, for even when it wears the celestial features of love, a shade of wilfulness is

seen amid its traits; it flies from the amorous and attaches itself to the indifferent, and thus, by its coquetish humors, it wounds many hearts, that would have won a better fate under the influence of open honesty. Although greatly favored by the goddess of fortune, Hallen looked with an indifferent eye on all her allurements, for it seemed that he had built his happiness on more steadfast ground than the loose sand of her favor. Faithful in the performance of every military duty, the General exhibited him as a pattern to the whole subaltern corps of officers, and while he preferred quiet and lonely walks amid the haunts of nature to gay intercourse with his comrades, and secluded himself from every social pleasure, Bianca, the queen of all hearts, exhausted the strength of her feminine power to win the least mark of his notice.

The favor extended to the new comer naturally awakened envy and astonishment amid Bianca's courtier train, they wondered whether it could be Hallen's real worth which had thus won the notice of the inexorable beauty, and in consequence of their numerous enquiries respecting his character, a report was soon circulated, which struck a deep wound at his integrity. It was openly declared that he was disinherited by his uncle, the Colonel of the garrison at B., in consequence of having enticed a beautiful girl to a secret marriage, which proved no marriage at all, and which had been the means of bringing her to an untimely grave. There was nothing in the youth's countenance to justify the suspicion of his possessing a bad heart; but the melancholy which constantly oppressed him and which seemed to rob the sunshine of life of its brightness; the dark shadow which would fall upon him when a certain string in his heart was touched, all seemed to corroborate the truth of the report. The news soon reached Bianca's ear, and while with a scornful smile she confidently declared that it was false, the barbed arrow rankled in her bosom, and she hastened to her uncle to impart the story, certain as she was that he would pronounce it a base slander, and would fully establish the worth and integrity of his favorite officer. She was not mistaken in her conjecture, for as in lively accents she imparted her information, not the least change was visible in the General's countenance, but he continued smoking his long Turkish pipe, and turning over the pages of an old musical almanac, till vexed by his apparent indifference, Bianca pettishly exclaimed, "have you heard me, uncle! for indeed you seem to pay no attention to what I have been saying."

The General bowed, watched the smoke as it ascended from his pipe, and then quickly replied—"Here, child, is an answer for this silly gossip;" and as he spoke he pointed out this saying from the book which he had been perusing, "The wasp nestles in the loveliest flower;" then seeing Bianca understood the illusion, he continued, "to think that my Hallen would ever wrong a woman. Does he look like it, niece? No, no, take my word, and with it the experience of forty years, when I assure you that I know to a hair the outward appearance of such fellows, for a military man is as good a physiognomist as Lavater himself, and one who blushes at a *double-entendre*, as I saw Hallen do yesterday, I could have hugged him for it, is truly not the man who would deceive a confiding maiden. You said that he was disinherited, well I will question him this very day about it; and yet if his niggard uncle has really treated him so badly, there is still no great cause for regret, since the fellow possesses a Peru in his own head and heart. If I am not mistaken, brother Max, your father was well acquainted with colonel Hallen, and perhaps can tell you something about him."

Having nothing better to do, Bianca returned home to interrogate her father concerning his old friend, but he assured her that he remembered little of Colonel Hallen, fifteen years having passed since he had seen or heard from him, and Bianca's curiosity again turned, as a last resource, to the information which her uncle might have received from the Captain himself, but when with some hesitation she pressed her enquiries, the General abruptly answered, that there was a difficulty existing in regard to Colonel Hallen's property, but that no papers were yet signed; and stroking Bianca's rosy cheek, he good-humoredly added, "believe me child, love is better than knowledge."

Bianca's interest in the Captain was now doubly increased by the report which was so injurious to his reputation, and the silence preserved by her uncle regarding his pecuniary prospects. With all the ardor of a heart unused to denial, she endeavored to establish the innocence of the accused, and whenever she met the open expression of his serious eye, she felt that she needed no other assurance to convince her of his perfect integrity.

While our heroine thus yielded her entire existence to the sweetness of a first love, with which were mingled many bitter anxieties, the object of her attachment seemed gradually to recover from that deep depression of spirits, which had evidently acted as injuriously on his corporeal frame, as on his mental health. Soon gleams of cheerfulness and snatches of ready wit, shot like tender shoots from the renovated stem of his inner being; though often these occasional outbreaks of mirth would suddenly wither and expire beneath some trivial but apparently painful remark from others. From his intimacy with the General's family, it might naturally be supposed that he had frequent opportunities for intercourse with Bianca, and that her evident preference would have awakened some mutual interest in the young man's heart; yet strange to say, he did not appear to take advantage of the many favorable occasions which were constantly presented for a tete-a-tete with the beau-

tiful maiden, and when with a beating heart Bianca chose to interpret his marks of respect into passages of love, the least smile of triumph in her eyes would make him suddenly retreat into his usual formal indifference, and suspecting, as he somewhat did, the state of her feelings, he kept careful watch over his every act, and repressed that germ of passion in his own soul, whose growth could afford no certain happiness, since he felt that in many respects she was not the one who would prove a desirable partner for life.

Bianca was no enamored maiden, had she not been able to discover that these cold retreats were rather the promptings of prudence than of feeling, accordingly she exerted every effort to enjoy the triumph of winning him to an open declaration, and whether by the power of her charms, or some propitious circumstances, we cannot tell, but certain it was, that the fortress of the Captain's heart seemed gradually to yield its defences, and although he had not come to open terms, yet never had she felt so sure of his attachment as on the festival of her nineteenth birth-day. But according to the German saying, "let the evening praise the day;" and the history of mankind affords us this experience, that careless security is ever the forerunner of ruin and disappointment.

The sunset of that happy day had hardly appeared, when the arrival of Camilla Modesta, as our readers will remember, interrupted the song, which was just then gushing from Hallen's lips; and as she stood in the midst of the circle, clad in her mourning garments, with a countenance which was truly angelic in its expression, the bewildered youth looked on her at that moment as his warning angel, and as he marked her modest grace and open artlessness, he felt that a new light had broken on his darkened mind respecting feminine attractions, while a shade seemed to hover over the sparkling sunshine of Bianca's bliss, who saw her enjoyment thus suddenly interrupted and her lover's attention directed to another object.

At first, Bianca comforted herself with the thought, that this admiration would not long continue; but alas, she was entirely mistaken, for a ray of that higher love, which boasts a celestial birth, had fallen on Hallen's soul, and he gladly turned from the labyrinth in which he had been wandering, into a straight and open road; but as he visited the General's less often than formerly, this still led her to suppose that Camilla was not really the cause of his change of deportment towards herself; for indeed she could not believe that the silent orphan could interest him as much as certain other people whom she was aware talked very agreeably.

Hallen was a man who kept a rigid watch over his actions, and having scarcely recovered from a dangerous heart-wound received from one of the other sex, he dreamt not of revenging himself by idly winning the affections of the beautiful and passionate Bianca, but after a severe examination of his past conduct, felt that it was safest for him to avoid the society which was becoming dangerous, since Bianca was not the woman whom he could regard as a perfect feminine model; he therefore determined, by a quiet retreat, to inform the General and his niece of his real feelings. But he soon discovered the difficulties of his situation, for the General pronounced him a whimsical fellow, when on some trifling pretext he declined invitations to the pleasant family-parties, which his niece knew so well how to contrive and carry through; and even the maiden herself would turn on him an anxious glance, when he evidently sought to avoid particular intercourse with herself, although in every instance she could not but acknowledge he tried to shield her motives from the notice of others. It is possible that he would have declined their acquaintance altogether, had he not been attracted by a strong magnet in the person of the amiable Camilla, whose intellectual superiority and beautiful simplicity had taken taken fast hold on his affections, and for whom he felt inclined to become a tutelar genius as he saw her purity exposed to the contact of bad example.

The evident respect of one so noble and elevated in character as Hallen, served to heal many of the wounds which Camilla received in her painful dependence; she felt that he sought to impart to her a sense of her rightful position; the consciousness of sympathy was new and delicious to her yearning heart, and ere she was aware, love had found a home in her bosom under the disguise of friendship. And yet even this love partook of the high nature of those holy spirits who, happy in themselves, crave nothing more than the assurance that all are happy around them, for no thought but of Hallen's bliss ever entered into her soul. Aware of the General's preference, she regarded him as Bianca's property, and with all the ardor of her young feelings, she strove, by example and gentle guidance, to make her companion worthy of the blessed fate which awaited her in becoming the wife of one of the noblest of men.

Winter had come and gone, yet Bianca had not reached the point to which she had so long aspired; she even began to suspect that the insignificant Camilla had become her rival, and she was not mistaken in her conjecture, since the Captain's heart, long assured of the orphan's loftiness of character, only needed a small match to light its combustible mass into a blazing fire, and such service did Bianca unwittingly render, when on her aunt's birth-day she cast a reproach on Hallen's conduct, by comparing the short-lived flower with the faith of man, and conscious that he did not deserve the secret taunt, he was moved, by Camilla's innocent expression of her opinion, into a determination of declaring his attachment towards her.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE HOMERIC QUESTION.

Few, even of the scholars in our new world, have been aware that excitement pervaded much of Europe in the early part of the present century, about the Homeric Question. Nay, we have known some who could read Homer right fluently in the original, with a lively perception of his melody and meaning,—who yet never heard of that question in all their lives. It is therefore proper to state, that a learned and pragmatical German, hight Frederick Augustus Wolf, in the latter part of the last century, revived and dressed up in most plausible guise a crotchet which earlier dreamers had started and let die—viz: that no such poet as HOMER had ever lived; but that the ILIAD and ODYSSEY, instead of being written by that blind bard,—for the honor of whose nativity seven great cities contended,—were the unwritten effusions of some score of petty minstrels, who went about the country singing portions of them to their harps, and from whose lips writers took down their unjointed scraps,—polished, connected and arranged into two grand Wholes, which ever since have been held the master works of human genius. Whether this was so,—or whether the old belief was correct, in which Antiquity and ninety-nine hundredths of the moderns had concurred,—was The Homeric Question.

Strange as it may seem to unsophisticated readers that any debate whatever could have been maintained upon such a ground, Wolf's learning and ingenuity piled up so many plausibilities in support of his theory, that some of the best minds were staggered, and many good ones convinced. Germany was agitated somewhat as the United States were by mesmerism a few years ago: and the commotion spread into France, the Low Countries, Great Britain, and other European realms. The subject called forth more pamphlets and volumes than have been written upon mesmerism, the Tariff, a Bank of the United States, all put together.

Wolf's reasons may be classed under three heads: 1. Certain niceties of language, from which he inferred the union of different hands in the work,—and some hands of an age later than Homer's: 2. Traits of manners, touches of style, and tones of thought (in the Odyssey especially), too modern for Homer: and 3. Such want of continuity, in the Iliad at least, as betokens the absence of one creative Mind. It is not our purpose to give either a more detailed statement, or a detailed refutation of these reasons. It is hardly possible however, to forbear remarking upon the surpassing boldness of the last one. Judges of the subject, critics of the highest order—have been more nearly unanimous on no point about Homer, not even upon sublimity,—than in their admiration of the beautiful one-ness which distinguishes his Iliad. The vast variety of its incidents is so naturally woven together, and so aptly conduces to the main aim of the story, that not one of them—not even of the episodes,—can be deemed an excrescence. Those which do not strengthen and support the structure, give it grace and beauty. Its component parts are blocks from the same unmatched quarry, chiselled or united by the same unrivalled hand. The generic resemblance, yet boundless individual diversities, among the characters and among the images—like the *facies non omnibus una nec diversa tamen*, of the Nereid sisters in Ovid—prove a common parentage; as their sublime and beauteous lineaments prove that parentage to be hardly less than divine. In short, such is the unity both of plan and of workmanship in the great Poem, that the German fantasy about its origin is almost as incredible as that the world was made by a fortuitous concourse of atoms.

We say no more upon the intrinsic evidences against Wolf's theory; they having been presented repeatedly to the public. * Our design is to adduce some extraneous proofs, which require no philological acumen, no depth of thought or subtilty of reasoning to marshal or to appreciate them; and no more learning than a middling school-boy ought to have. We design to adduce notices taken of Homer and his poems, by men and writers who came so soon after his reputed date that they could not be ignorant of the real facts of the case; persons who must have known whether Homer had lived and had written the greatest of known poems or not, as well as any body now can have whether Shakspeare lived and wrote Hamlet, or not.

Let it be remembered, that no dark age came between the date of the Homeric Poems and that of the latest witnesses whom we shall cite; but that from the former to the latter time, the day-star of civilization and of letters was continually in the sky—lower and less bright, indeed, at first and at last, but always above the horizon, and always blazing with no mean glory. Let it be remembered, that from the age just after the appearance of those poems, to the age of our latest witnesses, there was a constantly increasing crowd of learned men and writers through whom a steady stream of tradition and History flowed down; making all the prominent events of the former period well known to the latter one: and that while there were contradictions and errors about minutiæ, there was no

* Blackwood, (we think for October, November and December, 1841,) battles at great length and with Christopher North's usual drollery, for Homer's identity with the old blind bard. A recent number is said to have done the same. The Richmond Whig, lately contained an editorial which said more in one quarter of a column, and said it better, than all the three long articles in Blackwood, against the Wolfian theory. It was a most spirited and forcible statement of the intrinsic proofs, which we but glance at.

possibility of mistake, as there was no contradiction, about great occurrences. It may safely be laid down as incontestible, that where a fact, is itself no way incredible, has been agreed on by all among that crowd of writers who allude to it—that very many of them do allude to it—and that not one of the whole crowd intimates a doubt as to the fact, or seems to have heard of any one who doubted it;—it is to be taken as a truth. Such is the case respecting Homer, and his authorship of the Iliad and Odyssey. From the time of Lycurgus, who flourished about 100 years after Homer, to the time of Longinus, who flourished about 1100 years after him,—a period embracing all that was brightest in the literature of ancient Greece and Rome—HE and his poems, and the incidents they immortalize, are mentioned by poets, critics, historians and orators probably a hundred times as often as any other group of literary topics; and always in a manner which betokens no more doubt of him, and his authorship, than of the world's existence. He, and his works, are spoken of in that matter-of-course way, in which Shakspeare, and Milton, and their works, are now spoken of amongst us.

We begin with the latest of our witnesses: and as the testimony of each one is given, we desire the reader to ask himself, if that single testimony, timed as it is, would not suffice, if it stood alone, to prove the point in question! And whether any lights which modern times possess, when fifteen centuries more, including the long night of Gothic and monkish darkness, had swept away nearly all the monuments of ancient Literature,—can be compared with the lights which Longinus had!

1. Longinus, who lived in the third century after Christ, is our most modern witness. His work on The Sublime is not now by us, and we read it many years ago, only in Smith's translation: but memory deceives us greatly, if that treatise is not, in the main, merely *a commentary upon Homer's Iliad*; defining sublimity, and illustrating it, almost throughout, by a reference to passages in that Poem. If we mistake not, Longinus pays Homer the marked and refined compliment of calling him THE POET; taking for granted that nobody could doubt who was meant by that appellation.

2. Lucian (the greatest wag in all Antiquity), who lived in the second century, has we know not how many dialogues in which Homer's accounts of the Heathen mythology are ridiculed. Frequently, Homer is mentioned: but when he is not, there are clear allusions to scenes or incidents in his poems. The ridicule is levelled at the fables; not at the poet.

3. Plutarch, who flourished in the first century, in many of his "Lives" mentions Homer—quotes from his poems—tells us that Lycurgus brought them into Sparta from Ionia, where (says Plutarch) they "were preserved by the posterity of Cleophilus"—in a word, in numberless places, treats Homer as "a fixed fact" in the history of Literature, and as a poet whom every knew of.

4. Quinctilian, the great critic, and writer on Eloquence, contemporary with Plutarch, does due honor to Homer. He bestows emphatic praise on the two expressive words in which Antilochus announces to Achilles the death of Patroclus—Κεῖται Πατροκλος. "Dead is Patroclus!"—[Iliad 18, v. 20.]

5. Cicero's allusions to the great Poet and his works are too frequent to be detailed. We remember three of them in the essay on Old Age, alone. Cicero was murdered 43 years before the birth of Christ.

6. Horace was rather later than Cicero; dying 8 years B. C. But we named Cicero as a witness first, because we meant to quote more largely from Horace. His mentions of Homer are peculiarly numerous, and striking.

In Ode 9, Book IV, he speaks of Homer as the greatest of poets—

> Non, si priores Mæonius tenet
> Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent, &c.

In Ode 6, Book I, by way of magnifying his friend Varius, a great contemporary poet, Horace calls him *Mæonii carminis aliti:* "a bird of the Homeric strain." This ode is almost filled with allusions to Homeric incidents.

In Ode 9, Book IV, are similar allusions.

See also distinct references to Homer's incidents or personages, in odes 8, 10, and 15, of Book I; in Ode 4, of Book II; in Ode 3 of Book III; and in Epodes 13, and 17.

In Satire 10, of Book I, v. 52, he says:

> Tu nil in magno doctus reprendis Homero?
> (GREAT Homer).

In Epistle 19, of Book I, ridiculing the notion of Cratinus and other poets, that no mere water-drinker could write long-lived poetry,—Horace says they even made out Homer a toper:

> Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.

In Epist. 1, of Book II, in some avowedly hyperbolical praise of Ennius, Horace caps the climax by calling him *another Homer*: as extravagant flatterers now a days call the objects of their sycophancy second Washingtons:

> Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus.

He begins Epist. 2 of B. I, by mentioning the WRITER [not *writers*] of the Trojan war in a very marked manner:

> Trojani belli *scriptorem*, maxime Lolli,
> Dum tu declamas Romæ, Prœneste relegi:

and then follows a detail of Homer's excellences.

The Art of Poetry abounds in references to Homer, indeed, makes his two great poems the chief text from which lessons in The Art are drawn. We quote some of those references:

Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.—*v.* 73, 74.

Homer's character of Achilles alluded to, if not quoted, v. 120, &c.

In v. 130, he speaks of the Iliad *as one t*—

Rectiris *Iliacum carmen* diducis in actus,
Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.

The beginning of the Odyssey is quoted as masterly—v. 141, with the preface,

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inept*è*, &c.

Then see the remarkable praise of Homer which follows.

Again, v. 359:

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

After doing honor to some older bards (v. 391 to 400), Horace says,

Post hos insignis Homerus, Tyrtæusque, &c., 401-2.

Now Horace flourished some 850 years after Homer; 1800 years nearer to him than Wolf did; and (as we said before) when no dark ages had intervened, to destroy or confuse the records of the past.

7. Moschus lived 156, or according to some, 270 years B. C. In his exquisite elegy on the death of Bion the pastoral poet, who, like Homer, was said to have been born on the river Meles, in Ionia,—he thus commemorates Homer: [We give a very poor English translation, in mercy to the printer, who might be overtasked by so much Greek]:

"To thee, most sweetly purling of rivers, this is a second grief: this, oh Meles, is a new sorrow! Formerly your Homer died; that sweet mouthpiece of Caliope: and you (they say) mourned your illustrious son with many-murmuring waters, and filled all the sea with your voice. Now, again, you weep for another son, and are dissolved in . . . . . a new grief. Both were dear to the fountains. The one drank of Hippocrene; the other of Arethusa. The former sang of the fair daughter of Tyndarus, and the mighty sons of Thetis, and Menelaus Atrides: The latter sang not of wars, or tears, but of Pan," &c.

8. Every schoolboy knows that Alexander the Great, who flourished about 325 years B. C., had his military spirit nourished and inflamed by studying the character and exploits of Achilles, in the Iliad; that he made Homer his *vade mecum* in his Persian campaigns, and honored him by carrying his Iliad in the precious casket taken from Darius, in which that monarch had carried his most costly jewels.

Alexander gave perhaps a still higher tribute to Homer, when, speaking of an encomiast of his own, (Chœribus) he said, he would rather be the Thersites of Homer, than the Achilles of Chœribus.

9. Aristotle, Alexander's preceptor and senior, in countless passages, talks of Homer as a poet, about whose genuineness there was no doubt in any mind; nay, like Homer and Longinus, makes him the Model Poet of the world. Aristotle was about 500 years after Homer: and was confessedly the most well informed man, if not the most comprehensive genius, of all Antiquity.

10. Herodotus, who read his History at the Olympic Games 444 years B. C., says "Homer and Hesiod lived about 400 years ago; not more," &c. [Dr. Gillies, from whom I wrote this scrap about Herodotus, thinks him a century out in his estimate of Homer's date; which Dr. G. places earlier.]

11. Alcibiades, that spoiled child of Athens and pet of Socrates, entered a school one day when he was a lad in his teens, and asked the teacher for one of Homer's works. The pedagogue answered that he had nothing of Homer's. Upon which Alcibiades boxed his ears! Possibly, some tipsy English lord (a marquis of Waterford, or Lord Byron—or even Brinsley Sheridan) might so resent a schoolmaster's not having Shakspeare. And we have often been tempted thus to punish literary people who have not the Spectator. But such a thing could happen only in regard to an author who was "foremost in the first rank of greatness." Alcibiades died 404 years B. C.; and about 450 after Homer.

12. Anacreon has several Homeric allusions. We remember only his

Δοτε μοι λυρην Ομηρου,
φονιης ανευθε χορδης.

Magnificently expanded by Moore,

"Give me the harp of epic song
Which Homer's finger thrilled along;
But tear away the sanguine string,
For war is not the theme I sing!"

Anacreon flourished 500 years B. C., and 350 or 400 after Homer.

13. Solon, who lived about 600 B. C., is admitted (with Pisistratus) to have restored or improved the current edition of the Iliad and Odyssey; into which it is natural that corruptions may have crept, as they were recited through the country by those travelling minstrels, whom Wolf & Co. have exalted into the authors of the strains they spoiled. That neither Solon nor Pisistratus found the Poems wholly unarranged and disjointed, is certain: for

14. Lycurgus, who flourished, as some say 850, but others more probably 776 years B. C., and only 100 after Homer, had collected his works in Ionia, and carried them into Peloponnesus—in an embodied form, as we understand. Neither in the accounts which we have of what Lycurgus did, nor

of what Solon did with Homer, however, is there the slightest hint of any divided or disputed authorship. Homer, and his Iliad, and his Odyssey are alone spoken of.

We close our proofs here. And surely we have adduced enough. Whoever is not satisfied by these would not believe, though one arose from the dead. An English Prelate some time ago, by way of banter upon sceptics about the Bible, wrote a pamphlet happily ironical, entitled "Historic Doubts respecting the Existence of Napoleon Bonaparte." It seems to us no exaggeration to say, that it is just as rational to doubt the existence of Napoleon, as, in the face of all the published evidences intrinsic and extrinsic, to doubt that (excepting perhaps emendations too trivial to be thought of) Homer, and Homer alone, was author of the Iliad and Odyssey. That such a doubt has been raised, and diffused among sound intellects, is a signal proof of both the ingenuity, and the ductility, of the human mind: and is a powerful plea for tolerance of dissent; since it shews that strong understanding may honestly differ about questions apparently the most clear. It is one of ten thousand proofs, that *out of mathematics*, there is no proposition whatsoever, on which a difference of opinion is just cause for anger, or for calling names.

## Notices of New Works.

*The Life of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre. By G. P. R. James, Esq., Author of the "History of Charlemagne," "Chivalry and the Crusades," etc., etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff Street.* 1847.

*Margaret Graham, or the Reverses of Fortune. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of "Russell," "The Castle of Ehrenstein," "The Smuggler," "Beauchamp," etc. etc. New York: Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff Street.* 1847.

Two more books from the prolific pen of Mr. James, the one fact, the other fiction, again exhibiting in contrast his powers as a historian and a novelist. Mr. James has issued of late years, we verily believe, as many works as any three of his contemporaries together and yet there seems no stopping of the machinery. A new work "by the author of the Robber" is announced as "nearly ready" and before it is advertised for sale, the compositor is setting up a later one. Another and another still succeeds. How Mr. James accomplishes his manual labor is to us quite incomprehensible. Either he must write off his 'copy' in some stenographic character of singular condensation or twenty amanuenses find constant employment in his service.

This wonderful facility of composition more than anything else, we think, has caused Mr. James to decline in popular estimation, without regard to the intrinsic merits of his histories or his novels. These latter efforts, indeed, have followed one another almost as rapidly as guineas from the die-press of a mint, and like the coin, though of virgin gold, they seem to be only reproductions of the original stamp. The tale usually opens, as in the novel before us, on some autumnal evening, when the last rays of the declining sun are yet gilding the horizon, and we are introduced perhaps to an interesting horseman, whose mettled charger spurns the ground over which he moves, or to two agreeable pedestrians engaged in a very communicative dialogue. As the narrative progresses, we recognize the hero as an old acquaintance, who has figured in the eight and thirty chapters of a previous duodecimo, the villain and sub-villain are the same unmitigated scoundrels we have so often wished to despatch, and the heroine appears, for the fiftieth time, a lifeless embodiment of ideas and feelings. When the plot of the story has been, in some degree, developed, the course of true love flows on, with no other interruption than the moral digressions of the author, to the *dénouement*, where, with strict poetic justice, he makes a happy distribution of rewards and punishments, very much to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

But it would be equally unkind and unjust, on account of this sameness and mannerism, to deny Mr. James very great merit. He does not possess, it is true, that nice discrimination of human character and that gift of setting before us with exactness and *vraisemblance* its distinctive forms, which constitute, in our judgment, the great charm of Sir Walter Scott. His figures do not stand out from the canvass. They are ideal existences rather than flesh and blood. Still we must admit that *abstractly* Mr. James understands

> "All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

even if he cannot show their bearing on individual character, in all their varying and wondrous combinations. As a writer, too, Mr. James deserves a high rank. To a rare faculty of graphic description, he unites an intimate knowledge of the domestic habits and customs of the countries where his plot is cast; a quality that adds a special interest to his historical romances.

With no period of history is Mr. James more familiar, from long study and accurate research, than the troublous and stormy reign of Henry the Fourth. Many of his most popular novels have been founded upon its events and more than once before has he narrated the religious dissensions of the time, the turbulence of the Guises and the undaunted courage and high-toned honor of the great monarch himself. But Mr. James has not relied altogether on his previous information for the materials of the present work. He tells us in his Preface, that its appearance has been delayed *four years*, in order that he might consult the "*Lettres Missives*" of Henry IV., recently published by the French Government under the superintendence of M. Berger de Xivrey. The result is that Mr. James has been enabled to throw light on many subjects heretofore obscured and has produced a work that will be read with interest and profit. The most marked defect of the book is, perhaps, a want of that *lucidus ordo*, which is as essential to a proper unfolding of historical incident as to dramatic poetry.

We have been so much struck with the spirited manner in which Mr. James describes the murder of Coligny and the massacre of St. Bartholomew, that we cannot forbear quoting the passage:

"But by this time the tocsin was ringing, the windows of the Papists, according to previous arrangement, were illuminated with lanterns and flambeaux; and the Duke of Guise, animated by the thoughts of his father's death, and the thirst for vengeance against his supposed murderers, was before the house of the Admiral. The slaughter of Coligni had been specially intrusted to him, and, accompanied by the Grand Prior and the Duke of Aumale, with a

large party of soldiers, he had hastened to the Rue de Betizy as soon as permission to commence the massacre was granted. He found Cosseins and the guard before the house, with matches lighted, and prepared to begin the work of death. The gates of the court were opened at the command of Cosseins; but his purpose being soon discovered, the door of the hotel was defended by those within, and one of the Swiss guard of the King of Navarre, who had been left with six others to protect the Admiral, was killed at his post in attempting to do his duty. Six of the attendants of the Duke of Guise, amongst whom were Besme, a German, and Petrucci, an Italian, rushed up the stairs, and soon made their way to the chamber of Coligni, while the Duke and his friends remained below in the court.

"After an ineffectual attempt at resistance, Cornaton and other attached attendants of the Admiral, fled to his room, where they found him at prayers, and perfectly prepared for the fate that awaited him. On learning that the door was forced, Coligni commanded all present to leave him, and provide, if possible, for their own safety. Three escaped, but the rest were picked off by the arquebusiers, as they attempted to fly over the roofs of the neighboring houses.

"The first of the assassins who entered the chamber of the wounded man was the German Besme, who had been page to the Duke of Guise, and, advancing upon Coligni, he held his sword to the victim's breast, demanding, 'Art thou the Admiral?' 'I am,' replied Coligni, with perfect calmness: 'Young man, thou shouldst respect my gray hairs—nevertheless, thou canst abridge my life but little.' At those words, Besme plunged his sword into the Admiral's bosom, and then aimed a blow at his head, whilst the rest dispatched him with repeated wounds.

"The Duke of Guise, eager to hear that the enemy of his house was no more, called from the court below, to inquire if the deed were done; and on Besme replying that the Admiral was slain, the Duke ordered him to throw the body down from the window; adding, 'Monsieur d'Angoulême will not believe it till he sees him.' The unhappy Coligni, dead or dying, was then raised by Besme and Sarlabous and cast down into the court below, where the Duke of Guise wiped his bloody face with a handkerchief, that he might see the features. Then, as he recognized the man he hated, he spurned the corpse with his foot, little dreaming that, ere many years had passed, the cruel and deceitful Prince, who, more than any other, had urged the horrible deed he had just committed, would treat his own dead body with the same indignity.

"Leaving the house of the Admiral, Guise hurries on to new acts of butchery; exclaiming to the soldiers who followed him, 'Courage, comrades, we have begun well! On to the others! The King commands it!' By this time the tiger spirit of a Parisian mob was let loose; the streets were filled with armed multitudes eager for blood; the marked houses of the Protestants were broken open; the unhappy inhabitants starting from their beds at the sound of the demon-like shouts, which were rising round them, were murdered without resistance; neither age nor sex was spared; the unoffending child, the defenceless woman, and the impotent old man, were slaughtered without mercy; virtue, and learning, and wisdom, proved no safeguard, and all the fierce passions of our depraved nature, unchained in the horrible anarchy, sated themselves with crimes too fearful to be told. Catholics murdered Catholics, the heir slew the long-lived possessor, the adulterer dispatched the husband of his paramour, the enemy murdered his foe in his bed; and all who did not bear the mark of Popery were slaughtered without question; while the chiefs of this dreadful conspiracy ran through the streets, at the head of their armed followers, exclaiming, 'Kill! kill!'

"'More blood! more blood!' cried Tavannes; 'bleeding is as good in summer as in spring.' Horrible jests were thus mingled with the shouts and cries of the murderers, and the groans and screams of their victims; and still the bells of the churches tolled aloud, proclaiming, in the infernal spirit of persecution, 'More blood! more blood!' From the windows, from the doors, were cast forth the corpses of the murdered Protestants, and the gutters of Paris, in the month of August, literally flowed with the blood of many of the noblest and most virtuous men in France."

The work is published in four parts, of which we have received the first two from Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

---

*An Essay on the Life and Writings of Edmund Spenser with a special exposition of the Fairy Queen. By John S. Hart, A. M., Principal of the Philadelphia High School. Wiley & Putnam. New York and London.* 1847.

It is refreshing in this day of Della Cruscan folly and German mysticism to turn again to the pure fountain of English verse. To the author of the Fairy Queen are we indebted, not for the invention, but for the perfection of that measure, which in honor of his genius, has been known ever since as the "Spenserian stanza." It is the same in which Childe Harold is written, and is considered by all our best writers as the most convenient measure which the English poet can adopt for the full development of his loftier thoughts. But we value the Fairy Queen less for its metre than for its poetic beauties, and above all its great moral and intellectual truths. Its beautiful allegory is in verse what the "Pilgrim's Progress" is in prose—and its careful study will teach the prurient poetasters of the present day that perfect beauty and true sublimity dwell alone in the walks of morality and virtue.

This volume contains a life of Spenser, in which is beautifully pourtrayed the development of those powers which at last in their rich harvest, yielded one of the noblest poems of the English language. But that life was closed in darkness and sorrow. There is too much reason to believe that, in the quaint language of one of his earlier biographers, "he died from lack of bread." And yet Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester were his friends, and he was buried near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey!

"Oh it sickens the heart to see bosoms so hollow,
And spirits so mean in the great and high-born;
To think what a long line of titles may follow
The relics of him who died friendless and lorn!"

We commend this work to our readers as one to which they will return with "ever fresh delight."

Its typography and outward execution sustain the high character which Messrs. Wiley & Putnam have established. It may be had of J. W. Randolph & Co.

---

*Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger, or an Excursion through Ireland in* 1844 *and* 1845. *For the purpose of personally investigating the condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson. New-York: Baker and Scribner,* 145 *Nassau St. and* 36 *Park Row.* 1847.

In one of those exquisite ballads which have transmitted to other lands the "melodies" of Erin, long since the harp of Tara has been hushed, Mr. Moore tells a pretty story of a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, who undertook a journey alone, from one end of the kingdom to the other with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of great value, and who was protected from insult and robbery by the honor, virtue and religion of the inhabitants. In the little book before us we have the simple narrative of a lady who has performed a similar expedition, (*barring* the jewelry,) for the benificent purpose indicated in the title-page, and has met with a like

respectful welcome in the green isle of the ocean. But a sad change has come o'er this verdant country, since the days of the great Brien, and our author has heard instead of the merry laugh and the blithesome carol of a contented people, the moans of anguish, the cries of starving millions, and every note of "the still sad music of humanity." She has gone mostly on foot, unattended, in all weathers, to the haunts of disease and penury to succor the distressed. She has lodged in the huts of poor men and fed upon the "praties" of the peasant, where praties were to be had, and she has written down her adventures on this errand of mercy with a truthful *naive* air that we like especially. Some passages there are, perhaps, too bluntly told for the fastidious ear, but to those who look at the spirit, the meaning of the book, they can give no offence. Unlike all her predecessors who have written of Ireland, our author gives no fantastic discriptions of old ruins or decayed castles, no legends or chronicles of eld, nor does she enliven her pages with the Mickey-Free-alities of the Irish novelist, or the coquetry of that bewitching damsel

"Who lives on the banks of Killarney."

Still there is no lack of mirthful incident, and the book overflows with that genuine humor which is characteristic of Paddy; that merriment, "which," a native assured her, "begins with his christening, and ends only when *he is well waked.*"

---

*Leaflets of Memory: an Illuminated Annual for* MDCCCXLVIII. *Edited by Reynell Coates, M. D. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* 1848.

*Friendship's Offering: a Christmas, New Year, and Birthday Present for* 1848. *Boston: Philips & Sampson.* 1848.

*Christmas Blossoms and New Year's Wreath for* 1848. *By Uncle Thomas. Boston: Philips & Sampson.* 1848.

*Christian Keepsake for* 1848: *Philad. Brown, Hays & Co.*

Annuals are frequently looked upon as mere bubbles upon the surface of literature, as evanescent as brilliant, and when the festive holiday of their presentation passes by, they are generally consigned to the oblivion of last year. With many of these showy volumes, this is a very judicious disposition to make of them, while others deserve a kindlier regard and, after the short-lived glory of the centre-table, should have "standing room" on the shelf of the library. They subserve an useful purpose in indicating the progress of the art of embellishment and latterly the engravings of the better class of annuals have been decidedly good. Of those now before us, three have been published regularly for several years and stand deservedly high in public favor. The "Leaflets of Memory" is a beautiful volume, printed on the best paper in the best manner, and would be a most appropriate present for "merrie Christmas." The engravings are mostly copies of foreign prints, executed in a style which we do not admire, and constitute, we think, the least attractive feature of the book. The illuminations, however, are exquisite. The literary contents consist of selections from the best authors in England and America, Morier, Leitch Ritchie, the Delta of Blackwood, Willis, Mrs. Ellet, T. K. Hervey. Mrs. Sigourney, &c. &c.

The design of the Keepsake has been to present the leading truths of the Christian religion in the various forms of prose and verse, cautiously excluding, at the same time, everything of a sectarian bias. This has been most gracefully done by many of our favorite writers, among whom we notice Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Rev. Dr. W. B. Sprague, Mrs. H. B. Stowe and Rev. Dr. Tyng. These annuals will be found at the Bookstore of Drinker & Morris.

*The Boy's Treasury of Sports, Pastimes and Recreations. With nearly four hundred engravings. Designed by Williams and engraved by Gilbert. First American Edition. Philadelphia: Lee & Blanchard.* 1847.

We can look back to the day when we should have considered this little book not only a work of art creditable alike to the printer and engraver, but an important accession to American literature. We could have studied *con amore* all its suggestions and doubtless we should have been better able to form a correct estimate of its merits. On turning over the leaves, we find very excellent descriptions of the out-of-door sports we used to engage in, with life-like illustrations of cricket, archery, kite-flying, riding and fencing and a dissertation on angling, which cannot fail to entertain the follower of "honest old Isaack," who goes out with hook and line

"To lure with gaudy bait the glittering brood."

Appended to the book, is a well-arranged and convenient index, by which the reader can refer readily to any sport of the compendium. We congratulate the rising generation on the appearance of the "Treasury." We have received it through J. W. Randolph & Co.

---

*The Boys Autumn Book, with thirty-six illustrations. By Thomas Miller, Author of "Rural Sketches," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1847.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year," and with them the russet tinge of the forest, the rural sports of the season and the annual gathering in of the falling chesnuts. In this beautiful little volume, (which is published at the very moderate price of thirty-seven-and-a-half cents,) we have a delightful narrative of autumnal customs and country amusements among the boys, the interest of which is heightened by spirited woodcuts of fine execution. For sale by Drinker and Morris.

---

THE POETICAL WORKS OF LORD BYRON. Complete in one volume. Collected and arranged with Illustrative Notes by Moore, Jeffrey, Walter Scott, Bishop Heber, &c., &c., &c. With a portrait and view of Newstead Abbey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. pp. 829.

Thanks to the good taste and judgment of the Appletons, we have, at last, what has long been a desideratum in literature, a *complete* American edition of the works of Lord Byron. This beautiful volume is commendable alike for the style of its letter-press and the excellent arrangement of the poems, and we take great pleasure in noticing it as a book for the library. The portrait of the poet in the frontispiece is a gem. Of the numberless pictures of his lordship's head, which painters loved to copy and sculptors took for a model, we have never seen one in which the burin of the engraver has so skilfully drawn our *ideal likeness.* It is just as we can imagine him—strikingly handsome and intellectual.

To say anything, at this late day, of the merits of Byron's brilliant productions, would be altogether a work of supererogation, but we may remark, with reference to the present volume, that we find in it several poems which we do not remember to have seen before; while the copious notes it contains from the hands of cotemporaneous authors, present a very readable account of the state of letters at the beginning of the present century. In this connection, we must be permitted to regret that certain other passages of rather questionable propriety, hitherto omitted from the poems, have been supplied by the compiler.

Again we say that the efforts of the Messrs. Appleton to furnish the public with an uniform edition of the modern

English Poets, as seen in their former exquisite copies of Moore and Southey and the volume now before us, are worthy of all praise. We hope they will persevere in the enterprise. This book has reached us through Drinker and Morris.

---

'H MAXH ΑΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ. *An Address delivered before the Literary Societies of Randolph Macon College. June* 1847. *By Charles F. Deems, Professor in the University of North Carolina. Published by the Washington Literary Society. Philadelphia: Sorin and Ball.* 1847.

In the brief space of 27 pages, Professor Deems embodies many noble truths and lofty sentiments, which we are glad to see the students of Randolph Macon College are determined to preserve. We had marked out several forcible passages to lay before our readers, but want of room forbids a quotation of them. We are sorry to observe, however, several grammaticisms and blemishes of style, which convince us that the Address must have been very hastily composed. On page 19, we notice the following sentence. (The Italics are our own.) "Spending four years at the seat of a college and going mechanically through a set of text-books and taking a diploma, *are not* education; and men of good common sense cannot be persuaded that *it is*," &c.

But *de minimis non*, &c. The Address is well printed and is prefaced by Lord Bacon's "Students Prayer."

---

*The Literary World. A Gazette for Authors, Readers and Publishers. New-York.*

We have only to remind our readers of what they already know, that this Gazette is edited by Charles Fenno Hoffman Esq., to justify the assertion that it is one of the best publications in America. The Reviews of new books are always just and sound, informed with a delicate appreciation of excellence and characterised by manly candor and honest independence. The critic pronounces upon all works submitted to his consideration with rigorous impartiality—*Jove judicat æquo*—bestowing praise or censure as the subject demands. A recent number, in a critical notice of Mr. Simms' "Views and Reviews," makes some well-timed reflections upon Southern Literature, to which, in the main, we yield assent. Upon one point, however, we beg to correct the writer. In speaking of our literati of "settled reputation and undoubted talent," it asserts that the list "comprises no other names than those of Legaré, Simms, Tucker, Coke, (query, P. P. Cooke) and Wilde." The list, we submit, is much longer and should include, among others, the names of Holmes, A. B. Meek, two other Tuckers, Longstreet, Charlton, Heath, Howison, &c. The writer forgets too that the Hon. W. C. Rives occupies a distinguished position among *American* writers, and has produced several dissertations worthy of the pen of Sir James Macintosh. If we are permitted to refer to writers, long since removed from among us, we turn to Munford, the translator of the Iliad and the *clara et venerabilia nomina*, William Wirt and John Marshall.

The same number of the Literary World, to which we have adverted, contains a graceful little poem by Tupper, entitled "Venus," in answer to Longfellow's "Mars."

---

## A FEW PLAIN WORDS AT PARTING.

BY THE LATE EDITOR.

In August, 1843, we assumed the Editorial chair of the Messenger. Such a position had, before this, appeared to us to possess many advantages and attractions; and even when there was no expectation of our ever attaining it, more than once had we expressed the wish for that which we have occupied for the last four years.

It was with alacrity and delight, therefore, that we entered upon the discharge of our new duties. Notwithstanding the known jealousy of the Law, and the stern exactions of *business* in our as yet too practical country, we endeavored to reconcile their claims with the more delightful pursuits of Literature. In our opening address to the patrons of the work, it was announced that we would continue the practice of Law; and thus between it and the Messenger have four years passed pleasantly away, and, we trust, not without leaving some record of good in their rapid flight.

But here, we were arrested in our career by the unsolicited and unexpected invitation of the Trustees of the "Virginia Female Institute," at Staunton to take charge of their Institution, which they wished to make one of high character and wide influence. The position of Principal in such an Institution was different from any that we had contemplated; but its usefulness and great responsibility, with the flattering inducements held out by the Trustees, entitled it to serious consideration.

Hitherto either a professorship in some important and well established Literary Institution, or the exclusive practice of the Law, had been regarded by us as the only occupation for which the Messenger should be given up. But after the best reflection we could bestow upon the subject, we resolved to change plans and aspirations,—at least for the present,—and remove to Staunton.

Education is the great want of our country, as it is the best safeguard of the rights and interests of a free people; and especially is this true of the education of females, who, as the mothers, are to be the most influential teachers of succeeding generations. Every female Institution is a Normal School, whose pupils are sure to become the teachers of those who must inevitably receive from them their bias of character and their cast of thought. But whilst other professions are overcrowded, that of teaching, which should certainly rank as one of the "learned professions," is too often left to inferior agents; and many, who should act more wisely, commit the minds, hearts and immortal souls of their children to the care and training of persons who would not come half way up to their standard for a lawyer, a doctor, or a divine. And then, as a natural consequence, they feel themselves above the "poor schoolmastes." We have not so learned to estimate the value and importance of this mighty moral instrumentality; and now that we are about to wield somewhat of its influence, we almost shrink from the solemn responsibility. But our trust is not in ourselves, but in dependence upon HIM, by whose heavenly light we shall seek to be guided.

The "Virginia Female Institute" was incorporated a few years since, with power to raise a Capital of thirty thousand dollars. A good part of this sum has been obtained by donations and subscriptions to the stock; and a large, handsome and commodious edifice has been erected. The Institution will be under the auspices of the Episcopal Church, to which our decided preferences have long been given; but without bigotry or illiberality. In it, education will be conducted upon sound religious principles; and if there has been any thing in the manner in which we have edited the Messenger that has gained the applause and inspired the confidence of our patrons, we would invoke their patronage in our new enterprise, into which we shall carry the same leading principles which have guided us in editing the Messenger.

In taking our reluctant leave of the Messenger, we desire to tender to its patrons, its contributors, and the generous editorial corps who have so liberally aided it by their flattering notices, our hearty thanks and cordial good wishes, and to bid them an affectionate adieu.

If there are any who have been induced to take the work by personal kindness to us, we ask them to extend their confidence and support to our enterprising successor, who will soon prove himself worthy of them. Well endowed by nature, having enjoyed the advantages of the best collegiate education, fond of Literature, acquainted with the best authors, accustomed to the use of his pen, and quite enthusiastic in his devotion to the Messenger, he bids fair to raise it above its present high and honorable position; and we hope to enjoy the pleasure,—for it would be a pleasure,—of seeing the light which we have endeavored to shed from its pages eclipsed by his more brilliant appearing.

*Richmond, October 25th.*

P352.1

POSTAGE, FIVE AND A HALF CENTS.

# THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER

AND

# REVIEW.

JNO. R. THOMPSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

VOL. XIII. DECEMBER, 1847. NO. XII.

LOCAL AGENTS.

Asa Hewen, Memphis, Tenn.
J. C. Morgan, New Orleans.
Henry Kennot, New York.
E. P. Nash, Petersburg, Va.
Bell & Entwisle, Alexandria, D. C
Knight & Colburn, Baltimore, Maryland.
Colon & Adriance, Philadelphia, Pa.
Keith & Woods, St. Louis, Mo.

WM. MACFARLANE, JOHN W. FERGUSSON, } Richmond, Virginia.

S. HART, Sr., Charleston, S. Carolina.

WILEY & PUTNAM, London.

1847.

TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Rec'd May 17, 1850. Gift of Prof. Simon Greenleaf, LL.D.

THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN

# LITERARY MESSENGER AND REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1847.

## HISTORY OF THE COLONY AND ANCIENT DOMINION OF VIRGINIA.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

### 1781.

Cornwallis fortifies Yorktown and concentrates his forces there. Washington invests Yorktown. The capitulation.

[August 2nd, 1781.] Cornwallis occupied Yorktown and Gloucester Point and fortified them. He concentrated the whole British force in Virginia, at those posts, by the 22nd of August. Gloucester Point opposite Yorktown was held by the 80th regiment and the Hessian regiment of Prince Hereditaire and the Queen's rangers,—the whole under command of the brave and energetic Lieutenant Colonel Dundas of the artillery. Tarleton with his cavalry afterwards passed over to Gloucester Point, and Dundas, during the siege that ensued, being ordered over to Yorktown, the command at Gloucester Point devolved on Simcoe, who being incapable of holding it on account of feeble health was succeeded by Tarleton.

Lafayette hearing of the movements of the enemy now broke up his camp on the banks of the Pamunkey and drew nearer to Yorktown. In the meantime Washington relinquishing his efforts to dislodge Sir Henry Clinton from New York, concerted with the French naval and military commanders a plan of operations against Cornwallis, and with the combined American and French armies marched for Virginia. August 30th, Count de Grasse with a fleet arrived from the West Indies and entered the Chesapeake Bay. On the 31st his advanced ships blocked up the mouth of the York.* [September 5th.] A partial engagement occurred between him and the English admiral Graves. On the 10th Count de Barras joined de Grasse with a naval force from Rhode Island. Lafayette now made his head-quarters at Williamsburg. Washington attended by Count de Rochambeau, commander-in-chief of the French army and the Chevalier de Chastellux, reached that place on the 14th, and repairing on board the Ville de Paris, the French admiral's ship, arranged the plan of the siege of York. By the 25th, the combined army, amounting to 12,000 men, together with 5,000 militia under General Nelson, were concentrated at Williamsburg. [September 28th,] the allies advanced upon York and invested it, the Americans forming the right below the town, the French the left above it, and each extending from the borders of the river, so as to hem in the town by a semicircle. General De Choisy invested Gloucester Point with 3,000 men. The enemy's communication, by water, was entirely cut off by the French ships, stationed at the mouth of the York river. Cornwallis some time before this, finding his situation growing so critical, had anxiously solicited aid from Sir Henry Clinton. Aid was promised but it never arrived. Washington was assisted by Lincoln, Steuben, Lafayette, Knox, &c. The French were commanded by General the Count Rochambeau.

On the 29th the British commenced a can-

* Simcoe, p. 248.

nonade, and during the night abandoned some redoubts and retired within the town. Col. Alexander Scammel while reconnoitering the ground just abandoned by the enemy, was surprised by a party of horse and after he had surrendered, received a wound from a Hessian, of which he died in a few days, greatly lamented. On the 3rd of October, in a skirmish before Gloucester Point, Tarleton was unhorsed and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. The British sent out from Yorktown a number of negroes infected with the small pox. On the night of the 7th, the first parallel was extended two miles in length, and within 600 yards of the British lines. By the evening of the 9th several batteries being completed, Washington himself put the match to the first gun and a heavy fire was opened. The cannonade continued till the 15th. Cornwallis was driven from Secretary Nelson's house where he had made his head-quarters. * A red-hot shell from a French battery set fire to the Charon, a British 44 gun ship, and two or three smaller vessels, which were consumed in the night. The ships were wrapped in a torrent of fire, which ran like lightning over the rigging and to the tops of the masts. A second parallel was now completed and batteries erected within 300 yards of the enemy's works. The British had two redoubts about 300 yards in front of their lines and it was resolved to take them by assault. The one on the left of the enemy, bordering the banks of the river, was assigned to a brigade of light infantry under Lafayette. The advanced corps was conducted by Col. Alexander Hamilton assisted by Col. Gimat. The attack commenced at 8 o'clock in the evening and the assailants entered the fort with the point of the bayonet, without firing a gun. The American loss was eight killed and thirty wounded. Major Campbell who commanded the fort was wounded and made prisoner with about thirty soldiers; the rest escaped. During the assault the British kept up a fire along their whole line. Washington, Lincoln and Knox, with their aids, having dismounted, stood in an exposed situation awaiting the result. The other redoubt on the right of the British was taken at the same time, by a detachment of the French, commanded by Baron de Viomenil. He lost about 100 men killed and wounded. Of the enemy at this redoubt, eighteen were killed and forty-five captured, including three officers. By this time many of the British guns were silenced and their works were becoming ruinous. About 4 o'clock on the morning of the 16th, Col. Abercrombie, with 400 men, made a sortie against two unfinished redoubts occupied by the French. After spiking some cannon, the British were driven back with a small loss on each side. One hundred pieces of heavy ordinance were now in full play against the enemy. The British had nearly ceased firing. On the 17th, Cornwallis by a flag requested a cessation of hostilities. On the 19th of October, 1781, the British forces at Yorktown and Gloucester Point were surrendered. At about 12 o'clock, the combined army was drawn up along a road, in two lines, extending more than a mile, the Americans on the right, the French on the left. At the head of the American line, Washington appeared on horseback surrounded by his aids. At the head of the French line was posted Count Rochambeau. The concourse of spectators from the country was equal in number to the military. At 2 o'clock the captive army advanced through the line formed for their reception. Cornwallis pretending indisposition was not present. His place was filled on the occasion by General O'Hara. This officer mounted on a fine charger, made the surrender. The loss during the siege was, French 50 killed, 127 wounded; Americans 27 killed, 73 wounded. According to Cornwallis' account, his loss was 156 killed, 326 wounded, 70 missing; total, 552. The whole number of men surrendered, 7,247; 75 brass, 169 iron cannon; 7,794 muskets with stores, money and 28 colors.

* Upon the breaking out of the revolution, secretary Nelson, who had been long a member of the Council, retired from public affairs. He lived at Yorktown, where he had erected a handsome house, adorned with "a chimney-piece and some bas reliefs of very fine marble exquisitely sculptured." Lord Cornwallis made his head quarters in this house, which stood near his line of defensive works. It soon attracted the attention of the French artillery and was almost entirely destroyed. Secretary Nelson was in it when the first shot killed one of his negroes at a little distance from him. What increased his solicitude was that he had two sons in the American army, so that every shot whether fired from the town or from the trenches might prove equally fatal to him. When a flag was sent in to request that he might be conveyed within the American lines, one of his sons was observed gazing wistfully at the gate of the town, by which the aged secretary was to come out. Cornwallis permitted his withdrawal and he was taken to Washington's head quarters. Upon alighting, with a serene countenance he related to the French officers who stood around him, what had been the effect of their batteries and how much his mansion had suffered from the first shot. 2 Chastellux, pp. 24-27.

## APPENDIX.

The following Memoir of the Battle of Point Pleasant was composed by my uncle, the late Dr. Samuel L. Campbell, of Rockbridge county, Virginia. He married, in 1794, a sister of the Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary, of Princeton and died at an advanced age, in 1840. During several years previous to his death, he was blind, and it was during this period, that he dictated to his children the following narrative. It so happened that when I was preparing my own manuscript of the "Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia," for the press, a copy of my uncle's Memoir was communicated to me by his son, the Rev. Samuel D. Campbell, and, with his consent, it is here published, and I am happy in having it in my power to lay before the reader so interesting a production.

*Memoir of the Battle of Point Pleasant, by Samuel L. Campbell, M. D., of Rockbridge County, Virginia.*

The following Memoir relates to an eventful period in the history of Western Virginia, comprising all the years from 54 to 79 of the last century. At first nothing more was contemplated than a short account of the campaign of 74, but on examination, that transaction was found to be so intimately connected with others, both anterior and subsequent, that it was judged best to give greater latitude to the memoir. It has been chiefly formed from recollections partly of some portions of history which the writer met with many years ago; partly from the narratives of sundry persons, most of whom had been actors in the Indian wars. Resting as it does so much upon memory, there may be inaccuracies, and incidents may have been overlooked, which should have been noticed. But these it is thought will not be of much importance, when it is known that the writer in want of sufficient materials, was unable to go much into detail. The memoir itself is little more than an outline or general view, and therefore can possess little interest otherwise than as it excites enquiry and attracts attention to a subject important indeed, but hitherto neglected. The inhabitants of this country are very imperfectly acquainted with its history. This remark applies particularly to that section commonly called the Valley of Virginia, which lying along the Blue Ridge, stretches from the Potomac to the Alleghany mountain. Of this many of the inhabitants know little more than what they see. They see a country possessing salubrity and fertility, yielding plentifully, in great variety, most of the necessaries of life; a country which has advantages, conveniences and blessings, in abundance, in profusion, I had almost said in superfluity. But they know not how it came into the hands of the present occupants; they know not who were the first settlers, whence they came, at what time, in what numbers, nor what difficulties they had to encounter, nor what was the progress of population. One who would become acquainted with these matters, must travel back a century or more; he must witness the early adventurers leaving the abodes of civilization and singly, or in families, or in groups, composed of several families, like pioneers on a forlorn hope, entering the dark, dreary, trackless forest, which had been for ages the nursery of wild-beasts and the pathway of the Indian. After traversing this inhospitable solitude for days or weeks and having become weary of their pilgrimage, they determined to separate and each family taking its several course in quest of a place where they may rest, they find a spot such as choice, chance or necessity points out; here they sit down; this they call their home—a cheerless, houseless home. If they have a tent, they stretch it and in it they all nestle; otherwise the umbrage of a wide-spreading oak, or, mayhap, the canopy of heaven is their only covering. In this new-found home, while they are not exempt from the common frailties and ills of humanity, many peculiar to their present condition thicken around them. Here they must endure excessive labor, fatigue and exposure to inclement seasons; here innumerable perils and privations await them; here they are exposed to alarms from wild beasts and from Indians. Sometimes driven from home they take shelter in the breaks and recesses of the mountains, where they continue for a time in a state of anxious suspense; venturing at length to reconnoitre their home, they perhaps find it a heap of ruins, the whole of their little *peculium* destroyed. This frequently happened.

The inhabitants of the country being few and in most cases widely separated from each other, each group, fully occupied with its own difficulties and distresses, seldom could have the consolation of hoping for the advice, assistance or even sympathy of each other. Many of them, worn out by the hardships inseparable from their new condition, found premature graves; many hundreds, probably thousands, were massacred by the hands of the Indians, and peace and tranquillity, if it came at all, came at a late day to the few survivors.

"Tantæ erat molis—condere gentem."

Here have been stated a few items of the first cost of this country, but the half has not been told; nor can we calculate in money the worth of the sufferings of these people; especially we cannot estimate in dollars and cents the value of the lives that were lost. An historical account of the early settlements of the country is a desideratum. Much indeed that might go to form such a work has been irrecoverably lost; much might, by care and industry be collected, enough, if used by a skilful hand, to form a work which would merit the public patronage. The writer must here acknowledge that a number of facts were communicated to him by two individuals of Rockbridge county, of which he has availed himself. These individuals were Andrew Reid, Esq. and William Moore, Esq. They were both in the campaign of 1774, and both in the battle of Point Pleasant, and acted well their several parts. Mr. Reid was known to have certainly killed an Indian early in the engagement; Mr. Moore bore from the battle-ground a wounded soldier. Standing near to his fellow when the wound was given, at much personal risk, being in full view of the enemy's line, he received his wounded companion on his shoulders and bore him to the camp, there placing him under the care of attendants he returned to the fight, in which both he and Mr. Reid continued until victory declared in favor of the white men. This wounded soldier was John Steel, of Augusta, who was shot quite through the chest. From this wound, although at first deemed mortal, he recovered so rapidly as to be able to ride home at the end of the campaign. Early in the revolutionary war he entered the army as a subordinate officer, and continued in this service until the struggle was over, at which time he was discharged with the rank of colonel. Soon after returning to his native state he was appointed by the legislature a member of the privy council, the duties of which office he performed during the constitutional term. He was again appointed by the same authority to an important agency in the south-west, the object of which is not now distinctly remembered. He removed about the end of the last century to the neighborhood of Natchez, where he undertook the cultivation of the cotton plant. When a territorial government was established in Mississippi he was, by the President of the United States, appointed governor. Nothing more of him is known by the writer, save that he died at an advanced age, about half a century after receiving the wound at the battle of Point Pleasant.

During the war between France and Great Britain, which commenced about the middle of the last century, the new settlements of Virginia suffered much from Indian depredations. At this time France had possession of Quebec and the Canadas; the river St. Lawrence and the lakes were under her control. For the defence and maintenance of these possessions many strong fortifications were erected at different points, among which were Ticonderoga, Fort Stanwix, Detroit and others. Fort DuQuesne was erected in 1756 at the confluence of the Monongahela and Alleghany rivers. It is evident that the design of the French monarch was to connect Quebec with New Orleans, by establishing a chain of posts along the great waters, and thus to limit the extension of the British provinces in North America. That large scope of country bounded by the north-western lakes, the river Mississippi and the Ohio was wholly claimed by the western Indians. Many separate and independent tribes were planted throughout its whole extent. These, for the most part, resided in villages and were often at war with each other, but all viewed the whites as a common enemy. Among them the Shawnees stood pre-eminent for power and prowess. Their villages were on the Scioto, and were near to the whites. These different causes rendered them more formidable.

At fort DuQuesne was constantly kept, by the French traders, a full supply of arms,

ammunition, blankets, wampum and such other articles of traffic as suited the Indian market. Thus the Indians were attached to the interests of France and enlisted in her cause. The frontier of Virginia, at that time, extended from the North Carolina line on the Holston, to a point somewhere near fort DuQuesne, a distance of probably three or four hundred miles. The whole of this great extent was exposed to the incursions of the Indians and was often entered by them in bands of ten or twenty, murdering, plundering, and capturing families, seldom remaining longer than from ten to twenty hours, retreating in so short a time that rarely an adequate force could be collected to oppose or pursue them, and if pursued, the Indian, by wily stratagems, would often elude his pursuers. The settlement remained in this unpleasant state for a number of years with no protection, and always apprehensive of danger. By the fall of the unfortunate Braddock and the annihilation of his army in the year 1755, matters were rendered incomparably worse. The dogs of border war were completely unkennelled. A large portion of Pennsylvania and Maryland felt the shock of this catastrophe; but the settlements most exposed were in the district of country lying west of the Blue Ridge from the Potomac the whole length of the valley and thence to the Carolina line on the Holston. Many individuals and families fled from the valley over the Blue Ridge for safety. Fear seemed to seize the whole community, and the name of an Indian struck terror through the entire settlements. Those who did not leave their homes depended for safety upon rudely constructed forts, which were to be found in every neighborhood. But alas! the first alarm was often the sound of the rifle or war-whoop of the Indian ready to pounce upon his prey. [1759.] A band of the Shawnees made a descent upon Kerr's creek, in what is now Rockbridge county. They killed and took prisoners many persons, the number not now known. One of these being tomahawked, scalped and left for dead, recovered and lived thirty or forty years. In 1763 a party of the same tribe visited the same place, killed and took captive thirty or forty persons, and set out on the next day on their return to their towns. In both instances they returned by easy journeys, carrying with them their scalps, prisoners, and spoils, unopposed and unpursued. These are specimens of the mode of Indian warfare, and they show the depressed spirit of the whites, when twenty-seven Indians could come a distance of three or four hundred miles, commit such depredations and go off unscathed! [1763.] A treaty of peace was ratified between France and Great Britain, * which gave some respite. Hostilities, in a great measure, ceased and prisoners were surrendered. Many of the settlers now supposed that there were grounds to hope for a permanent peace. In the year 1759 Quebec had been subdued to the British arms under General Wolfe, and by treaty all the French possessions in the northern part of North America were surrendered to the British, and it was hoped that the French influence would cease. But this hope was chimerical; deep-rooted enmity and strong antipathy existed. The whites, during the late war, had suffered much from Indian barbarity, pillaging and burning their dwellings, murdering the inhabitants, carrying many into captivity, and of these putting to death not a few by lingering and painful tortures. These cruelties were commonly perpetrated along the frontier. Few settlements or even neighborhoods escaped. Where had lately stood a comfortable cabin, occupied by an industrious, and peaceable, and contented family, might now be seen a pile of ashes slaked with blood. All ages, all conditions were alike exposed. The ruthless savage felt no more pity for the delicate female or helpless infant, than did his hatchet or scalping knife. The settlers viewed the savages as enemies to mankind, that ought to be blotted from the face of the earth, and many thought that he who killed one, of whatever tribe, was doing God's service. The Indians, too, were not behind in hate. Their ancient jealousies still existed. They viewed the whites as unrighteous intruders upon a soil which had been theirs by birthright and long possession. They recollected their unexampled success in the late border wars, and no doubt many of them wished their renewal. From such tempers and dispositions, from the indulgence of such passions, it were strange if there should not result consequences similar in their nature, and ere long this

* Col. Stewart says that this treaty was formed by Col. Bouquet in 1764 instead of 1763.

did happen. A party of armed men entered the cabin of Logan, a celebrated Mingo chief and in his absence slaughtered his family, consisting of women and children. This chief, upon his return, became indignant, implacable, and irreconcilable. Another massacre was perpetrated far up the Ohio, upon a settlement of peaceable Indians, inhabiting the borders of Grave creek. This outrage and the murder of Bald Eagle, a Delaware chief, are believed to have been the first violations of the treaty of 1763. Indians consider it an imperative duty to revenge the death of their friends. The hatchet was consequently raised and blood streamed along the frontier throughout its length and breadth. Thus these imprudent men, by murdering those Indians in time of peace, brought destruction on hundreds, and perhaps thousands of defenceless individuals. This state of things continued until the year 1774. In this year the government of Virginia determined to send an army into the Indian country. One division of this army was to be levied from the Redstone country, near Pittsburg, and from the north-eastern counties of the great Valley, to march under the immediate command of Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia. Another division was to be raised west of the Blue Ridge, chiefly from the counties of Augusta and Botetourt, to be under command of General Andrew Lewis of the latter county, and were directed to march directly through the mountains to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and there to await the arrival of the governor with the first division. About the first of September nearly all the troops destined for the southern division of the army had assembled in Greenbriar and pitched their tents at Camp Union,* where Lewisburg now stands. A few companies, however, which were to have been raised on the head-waters of Holston and New River, under the direction of Col. Christian, had not yet arrived. For these General Lewis waited several days, but apprehending that longer delay might be detrimental to the success of the campaign, on the 11th of the month he ordered his troops to strike their tents and commence their march. They amounted to a thousand armed men, and were soon joined by Major Field with seventy volunteers from Culpepper. There were besides a number of unarmed attendants, such as pack-horse-drivers, bullock-drivers, &c. The subsistence of the troops was a per-diem allowance of flour and fresh beef. The flour and camp equipage were conveyed on pack-horses; the bullocks were driven in the rear of the army and slaughtered as occasion required. Since there was neither road nor pathway through the mountainous wilderness, Captain Arbuckle preceded with a band of men who acted as pioneers to examine and mark out the route for the army. This was so laid out as to strike high on the Kanawha, near to the point where it takes its name and thence down its right bank. At the mouth of the Elk a halt was made for the purpose of constructing canoes to transport the heavy baggage to Point Pleasant. By this scheme it was intended to get rid of the incumbrance of all those pack-horses, which would not be wanted after a junction with the northern division. The canoes being completed, the army moved forward and arrived at Point Pleasant on the last day of September. This point is a promontory formed by the Great Kanawha and Ohio rivers, where the former falls into the latter at right angles. As the northern division had not reached this place and no advices nor orders had been received from the Governor, the troops were directed to form an encampment. For this purpose the promontory afforded ground highly eligible, defended on the north by the Ohio and on the south-west by the Kanawha, whilst its eastern side lay open to an immense wilderness. This promontory was elevated considerably above the high-water mark, and afforded an extensive and variegated prospect of the surrounding country. Here were seen hills, mountains, valleys, cliffs, plains, and promontories, all covered with gigantic forests, the growth of centuries, standing in their native grandeur and integrity, unsubdued, unmutilated by the hand of man, wearing the livery of the season and raising aloft in mid air their venerable trunks and branches as if to defy the lightning of the sky and the fury of the whirlwind. This widely extended prospect, though rudely magnificent and picturesque, wanted, nevertheless, some of those softer features which might embellish and beautify, or if the expression were permitted, might *civilize* the savage wildness of

* Col. Stewart calls this station Fort Savannah.

some of Nature's noblest efforts. Here were to be seen no villages nor hamlets, not a farm house nor cottage, no fields nor meadows with their appropriate furniture, shocks of corn nor herds of domestic animals. In its widest range the eye would in vain seek to discover a cultivated spot of earth on which to repose. Here were no marks of industry, nor of the exercise of those arts which minister to the comfort and convenience of man; here Nature had for ages on ages held undisputed empire. In the deep and dismal solitude of these woodlands the lone wanderer would have been startled by the barking of the watch-dog, or the shrill clarion of a chanticleer. Here the whistling of the plough-boy or the milk-maid's song, sounds elsewhere heard with pleasing emotions, would have been incongruous and out of place.

From this same promontory were to be seen two mighty rivers, travelling in different directions, from far distant sources, rolling on with strong but noiseless current their immense volumes of water, here about to unite their forces and form one majestic stream and this too hastening away South-Westwardly in a serpentine course to mingle his waters with the floods of the Mississippi. This great collection of water which had from time immemorial flowed in one unbroken current, connecting the frozen mountains of the North with the Father of rivers, must have been a subject of wonder and admiration to the lately arrived troops. The Ohio river when found a century ago was named by the French "La Belle," the Beautiful. From its possessing an assemblage of beauties it seems to have a just claim to this appellation.

> "Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full."

The beauties of this river were all from Nature; cities or towns had not arisen on its margin; no water-craft rested on its bosom; not a boat or bark was seen to diversify its surface or give it animation. So far as it respected man, it was a watery waste, uninteresting, unprofitable and unpromising. For as yet no one had dreamed that ere long this would become a high-way of commerce or that numerous swift ships would be at no distant day seen stemming its current, freighted with the fruits and fabrics and riches of other climes, transporting them for exchange and thus meeting the wishes and wants of thousands of civilized inhabitants residing on its borders and spread abroad on the adjoining regions. The mind of man is often busied in searching after novelties and possibilities, and sometimes after impossibilities. Yet it is believed that at the time of which we are now speaking, no one had anticipated those astonishing changes which have since taken place in the Western country and which have been the result of human ingenuity, industry and enterprise.

The troops now lay encamped in the vicinity of the enemy,—an enemy subtle and insidious, and who, roused by danger, would exert all his energy and strength and employ every artifice to destroy or drive from his borders these hostile invaders. General Lewis himself possessed military talents and had much experience in Indian warfare. He could therefore pretty correctly estimate the circumstances in which he found himself placed and is said to have been much dissatisfied with the course which the affairs of the campaign had taken. Before entering on the command he had been assured that he would be met at Point Pleasant by the Northern troops, which united with his own would constitute an army able to overawe the enemy and penetrate his country. But this assurance had not been verified. No Northern troops had arrived; no advices had been received. He found himself now far advanced in the wilderness, with only a few raw, undisciplined militia to stand against all the force which numerous tribes of savages confederated in one common cause, might embody, to destroy their common enemy. He was solicitous not only for the troops under his immediate command, but also for the eventual success of the campaign. What opposition the army might meet with on entering the enemy's territory; what delays, disasters and difficulties he might be obliged to encounter in a country whose geography was but little known; how far it might be necessary for the army to proceed and what length of time would be necessary for completing its operations,—were problems which could be solved only by actual experiment. General Lewis saw that much of the season for active operation had already passed away. The days were becoming short and the weather cold,

and if the severity of the winter should stop the progress of the army before the Indians were subdued, nothing would be gained and the public expectation would be disappointed. When he first arrived at Point Pleasant, he sent runners to find the head-quarters of the Governor and bring advices. He also undertook the erection of a block-house, which was designed to be a depository for such baggage and stores as the army would not need while traversing the Indian country, but which might be left here under the protection of a guard until the army should return to this place. He also adopted other precautionary measures for the safety of the troops, among these was an order prohibiting the soldiers from leaving the camp without permission. This was designed to prevent the men from going out singly or in small groups, lest they should be cut off by the scouts of the enemy and also that all the troops might be ready to act promptly and efficiently in any emergency. But this order was not regarded. Many of the men continued to go out every day for the purpose of hunting as they had done before the order was issued. This was irksome and unpleasant to the commander, who was vested with ample authority, but without the power to enforce obedience. To resort to military punishment would have been vain. Most of the men and some of the officers indulged a spirit of insubordination, and coercion might have produced open mutiny. Whilst the troops lay here, some discontent took place on account of the distribution of provision. Certain companies complained of partiality, alleging that they had drawn beef of very inferior quality, whilst other companies fared much better. This drew forth an order from the commander, directing that all beef of an inferior quality should be first slaughtered and distributed to the troops alike. This order was issued on the 9th of October, and on the next morning before the break of day at least one hundred of the soldiers had left the camp to seek their rations in the woods. Before this all the game in the immediate vicinity of the camp had been killed or driven off. About break of day, on the morning of the 10th of October, a strong band of Indians was found advancing on the camp. A detachment from the army ordered to meet them commenced a heavy fire soon after sunrise. By this time the hunters had proceeded so far as to be quite out of hearing, and knew nothing about the battle until they returned in the evening. A few hunters, perhaps half-a-dozen, who had taken their course up the river, met the Indians and were killed or driven back. Thus by this act of disobedience the army was deprived on this important occasion of about a hundred of its best marksmen, or nearly one-tenth of its whole number. Had these been present, the action would probably have been of shorter duration and less disastrous. The army under General Lewis had never been subjected to discipline. It had been gathered in a mountainous country and brought with it a spirit of freedom and independence, a spirit which mountaineers always possess, which sometimes prompts to great and noble deeds, but which is wholly incompatible with the life and duties of a soldier, unless when modified and corrected by much training and discipline. These men were healthy, active and energetic and accustomed to the toils and privations of new settlers. They were well prepared for the hardships of a military life and when tried in battle were found to possess that firm and persevering courage which insures victory. They were indeed the raw materials from which by proper training, might have been manufactured as gallant and efficient soldiers as ever manœuvred on the fields of Warsaw and Waterloo.

Let us return from this digression. At an early day the Indians had become acquainted with the movements in Virginia and even with the plan of the campaign. The Shawnees rightly judging that they would be the first object of attack, called in their out-posts, viz; their hunting and marauding parties, and strengthened themselves by renewing their alliance with many other tribes, thus securing their aid and co-operation. Even while General Lewis was on his march, the warriors were assembling. Their place of rendezvous was between Chilicothe and Point Pleasant, not far distant from the latter. Their intention at first had been to attack the army while crossing the river, but afterwards it was determined that it should be permitted to pass undisturbed and commence its march with the view of cutting it off more completely by ambuscade in the wilderness country.

This course was probably suggested by some aged warrior, who, nineteen years before, had witnessed the success of the stratagem by which the army of Braddock was allowed to cross the Monongahela and proceed without interruption until it fell into the embrace of destruction.

As the Indians while on a foray have no supplies of provisions, save what every man carries for his own use, it necessarily happens that where any considerable number are embodied, their excursion must be of short duration. They had already been assembled some length of time, but as General Lewis since his arrival had kept himself closely within his encampment, they had found no opportunity for attacking him to advantage, nor could it be foreseen when such opportunity might offer. Under these circumstances they became apprehensive of scarcity, which might cause a breaking up of their camp and a dispersion of their forces. A council of their chiefs was therefore called. Here it was proposed that they should cross the river some miles above Point Pleasant and march down in the night undiscovered, so that they might at break of day surprise the camp and carry it by general assault. Cornstalk, a noted Shawnee chief, opposed this course, alleging that war was not for the interest of the Indians and that overtures for peace should be made to the whites. But overruled by numbers, he acquiesced, reminding the council that they who had now declared for war, were responsible for the consequences and must fight with great bravery, while he would himself accompany them and witness their performance. Accordingly on the evening of the 9th of October, soon after dark, they began to cross the river on rafts previously prepared. To ferry so many men over this wide river and on these clumsy transports must have required considerable time. But before morning they were all on the eastern bank ready to proceed. Their route now lay down the margin of the river, through an extensive bottom. On this bottom was a heavy growth of timber, with a foliage so dense as in many places to intercept in a great measure the light of the moon and stars. Beneath lay many trunks of fallen trees, strewed in different directions and in various stages of decay. The whole surface of the ground was covered with a luxuriant growth of weeds, interspersed with entangling vines and creepers and in some places with close-set thickets of spice-wood or other undergrowth. A journey through this in the night, must have been tedious, tiresome, dark and dreary. The Indians, however, entered on it promptly and persevered until break of day, when about a mile distant from the camp, one of those unforeseen incidents occurred, which so often totally defeat or greatly mar the best concerted military enterprises. Two soldiers from the camp, wishing to make a successful hunt, set out before day in order to be on the hunting ground as soon as it was light enough to discover the game. These were met and fired on; one of them fell; the other, whose name was Robertson,* afterwards known in Tennessee by the title of Colonel, not relishing this rough situation so early in the morning, retraced his steps with all convenient speed to the camp, where he related his adventures to the commander-in-chief. "While he was yet speaking" his account was confirmed by other hunters who had seen the Indians. Three hundred men were ordered out as a party of discovery and observation, under the command of Colonel Charles Lewis, brother of the commander-in-chief, and Col. William Fleming. These set forward at sun-rise, in obedience to their orders, and when less than half a mile distant from the camp encountered the whole force of the enemy. The line of white men extended in a direction across the bottom, where it was fully a mile wide, the left, commanded by Colonel Fleming, resting on the river bank; the right, under Lewis, extended far toward the rising ground or bluff of Crooked creek, a branch of the Kanawha. The attack was first made on the right, but the firing was soon heard along the whole extent of the line, and for a short time was very sharp and here several of the combatants fell on both sides. But believing themselves to be greatly overpowered by numbers, and both the leaders, Lewis and Fleming being wounded, the former mortally, the latter severely, the whole party fell back, but not in confusion. They continued pretty well embodied,

* Col. Stewart says that his name was Moony and that he stopped before *his* tent-door, to relate his adventure. Col. Lewis calls him Robertson, which is confirmed by Messrs. Reid & Moore. The one who was killed, was named Hickman, according to Col. Stewart.

much as they had been when the action commenced, and kept up a constant fire, which retarded the pursuit of the enemy and gave time for the arrival of a re-inforcement. This onset produced great alarm in the camp. The weight of the firing showed that the enemy were re-inforced and the progression of the sound, that they were nearing the camp. A re-inforcement of fifteen men was ordered from each company, amounting probably to less than two hundred and fifty. A tumultuous state of affairs prevented this order from being executed with precision. Some, anticipating the order, had hastened to relieve their brethren and were already in the field. Others promptly obeyed the call when it was received. A portion appeared to move slowly as if reluctant to quit the camp, while another portion, and not a few, as was thought, mingling with the promiscuous crowd concealed themselves, evaded the order and thus kept out of harm's way. As this re-inforcement advanced, not in a body, but in disorderly succession, it was long exposed and suffered much from the enemy, before it could be arranged in the line of battle. The retreating party now strengthened and encouraged, refused farther to give ground, whilst the Indians pressed on with great earnestness and being indignant at having their progress checked, by their impetuosity suffered much in their turn. Although they had been foiled in their attempt of surprising the camp at break of day, yet now elated by their partial success, they hoped that by driving back the whites and furiously pursuing them into the camp, they might, amidst the confusion and carnage which would follow, gain their primary object, but the whites remained firm and immovable and now was the heat of the battle. The combatants stood opposite each, threatening death and destruction upon the other. Neither would retreat; neither could advance. The noise of the firing was tremendous. No single gun could be distinguished, but it was one constant roar. The rifle and tomahawk now did their work with dreadful certainty. The confusion and perturbation of the camp had now arrived at its greatest height. The ground of the encampment was an area of triangular form, two sides of which were bounded by the rivers Ohio and Kanawha, and the third exposed to the battle-ground. On the area, there were men to the number of six or eight hundred, of various descriptions, armed and unarmed, all pent up by the great waters in the rear, and the enemy in front, without an avenue by which to escape. None knew the strength of the enemy; all knew that the whites had been retreating and were now on the very verge of the camp and that by another push, if the Indians had the strength to make it, the camp might become the battle-ground. The confused noise and wild uproar of battle, added greatly to the terror of the scene. The shouting of the whites, while the re-inforcement was advancing, the continual roar of the fire-arms, the war-whoop and dismal yelling of the Indians, sounds harsh and grating when heard separately, became by mixture and combination highly discordant and terrific. Add to this the constant succession of the dead and wounded, brought off from the battle-field, many of these with shattered limbs and lacerated flesh, pale, ghastly, and disfigured, and besmeared with gore, their "garments rolled in blood," and uttering doleful cries of lamentation and distress; others faint, feeble and exhausted by loss of blood, scarcely able with quivering lips to tell their ail to passers-by. Sounds and sights and circumstances such as these were calculated to excite general solicitude for the issue of the battle, and alarm in each individual for his own personal safety. Early in the day General Lewis had ordered a breast-work to be constructed from the Ohio to the Kanawha, thus severing the camp from the neighbouring forest. This breast-work was formed by felling trees and so disposing of their trunks and branches, as to form a barrier which was difficult to pass. It was designed that should the enemy gain an ascendancy in the field, this barrier might prevent their entrance into the camp, while at the same time it might serve as a protection to the garrison that was within. The sun had not ascended far in his midway path when the storm of battle began to subside and the firing to abate. Both parties had put forth their most strenuous efforts and both had sustained heavy loss; yet both seemed willing to continue the contest. Nevertheless, as if taught by experience, both seemed willing to shelter themselves carefully and avoid exposure, whilst at the same time they were careful to employ every opportunity for annoying their

enemy. Seldom now did any one expose himself to view and when such an occurrence took place, five or ten or perhaps more guns were discharged from the opposite line. After this there was silence until a like occurrence again took place. In this desultory way the battle was continued for a considerable time. Although the Indians had manifested a disposition to continue the contest, they had in fact already determined to quit the field and had taken precautionary measures to render their retreat more secure. A portion of their force was detailed to conceal the dead, that their scalps might not come into possession of the enemy and to remove the wounded to a place of safety. Whilst this detachment was performing these duties, the main body maintained the line of battle and kept the white men at bay. But as soon as it was known that the wounded were placed in security, the whole Indian line fell back several hundred yards and there in ambush awaited the approach of their pursuers. These followed with too little caution and suffered for their temerity. Several times the Indians practised the same manœuvre by retreating and concealing themselves, and in each of these stations exhibited the same kind of desultory warfare. The last of these positions proved advantageous for shelter and concealment and here the Indians remained for several hours, maugre all the efforts of the whites to dislodge them. At length Captain Shelby, since governor of Kentucky and noted for his skill and intrepidity in Indian warfare, was ordered by the commander-in-chief with a party of men to pass round south of the battle-ground and gain a station in the rear of the enemy, or at least one from which he might enfilade their line. This was nearly accomplished, when the design was discovered, and soon after the whole of the Indians fled the field. The day was now far spent; the men were exhausted by hunger, fatigue and anxiety. Nothing it was thought could be gained by further pursuit. The victory was complete and the troops returned to the camp.

The foregoing sketch of the retreat of the Indians was taken from conversations held with individuals, who had themselves been in the battle. These on several minor points did not entirely harmonize, but considering the circumstances in which they were placed during the day and the great lapse of time since this occurrence, a coincidence of views could not be expected. This retreat in its plan and execution has generally been thought to have been made with skill and dexterity. European and Indian battles are so different in their character as hardly to admit of comparison. But had a skilful officer of high reputation in modern warfare conducted this retreat precisely as it was done by Cornstalk and his associates, the military character of such officer, it is believed, would not have suffered by the performance. At first the Indian expected, by surprising the camp, to gain possession of it and its scalps and its spoils. But failing in this and losing many of their warriors, their next purpose was to escape from the whites with as little further loss and delay as possible. Their great difficulty seems to have been to secure the wounded. Many of these had been disabled two or three miles from that point of the river, where the rafts had been moored and to which point it was necessary that they should all be transported in order to recross. With their means of transportation this must have required much time and labor. But after the retreat commenced the Indian chief managed with so much adroitness, that the pursuers had not gained probably more than one mile and a half, certainly not two miles in six or seven hours. Thus it happened that the whole band had time to recross the river in the evening, or first part of the night. Not a prisoner was made nor one of the wounded fell into the hands of his enemies. To conduct a retreat successfully requires generally greater and more various talents than to gain a victory. The retreat of the ten thousand Greeks through many hostile nations, brought into exercise greater and more diversified talents than the celebrated victory over Darius king of Persia. The former conducted by Xenophon, gained for him a more enviable reputation than had ever been conceded to the hair-brained son of Philip of Macedon. The former saved from inevitable destruction a numerous band of his countrymen and restored them to their native land. The latter caused the destruction of a great Prince and myriads of his numerous army, whose only crime was to defend themselves against a total overthrow.

The retreat of Washington in 1777 with but the skeleton of an army—a mere forlorn hope, elicited more and greater military virtues, than any period of his eventful life, not excepting even that proud occasion when at Yorktown, Virginia, the British standard fell before him. In the year 1755, when but a youth, this same Washington gave an earnest of his future greatness when he collected and conducted the shattered remains of Braddock's army. On this occasion he discovered such strength of mind, such maturity of judgment and such decision of character, as are rarely united with age and experience. Another example to the same point might be given in the person of General Greene. The retreat of the Southern army in the winter of 1781, through a wasted country, abounding with enemies for hundreds of miles, without any loss of men, artillery or baggage, although pursued by a superior force under a skilful General, must have required no ordinary military skill. On entering Virginia and receiving reinforcements, he faced and fought the gallant Cornwallis, who in his turn was forced to retreat, leaving his dead and wounded to the mercy of his enemy. And now without loss of time General Greene traversed the country, where he had been a fugitive, rapidly reducing the enemy's out-posts, so that in a few months he was compelled to concentrate all his forces at two points. The points being both accessible to shipping were convenient stations from which to run away. Thus we see that General Greene had the courage to retreat when he could not meet the enemy on equal terms; that this retreat was conducted without loss; and that eventually he was able to establish peace and order in the Southern Country.

On the morning of the 11th, the day after the battle of Point Pleasant, about forty dead bodies required the rites of sepulture. Preparations were accordingly made to perform the duty with as much decent respect as circumstances would permit. Large pits were opened; coffins and shrouds were out of the question; every man's blanket served for his winding-sheet. The bodies were laid side by side on the cold earth, and the same material was used to cover and conceal them from view. A few, however, in accordance with the wishes of their friends were interred in separate graves. Here was no pomp or pageantry, no muffled drums; no minute guns, no vollies of platoons were fired over their grave. Badges of mourning, ensigns of sorrow were not in demand. The reality itself was here. Sorrow was depicted upon every countenance. Those very men, who but yesterday, with stern brow and dauntless breast in the fore front of the hottest battle, defied the most ruthless of the savage foe, were now seen suffused with tears and melted with grief. This was not from mental imbecility or feminine weakness. To lament the fate of the brave who fall in the cause of their country, and to perpetuate their memory is the dictate of humanity; it is characteristic of noble and generous minds, the uniform practice of every age and the duty of every people. I would not envy the hardihood of him who could, without sensible emotion, witness such a scene. He must doubtless be destitute of one of the noblest attributes of our nature. This solemn service is now ended: dust has returned to dust and other duties await the survivors. They must bid a long adieu to the dead, whose remains rest here, far from their home and beloved friends. Here in the bosom of a vast wilderness, the haunt of wild beasts, where rude savages roam and where a civilized foot has seldom trod,—here, free from all sublunary tumult, may they repose in peaceful silence, till that great eventful day when land and sea shall give up their dead! During the border wars the slain of the vanquished were seldom buried. To bury them would have been often difficult, sometimes dangerous; besides, the inveterate enmity which then existed between the white men and the Indians, precluded all acts of humanity or courtesy. The vengeful savage sometimes pursued his adversary even beyond the confines of life, mutilating and disfiguring the breathless carcass. Nor was the white man always free from such atrocities. But on the present occasion there would have been neither difficulty nor danger. To have buried the dead would have comported with the superior civilization and intelligence of the white man and his pretensions to religion and it might have softened the ferocity of Indians, to know that the remains of their warriors which might fall into the hands of their enemies would be treated with respect. That this was not done we think is attributable rather to the charac-

ter of the times, than to any peculiar perversity in the temper or character of the actors. Be this as it may, certain it is, that more than twenty bodies of the Indians, who fell in battle, were permitted to putrify and decay on the ground where they expired, or to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey. The mountain eagle, lord of the feathered race, whilst from his lofty cairn, with piercing eye, he surveyed the varied realms around and far beneath, would not fail to descry the sumptuous feast prepared for his use. Here he might whet his beak and feast and fatten and exult. Over these the gaunt wolf, grim tyrant of the forest, might prolong his midnight revelry and howl their funeral elegy. Whilst far remote, in the deepest gloom of the wilderness. whither they had fled for safety, the surviving warriors might wail their fate, or chant a requiem to their departed spirits. Meanwhile the deceased themselves equally regardless of the wailings of friends and the neglect and indignity offered to their own perishable remains, rest in quietness and sleep as soundly as if entombed with honor and pomp amid all the paraphernalia of a military funeral.

This was undoubtedly one of the most obstinately contested battles ever fought on the Western frontier. It commenced with the rising sun and ended about four o'clock in the afternoon. The proportion of killed and wounded was very great. On the largest calculation there could not have been more than five hundred and fifty whites in the field. Of these one hundred and forty-four were killed and wounded, being more than one-fourth of the whole number, and making an average of more than one for every four minutes during the time the battle lasted. It would not be easy to produce another instance in which undisciplined men held out for such a length of time, whilst sustaining so great a loss of numbers; and, indeed, such an example can seldom be found among disciplined troops. In the battle of Waterloo, the English had thirty-six thousand men in the field; the contest was obstinate and for a long time doubtful; they fought with troops equally brave and well disciplined as themselves. Victory finally declared in favor of the English. The British official returns give nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine men killed and wounded, being more than a fourth, but not a third of the whole number. In the battle of Bunker Hill, two thousand, five hundred undisciplined militia, with no other arms than they had been accustomed to use about home and without artillery, had voluntarily assembled on an eminence, near Boston, in the night, and before morning had thrown up a slight entrenchment and when discovered, the British commander ordered three thousand veteran troops to dislodge them; these were completely armed, led on by skilful Generals and supported by a battery and shipping; twice they assailed the militia and were as often repulsed; at the third attack, the ammunition of the Provincials having failed and being destitute of bayonets, they were compelled to retreat, leaving between four and five hundred killed and wounded. The British official returns made their loss one thousand and fifty-six—being more than a third of the whole number engaged in the battle. An example of so great a proportionate loss can scarcely be found in the annals of war, unless indeed where great disparity of numbers or some untoward circumstances caused a rout instead of a battle. The battle of Bunker Hill is in every respect unexampled, and if we may be allowed to use the phrase, a perfect non-descript.

The number of Indians engaged in the battle of Point Pleasant is altogether uncertain. Some of the hunters who saw them early in the morning, reported them as very numerous, covering several acres of ground. The first party under General Charles Lewis retreated, alleging that they were greatly overpowered by the number of the enemy. The line of the Indians during the battle was co-extensive with that of the whites, stretching from the river quite across the bottom, about a mile to Crooked creek. It is said to be a maxim of Indian policy, never willingly to fight an equal force without some manifest advantage and this maxim seems to be founded on common sense; for little can be gained in a contest where blows are equal on both sides. In this battle the Indians maintained the fight with great obstinacy, which they would not have done according to this maxim, had they not considered themselves superior in numbers. Whilst General Lewis with his army was marching from Greenbrier and lying at Point Pleasant,

the Shawnees had full time to form confederacies and engage assistance from the neighboring tribes, who, it was known, made a common cause on all occasions against the whites. It has already been said that twenty white men expired on the battle-ground. Nineteen Indians were found dead in the field and three were discovered on the day following, who had been imperfectly concealed. How many killed and wounded were borne off, there are no means of ascertaining. "They were discovered throwing their dead into the Ohio all the day *" All the circumstances show that the Indians werenumerous, and the probability is that theygreatly exceeded the number of whites engaged in the battle. In Europe, where despots send forth their tens and hundreds of thousands of hirelings to slaughter each other, the loss of Point Pleasant would be thought inconsiderable, scarcely worthy of notice. But let it be considered that these men were taken from a large district of country, as yet but thinly inhabited, where each individual might be acquainted with every other for six or eight miles around. A common interest, common dangers and a common sympathy cemented them together. A portion of these were men in the prime of life, possessing intelligence, influence and respectability. Another portion of them were younger, most of whom gave good promise of future worth. These were not hirelings; no mercenary motives had led them to battle. They went at their country's call for the protection of the defenceless frontier. They met the enemy and theirs was the fate of war. But they fell not ingloriously like the slain on Mount Gilboa; their weapons of war perished not, nor was their shield vilely cast away; they fell fighting bravely and their death contributed to the victory that followed.

General Lewis soon after the battle received orders † from the governor to march the troops to a certain point in the Indian country. This he did crossing the Ohio three miles above Point Pleasant. During their march Indians were often seen hovering around, hanging on their skirts or rear, and sometimes in front. Apprehensions were entertained of a battle, but no hostilities took place. On the last day of their march, when ten or fifteen miles from the governor's camp, a flag met General Lewis, bearing an order from Dunmore to halt where he then was. To this General Lewis seemed to pay no attention, but continued his march. The flag returned and in a few hours appeared again with another order to the same effect; this order was treated as the first and the march continued until the army arrived at a convenient place for encampment, within three miles of the governor's head-quarters, who had marched his troops directly to this place from the Redstone country. Very soon after halting, it was discovered that there were in this neighborhood great numbers of wild turkeys and in a very little time a strong detachment of troops armed and equipped for the purpose, fearlessly sallied forth to make an attack on them. Marching on with hasty step in loose phalanx with trailed arms, the object of their search was soon descried in close order, standing aghast, with heads erect, admiring this novel phenomenon,—a regiment of white faces, what they had never before seen, in dread array approaching,—surprised indeed, but not terrified, for thought they, "what punishment shall we fear doing no wrong?" Suddenly and unexpectedly, when within half rifle-shot, there commenced a heavy firing, which soon became extensive. From this they soon learned that innocence is not always a protection against injury. They now became disconcerted and fell back. The firing continued with great rapidity and the turkeys being hard pressed and closely pursued through copse and glen, over hill and dale, and being much fatigued and despairing of restoring the fortunes of the day, suddenly betook themselves to flight, leaving the conquerors in full possession of the field. They glorying in their victory, now returned to the camp, conveying with them at least five hundred scalps of the enemy. * These were not rudely and barbarously torn from the heads of the slain, but the bodies, necks and heads

* So says Col. Andrew Lewis of Montgomery, yet living. [1836]

† Col. Stewart says: "On the day *before the battle* some scouts came down the river from his lordship's camp express to General Lewis with orders to cross the river and march his troops to the Shawnee towns, where he would meet us with his army." But Col. A. Lewis of Montgomery says, that General Lewis crossed the river without any orders. After giving an account of the battle and things previous, his words are:—"All this time nothing was heard from Dunmore;" and again, "He received no orders from the governor after he left the encampment in Greenbrier;" and again, "Gen. Lewis was never ordered to cross the river."

* This engagement was styled "The Battle of the Turkey Gobblers."

were borne to camp, with the scalps sticking as close as night-caps and all exhibited to public view, so that there could be no deception. And now glee and merriment prevailed, every man vaunting and boasting of his own exploits and adventures. But the exultation was not complete till the returns from the proper officers were made and it was found that although the affray was long and bloody and had lasted for more than twice forty minutes, yet not one man was lost, either killed, wounded, or missing. The firing had been so heavy that it was heard in the governor's camp three miles distant and it was there believed, that the Indians and white men under Lewis had gotten to hard knocks again. The Redstone boys seizing their arms hastily ran across the plain, anxious to know the certainty and if necessary to act a part. Before their arrival the engagement was over and the troops had returned, but what was the surprise of the allied troops, when they were told that all this fuss was nothing more than an attack upon one of the most harmless and helpless of the feathered race? And their surprise was not diminished, when they were convinced by signs that could not be mistaken, that the conquerors, cannibal-like, were about to devour the bodies of the slain. The Redstone troops were a fine set of fellows and gave no symptom of backwardness to take a brush with any equal number of the tawny sons of the West. Their uniform dress gave them a martial air, which rendered them superior in appearance to the troops under General Lewis. The Lewisites were willing to admit all this and that the Redstone boys had in some respects the superiority over them, yet notwithstanding the motley mixture in color and materials with which they were clothed, they piqued themselves not a little in having been fairly tried in battle a few days before and found able to stand fire and drive their enemy out of the field.

On the same day the governor visited the camp, held converse with General Lewis and his officers, and no doubt communicated to them the provisions of the treaty which he had already formed with the Indian chiefs. * From the account given by Col. A. Lewis of Montgomery, it will be seen how much the troops under General Lewis were incensed against Dunmore. He says, "General Lewis had to double and triple the guard over his marquee, to prevent the men from killing the governor and the Indians," who came with him to the camp. *

The governor now ordered General Lewis forthwith to lead his troops back to Point Pleasant; to leave a garrison in the fort with necessary stores for them and the wounded; then to conduct the residue of the army back to the settlements and discharge them. All which was accordingly done and the campaign ended.

The results of this campaign were various. The fall of so many brave men was lamented. This clothed many families and neighborhoods in mourning. But the Indians were defeated and many of their warriors were killed or crippled.

Thus weakened and dispirited they desired peace. Peace was desirable to the white settlements also. They had experienced but little tranquillity since the first settlement of the country. But peace was more peculiarly desirable in a national point of view. The provinces were on the eve of a war with Great Britain, and hostilities actually commenced in the Spring of 1775. This produced universal anarchy; all government was dissolved. In Virginia the governor prorogued the Assembly and having by a series of unwarrantable acts, forfeited public confidence, conscious of crime, he meditated safety by flight from the resentment of an injured people. Having found refuge in an armed vessel, he commenced a petty-larceny war on the plantations, hamlets and water-craft along the shore of the Chesapeake. At length wearied of doing nothing, he left his retinue of renegade whites and runaway negroes to shift for themselves and having by a perfidious course of conduct, inscribed, "here lieth," on his deceased honor, he quitted the province. "Sic transit gloria Mundi!"

But this state of anarchy, in Virginia, was short-lived. The people spontaneously elected members for a new assembly. These having met, a governor and other civil officers were appointed; a constitution for the State was formed on republican principles; a system of finance established; sundry ne-

* Col. A. Lewis of Montgomery says: "Nor was there any treaty made until the spring; after the battle General Lewis held a treaty with them, in which they were bound to keep hostages of their chiefs at the Fort Point Pleasant."

* See A. Lewis' letter in Appendix.

cessary laws enacted and military officers appointed to enlist soldiers for the national defence. All this was done in a short time without tumult or turmoil. People then were honest, and officers faithful. There was no intriguing for office, or scrambling for the loaves and fishes. Had an Indian war broken out simultaneously with the war for independence; during this state of chaos and confusion, had that immense swarm of tawny savages, which assailed General Lewis in 1774, been let loose on the long unprotected line of frontier, the consequences must have been awfully destructive and terrible. In no part of Western Virginia was the population at that time numerous. Some portions of the country, from the fewness of its inhabitants, must have been deserted or destroyed. Where there was a greater population, resistance would have been made. People would have contended desperately for their houses and their homes, and probably the enemy would have been repulsed. But to have effected this and to have guarded against future incursions, would have required the whole military strength of the upper country. There would have been no surplus for national purposes. Throughout the revolution, Virginia occupied a middle position among the States, giving assistance to the North or the South as occasion required. But now lopped of her Western limb, by this Indian war, she could have done but little more than guard her own Eastern border, and not only proved an inefficient ally, but dividing the members of the confederacy from each other by the whole breadth of her territory, must have obstructed their union and co-operation in matters of mutual interest. Such a state of things might have greatly embarrassed and perplexed the Carolinas and Georgia, and might have imposed upon them the necessity of resuming their former allegiance and asking protection from that power from which they had revolted. It is not however probable that this state of things would have proved fatal to the American cause. The spirit of the people had been roused and could have been quieted by nothing less than the independence of the country. It may be thought that as the inhabitants of the upper country were not numerous, so her military strength would be proportionally weak, and that, therefore, the abstraction of this from the national cause, could not be sensibly felt. But though the population was not numerous, yet it was a white population. The black population, in the upper country, was at that time scarcely worthy of notice, while East of the Blue Ridge, negroes may have amounted to one-third or one-fourth of the whole population. Hence it happened that the military strength of Western Virginia, was much greater than that of Eastern Virginia, in proportion to their respective population. Western Virginia was now new. Few settlements had been made for more than thirty or forty years. Her population had been made by emigrants from abroad. Such emigrations are generally composed of men in the prime of life, and thus the military strength of this country was proportionally greater than in the settlements of Old Virginia, where the population was from natural increase. From these two causes the military strength of the upper country was much greater than might have been at first supposed. These were all armed with rifles, were proud of their arms and expert in their use. A rifleman in those days would have thought himself degraded by being compelled to carry a musket. In going into battle he had great confidence in himself and in his fellows. Not regardless of personal safety, he always, where it could be conveniently found, possessed himself of a tree or some other shelter, from behind which, with much composure, he annoyed his enemy. Economical in his expenditure of ammunition, he used his rifle with great precision, always solicitous that one ball should bring down two of his foes. Whenever this class of soldiers was found in the North or in the South, they soon fought themselves into notice. At Stillwater and Saratoga, at King's Mountain, the Cowpens, Guilford and elsewhere, they were conspicuous. Could the ghosts of the daring Ferguson and the cruel and sanguinary Tarleton be permitted to return and tell their story, the former would doubtless lament the fatal day when he, with hundreds of his deluded tory followers, fell before the sharp-shooting mountaineers, whilst the latter might rejoice and exult in having been able with nearly half his Myrmidons, by a precipitate flight, to escape from the horrid grasp of the iron-handed, uncourtly Morgan, who very unceremoniously made prisoners of the other half.

# "THE SPEEDWELL,"

A FLOWER FROM THE VOLUME CALLED

## "BOUQUET FOR THE FRIENDS OF NATURE."

### CHAPTER II.

The sun was already high in the heavens, when Bianca, after an almost sleepless night, rose from her couch to perform the duties of the morning toilet. As she stood before her usually flattering mirror, she was surprised by the sad havoc, which a few hours of passionate sorrow had effected in her appearance, and so mortifying was the occasion of the change, so indifferent did she now feel towards that personal beauty, which had hitherto been prized as her life's best treasure, that like Laïs she felt ready to offer her mirror as a sacrifice to Venus. Hurriedly ringing her bell, Rose, the neat chamber-maid, made her appearance, but instead of her usual smiling cheerfulness, she performed all her duties in quiet sadness, till observing this unusual change in her deportment, Bianca exclaimed in sympathizing tones, "What is the matter? what has happened to distress you?"

"Thank God! I have no personal cause of complaint," answered Rose with a smile which drove away all traces of sorrow, "and what I have to tell would not in the least interest my lady."

"Let me hear it though," rejoined Bianca.

"Since you wish it, I will relate the story," said Rose; and as she unplaited her mistress' dark mass of silken hair, she thus continued: "I believe you are aware that Babette, the daughter of the watchmaker, Heilwald, who lives just opposite, is my most intimate friend. Two years ago she became secretly engaged to the young forester of Hohenbusch, but as her father is deacon in the church, he was greatly distressed by the news, being unwilling to bestow his child on a man whose savage business will, as he thinks, lead in the end to a wild and profligate life. Now Babette has another lover, in a printer of this city, who although somewhat advanced in years, is good looking enough and would probably have won her regard had she been earlier aware of his preference. In some way or other the forester discovered the existence of a rival, and what does he do but threaten my friend, that should she return the least encouragement to the printer's suit, he would assuredly shoot him at the first meeting. Babette was dreadfully alarmed by the threat, and when the printer, who was greatly beloved by her parents, came yesterday to plead for her final decision, she could not withstand their entreaties, but informed them that she was afraid of bringing on her the vengeance of this wild Nimrod. 'Foolish child,' said her father, 'how can you be happy as the wife of a man, who declares himself ready to commit the blackest of crimes. Take courage, and lay your cause before God.' Babette, who had for some time suspected, that as the forester's wife, she would spin more nettles than silk, now besought for two hours of quiet deliberation, and retiring to her chamber she fell on her knees and prayed for direction in this her painful uncertainty. Presently a weight seemed to be lifted from her breast, all fear and anxiety were dissipated. With trustful courage she wrote a letter of dismissal to the forester, handed it to her father, and whispered to her mother that she might summon the printer. Her parents wept tears of joy, praised God who had thus turned the heart of their daughter as a water-course into the right channel; and she herself seems so satisfied with the wisdom of her decision in thus yielding to their wishes, that the betrothal takes place to-day."

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Bianca, with a slight shudder, "I pity her indeed."

"Nay, my lady, Babette is not so much to be pitied as you suppose, for the printer is a man of consequence in the world. He has three presses constantly working."

"And she will be able to supply a fourth, a tear press," interrupted the Countess in an excited tone. "To marry a man without loving him, is to seal one's condemnation for a life far worse than beggary, and ere I could do such a thing, I must change my very nature."

The announcement of breakfast interrupted this conversation, and when her father had finished the perusal of several letters, he turned to Bianca and enquired whether she did not intend going to the Oaks that morning, as her aunt expected a pleasant party of friends. In his enquiry she thought she discovered a solicitude to know the reason of her late constant visits at her uncle's, and as if to mislead him, immediately replied, "I will accompany you, if you are desirous of going;" to which he answered, that he could not possibly attend her that morning, as he had some business of importance to transact, and in fact would determine in the course of an hour, whether he should undertake a longer journey. "But why need I prevent you?" said he, "you often ride there alone, and if you fear the solitary road by twilight, you can either remain all night, or get Hallen to accompany you."

Late in the afternoon the light phaeton of the Countess was seen on the road leading to the Oaks; but although Bianca was perfectly at home at her uncle's, and cared little for the interpretation which persons might put on her frequent visits, yet to-day a secret feeling of self-respect seemed to forbid her from proceeding to the mansion. Quite undecided how to act, she at length bade the coachman stop at a place, where a winding foot-path shaded by lofty elms conducted to a side-gate of the noble park; and without having formed any decision,

walked rapidly along, till on entering by the gateway, she glided like a culprit through the thick shrubbery, and was hardly conscious of her own existence, when a soft feminine voice broke on the ear, and every thought expired in the desire of discovering the source from which proceeded that gentle whisper. Parting the bushes which overhung a flowery bank called the "Hermit's Seat," what was her astonishment on beholding Captain Hallen with Camilla seated at his side, his arm thrown around her slender waist, and his face resplendent with love and hope, as he gazed on the downcast features of his agitated companion.

"Speak, dear Camilla, is it so difficult to say in words that you love me?" he asked in tones of melting reproach; and as she shook back her golden hair, and laid her small hand in her lover's, she murmured, "Be generous! spare me, Hallen: do you not know that you are the whole world to the orphan Camilla?" and her trembling accents found reply in a long and ardent kiss.

The hapless Bianca! it seemed as if death had suddenly transformed her frame into lifeless marble! as if every pulse had ceased to do its duty! With a quick movement she pulled together the opening branches, and in so doing dropped a ring unnoticed from her finger; then like a young fawn who bears in its breast the hunter's arrow, yet seeks to escape from its agony, she rushed back to the carriage, and springing in, exclaimed, "Hasten! drive home as fast as possible," while unable to imagine the cause of her alarm, the obedient coachman laid the lash on his horses, and soon clouds of dust rose between her and the deserted park.

On reaching home, Bianca was surprised to find the servants busily employed in preparing for her father's departure for B——. As he intended setting off in the stage at 2 o'clock, instead of returning to her chamber, as she earnestly desired, she was compelled to show an interest in his departure, and when he expressed his surprise at her early return, she informed him that severe indisposition on the road had prevented her from enjoying the social society at her uncle's. Struck by her unusual tone of depression, the Surveyor looked up from his papers and was shocked to observe the deadly paleness of his daughter's face, as she entreated to be allowed to accompany him to B——, assuring him that the change would prove beneficial to her health, which for some time past had appeared uncertain.

"Why did you not tell me of it before, my child? this news could not have come more inopportunely than now. That you are suffering, there can be no doubt; your countenance tells it but too plainly, but I do not see how I can take you along with me, since I will be too much occupied with business to pay you any attention, and although the wife of Judge Werth, with whom I have promised to stay, is an amiable lady, yet you would find her house rather lonely, now that her daughters are both married. What say you to spending the time of my absence at the Oaks, where Dr. Treffer, who possesses my entire confidence, might daily prescribe for you; yes! now that I think of it, I will send and request him to pay you a visit before my departure." So saying, he rung the bell.

"No, no," exclaimed the agitated Bianca, "do not send for a physician, he will do me no good; only allow me to accompany you to B., if you would not find me dead on your return;" and shocked by her startling earnestness, though well aware of her natural excitability, her father readily acquiesced in her desire.

On retiring to her chamber, instead of seeking that rest which was necessary to strengthen her for the night's journey, Bianca yielded to such a wild excess of grief as almost threatened to destroy her reason. The grave of hope had closed forever over her first and only love; the memory of past joys, served to make her present and future more dark and cheerless; and when midnight passed and she found herself still unable to close her throbbing eyelids, she suddenly forsook her chamber, and paced with quick, uncertain steps, the adjacent apartment. Presently the full moon, streaming through the high windows, shed such a glory on the portrait of her mother, which hung immediately over the divan, that Bianca stood as if spellbound before it. Never, as it seemed to her, had the eyes worn such a celestial expression; never had the smile been so visible around the beautiful mouth, which seemed just ready to open and whisper words of consolation to her hapless child; till as Bianca gazed on the beloved picture, her spirit seemed to shake off its load of sorrow, and kneeling in deep emotion, she exclaimed, "Mother, mother, I know what thou wouldst have me do; I will not yield to despondency! I will gain a mastery over myself; the future shall heal my crushed and broken heart;" till soothed and quieted she glided again to her chamber, and won forgetfulness of her trials in a short but refreshing sleep.

Among the many healing balms which may be prescribed for the wounds of disappointed love, perhaps none is more efficacious in its effects, than intercourse with persons who, either from a naturally equable temperament, or through the wisdom of experience, or even from the unsusceptibility of old age, are able to place a strong defence before the torrent of earthly passions, extending no compassionate sympathy to the weaknesses of others, but allowing the storm to pass over unnoticed. Such was the impression made on Bianca's feelings by the judicious Mrs. Werth, who gave her a most cordial and motherly welcome; and soon the sprightly cheerfulness of the old lady, the precise arrangements of her house-keeping, conducted in old but excellent style, the complete subordination of the aged domestics, the adjustments of the cham-

bers, which though costly, were far behind the fashion of the day, all exercised a happy influence over the Countesses agitated spirit, and regulated the movements of a heart but little accustomed to control.

On the next day succeeding their arrival, Mrs. Werth assured Mr. Weymuth that she had resolved to make a prisoner of his daughter for awhile, since she needed some one to pet and scold, and although as she playfully said, she was well aware that the maiden was a pattern of amiability and good manners, yet in one thing she was certainly deficient, namely, in a proper attention to her health. With an enquiring glance the Surveyor looked towards Bianca, who bowed her head in ready compliance, and when he observed that he feared her present indisposition might cause his hostess some trouble, Mrs. Werth good-naturedly exclaimed: "no fear of that, my dear sir, it is merely a little nervous weakness, caused by the last midnight ball, or these horrible stays, whose maker ought to rank with Schwartz, the inventor of gun-powder, as a murderer. And then cotillions, which are now fashionable, why a race-course ride is a slow walk compared with them, and many a young person has been driven to the grave by such excitement. How much better was the slow minuet, and the pretty Polonaise of my early days, which shewed to the best advantage a fine figure and a neat foot. Only leave your daughter with me, and when I return her to you she shall be as lively as a bird in spring. Nay, see what a bright color I have already called to her fair face."

During the week which the Surveyor passed in B—., he took advantage of a leisure hour to pay a visit to his old friend, Colonel Hallen. With painful curiosity, Bianca awaited the news, which she trusted he would gather in this interview, respecting the object of her attachment, but she was doomed to disappointment, since her father only informed her that he had found the Colonel confined to his bed by sickness; adding, however, that during his visit, his friend had been agreeably surprised by the arrival of his nephew.

"The Captain?" enquired Bianca in faltering accents.

"No, no!" answered her father, "I understand that he has nothing more to do with him, and, had an opportunity presented, I should have made some enquiries respecting the cause of their quarrel; but as I said, his nephew, Hussar Hallen, arrived; one of the handsomest and most interesting young men I have ever met with, and who seems to possess his uncle's entire confidence."

His daughter sighed, and asked no farther question.

Something of loneliness and dejection of spirits marked Bianca's deportment on the morning of her father's departure, but Mrs. Werth exerted herself so successfully in the narration of family stories and interesting experiences of her early life, that at length she succeeded in rousing her visitor from her own sad reflections. In the evening, a small party, who were entire strangers to Bianca, were invited to tea, and as they were not remarkably attractive, she anticipated some tedious hours, when she was agreeably disappointed by the entrance of a lady whom her hostess introduced to her as Mrs. Speedwell. This name awakened in Bianca's bosom a bitter remembrance of the flower scene, which had probably been the cause of her blighted hopes, and made her regard the stranger with greater interest. Mrs. Speedwell appeared older than she really was, for days of heavy anguish had left their traces on her pale face, and imparted to her countenance a touching melancholy, yet though simple in her dress, even to plainness, there was something exceedingly noble in her aspect, for a holy resignation, a pious trust, which had its birth beyond this world of trial, hung like a halo around her.

It was evident to Bianca's watchful notice, that both her hostess and the company in general, treated Mrs. Speedwell with the most marked respect; and so much pleased was she by an hour's conversation, that scarcely had the guests departed, when she entreated Mrs. Werth to give her some account of the interesting stranger.

"Ah! my dear Countess, she is one of the best and most unhappy of women," answered her warm hearted friend, "and since you seem interested in her sad fate, I will briefly narrate it. Compelled by family circumstances, Mrs. Speedwell was forced to marry a man, who as a thoughtless spendthrift, speedily made way with her little property, till after some years of misery, she yielded to the wishes of her friends, and separated from her worthless partner, taking with her the wreck of her fortune. Her daughter, Adela, had hardly grown up, when this small capital was entirely lost, by the failure of a house, which had been thought perfectly secure, and thus she saw herself compelled to labor for a support. Through my willing assistance, she obtained the situation of instructress in the making of flowers in a large school, and to a certain extent I must ever regret my part in the matter, since it brought on my poor friend a misfortune heavier than the utmost poverty. Her daughter, Adela, (ah! dear Countess, would that I could sketch for you a portrait of the beautiful creature,) possessed so much of the gay frivolity of her father's disposition, that even her mother's serious temper, and the depressed state of their circumstances, could hardly check her excess of gladness; and yet it was delightful to see how the dark moments of her parent's life would change to sunshine, beneath the influence of the child's innocent mirth. I will not mention the name of the young officer, who rented a room in the house where Mrs. Speedwell resided, (yonder small building at the

corner of the street,) but I cannot but think, that his act of deceit must bring on him a fearful retribution. Adela seemed attracted to their handsome inmate, as the needle to the magnet, and perhaps her mother did not exercise sufficient energy, for she, too, was so much pleased with the youth's deportment, that she allowed him to pass first an occasional hour, and then every evening in her parlor. This officer had a relation residing in this city, who regarding him as his intended heir, held over him a strict control, and one day questioned him so closely that he was compelled to acknowledge where he spent those evening hours, which the old gentleman coveted as his own. 'Do you think of marrying Miss Speedwell,' he bluntly asked; 'the girl is as poor as poverty, and you must not reckon on my money, since as you see I am still robust in body, and have no inclination to give my all to my heirs, and then expire from want. If you do not intend marrying her, then why win her affections, only to disappoint her! far better to escape at once from the snare, and remain no longer in the dangerous vicinity.'

"With a countenance of the utmost candor, the youth assured his uncle that he loved the lady most devotedly, that he wished to direct her mind and education according to his own ideas, and to offer her his hand when he should obtain the rank of Captain, which could not take place for three years. During this time he intended, however, carefully to conceal his attachment, so as to place no fetters on the heart of the yet thoughtless girl.

"Pleased by his nephew's apparent sincerity, the uncle made numerous enquiries, and learning to his great joy that the youth conducted himself in the most respectful manner towards his fellow lodgers, he determined in his own mind to shorten his term of trial, and to celebrate their nuptials in the coming Spring; but during the whole succeeding winter he was confined to his chamber with gout, when he was cheered and attended by another nephew, who had been stationed at a distant garrison, and who had equal claims on his property with Adela's lover, of whose conduct the invalid still heard favorable accounts, although in consequence of his bodily incapacity, he was unable to exercise any personal supervision. Scarcely had the old man recovered from his severe attack, when his other nephew left him for a distant garrison, and about the same time he received an anonymous letter, informing him that it was needless making any preparations for the intended wedding, since the lady had been already united to her lover, (as she supposed,) by a private marriage, but which was in reality only a false ceremony. Foaming like a wounded bear, the uncle now sent for his nephew, and laid before him the contents of the communication, but with the utmost sincerity the youth assured him that the whole affair was a shameful calumny; that he would discover the originator, and require from him open satisfaction. To this the suspicious uncle replied, that should he find the statement false, he would allow the bands to be published on the next Sabbath; and then ere the young man could offer any opposition, he seized his hat and stick, declaring he would pay a visit to Mrs. Speedwell. On reaching the house he found Adela alone, employed in making a myrtle garland, over which the tears ran unobserved from her pale face. In a tone of kindly sympathy the old man took her hand, saying, 'I am Mr. so and so,' and as Adela shuddered at the mention of the name, he added, 'do not be alarmed, my dear child, for I take a fatherly interest in your welfare. For a long time past I have been aware of my nephew's attachment to you, and cheerfully will I give my consent to your union, if you can declare in the sight of that God, who is every where present, that you have yielded to no secret, though false marriage, and that you have a right to wear on your brow this myrtle crown, which rightfully belongs only to a maiden, and as he spoke, he took the ornament from the table and was about to place it among her sunny tresses, when quick as thought she dashed it to the ground, and with her pale brow flushed deeply as though it had been a crown of thorns, she wrung her hands convulsively, and as she threw herself at the old man's feet, the door suddenly opened and her lover made his appearance. 'Villain,' exclaimed the uncle in agitated tones, 'from this time I renounce you forever, for alas! this beautiful girl has silently confessed the truth of that communication which you declared a mere calumny,' and while the youth stood pale and speechless as a marble statue, gazing in mute agony on the fainting Adela, the old man took his departure, breathing vengeance on his unhappy nephew. Scarcely had he left the house, when Mrs Speedwell entered and was shocked to find her daughter in violent hysterics, while her lover looked as if spell-bound at her side. 'Mother!' she exclaimed, with a wild burst of grief, 'I have acted deceitfully and have kept from you a secret which must prove the misery of my few remaining days.' Then as Mrs. Speedwell turned to the officer for an explanation, the young man recovered from the agony which until now had rendered him unable to articulate, and seizing both her hands, exclaimed, 'Mother! for so you must allow me to claim you, I call God to witness! that my soul is free from this hateful treachery, and that to me Adela has ever seemed as holy as the light of heaven. May eternal vengeance reach through my arm the one who induced her to relinquish her mother's confidence and to consent to a ceremony which proved utterly worthless.'

"The next morning, Adela lay in a high fever, attended with delirium; but in her wild dreams she continually repeated the name of the hapless youth, thus giving convincing proof of his perfidy,

till at the end of three days, came a return of consciousness with expiring life, and her first accents were a yearning desire to see her lover. Haggard and so altered in appearance as to be scarcely recognized, the youth knelt at her bedside, exclaiming, 'live on, beloved Adela! as my wife you shall forget all the wrongs of the past.'

"'No,' murmured the dying girl, interrupting him, 'I ask not now to live; my spirit yearns for death!' and extending her trembling hands towards him, she added, 'Mother! mother! believe me when I tell you that he is all that is good and noble; it was another who won me to consent to that ceremony without your sanction, although, alas! I have promised never to unfold his name, and death will soon place its seal on my fatal secret. 'And you,' she continued, turning her closing eyes to the kneeling youth, while her voice became more faltering as she spoke, 'God grant you a faithful and loving heart as a reward for your generous truth to the thoughtless Adela;' and with an effort she pressed his hand to her lips and fell back expiring on her pillow."

There was a long pause, during which the narrator endeavored to repress her feelings, while Bianca's heart beat with ardent sympathy. At length her friend thus continued—"I perceive, my dear Countess, you feel a deep interest in this little history; and I will now briefly conclude it. Adela lay in her coffin, as fair and beautiful as an angel; and many tears were shed over the grave of the broken lily. Without uttering a complaint, Mrs. Speedwell wandered about like a restless spirit, and sometimes for whole hours she might be seen lingering at her daughter's grave. Her friends urged her to forsake the home which brought to mind so many painful recollections; I even begged her to become an inmate of my house; but strange to tell, she declared that she preferred her home to any other residence, and as one of her old debtors just then paid her a small sum and several good friends quietly made up a little pension, she was enabled to relinquish her place in the school, for which she was entirely unfitted. One yearning wish now occupied her whole existence; it was to discover the one that had so cruelly deceived her innocent daughter, since she felt it impossible to suspect her fellow-lodger, who immediately after Adela's death was seized by a dangerous illness, from which he only recovered through the strength of an excellent constitution. During his convalescence, Mrs. Speedwell paid him a visit and after a melancholy conversation, she observed, 'I cannot but believe your assurance, along with that of my dying child, that you had no part in her unhappiness; still there rests a dark mystery over her fate, which the future may possibly unfold, and if not, it will assuredly be known to me on that day when the secret of all hearts shall be disclosed. Yet forgive me if I urge one request, it is, that you will leave this place as soon as possible, since your presence must ever awaken in me the most poignant anguish.'

"The officer immediately yielded to her wishes, and by a rare combination of circumstances he was just then advanced to the dignity of Captain, which allowed him to retire to another garrison, to which he departed, after vainly seeking an interview with his uncle. But I hear eleven o'clock striking, and that tells me it is high time to cease talking. So good night, Bianca, and should you dream of wreaths and coffins, remember it is a sure sign of a betrothal and speedy wedding. Good night, I will summon your maid."

In the loneliness of her chamber Bianca recalled all the circumstances of her friend's narrative, till every pulse of her being beat to a note of impetuous passion. The dying Adela! the treacherous Hallen! for she scarcely doubted that he was the hero of this tragic story, veiled as his character seemed to be by dark suspicion, each passed alternately in dreamy change before her agitated mind. "Ah!" she exclaimed, as a gush of tears came to her relief, "I feel but too well, that the passionate love which bound Adela to Hallen, might, even in her last moments, have induced her not to betray him. Oh! why was such power bestowed on this dangerous man."

On the following morning, Bianca imparted to Mrs. Werth her desire of becoming better acquainted with her unhappy friend, and as that kind lady saw in such intercourse the means of affording pleasure to Mrs. Speedwell, she proposed that Bianca should pay her a visit on that very morning, and to excuse any want of etiquette, gave her a message to Mrs. Speedwell, inviting her to accompany them in an afternoon walk. Bianca readily took advantage of this commission, and at a suitable hour proceeded to the house. Her heart beat with excitement as she ascended the steps and passed through the entry, on one side of which stood the door leading to Hallen's suite of apartments, and which caused her to gaze for a moment into the portal of the past.

There was something of surprise mingled with the expression of pleasure with which Mrs. Speedwell received her youthful visitor. In the simple arrangements of the room, Bianca observed many traces as of some one who had lately occupied it. In the large bow-window stood a work-table, with its implements still unmoved; over it hung an unfinished myrtle wreath, whose glossy green had already faded in spite of the protecting gauze which enveloped it. A light straw bonnet, around which was twined a garland of withered field-flowers, lay near a parasol; and on the panes of the window, near which she sat, was inscribed in every direction the name of Hallen. Bianca needed no commentary to explain these numerous appearances. Her eyes filled with tears as she gazed on the tell-tale window, and unable to control her emotion,

she sobbed out, "dear and unhappy lady! do not deny me the privilege of expressing the deep sympathy which I feel for your misfortunes; I have heard your tale of sorrow, and am honored if you allow me to declare the deep respect which has been awakened by your Christian resignation."

There is a warmth in the language of truth, which quickly melts the ice of reserve and distrust, even as the rays of the sun dissolve the chill frosts of winter. On the preceding evening, Mrs. Speedwell had been struck by the appearance and deportment of the young stranger; in the traces of sorrow which marked her face she suspected that she too in some way had been a sufferer; she was surprised by the tone of earnestness and feeling which characterized Bianca's conversation, and now embracing her affectionately, she exclaimed, "Ah! how deeply do I feel the kindness of this visit; it is so seldom the sick heart meets with a warm and unadulterated stream of love, that yours refreshes me greatly. In your appearance I am reminded of my loss, for Adela, too, possessed the fatal gift of beauty, yes! she too was an angel! but alas! must I say it, only to be deceived and forsaken," and for a moment the mother covered her face with her hands, till on looking up, and observing that Bianca's gaze was fixed on the window-pane, she continued, "I see that your attention is directed to those indelible characters; but whether to regard them as true accusers, or false witnesses, must still remain a secret. Judging from the testimony of my dying child, and from the decision of my own heart, which saw in the young man only what was good and excellent, I cannot but regard him as innocent, and yet"—

"And yet," said Bianca, continuing in her own words, "it seems to me yonder characters show that he was the entire occupation of her lonely hours, that her whole soul turned to him with the most devoted attachment, nay! be not displeased with me, worthy lady, but did not Adela's words in delirium, her last touching farewell, every expression of love towards Hallen, deny the fact of his innocence?"

"Alas!" rejoined Mrs. Speedwell, "whenever I think of it, it seems as though I were groping in a dark labyrinth. Adela always appeared to regard Hallen as a brother, and it was only after the scene with the Colonel, which no doubt hastened her death, that her attachment suddenly took the character of love, or rather I might say of gratitude; and although the truth is hidden from me, yet methinks I would be still more wretched if I silenced the dictates of my heart and believed Hallen the offender. Yes! Adela's spirit would reproach instead of smiling on me as it often does, when rejecting all suspicion, I recall the charms of his former intercourse, his manly goodness, his generous friendship. Only a few evenings before his departure, when he was sitting at my side, and I yielded to torturing remembrances and tormenting doubts, it seemed as if my daughter appeared before me, and in tones of earnest entreaty, exclaimed, 'Mother! put away your injurious thoughts, you do him injustice,' and though, perhaps, it was but a phantasy, yet it so calmed my feelings, that I have determined to yield to no farther conjecture, but patiently to wait till that day when the Eternal shall judge the world with equity."

On Bianca's return from this visit, she found in her friend's drawing-room a stranger of remarkably handsome appearance, dressed in the hussar's uniform, and whom the hostess introduced as Captain Hallen, of the cavalry. This name, and heard too at this particular time, made a painful impression on Bianca; but soon he exerted himself to draw her into conversation, employing all those arts of persuasion and quiet flattery, so agreeable to the young, till won to take some notice of her companion, Bianca discovered a striking resemblance both in voice and appearance to his cousin.

In the course of the evening Mrs. Werth spoke of her absent daughter, the Baroness Senft, whose husband was the hussar's intimate friend, and the young man then took occasion to urge on his hostess to allow him to convey a favorable answer to her daughter's recent request, namely, that Mrs. Werth would assist in the celebration of the Baroness's tenth marriage-day, which would come round in about a week; and although at first the old lady offered some objection, yet when she found that Bianca was willing to accompany her, assured as she had been of the Baron's excessive hospitality, she readily assented.

Hallen now entered into closer conversation with Bianca, till at length, with a sharp glance, but in tones of perfect openness, he enquired whether his cousin, the Captain, had the pleasure of her acquaintance, and the deep crimson, which quickly bathed the maiden's cheek, the downcast eyes, and the almost inaudible sigh, all in spite of her careless reply, plainly revealed the secret of her heart. With expressions of regret, he lamented that the difference in their dispositions, and perhaps a mischievous whim of fortune, had prevented any close intercourse with one whom he believed possessed of many amiable points, and then he continued talking of Hallen in a quiet, kindly manner, which forced Bianca to admire, though unwillingly, his tolerance.

During the days which intervened before the projected journey, the Countess paid several visits to Mrs. Speedwell, and the interest of her heart was daily increased, and the link of attachment still more strengthened by the thought that their sorrows had been probably caused by the same object. On the morning previous to their departure for Baroness Senft's, Bianca received a letter from her father, in which he mentioned that he would probably surprise her by the news of the engage-

ment of Captain Hallen with the Countess Modesta, which had taken place on the 27th of May, when, by a most opportune accident, Camilla received the announcement of the death of an old lady who inherited, during her life time, Mrs. Von Bornnes' estate, but which, at her decease, became the property of the portionless orphan. The surveyor continued, that Bianca could hardly conceive the joy with which her uncle gave his consent to this happy betrothal, adding that her aunt had all hands busily employed in arrangements for the bridal, which would take place early in the fall, and not only desired that Bianca should return and assist with her good taste in these preparations, but had blamed him much for carrying her off so abruptly. Hallen, he said, was, as an engaged man, one of the happiest of men, but the pretty Camilla seemed absolutely oppressed by her good fortune, for when he had taken occasion to congratulate her the tears rolled down her cheeks, and she said, now that all had conspired to render her so blessed she trembled continually, through fear, that her joy would be of short duration. The letter concluded with remembrances from her several relations.

As Bianca read this epistle, it seemed as though sharp arrows were driven into her bleeding heart. For the first time she fully realized that the object of her ardent affection was lost to her forever, since he had become the property of another. The quiet indifference with which her father unfolded the news made her shudder, and the approval of her uncle and aunt almost excited her to bitterness. She felt herself neglected by fate; in a short time she seemed to be so forgotten by those whom she imagined once held her dear, and all the ties which bound her to life were shattered by these violent changes. In despair she looked for some hold by which to save herself from sinking, and at length found it in the fact, that absent from the scene of trial, there was no need to return till the worst was over, and furthermore, in the determination on which a crimson blush set its seal, that she would hide her every feeling from him, whom, as she imagined, had cruelly forsaken her, and bury her secret in the depths of her own heart.

With mighty will, now mastering the emotions of an ardent nature, Bianca drove back her grief to its hidden fountain, and after the effort of a few moments, went to present to her host and hostess her father's respects. Alarmed by her excessive paleness, though she tried to smile and talk cheerfully, the old lady enquired whether she felt unwell, and when her visitor complained of a slight headache, Mrs. Werth exclaimed, with hearty interest, "My dear Countess, persons possessing such susceptibility as you do should guard against sorrowful impressions, and I feel I have done wrong in encouraging your intimacy with Mrs. Speedwell on account of the pleasure which I was aware it afforded her. Let me act towards you as a mother, and promise me that you will not visit her this morning."

Bianca readily consented, for, indeed, she felt the necessity of more calmness ere she could venture to inform her friend of Hallen's engagement.

On arriving at Baron Senft's estate, the young Countess was surprised at the tone of joyous hilarity which pervaded this splendid mansion. It was truly the home of pleasure, for every day brought a succession of guests, and the gay Baron seemed never weary in devising new modes of enjoyment, and in employing for their acquisition the facilities of both city and country.

As his troops was garrisoned at a town not far from the Baron's residence, the captain of the hussars was a daily visitor and soon won the heart of his hostess by the constant efforts which he made for Bianca's entertainment, who at first felt unable to take a part in their lively pastime. Sometimes, bewildered by the loud merriment and flattered by the general attention, she yielded to the impulse of the moment and rivaled even the gayest, but soon she would shrink back into herself, oppressed by the thought that a dark sorrow had spread its shadow over her whole existence.

Eight days passed by in continual mirth, and when Mrs. Werth, yearning for her quiet home, proposed to depart, her daughter and grand-children urged her stay so earnestly that she consented to gratify their wishes; and, in the meantime, the captain's manner towards Bianca gradually took a more confidential tone. With respectful tenderness he lingered ever at her side, till, when at length he declared his attachment and pleaded a return, she scarcely experienced any surprise, but only trembled at the thought that her decision, whatever it might be, would form the corner-stone of her future fate. Her highest enjoyments in life were destroyed, her hopes had been broken in their early bloom, and she felt that only by a speedy engagement could she deceive her lost lover into the belief that her attachment towards him was but a passing whim. In becoming the wife of her new admirer, it would be less painful to return to the circle of her relatives, and to meet, with indifference, those eyes that must have formerly marked her evident passion. Furthermore, alas! for her weak woman's heart, there was something in the name of Hallen, in the resemblance which existed between them, and in the fact of their near relationship, which now caused her to give some encouragement to her lover, who, experienced in such matters, know how to spin a net with which to imprison her from her every word.

On the evening of the day of Hallen's proposal, the Baroness Senft entered into Bianca's chamber, and, with a warm embrace, declared how glad she was that she had allowed her husband's friend to hope, and how delightful it seemed to look forward to the time when she might number Bianca among

her near neighbors. Mrs. Werth, however, preserved silence, fearful as she was that Bianca's quick decision might disturb some of her father's plans respecting her, and while she prepared for an immediate departure, she found opportunity for a long conversation with the Captain, whom she desired not to visit B. until Bianca should receive an answer from Mr. Weymouth in regard to his proposals. To this, with ready politeness, he assented, only praying the matron to speak a good word to her friend, the surveyor, then, as if to assist her in so doing, he revealed the state of his pecuniary circumstances. His small patrimonial fortune, and the income derived from his military post were, as he said, fully sufficient for a respectable style of house-keeping, but he would not venture to offer such moderate prospects to Bianca, were he not assured that, at the death of his uncle, the colonel, an occurrence which must soon take place, he would become heir to a fortune large enough to allow his bride to establish herself wherever her inclination directed.

With a serious countenance Mrs. Werth heard his explanations and then honestly replied, "It seems to me that you build your fortunes on the bitter feelings which your uncle entertains towards his once favorite nephew. Now what greater injustice can there be than to do so, when your cousin is only suspected, but by no means convicted, of one of the darkest deeds which has ever come under my notice. I cannot but regard its perpetrator as a murderer in a three-fold sense, since he took advantage of the confidence of an innocent maiden, destroyed the peace of her unhappy mother, who has been rendered childless by her death, and cast a shade on the honor of a perhaps worthy man. Yet according to the good old saying,

> 'There is nothing so finely spun,
> But will show itself in the sun.'

And so surely as a just God exists, this base deed will be tried in the light of eternal truth, and should your cousin prove innocent, what comfort would you receive from the possession of wealth of which he had been unjustly defrauded. If I judge rightly of the Countess' character as well as that of her father's, I am sure I would not in the least lessen the success of your suit by naming you as a joint heir with you cousin."

The young man trembled as if agitated by his companion's words; his face flushed deeply under her honest censure, but keeping guard on his temper, he calmly replied, "I am neither the judge of my cousin's actions nor of my uncle's, if, indeed, he is mistaken in his suspicion; but should the captain be innocent, as your partially seem to imply, though the public voice is against him, then the truth will, no doubt, be discovered."

"Nay! let us argue the point no longer," exclaimed Mrs. Werth, "in the end we may even quarrel about the emperor's beard. I only meant to convey a friendly hint, that the Colonel is still alive and may outlive you both."

The ready compliance which the surveyor bestowed on his daughter's engagement with Hallen, was neither caused by the necessity of increasing Bianca's inheritance, nor by any particular liking for the hussar, but solely on the ground that he had been himself entrapped by a young widow, who felt it necessary to replenish her empty purse by a union with a man considerably advanced in years. Yielding, for the first time since the loss of his partner, to one of those attacks of mental weakness which, at a certain period of life, exercise a dangerous influence, he became suddenly conscious of the great sacrifice he had made for his daughter in remaining thus long unmarried, and declaring that, like every thing else in the world, paternal generosity had its limits, he yielded without hesitation to the arts of the coquettish widow.

When Bianca mentioned the Captain's proposal and besought her father's consent, he found himself released from the only hindrance to his intended marriage, and was too selfish to enquire whether she felt a real attachment or had been actuated by other motives, while his daughter was almost as much petrified by his apparent indifference to her prospects as by the above news which flashed upon her like a stream of lightning.

The surveyor wrote that as Bianca's marriage would render him solitary, he had looked out for himself a partner to cheer his declining life, and had found such a one in a charming young widow, whom he entreated her to regard with affection. The sheet fell from Bianca's trembling hands; a huge rent seemed suddenly torn in the holiest tie of nature, she felt herself a castaway; all the inlets to the love of her early friends were closed upon her; the dearest associations of home were destroyed, and as she recalled the changes which had taken place amid the scenes of her birth, a sort of attachment towards her new lover was awakened within her, and she felt, in a measure, comforted by the thought that, in becoming his wife, she secured to herself a protector.

Her open betrothal afforded an excuse for a longer stay at B——, where Hallen frequently paid brief visits as well to meet with his affianced as to learn the state of his uncle's health, which, to his disappointment, he found rapidly improving, till at length, when the military exercises of the year were concluded, and Bianca learned that the new married pair had left the Oaks for their own home, she bade farewell to her friend, Mrs. Werth, whose husband attended her on her journey, while her lover promised to appear some days after to win an introduction to the relations of his bride.

Ere her kind hostess parted with Bianca, she urged that she would allow her to fill the place of a mother and to prepare the bridal preparations at

her own house, which would ensure the presence of Colonel Hallen, who seemed to regard the hussar as his own son. The proposal was highly agreeable to Bianca's feelings and, promising a speedy answer, she kissed the old lady and hastened away.

—

## CHAPTER III.

Autumn had fully usurped the reign of summer when Bianca, after an absence of four months, returned to her childhood's home. Her feelings might be compared to the awakening from a long and heavy dream, whose images had outstepped the bounds of reality; and it was with poignant sorrow that she realized the changes which had taken place during this time in the inner and outer life. Nature, which at her departure had worn the garb of smiling spring, was now clad in the darksome mantle of decay, and seemed to resemble the maiden's own heart, where the storm of disappointment had blown away all the blossoms of hope, while in the wind, which whistled among the fallen leaves, she saw a likeness to that fate whose ruthless power had scattered the foliage of her early joys.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, there is nothing lasting in this world! there is no home where happiness may make her constant abode;" and then, as these reflections grew too melancholy, a holy voice seemed to whisper from the depths of her spirit, "Virtue is alone undying, therefore be true to thyself;" and as if strengthened by this secret Mentor to the patient endurance of her fate, Bianca was able to meet her father with calm and collected mien.

Although the Surveyor received his daughter with parental tenderness, her jealous eye soon discovered that there was an effort in the eagerness, with which he sought to convince her that his new attachment had not in the least diminished his fatherly love, and this conviction placed bounds to the gushing emotions which she experienced in the first moments of re-union. In answer to her enquiries respecting her uncle's family, the Surveyor informed her that they were then in the city, intimating that he and his brother were somewhat at variance, and Bianca justly conjectured that this was occasioned by the foolish engagement into which her father had entered. As he expressed a wish that she should not pay them a visit until the following morning, she excused herself to Mr. Werth, who was now their guest, and wearied with effort, retired to her chamber, where Rose, her faithful maid, welcomed her with many expressions of delight.

"Ah, my dear mistress," she exclaimed, "things are so changed in a short time that I could believe I have been dreaming, and when my master told me that you were about to become a bride, I was almost frightened to death, till I recollected your assurance, that nothing would induce you to marry one whom you did not love, and then I felt satisfied that you would be happy."

Tears gushed to Bianca's eyes as she heard this unintentional reproach but with an effort she changed the conversation, by enquiring concerning the fate of her friend Babette.

"Oh! she is quite happy," replied Rose, brightening as she spoke, "the forester neither killed himself or any one else as he threatened, and the printer treats his wife like a princess. Only yesterday she told me that she daily thanked God for the strength which He had given her to reject one who might have clouded her whole life with sorrow, for lately, as I should have mentioned, the forester has acted improperly in several ways."

The pleasure which the General expressed at his niece's arrival, did not possess his usual ardor of affection, and his wife did not even trouble herself to hide her coldness. Observing her evident depression of spirits, her uncle at length became more familiar, but reproached her severely, not only for having left home without bidding them farewell, but for engaging herself to a stranger without asking the advice of relations who had ever loved her as their own child. He said that such conduct had no doubt induced her father to enter into this ridiculous engagement which had been the cause of debates, at length ending in an entire dissolution of friendship, and with energy he concluded, "If you wish to do me a favor, Bianca, release yourself from the Captain. On the spot, I return the invitation to your wedding, and excuse your intended from all visits of ceremony to myself. Hear me, niece, I have something against that man, and though it may be only a prejudice, yet I dislike him."

The Countess now took her share in blaming Bianca. She pronounced a long sermon on the unthankfulness of the world, and with painful detail dwelt on the difference between her conduct and that of the happy Camilla, who had shown towards her the most filial obedience, and had now fully won the motherly regard, which she had once foolishly lavished on Bianca: while silent and overwhelmed, their niece stood like a delinquent before them, till touched by the gentle patience and unwonted humility so foreign to her natural character, they declared that they forgave her, although they could not feel on friendly terms with her father or her lover. Under these circumstances, Bianca found no difficulty with her father to allow her to be married at B——, and after remaining a month at home, during which she paid frequent visits to her uncle, she returned to B—— with a rich marriage dower and a splendid outfit, which the Surveyor bestowed upon her, probably in gratitude, that she had made no reference to his foolish engagement, which was to be concluded very shortly.

Hardly capable of any expression of feeling, for joy and sorrow seemed alike to have expired in Bianca's heart, she bade farewell to her home without a tear, till on her separation from her uncle, her feelings could not be controlled, since she saw that he suspected the whole truth.

Mrs. Werth received her young friend with unchanged affection, but there was an expression of anxiety in her usually cheerful face, and lines of care were visible on her clear and placid brow. At Bianca's earnest desire the wedding took place with as little ceremony as possible, and except the immediate family, no one was present except the Baron and Baroness Senft and Colonel Hallen, who sent the bride a splendid present. Mrs. Speedwell excused herself from attending, for Bianca had invited her without even consulting her lover, whose consent she took for granted, and disappointed by her denial, she called to see her on the day before her marriage. As she arose to take her departure, Mrs Speedwell presented her with a beautiful bridal wreath of her own handiwork, in which were interwoven a few white rose-buds, which, as her friend agitatedly informed her, had been made by her deceased daughter,—"Dear Bianca!" she exclaimed, "receive this emblem of innocence from the hand of friendship. May your happiness be far more lasting than its short-lived green, and since you have wept tears of compassion on the fate of my hapless daughter, you will not hesitate to wear these roses, which were made when she was as happy as yourself. I know that you have a heart full of love and do not feel harshly towards the dead."

Bianca could not speak, but pressed her lips to the flowers, while a warm tear fell on their spotless white.

It was the evening of her bridal, and as Bianca leaned on her husband's arm, in the recess of a window, somewhat remote from the company, and in tones of soft persuasion he spoke of his own feelings and colored the sky of their future with rainbow hues, the bride listened silently for awhile to his tender flatteries, till with an agitation of tone which ever accompanied the utterance of his name, she replied, "Believe me, Hallen, you will find your wife not half so perfect as you imagine, yet though I may be weak and full of faults, I humbly hope that both in the hours of joy and sorrow, I may ever walk in the path of duty. I have but one wish to make of you, and its fulfilment will assure to me a happiness that has been long denied. Hush, do not promise till you have heard me out; till I have unfolded the advantages which it would afford me. Early deprived of a mother's love, good fortune and partial favor nurtured me, and if you do not discover in my character their disastrous traits, it is only because fate, with her powerful hand, came to my after aid; for the first turned from me like a capricious step-mother, and the last thrust me away as a forsaken child. Hardly, however, had I felt the full woe of orphanage, when compensation was made for my sorrow in an acquaintance every way worthy of my regard, and who has since won my entire heart. Bound by the tenderest attachment to Mrs. Speedwell, nothing would afford me more pleasure than to offer her a home in our house, where the wounds of her heart might bleed silently and unnoticed, and where my filial attentions might supply the loss of her daughter; while in her I should feel that I had won back my lost parent. It was she who wrought for me this garland, and ah! if you were acquainted with the history of her trials, you would feel what an entire absence of selfishness was her's when she prepared this token of regard. The roses which are herein entwined, and which were the work of her lost Adela, shall not in vain adorn my brow, but will ever remind me to plant blossoms of peace in the after life of her lonely mother, and with devoted love to soothe her spirit, which has met with such strange injustice."

The excited bride ceased speaking, then turning, so that the clear lamp shed its full beams on her husband's face, she saw that he had become pale as a corpse and all his features fearfully agitated, save the eyes, which were fixed in steadfast gaze on her bridal wreath. For a moment Bianca felt ready to faint; one horrible thought flashed like a ray of lightning through her soul: she shuddered beneath its vivid clearness, till presently, amid her bewilderment of spirit she heard him exclaim, "Mrs. Speedwell! what do you ask of me, Bianca!" Then changing his tones, he coldly added, "from what I have heard of this lady, she must be a dreamy enthusiast, who would change our household joys into gloomy tears and every expression of liveliness into a solemn memento mori. How unfortunate it is, that I should have to refuse your first request, my Bianca."

"No matter, I resign it," she thoughtfully replied and soon proposed a return to the company.

—

## CHAPTER IV.

Immediately after Captain Hallen's marriage with Camilla, they retired to the country seat, which had been left the latter by Mrs. Von Bornnes; and remote from the world and its pleasures, yielded themselves to the full enjoyments of domestic happiness. The beginning of the next spring, when military business recalled her husband to his post, Camilla took the opportunity of paying a visit to the Oaks. The attachment which she felt for Hallen was almost painful in its depth of feeling, for was he not the object of her first love, who appeared to her superior to mortals? No dark deceit had dimmed the early splendor of his character, he ever appeared to her enveloped in celestial light,

while not only was she blessed in him, but found herself the mistress of a home which had been the paradise of her youth, made precious to her by many grateful recollections. And yet a particle of sorrow was mingled in her cup of bliss! The image of death intruded into her brightest scenes of life, and when her husband would gently blame her dark presentiments, she would reply, "Nay, I am too happy, Hallen, to remain with you much longer. If this earthly frame cannot for any period live in the pure air of the upper ether, how can the spirit partake of celestial bliss, and yet abide on earth! No, believe me, my husband, the impulses of the soul ever urge it to a higher flight, but trembling it sinks back, because the laws of nature refuse to give it strength for its upward soaring. And why should not the thought of death be mingled with the enjoyments of life, since by its dark links we are conducted to the joys of immortality! I feel that I shall not live much longer; but have I not lived and loved! And remember, Hallen,

"'True love ne'er of Lethe drinks.'"

Although the Captain warmly sympathised in his wife's lofty conviction, yet his devotion towards her was mingled unlike hers with thoughts of earthly bitterness. Adela's image would flit before him in his happiest hours, recalling to him the loneliness and sorrow of her mother and the secret mystery which still seemed to envelop her fate. Of Bianca too he could not think without self-reproach, for conscience is a judge which will not be bribed, but which knows well how to separate the praise which one act deserves from the blame which another may merit; thus he felt that he was not entirely innocent. Enamored of her beauty, her charms of manner, and her favorable demeanor towards himself, he had yielded to these attractive qualities, believing that he satisfied his sense of duty when he hid from the enchantress the knowledge of her power over his heart. Bianca's showy appearance seemed sometimes to startle his self-pride, while her independent way of thinking and her general behavior, did not fulfil his severe demands on the sex. Yet there were moments when he felt she might have rightly judged that he returned her secret attachment, and that prudence alone prevented the expression of his feelings. About this time the arrival of Camilla dissipated the dangerous illusion and awakened him to a sense of his duty as well as to the difficulty of his position.

At an earlier period of our story we mentioned that Bianca, in escaping from the love-passage between Hallen and Camilla, in the haste of her departure, had dropped a ring from her finger, and although neither of the lovers suspected her presence, yet while lingering about the favorite spot, Hallen's keen glance noticed a bright object on the grass, and picking it up, he immediately recognized it as her own property. It was a single circlet of gold, to which was attached a crystal in the form of a heart bearing the initial H, and in their more familiar moments he had often teased Bianca with the playful jest, that she bore his name in her heart, though the pretty bauble was really the gift of a schoolmate by the name of Helen, who had bestowed it on her as a parting token. Silently and with deep feeling did Hallen gaze on the treasure, and when he discovered that the heart had been shattered, as if to erase the small initial, it seemed as though he heard Bianca's voice thus reproaching him, "Thou hast broken my heart! behold here the emblem of thy deed!" And could the wretched girl have been conscious of the deep feeling with which he regarded the little ornament, it might have afforded her some consolation. Bianca's sudden departure and the length of her absence from home, made the Captain suspect what he had scarcely conceived of, that she secretly loved him; and when he learned the news of her engagement, the thought that some bitterness may have led to her hasty resolution, made his suspicions still more tormenting. Acquainted with some of his cousin's failings, he yearned to warn Bianca of her danger, but felt that he might be misunderstood and slighted; thus, amid the happiness of his quiet life, her fate was the only anxiety which he could not control.

When Bianca had become established with her husband in his garrison, she endeavored by a continual effort to mingle in the gay circle of the surrounding neighborhood, with some outward appearance of satisfaction, for had the choice of a mode of life rested with herself, she would have shunned the thoughtless society, where her husband alone seemed in his proper element. The garland of her youthful hopes had been left behind in her life's bewildering road, and fearful of looking towards the future, she had nought to do but to rest satisfied with the empty waste of the present. Soon, however, she discovered that the attractive manners and polished demeanor which had at first agreeably surprised her in her husband, were only put on like a garment, when interest or pleasure required, to be thrown aside in their lonely hours. This truth filled her with sorrow, for she was thus deprived of the feeling of respect, which his outward advantages called forth in her bosom, and which had hitherto served to hide the secret scorpion that had long been eating into the depths of his moral nature.

Although Bianca was declared by every one to be a pattern of a wife, yet the ready activity with which she acceded to her husband's every wish, the silence which she observed amid his frequent outbreaks, and the even tenor of her whole conduct, partook more of the character of sacrifice, than of that devotion which belongs to the affectionate wife, and

now that the flattering mask had fallen, she shuddered at the survey of a character whose depravity she had not in the least imagined. With rude oaths, he would often abuse the physicians, who, as he said, kept his uncle too long alive, and restless and dissatisfied with the quiet of home, he was continually seeking some wild party of pleasure, or if none such presented, would invite his bottle companions to a midnight carousal at his own house, when his wife would be quickly obliged to retire from the circle, and in the quiet of her chamber, shiver with fear as she caught their noisy and contemptible outcries.

About three months after her marriage, the Baron Senft was compelled to declare himself bankrupt, and while Bianca deeply sympathized with her kind friend, Mrs. Werth, of whose late lowness of spirits she now discovered the cause, she was made completely aware of her husband's wicked character, since he gave the worst advice to his ruined friend, and on the principle that necessity makes all right, took advantage of his distress and urged him to such dishonest measures, that Bianca setting aside her feelings as a wife, secretly sent the papers containing these dangerous directions to her friend Mrs. Werth, and besought her, by becoming the Baron's protecting angel, to save him from the greatest of all evils—that of crime.

During her husband's absence at a distant port, whither he had been called to repress an insurrection among the inhabitants of several villages against their liege proprietors, Bianca became the mother of a daughter. As the infant was exceedingly feeble and gave little hope of living, the Baroness Senft, who was with her at the time, sent for a neighboring clergyman to perform the right of baptism, and on enquiring what name should be given it, its mother desired that it should be called Adela, and thus it was baptised. By means of energetic attentions, the little stranger, however, recovered, and when after the absence of a fortnight Captain Hallen returned, he seemed really affected by meeting his wife, and loudly expressed his pleasure as he looked on his infant daughter. "What have you named her?" he cheerfully enquired, as he stooped to kiss the child as it lay almost hidden in the elastic pillow.

His wife timidly answered that she called it Adela.

"How in the world did you come by that name?" exclaimed her husband starting upright; the question was very natural in itself, but there was a suspicious expression in his voice and countenance that drove away the gentle spirit of the hour, and as Bianca fixed her eyes upon him and coldly enquired, did you never know an Adela worthy of love, or have I wounded you by painful recollections?" He tried to evade the question, and answered jestingly, though a glance of fearful defiance on his side, and of contemptuous disgust on hers, was the consequence of this interview, in which nature's highest blessing should have drawn their hearts more closely together.

Years passed by, and already four candles burnt around the birth-day cake of the little Adela, (signifying the child's age,) when Captain Hallen was seized with a violent cold, which trusting to his robust constitution, he totally neglected. Every Achilles has his heel, and soon he was confined to a sick bed, and at length became so much worse, that the physicians announced his disease would certainly prove fatal, though it was probable he might survive for a considerable time, unless his fate was hastened by his extreme impatience of temper and his continual yearning for life. During his illness, Bianca nursed her husband with the most constant assiduity and unwearied patience, and though, from the length of his sickness her own health seemed about to fall a sacrifice, she would not remit her cares, feeling, perhaps, that she compensated for her want of love by her excess of devotion.

At length he became reduced to extreme debility, and one morning as his wife sat watching his restless slumber, he suddenly awoke, as if startled by some fearful image, and staring wildly, exclaimed in the energy of fever, "Bianca! believe me, I must die, I feel that I must die! In vain do my physicians seek to deceive me; it has been revealed in a language which is familiar to man in every clime; pain has made me aware of my approaching death. And you, dear Bianca, who look as pale as though you were about to expire, you will date your truest happiness from the moment of my decease."

Bianca burst into tears; this reproach, so full of truth, smote her to the heart, for she had trusted that her conduct, marked as it had been by constant self-denial, had concealed her real feelings. The sick man seemed surprised by her excessive agitation; "weep not, dear wife!" he exclaimed, "I meant not thus to distress you, for you have been ever very kind. But what was I about to say! my head is so weak that I can scarcely remember anything. Ah! it was this; you will need some one to be with you in the mortal conflict, which must soon take place, and I wish you to write to your friend Mrs. Speedwell to come and remain till all is over."

The paleness of death rested on Bianca's face as she softly exclaimed, "Mrs. Speedwell! ah! I never invited her in our days of health, and now how selfish it would be to expect her to leave her home and come to assist at the sick-bed of my husband, with whom she is not even acquainted.

"Not acquainted," repeated the sick man, in a meaning tone. "Believe me, she will soon become so. Bianca, it is my earnest wish that you should summon your friend; and do not delay, or you may repent it."

The carriage was quickly sent for Mrs. Speedwell, along with a brief note, whose tear-wet characters showed how much Bianca needed a comforter, and when the dying man was informed of her arrival, he seemed greatly agitated, but immediately desired that she should be introduced into his chamber, and warmly seconded her when she proposed that his exhausted wife should retire to rest and allow her to fill the place of watcher in the sick room.

Hardly had the first rays of morning appeared in the east, when, starting up from unrefreshing sleep, Bianca stole on tip-toe through the ante-room, and pulling aside the silken curtains which hung before the glass door, eagerly looked to see whether the inmates of the sick chamber were asleep. "Oh God! he is dead!" she murmured, as she saw Mrs. Speedwell kneeling beside the bed, her eyes upraised, and her hands clasped as if in fervent prayer; but she was mistaken, for her husband was still alive, although this was the last day of his existence. But while his pulse beat faintly, and only at intervals, his mind seemed to have become stronger, and there was an unusual expression of calmness in his sunken features, till, as Bianca approached, he took her hand, observing in a low tone, "all is made clear, but ah! it was even more difficult than I imagined." His weeping wife made no reply, for she thought that he referred to his victory of death over struggling nature. About sunset Hallen awoke from a heavy stupor, and fearful convulsions announced that the moment of his departure had arrived. The physician had just left the apartment, and Mrs. Speedwell and Bianca stood alone by the bed-side, when the dying man suddenly looked towards the former, and moved his lips in some incoherent expression.

"God is love, and his mercy never faileth; he forgives us our offences even as we forgive those who offend against us; he redeems us from all evil!"

So repeated the worthy widow as she sought to comfort his parting moments.

"Adela!" murmured the dying man with evident difficulty. His wife, believing that he asked for his little girl, quickly raised the child in her arms, but turning away he beckoned to Mrs. Speedwell, who immediately took her from her mother, and clasping her to her breast, exclaimed, "ah! I understand you, this will compensate for the past," and tears gushed from her eyes as Hallen bowed his assent, and sank expiring on his pillow.

After a long silence, only interrupted by Bianca's sobs, Mrs. Speedwell, gazing on the corpse, mentally exclaimed, "Oh! my Adela, your spirit is appeased, though by a late repentance, I feel it in the deep peace with which I have forgiven, and breathed blessings on the one who so deeply injured you; and oh, how just were my feelings when I would believe naught against the worthy Hallen, and how will his uncle rejoice, when, according to my promise, I shall inform him of his past error. In you, my child," and she embraced Bianca, with all the energy of her nature, as her thoughts found utterance, "in you I again possess a daughter, as good and lovely as the one whom I lost; a daughter who has been tried and proved in the fire of affliction. We will never separate again, my Bianca," and her affectionate companion repeated, "never! never!"

Shortly after the burial of her husband, Bianca, accompanied by Mrs. Speedwell and Adela, left the spot, which was filled with so many painful associations, and although a strange sense of freedom was already awakened in her spirit, yet she felt that a long time must elapse ere she could find herself capable of entering on the joys of life, or of forgetting the heavy sufferings of the past.

The travellers stopped for some days in B——, where their friend, Mrs. Werth, resided, to arrange Mrs. Speedwell's affairs, ere she could become an inmate of Bianca's future home. Here she sought an interview with the Colonel, who seemed exceedingly happy on learning of the innocence of his favorite nephew, and while he willingly forgave the dead, he set off on the same day for Captain Hallen's residence to ask forgiveness of the living.

On reaching her native city, Bianca found that important changes had taken place within a few weeks, for the Surveyor, after enduring the bad temper and improper conduct of his wife, till he could bear it no longer, had proposed to her to separate, though he did so at the loss of a considerable part of his fortune. Her departure banished the demon of discord from his home, his brother renewed his former friendship, and aware that Bianca had been unhappy, the General received her with open arms, while the Countess overwhelmed the young widow and her little Adela with caresses, and welcomed Mrs. Speedwell as an old friend, who now made a part of the family, since she had accepted the Surveyor's pressing invitation to reside with Bianca at his house. In the course of a week, Captain Hallen, along with his wife and the Colonel, arrived from his country estate, whence he was called by military duty, and as Camilla, who had been suffering through the winter from a distressing cough, had been advised to try change of air, she intended remaining with her aunt, while her husband, with the Colonel, returned for a short time to B——. Bianca's heart beat powerfully, and her mourning veil concealed a crimson blush at her first meeting with Hallen. The Captain was a much handsomer man than formerly, and cheerfulness had imparted vigor to his fame, while Bianca, on the contrary, had become pale and emaciated, though an expression of holy peace imparted to her countenance something almost unearthly. Hallen evidently changed color as he kissed her hand, but far greater agitation overpowered him as he

turned to Mrs. Speedwell, who met him, with her eyes brimming with tears, for both recalled the sorrows of the past, while they rejoiced in this meeting, so freed from every suspicion.

Summer passed by and found the two families living in close companionship: but when the leaves began to fall, and the cold wind of autumn swept over the naked fields, Camilla, in spite of the opposition of her friends, expressed a desire to return home. On the day before her departure, Bianca and herself took a walk through the park, which was brightened by the rays of the setting sun, and as they gazed from a slight eminence, on that most striking object of nature, and marked the last golden ray as it mingled with the blue ether, they suddenly ceased their conversation and walked, arm-in-arm, apparently listening to the rustling of the dry leaves beneath their footsteps. On reaching the spot where, in former days, Hallen and Camilla had sung Hector's farewell, the latter suddenly stood still, and gazing in dreamy thought on the well-remembered place, exclaimed, "Ah, yes! it was here that we sang together. The physicians have long since forbidden me to exercise my voice, yet once again shall it find utterance in my favorite lay.

'True love ne'er of Lethe drinks.'"

Bianca's eyes filled with tears, and in supplicating tones she replied, "Oh! say not so, Camilla; you are young and will surely shake off these slight seeds of disease."

"No," rejoined her companion," I know that I am not mistaken, and why should I fear death! Ah! one must be as happy as I am, willingly to follow that sombre guide, for it is leaving the first hall of bliss to enter upon a second and higher, until at last, when my soul is altogether purified, it shall be able to stand before the presence of the Source of all felicity, that Being who centred in himself the origin of love.

Camilla was not mistaken in her presentiment, for about mid-winter she was seized with a violent hemorrhage, and expired almost without a struggle on that heart which was to her the world of her inner life. She was buried in the grave-yard where lay the remains of her mother; and after remaining a few weeks in his now cheerless home, Hallen, accompanied by his uncle, returned to the city, and although his grief was, for a long time, deep and sincere, yet it was ever quiet and gentle as the object which had awakened it.

—

## CHAPTER V.

The 22nd of May again brought the birth-day of the Countess Weymuth. Its usual festal celebration was, however, set aside, since being in feeble health, she was unable to enjoy the society which she had once so dearly loved. Captain Hallen was alone invited to pass the day with them, but being detained by business, he promised to visit them if possible in the afternoon, and as Mrs. Speedwell and Bianca had spent the morning in the Countess' sick chamber, the former proposed that her young friend should take a stroll with the little Adela in the open air of the garden. The child was delighted with the proposal, and throwing aside her playthings, was soon seen leaping and shouting as she plucked the numerous wild flowers which grew throughout the park, and with unwearied curiosity, enquired their different names; while her mother, absorbed in thought, only returned an occasional answer.

"Ah! here comes my uncle," exclaimed the little girl as she flew to meet her favorite relative, and as Bianca reached the marble bench beside the reservoir, Hallen appeared, with Adela in his arms, and observed as an excuse, that finding the Countess asleep, Mrs Speedwell had invited him to come to the garden, where he would meet with better company. Just then the little girl returned to her former pastime and ran up, with a blossom in her hands, exclaiming, "dear uncle! tell me the name of this blue flower, which has only two leaves!"

Hallen's countenance changed as he examined it; the spirit of memory revived within him, and with a smile, which seemed the mirror of his feelings, he looked towards Bianca, replying, "I think it is called *man's truth*, but ask your mother if I am right!" And Adela, believing that he was jesting, raised her innocent eyes to her parent's face, who replied in a subdued voice, "No, my child, its name is Speedwell."

"Then I must run and show grandmama her namesake," exclaimed the playful Adela, and without heeding her mother's call, she skipped along the walk leading to the castle, while Hallen, left alone with Bianca, pressed her hand tenderly in his and drew her to the seat beside the reservoir. It was a moment of deep feeling, and as Bianca recalled the various trials which she had undergone during the six years since she was last seated in this place with this companion, tears gushed in torrents, and in sorrowful tones murmured, "Ah! Nature alone is true and changeless, but happiness is but the plaything of the moment. These flowers,"—as she spoke she plucked one from the verdant grass,—"bloom as freshly to-day as formerly, but I—I have changed entirely."

"Dearest Bianca," exclaimed the Captain, as he threw his arm around his weeping companion, "will you not permit me, by true and devoted tenderness, to seek to reanimate your wounded heart! Will you not allow your hand to rest in mine, and promise to become my cherished wife! Oh! beware Bianca how you reply; do not doom me to disappointment, your assent alone will afford me consolation for

many lost joys; Mrs. Speedwell will be my mother and your Adela"—here his voice faltered, "the dear child of my love."

What an evening for Bianca! The memory of the past heightened the bliss of the present, and she blest the thorny path through which she had been treading, since it had taught her the knowledge of self, and made her worthy of becoming the wife of the high-souled Hallen.

On the day of their betrothal, Hallen placed on Bianca's finger the well-remembered ring, whose broken crystal had been replaced by another. "I will set a pledge of my happiness within it," she said smilingly, and she pressed its delicate spring and laid in the small medallion the blue leaves of the Speedwell; "this will prove a talisman," she added, as she looked confidingly into her lover's face. Bianca was not mistaken, for though the leaves have since become dried and withered, her husband has ever remained faithful in his attachment, and perhaps my readers have, by this time, discovered the moral of my story, which is, that in most cases, the constancy of the husband depends on the amiability and real worth of the wife.

---

## POPULAR ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence, says Isocrates, is "the power of persuading;" and Gorgias adds, "it is the power of persuading by *speaking*." Cicero, more comprehensively defines eloquence as being the art of "speaking in a manner proper to persuade," and says, that "he is a perfect orator, who, in speaking, instructs, delights, and moves his hearers." How shall persuasive power be cultivated? In what consists the ability to "lead men wherever one pleases by the faculty of speaking?" In brief, *what are the elements of Popular Eloquence?* We will consider three of them,—truthfulness, intelligence, and energy.

In the *first* place, one must be truthful before he can be eloquent; his sentiment must be sincere, and its expression must be natural.

Sincerity is a prime requisite. The popular heart loves reality; its strong feelings revolt at artifice however splendid, and it instinctively detects whatever of motive or action that is not based on truth. One may act the hypocrite in every other walk of life, but in eloquence deception is impossible. The mysterious bond of union which links the hearer in thought and feeling so strongly with the individual who addresses him, is formed of affection and confidence mutually sincere. It requires no angel to tell an audience whether the individual who addresses them really desires to promote their welfare or to inform the speaker if he is heard with interest. If his conceptions are clear, his propositions simple, his ideas lofty, and his purpose honest, his manner will inevitably be imbued with earnestness, his language will leap spontaneously from a heart full of solicitude, and will strike corresponding chords in all bosoms, which will vibrate back again to himself and augment his inspiration.

The secret charm of popular eloquence is of too aërial a nature to be bound by the chains of a definition. It is not elegant urbanity merely, it is not insinuating grace alone, it is rather that mild magic, that endearing simplicity and gentle fascination, which characterize the language of enamored hearts and aspiring souls. The love of truth united to a keen delight in skilful and vigorous argument, is the true orator's master-passion, and to this he will make subordinate all his public feelings and private pursuits. *Sentio, ergo sum* says the metaphysician; we may safely parody the saying, and claim the highest order for that eloquence which springs directly from the speaker's soul, and which is therefore most effective on the souls of others. The great secret of eloquence is to be in earnest. It is honest conviction only that can convince. The inspired always inspire. The most ancient orators, the Hebrew Prophets, under forms and circumstances entirely diverse from ours, yet speak powerfully to the hearts of all men because they spoke from their own. The proficient in eloquence must feel warmly and profoundly,—he must sketch directly from nature in the ardent hues of deep original emotion, and imbue all his language with passion derived from his own experience, not the observation of others. To think deeply is the prerogative of an original mind, to speak boldly what one thinks is the mark of a great mind. This brave originality of soul is the source and guaranty of rare eloquence. Every effective orator will act with Rousseau in this respect. The principal of the Jesuit's College one day inquired of him by what art he had been able to write so well. "I said what I thought," replied the unconscious Genevan, conveying in his laconic response the bitterest satire on the system of his interrogator, and the best explanation of the force of his own.

But naturalness of expression is requisite to popular eloquence, as well as sincerity of sentiment. The most popular orators are those who seem to have received the pencil which paints the human heart from nature herself. They have a keen and searching eye for character in all grades and walks of life. They have the extraordinary faculty of identifying themselves with their fellow-men; they feel the emotions, and think the thoughts common to the human race, and hence, when they speak or write, the universal heart responds to their sentiments. This is the secret of the influence exerted on all the world by Homer, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and Sir Walter Scott. The man who know how

to reach the deep substratum on which all hearts rest, the latent and common source of human action are immediately and universally understood and admired. The language of such an orator flows like a soft stream and wins its way through rocks,—the expression is always exactly fitted to the end, the word to the thing; his whole presence beams with truth, and he stands before the audience in the visible colors of nature. Sentiment and language, of simultaneous birth, come forth in virgin purity and power from his lips like Minerva in complete armor from the brow of Jove.

These are endowments, it must be confessed, not common in a high degree to all, nor easily acquired. He who is moved from within to devote a life time to oratorical acquisition, may take the incentive as a prognostic of success. But as one cannot have an inclination for what he has no natural propensity, so he cannot excite in others what he has not cultivated in himself. The voice that would gain power to command in the tempest, must discipline itself for a long time in battling with the roar of conflicting elements.

It is of fundamental importance that one be natural in thought and expression. This will insure variety in mode, material and effect. The mind loathes artificial forms of speech and protracted uniformity. Vicissitude and diversity are the most prominent characteristics of the material universe, and the human intellect strikingly comports with these. He will be the most powerful who is most natural,—in matter and manner most like the world without, and therefore best qualified to reach and gratify the craving diversity of internal desires. Which scene presents the finer and more grateful view? A contracted garden, laid out in the old French style, cut into a thousand artificial forms, bedecked with hot-house exotics, scantily watered from dripping fountains; or nature's own illimitable expanse of hill and meadow, lake and wilderness, with here a tangled hedge all covered with fragrant blooms, there a giant oak burdened but beautiful with thickly clustered vines, while beyond dense fields of corn, nourished by unfailing rivers, wave to free breezes along vast plains, and far-off mountains musical with cataracts tower in grandeur to the sky?

Speaking will be effective on all classes and conditions of people just in proportion as it is true to the constitution of the beings addressed. Man is moved only by what is manly; the soul of an audience is thrilled just so far as the speaker's own spiritual faculties are aroused. A true orator is a true man, truthfully uttering sentiments that, like the immortal soul, are noble, energetic, and sublime. It is not reason only, it is not fancy only, that makes one eloquent, it is soul. He who can most readily put himself in contact with the primitive elements of mankind, sense, imagination, reason, he who can strike these separately and together with greatest force, will be the most popular orator. Every man carries all mankind in his own nature. We have but to develope, cultivate, animate and project self, and we move the world. Every fibre of sensibility, taught to vibrate acutely in one's own bosom, will cause a corresponding chord to vibrate in other bosoms through sympathetic emotion, cheerful or sad, in rapture or despair, exactly according to the parent feeling. The law that "like begets like," holds in nothing more invariably than in eloquence. If there is no decided emotion in the speaker, there will be none in the hearer. On the contrary, if his spirit is but a diapason of comprehensive sweep, from the lowest flute-note to the loud swell of bursting thunder,—if inexhaustible emotion speaks through every key, infinitely diversified in note, but identical in character, as the unfathomed ocean of air feeds an organ, and is changed by the transition into enchanting music,—such an orator will be listened to with delight by all, because he has natural sentiments and charming tones for each, dear and familiar as household words.

Sincerity of sentiment and naturalness of expression are conditions which can never be dispensed with in efforts at effective speech. Never did one utter the accents of true eloquence, who did not feel what he said from a thrilled and agitated heart. The unbounded control which the animated orator exercises over a popular assembly,—the flashing eye, the beaming countenance, the cheering or despairing tones of a well-modulated voice, are not the feats of rhetorical artifice, the clap-traps of artificial elocution, the adroit tricks of jugglery coldly practised on the credulous. Nothing is assumed or mechanical. The charm that spreads so potently, the spell breathed over all, is fresh from the soul, and it is the voice of nature alone that asserts this sovereignty over the hearts of mankind. The speaker's own self-control is doubtless the result of discipline, but the secret of his triumphs over the feelings and judgment of others, lies amid the keen sensibilities of his spirit, in the "pulse which riots and the blood which burns" within him.

The *second* grand requisite to effective oratory is intelligence; the speaker must be lucid in thought and harmonious in the utterance of what he thinks.

He must be lucid in the substance of his discourse. "True eloquence is the art of placing truth in the most advantageous light for conviction and persuasion," says Blair. In the arrangement of the materials, perspicuity is an indispensible quality. The dictates of common sense are, to rhetorical science, what the axioms of geometry are to the science of mathematics. They are elementary principles, to which all subsequent combinations must be referred. They constitute the leading faculty of every useful mind, and the prevailing charm of every admirable discourse; a

power which may sometimes be made subordinate, but which can never entirely be laid aside. The mind of the poet glows with the splendor of imagination, while the philosopher employs himself more frequently amid the stern deductions of reason. When both are happily combined in harmonious proportions and judicious use,—when substantial material is invested with the light of lucid order,—we have the popular orator, whose speech is a torrent that dashes through every obstacle, embellishing its impetuous course with foam and spray and rainbow tints, or the calm and majestic river, flowing without tumult, and diffusing life and wealth wherever it goes.

It is not necessary always to use thoughts that are common-place in order to be comprehended. The great masses of mankind are much more capable of understanding refined and exalted sentiments than is usually supposed. But learned ignorance is a great obstacle to popular effect, and should be carefully avoided. "A speaker, who exhausts the whole philosophy of a question, who displays every grace of style, yet produces no effect on his audience, may be a great essayist, a great statesman, a great master of composition, but he is not an orator. If he miss the mark, it makes no difference whether he has taken aim too high or too low."

The surest way of becoming luminous in discourse is to observe what has already been said on being natural. We persuade with greatest power, when with most facility we enter into the sentiments of others, instead of arbitrarily imposing on the audience the sentiments we wish them to adopt. Nature teaches her ardent devotee the language that quickens the pulse, flushes the cheek, warms the heart and expands the soul,—playing upon the passions of the listener as upon a lyre, and making him to feel as though he were impelled by unseen messengers of light,—a secret and indescribable charm, the informing spirit of universal excellence, which lives on the lips of the truly eloquent and causes the very stones, as well as the stars, to cry out—

"The hand that made us is divine."

It was in the exercise of this power that Pericles moulded the Athenians into what shape he pleased and presided with unlimited authority in all their assemblies.

Moreover, it should be remarked, under this head, that when most sincere, we are generally most easily understood. It seems to be a fundamental law in rhetorical pursuits, that honesty of purpose and moral courage should constitute the basis of success as well as honor. "No slave can be eloquent," said Longinus. The history of eloquence shows that the highest attainments are won only by the union of the most unshackeled and uncorrupted qualities of head and heart. To think vigorously and fearlessly to say what you think is one of the best modes of becoming lucid and effective in the use of speech. The great natural orator is not the actor of his subject, but its organ. His spontaneous thunders burst forth from elements surcharged with the electric fire of intellectual enthusiasm. With him who has something to say, the importance of which he trembles under, and is anxious to disburden his soul in the most direct and forcible manner, there will be no hollow wordiness, no gaudy decoration, no rhetorical sophisms, but a vivid and manifest feeling of truth and honesty will fork the lightnings of his eloquence. The inspiration will be profound, the thought will be transparent, and the action natural; the speaker's looks, gestures and tones of voice will be such

"As skill and graceful nature might suggest
To a proficient of the tragic muse."

Moreover, it is requisite in popular address to be harmonious in utterance, as well as perspicuous in arrangement. A great deal of the force of eloquence depends upon the modulations of the speaker's voice. It is that by which the mind immediately announces its thoughts. A clear and harmonious articulation is the grand instrument of the orator; the most flexible, delicate, exquisite and powerful. It is from this that eloquence derives its name. Any defect in a speaker is easier to be borne than a harsh and incoherent voice. Such a person is liable to be most loud when he is least luminous, a manner not less absurd than unnatural. Nature frequently gives us lightnings without thunder, but never do we hear thunder without attendant flashes of celestial fire.

Observe the gifted orator, who is listened to everywhere by enraptured throngs "with parted lips and posture motionless," who rises encompassed by swelling bosoms and "many glittering faces looking on." Like the sea-fowl that rests upon the chafed ocean in a storm, he seems to float upon the tumultuous billows of popular agitation with as much composure as if he ruled them. And he does control the swelling emotion of the general heart with a power more potent than that which Prospero waved over the sea. He wields at will the talismanic power of eloquence, the spirit divine that gives force to speech and efficiency to reason, which inspires justice in the obdurate, inflames the warrior's heart with intrepidity, and rouses or subdues the public mind with invincible power.

"When he speaks,
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears
To steal his sweet and honied sentences."

Melody of voice is always a prominent ingredient in the eloquence that most strongly influen-

ces mankind. Each delighted listener to the harmonious utterance of beautiful thought will exclaim, as the Duke of Illyria to the musicians, give me that strain again:

> "Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing and giving odor."

But this excellence, like every other attribute of effective oratory, is obtained only by patient observation and protracted culture. The passions, and all their operations; their turns, and counter-turns; their ebb and swell, and all their conflicting struggles, must be critically studied by the devotee at the divine shrine of eloquence. He must note how human impulses rise and change their course; how they conflict in exercise, blend in diversity, and inflame mixed emotions, till all within the breast is in a state of insurrection. He must learn how to express every variety of tone, not by imitation, but naturally, by experiencing at the moment of utterance real sorrow or ecstasy of soul. Artificial speeches as such were as distasteful to the ancients as to the most fastidious of modern critics. And yet, the best speakers of olden time gave the greatest attention to the graces of elocution. They learned how to "hang wings of gold upon each dark hour" at the same time that by adamantine logic they dealt forth conviction irresistible, "like fiery arrows shot aloft by some unmeasured bow." No people ever more sternly demanded ease, simplicity and naturalness than did the Greeks; but they knew that in this domain of genius, as in every other, works which are executed with most art, appear most natural to the wisest judge, and that a master-piece is none the less valuable for being refined into elegance and elaborated into ease. Doubtless the orators of old projected the outlines of their discourses with great care, but this did not prevent the kindling of fresh ardor in the animated discussion which added invincible force to premeditated argument. In fine, the popular orator must be master of every valuable quality of speech. He must possess learning and native energy in great abundance, but these resources must be moulded into symmetry and rendered effective by the commanding influence of powerful self-control. To that fervor of soul which speaks through "an eye more eloquent than angel's tongue," there must be superadded the fascinations of elegant action and harmonious utterance, charms, which, to popular audiences, are ever "graceful as robe of Grecian chief of old." He must be a logician in mental structure, a poet in expression, a painter in his looks, and a musician in his tones.

Our *third* proposition is, that eloquence, in order to be popular, must be energetic. It must be arrayed in the impressive forms of refined rhetoric, and be thoroughly imbued with the energy of impassioned logic.

First, popular speech should be embodied in refined rhetorical forms, skilfully elaborated and adapted to produce effect. "Eloquence, in its largest acceptation," says Dr. Campbell, "is that art or talent by which the discourse is adapted to its end." The mind is delighted with a pure and elegant style, upon the principle that it prefers regularity to confusion, and beauty to deformity. But some persons seem to suppose that ugliness is essential to strength, and that the elegant cannot be far removed from the insipid. The composition of such persons generally comports with the theory they profess; their sentiments are embodied in expressions which seem to be condemned to the first curse, creeping upon the ground all the days of their lives. But expressions can be glowing without being glaring; metaphors may be natural and yet not common. Extremes on either hand are, with studious care, to be avoided. A good writer will indite periods in prose that are harmonious but not poetical; in a word, the most substantial thought loses no more of its force when appropriately adorned, than the lustre of a casket depreciates the value of the diamond it contains.

Beauties in composition are admissible even to profusion, but they must spring out of the theme and adorn it as naturally and spontaneously as the flower-growth of the hills. The orator's mind must be ardent and prolific of illustrations. Then his thought will throw off a profusion of beauties in its progress as naturally as a current of molten iron glows and sparkles as it issues from the furnace. He will revel in the luxuriance of splendid imagery, in each succeeding sentence changing his hue and form with Protean facility, unfolding something original at each remove, and terminating the brilliant chain with a link more magnificent than all the rest. As Tully long since remarked, it is easy to fix the brand of ridicule on the Verbum ardens of orators and poets—the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn,"—but without their use in popular speech, one is as "dull as the fat weed that rots on Lethe's bank." In the generality of our public speaking, we have fantastic frost-work in the place of glowing beauty; a frigid, formal, repulsive Hortus Siccus instead of a blooming and bountiful Flora.

Eloquence is of two kinds; one is characterized by a clear and intense perception of truth, the other is instinct with a rich and powerful imagination. It is when these are happily proportioned one to the other and harmoniously blended, that the greatest effects are produced. This commingling of reason and imagination, and the practical cultivation of both, are always attained through habitual conflicts with the stern realities of life. Had Shakspeare been born among the Chinese, instead of moving freely about amongst the motley population of England at a tumultuous age, would he, in the unobstructed light of his magnificent genius,

have known how to daguerreotype "every change of many-colored life?"

No man was ever yet a great orator, without being at the same time a profound student and practical philosopher. For eloquence is the blossom and fragrance of all knowledge, human and divine. Gleams of heavenly inspiration must interpenetrate masses of human argument, and thus render the speaker a spectacle of delight to friends and of terror to foes. The brightness of the sword strikes as keenly as its edge; nor would thunder itself dismay us so much, were it not that we are daunted by the effulgence of heavenly fire as well as by its force. Said Cicero, "I hold that eloquence for naught which does not strike with admiration and surprise."

Zeal in philological pursuits conduces much to the acquisition of oratorical force. "He who knows words knows things also," said Plato. While it is sometimes true that men of accurate thought, because they have not studied language, are incapable of fluent communication, it is universally true, that those who have carefully traced the origin of words, the analysis of rhetorical forms and harmony of arrangement, have made great attainments in accuracy of thought, as well as elegance and energy of expression. "For divers philosophers hold," says nature's great poet, "that the lip is parcel of the mind;" and he might have added, that critical study and frequent use of the pen generate the power of extemporaneous speech and impart elegant freedom to the tongue.

But the indication of art must ever be subordinate to the natural grandeur of the subject portrayed; as that composition is always imperfect, in which the beauty of design prevails over the beauty of expression. Artificial elegance, far-fetched comparisons and ostentatious beauties in popular discourse injure the effect by their profusion of prettiness; they are like the wild-flowers that infest some wheat-fields, beautiful, but noxious, stifling to the crop though attractive to the undiscriminating eye. The orator's arms should be bright, not spangled and glittering with unsubstantial tinsel ever dangerous to the wearer, but the brightness should be that of well-tempered steel striking at once to the soul and eye. Mental force, vigor of imagination and acute sensibility are attributes which are essential to success in forensic warfare. These powers mutually aid each other, and when found in full play and directed to one end, their combined influence is tremendous. Mental force gathers the materials of argument with a bold hand and sagacious eye; vigor of imagination rapidly developes truth, and invests it with the robes of beauty; while acute sensibility rouses all the sterner faculties and gives them a momentum which nothing can resist. Without this animating quality, the mind is as inefficient as a steam-engine fed with ice.

The popular orator must have a quick eye to behold the analogies which everywhere link nature with truth. Every kingdom of natural beauty and sublimity will present to his mind an intimate relation to some sentiment in the moral world. Musing in his library, or in the open fields, he perpetually

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

There will be a microscopic accuracy in his observation as well as telescopic power of generalization in the majestic sweep of his argument. He sees in "the dew-drop twinkling from a leaf, a heaven reflected as vast, as pure, as the wide ocean in his fullness of azure." This power of conveying graphic images to the mind is a potent auxiliary to popular discourse. Its skilful possessor will not throw together a heterogeneous mass in obscure confusion, making the slightest adjunct to be as clearly defined as the more important objects; but as Michael Angelo projected a mighty group in a few strong outlines of coal and chalk, so he will present the hearer a few masterly traits of eloquence, and the work is done. Henceforth every feature is remembered forever. The mind wholly aroused, and all absorbed in its creative task, presents nothing labored, affected or irrelevant. Follow the eagle as he traverses the wide horizon and mounts to the serene heavens, he flies, but his wings seem motionless; he appears to be borne on the air without effort; it is the emblem of the highest order of eloquence. It expresses the aggregate of all the higher attributes of man, which, when earnestly expressed in natural forms of speech, strike simultaneously on the greatest number of the most sensitive points of the soul. Thought, feeling, genius, these form the threefold chord of eloquence not easily broken.

But the energy most of all demanded in popular address is of a higher order than mere rhetorical beauty. True eloquence is logic set on fire. He who expects to move men deeply and effectually must deal in something more substantial and impressive than "empty truisms blown into illustrious bubbles." According to Quinctilian, eloquence in his day was little more than a condiment, which served to stimulate in a despot the jaded appetite for panegyric, an amusement for the travelled nobles and blue-stocking matrons of Rome. It was rather a sport than a war; it was a contest of foils, not of swords. The combatant thought more of the grace of his attitude than of the direction and vigor of his thrust. But such effeminate play can never meet the emergencies of our age. There must be massy argument, firm as our granite mountains, made potent by excitement thrown off in perpetual shocks from the soul of the speaker, and which run through assembled crowds like fire through flax. The power of elo-

quence to convert and to enlighten, to purify and ennoble, depends less on the splendor of her appearance, than on the pungency of her blows. Attenuated delicacy and Augustan polish have little influence on the popular mind. A bolder and more picturesque style is needed,—a style that addresses the wants of the time, sympathizing with its enterprises, and giving utterance to its progressive spirit. Men who would be effective now must throw their hearts and brains into the matter, and leave petty details to adjust themselves. The servile mannerist, who plods his way with mincing steps, polishing his delicate phrases in the sun, will soon find himself outstripped and forgotten.

"Clearness, force and earnestness," says Webster, "are the qualities that produce conviction." When deep feeling is blended with profound thought; when imagination invests logic with a glowing tone and lucid atmosphere; when the heart throws a dewy freshness round the rugged forms of demonstration and truths, which custom had made trite or their own depth had rendered obscure, rise clear and cogent on the mind, like worlds of sublime beauty just formed by omnipotence, then finite attributes make the nearest approach to infinite power, and their most august result is eloquence. Cicero says of ancient orators, "they were vehement as the tempest, irresistible as the torrent, awful as thunder. The rapid flow of their eloquence rolled on overwhelming, and bearing away every thing in its course." It was remarked by Plutarch, that the characters of the two great oratorical masters at Athens and Rome appear in their style of speaking—the one more remarkable for pride, the other for vanity—the one harsh, gloomy and morose—the other amiable, cheerful and sportive. This is quite true, the prevailing characteristics of an author always appear in his works. Raphael and Michael Angelo, Dante and Alfieri, Claude and Rubens, Brougham and Henry Clay are everywhere reflected in their productions. What is the difference between eloquence and learned talk?—words that thrill the hearer and phrases that only please him? Pectum est—*it is the soul*—the delicate sensibility which in some men is poetry, but when combined with the most heroical qualities of intellect and body is eloquence. Such a combination of the highest order is the rarest endowment on earth. If we search the annals of mankind, we shall find fewer persons distinguished in this than in any other gift of nature or fortune. The fact is interpreted by the difficulties which lie in the way of perfection in this department. Great proficiency in physical, intellectual or moral qualities alone, is very rare, how much more so to find that combination of extraordinary talents which is requisite to the master of consummate eloquence. Cicero,—who combined the most rational theory with the most successful practice in this divine art, whose precepts and example are doubtless the best on record,—asserts, that the acumen of dialecticians, the speculations of philosophers, the imagination of a poet, the learning of a sage, the voice of a tragedian, and the gesture of the most accomplished actor, are all necessary to the formation of the character under consideration. Now, to excel in either of these departments, is sufficient to obtain renown; what then is it to attain the highest rank at the same time in all, and to combine in one's self every prerequisite in the most harmonious and perfect degree?

The profoundest scholars and most thrilling orators ever learn to touch the secret springs of thought, feeling and action, by intimate acquaintance with the severe realities of life. The greatest orator of Greece mingled in the strife of her battle-fields. None fought more bravely at Marathon, Salamis and Platæa, than did her greatest tragic poet, Æschylus. Richard of the Lion-Heart was a poet and an orator; Cervantes lost an arm at the battle of Lepanto; and Sir Philip Sidney was a glorious proof that the most refined perception of beauty neither enervates the mind nor unfits one for the practical duties of life. The influence of a sound judgment is a necessary prerequisite to persuasion. But the frigid exposition of truth can never suitably excite the affections and impel the mind. To be impressive, eloquence must not only be substantial in structure, but it must be richly embellished with ardent emotions. To reach the popular heart, one must be as full of feeling as of knowledge. Elaborate composition, metaphysical subtleties, and refined figures are in a measure lost on a miscellaneous audience. The polished periods of Isocrates will interest but a limited circle, while the luminous thought and bold language of Philip's great antagonist fall on the populace like sheets of flame, illuminating their looks of defiance and kindling in their souls the fury of revenge. No man can excel Demosthenes in the language of common sense. This was the main element of his eloquence. His representations are forcible, because they are natural; his words stir the hearts of other men, because they were coined in his own. Like the light of the sun, he was perspicuous and splendid, and therefore was the effect of his speaking immediate and irresistible. Considered as a man, a statesman, an orator, he is probably the purest and sublimest tragic character in the history of our race. His political principles sprang from the profound depths of his soul, and he remained true to them through all the vicissitudes of his eventful life. He was the greatest of orators, because he was most faithful to his own convictions. Honesty of thought and expression is the real essence of his sublime art. Take up his life in Plutarch; transfer yourself to his times and position. Trace him through his boyhood of poverty, the wrongs he suffered in youth, the difficulties he subdued and the trophies

he won. As counsellor, as accuser, as ambassador, and as a warrior armed;—fulminating in the pnyx with overwhelming eloquence, or flashing on the field with fearless sword;—see him the inspirer of his countrymen, the conciliator of the Thebans, the winner of remote States to the support of Athens, the patriot whom millions most loved, and the hero whom the myriads of Macedonia most feared. Yes, take him in any position, as the aspiring youth, who carried his integrity up through every step of his unequalled ascent on the rugged mount "where Fame's proud temple shines afar,"—take him when he stood the focal-point of all enterprise and the prompter of all effort, till the last ray of hope died into midnight,—take him as he lived exiled at Ægina and Troesen, from whence "he looked with moist eyes" towards his beloved Attica,—or, as the dreadful catastrophe comes, look on him in the island of Calauria, where he sinks at the shrine of Neptune, and drinks poison rather than survive his country's fall, and where shall we find a man of more patriotism and grandeur than Demosthenes!

"No man can be eloquent to a few," said the great master of the Roman forum. But when the auditory is large and the topic exciting, action and reaction between speaker and hearer will constantly accumulate till its outbursts are overwhelming. Then will the inspired orator rise majestically amid the tempestuous elements he has raised, and will pour forth a flood of commingled argument and passion, which melts its way to human bosoms, as a river of lava, bursting from the volcano, finds its way through webs of gossamer. Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes, when he broke the lethargy of his countrymen, and thundered terror into the soul of Philip. Such was Cicero, when he poured torrents of withering indignation upon the scathed fronts of Verres and Cataline. Such, too, was the Earl of Chatham, when in Parliament he warned the ministry against mal-treating the American colonies; and such, in the sublimest degree, were Adams and Jefferson, Otis and Henry, when they rose like Titans and crushed our national foes. Always when one addresses a numerous assembly, he should first of all endeavor to render himself master of the popular heart; and it is only the impassioned and vehement language of eloquence that arrests and subjugates the multitude. Congregated crowds demand of their speaker an attractive and imposing theme, a lucid plan, convincing proofs, striking delineations, pathetic appeals, tender sentiments, emotion constantly on the increase, a style flowing and noble, without emptiness and without superfluity, an elocution that wins attention by its elegance, and thoughts that compel one to conviction by their cogent simplicity and majestic force.

Burke said that he should as soon expect to find a great fire without great heat, as a powerful mind without strong passions. Gigantic intellects are always nourished by ardent feelings. But some speakers vainly attempt to substitute sterile efforts and affected convulsions for the transports of true eloquence, and thus resemble persons who leap at random, because they have never learned to march, much less to run. Such spasmodic effusions, however, are but the epilepsy of the brain, contortions which never agitate the nerves of true oratory. In effective speaking, one must be really moved rather than agitated; he must be impelled by profound emotions under good control. The stream of his eloquence, deep, clear, and unimpeded, must rush onward with convincing power, filling the mind with certainty, and the heart with delight.

The triumph of the popular orator is immediate and unequivocal. He reads his praise in the admiring looks of a sea of upturned faces, and is cheered with the plaudits of enraptured thousands. The fascinating power spreads over the breathless audience, and its author beholds how they are agitated with fear, or melted into joy, exhilarated with hope, or stiffened with despair. He waves the wand of eloquence over the ductile mass and exerts a sovereign control over every passion. The spirit of Power and Poesy are blended in his bosom and thence are absorbed into the universal heart. Such a combination is irresistible and enrapturing to all. It penetrates the most obdurate mass, clarifies the dullest vision, making "familiar acts grow beautiful through love." Each hearer, thrilled "from shivering crown to trembling toe" by the mighty pulse of eloquence in all his arteries, feels a resurrection power swelling on his soul,

> "As one who in his grave
> Hath heard an angel's call."

*Cincinnati, July*, 1847.

---

## GREEK ODES.

In ancient Greek odes there is a simplicity, to which modern minds have hardly done justice. Indeed simplicity is a term scarcely strong enough for the trait we have in view: *baldness* better suits it. In all of them there is a remarkable paucity, nay, in many of them an entire want, of those epithetical words (mostly adjectives,) which form the chief finery of our common poetry; and which are an important feature in all poetry, except those imperishable lyrics of Antiquity. These classic songs consist almost wholly of verbs and substantives, with the needful pronouns, connectives, and particles. Yet such is the richness, such the magic of the language, that this apparently stinted vocabulary conveys all the images and feelings which belong to Poetry. These verbs and substantives contain somehow within themselves, and suggest to the intelligent reader, groups of associated thoughts,

which, in other languages, require separate words to utter them. The Greek dictionary rarely discloses all the teeming significance of those verbs and substantives. Their treasures of meaning can be known only by a long and intimate conversancy with the language; by familiarity with its idioms; and by entering fervently into the spirit of the author you have in hand. Then it is, that his words charm, by unfolding their hidden powers; and his lines, instinct with the soul of poetry, breathe tenderness, passion, and beauty, with a force doubled by the terse condensedness of their diction. The hidden riches of the language are given out like the bloom of flowers from the seed, in Serjeant Talfourd's exquisite lines:

> "——— as the store
> Of rainbow color which the seed conceals,
> Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
> To flush the circle in the flower."*

The bald simplicity of the Greek ode makes a literal translation intolerably poor: poor even far beyond most other literal translations. For in such a version, those suggested, "associated thoughts, which in other languages require separate words to utter them," are altogether lost. Yet the Greek words which a mere dictionary version would make to speak in so mean a strain, may, by a mind thoroughly imbued with the poet's meaning, and touched with some poetic fire, (*spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camœnæ,*) be rendered into glorious verse. Witness the two lines of Anacreon, apparently so meagre—quoted in the last Messenger with another view:

> Δοτε μοι λυρην Ὁμηρου,
> φονιης ανευθε χορδης.

which literally signify only

> Give me Homer's lyre,
> Without [its] bloody string;

but which the genius of Moore diffuses into four noble lines:

> "Give me the harp of epic song
> Which Homer's finger thrill'd along;
> But tear away the sanguine string,
> For war is not the theme I sing!"

It may be worth the time and space it will take, to give some other instances of the baldness we have attributed to the Greek ode, when literally, or (may we say!) lexicographically taken. Here is an ode of Anacreon:

> Συ μεν λεγεις τα Θηβης,
> Ὁ δ' αυ φρυγων βοτας·
> Εγω δ' ερας αλωσεις.
> Ουχ ἱππος ωλεσεν με,
> Ου πεζος, ουχι νηες·
> Στρατος δε καινος αλλος,
> Απ' ομματων βαλων με.

And here is a verbal translation, with one word necessary to complete the sense, interpolated in brackets:

> You sing the [events] of Thebes;
> Another, the war-shouts of the Phrygians:
> But I, my own captivities,
> Not cavalry destroyed me,
> Not infantry, not ships:
> But another, new army,
> Shooting me from eyes.

Only a single adjective—καινος, *new*!

Now, in Moore's version of the same ode, just see how many rich and glowing fancies he throws around Anacreon's chaste nakedness:

> "Thy harp may sing of Troy's alarms,
> Or tell the tale of Theban arms;
> With other woes my song shall burn,
> For other wounds my harp shall mourn.
> 'Twas not the created warrior's dart
> Which drank the current of my heart;
> Nor naval arms, nor mailed steed
> Have made this vanquish'd bosom bleed:
> No—from an eye of liquid blue
> A host of quiver'd cupids flew;
> And now, my heart all bleeding lies,
> Beneath this army of the eyes!"

In our own younger days, before we had seen Moore's translation, we attempted one, of this ode. It is briefer and more literal than his; however inferior in spirit; and in richness of fancy. *Voila:*

> While Theban feuds thy harp employ,
> Or the fierce battle-shouts of Troy,
> A gentler theme these chords require—
> The chains I wear engage my lyre.
>
> I perish!—not by sword or spear,
> Nor in the galley's winged career:
> Heart-pierced, in ecstasy I die
> By volleying shafts from Ella's eye!

The reader will not fail to note how greatly even this closer version adds to, and varies, the ideas of the original. It is always so. We have never yet seen a scrap of ancient poetry "done into" English rhyme, without such adventitious grafts and fanciful variations. It is but a paraphrase at best. Nothing nearer than a parsphrase is possible in rhyme and metre.

We are not done with the Teian bard. It oddly happens that our next specimens are two of his most Bacchanalian effusions. *Oddly*, we say; because we are notorious in our own parish for being the most fanatical cold-water man it contains; and that, too, without ever having been at all given to drink. And how a cold-water fanatic can be an admirer, and a translator, of Anacreon's drinking songs, may puzzle the curious. We offer no solution, except a general reference to human inconsistency; and proceed with our business.

The following Defence of Drinking looks plausible; but is a mere string of sophisms. Mr. Burke, of the Richmond Academy, very happily exposed it in a responsive epigram through the Messenger some years ago—calling attention to the fact, that all those natural drinkings, from which Anacreon

* Ion. Act. I.

argues in favor of wine, are drinkings of pure cold water; or of something equally harmless.

"Η γη μελαινα πινει, &c.

First the literal, or bald translation:

"The black earth drinks,
And the trees drink it:
The sea drinks the air,
The sun the sea,
And the moon the sun.
Why, friends, do you resist me,
Wishing also to drink?"

Only a single adjective, again!—μελαινα, *black*. Now, for our own metrical and rhyming version:

The mellow glebe drinks in the rain,
The forests drain the juice of earth;
Aerial showers are quaff'd again
By the vast deep, which gave them birth.

The sun his noontide thirst allays,
With steamy draughts from Ocean's bowl:
And gladden'd by Sol's genial rays,
The pale Moon dances round the Pole.

Thus Nature—Earth and Heaven—declare
That drinking comes by law divine:
Then tell me, why should I forbear,
To quaff inspiring, generous wine?

We give no other of Mr. Moore's translations; having quoted enough to shew their spirited freedom and elegance:—being no way solicitous, either, to court a further contrast between his work and ours.

One more of our own, and we shall have done with Anacreon. This is *On the Rose*—Εις το Ροδον. It is one of those which most strikingly exhibit that exquisite combination, seen every where in Anacreon, of a style surpassingly chaste, with extreme wildness of passion. It is enriched, however, with an unusual number, for him, of the epithets common in poetry—having no less than six adjectives.

Το ροδον το των ερωτων
Μιξωμεν Διονυσω· &c.

(*Literal Translation.*)

The rose of the Loves
Let us mix with wine;
The lovely-leafed rose
Having fitted to our temples,
Let us drink, merrily laughing.
Oh Rose, thou all-surpassing flower!
Rose, the darling of spring!
Roses even to the gods [are] charming.
With roses the son of Venus
Is crowned [about] his fair locks,
Dancing with the Graces.
Crown me then, and I will play my lyre
Near thy Temples, Bacchus!
With the deep-bosomed maid,
With rosy chaplets
Wreathed, I will dance!

(*Free Translation.*)

All about our sparkling wine
Love's own roses let us twine;
And as we drain the luscious bowl,
Yielding up to mirth each soul,—
Wreathe these temples gray of ours
With the fairest, sweetest flowers.
To thy charms, oh beauteous rose,
Spring her blooming fragrance owes:
'Mid celestial glories bright,
Heav'n from thee draws new delight!
Cupid there, adorned with roses,
In Cyth'rea's lap reposes;
Or frolics with the Graces fair,
Chaplets wreathing all his hair.
Crown me then, and with my lyre
Let me join the festive choir,
Where the bosom-heaving maid
Winds the dance beneath the shade:
There, with rosy garlands bound,
Wheel the joyous, measured round!

We called this a *free* translation: but one who has an eye to the original, will deem it a licentious one. In truth, we should ourselves be shocked at the gratuitous thoughts it introduces, had not the example of Mr. Moore justified them by far greater freedoms.

The next ode we shall produce is the famous one of Callimachus, in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton; who, on the festal day of Minerva, hiding their daggers in myrtle boughs, as was customary on that day, slew the tyrant Hipparchus, last surviving son of the usurper Pisistratus. Probably no other ancient poem has been so often done into English verse. Eight or ten attempts have come under our own notice; including the one of ours which presently follows, and which, except a slight variation or two, was published in the Messenger ten or twelve years ago. "This noble specimen of classic minstrelsy" has, by many, been ascribed to Alcæus*: it is so, in a small collection (published at Philadelphia, 1810) of Anacreon's Odes, and Relics of Sappho and Alcæus. But Alcæus died long before the event here celebrated.

Hymn, in honor of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

Εν μυρτου κλαδι το ξιφος φορησω,
Ωσπερ 'Αρμοδιος και Αριστογειτων, &c.

(*Literal.*)

In a myrtle bough my sword I will bear,
As Harmodius and Aristogiton,
When the tyrant they slew,
And made Athens free.

Beloved Harmodius! you are not yet dead:
But in the isles of the Blest they say you are,
Where the swift-footed Achilles is
And Tydides, the brave Diomed.

In a myrtle bough my sword I will bear,
As Harmodius and Aristogiton,
When, amid the sacrifices to Minerva,
They slew the man Hipparchus, the tyrant.

* Among others who have attributed this ode to Alcæus are Dr. Gillies, in his History of Greece, Vol. I, p. 363, and the poet Collins in his ode to Liberty. The passage is familiar to the reader:

"What *new Alcæus* fancy-blest
Shall sing *the sword in myrtles drest*, &c."

[*Ed. Mess.*]

Your glory shall be forever,
Beloved Harmodius and Aristogiton;
Because you slew the tyrant,
And made Athens free!

(*Free Translation.*)

Among other freedoms, we take that of leaving out, entirely, the name of Aristogiton; as being too rugged for any art of ours to make glide in numbers. It reminds one of

"Some Russian, whose dissonant, consonant name
Almost rattles to fragments the trumpet of Fame."

But to our version:

In green myrtle my sword I'll conceal
Like our champions, devoted and brave,
When they plunged in the tyrant their steel,
And to Athens deliverance gave.

Belov'd heroes!—immortal, you roam
In the joy-breathing isles of the Blest,
Where the swift and the brave have their home—
Where Achilles and Diomed rest.

In fresh myrtle my blade I'll entwine
Like Harmodius, the gallant and good,
When he made at the tutelar shrine,
A libation of Tyranny's blood.

Ye deliverers of Athens from shame!
Ye avengers of Liberty's wrongs!
Endless ages shall cherish your fame,
Embalm'd in their echoing songs.

We shall exhibit no more of our own handiwork in rhyme. And with one other specimen, we shall close our proofs of the exceeding simplicity of the Greek Ode.

Every body knows of Sir William Jones' fine ode, beginning

"What constitutes a state?"

It is only a wide expansion of one by Alcman, a Greek poet, who lived above 600 years before Christ, and nearly a century before Anacreon. Sir William Jones, the most accomplished of classical scholars and the purest of men, was incapable of plagiarism; and no doubt appended to all his own editions of his piece, Alcman's original—which has been dropped by subsequent publishers. We will give a literal translation first:

(Ου λιθοι, ουδε ζυλα, ουδε, &c.)

"Not stones, or timbers, or
The builder's art, are states;
But wherever there are MEN
Knowing how to guard themselves,
*There* are walls, and states."

Not one adjective!

Now, Sir William Jones.

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlements, or labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate;
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-born baseness wafts perfume to pride.
"No—MEN, high-minded MEN,
With power as far above dull brutes indeed,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude:
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights; and knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
THESE constitute a state!
And sovereign Law, that state's collected will
O'er thrones and globes elate,
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smit by her sacred frown,
The fiend, Discretion,* like a vapor, sinks;
And e'en th' all dazzling Crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks."

The noble spirit of these justly celebrated stanzas warrants their insertion, notwithstanding their length. The last seven lines have nothing of Alcman; but they are worth quoting, for the way in which they hold up to reverence, the SOVEREIGNTY of LAW: a principle which is too frequently forgotten, in this land of laws.

If we had not spun out this article so long, we should find some pretext for showing to our readers Dr. Blacklock's (the blind poet's) paraphrase, in eighteen lines, of Horace's eight, beginning, "*Justum et tenacem propositi virum.*" They may find it quoted, however, by Hume, in a note to his Reign of Charles II, in the History of England. Every lawyer, and legislator, nay every voter, and every mother, ought to know it by heart.

M.

*Louisa County.*

* *i. e.* Discretionary, or arbitrary power.

---

*Note by the Editor.*—Dr. Blacklock's expanded version of Horace's eight lines beginning

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum,"

to which our correspondent "M" alludes, is so rarely met with, and so worthy to be "kept before the people," that we publish it here:

The man whose mind on virtue bent
Pursues some greatly good intent
With undivided aim,
Serene beholds the angry crowd;
Nor can their clamors, fierce and loud,
His stubborn honor tame.

Not the proud tyrant's fiercest threat,
Nor storms, that from their dark retreat
The lawless surges wake,—
Not Jove's dread bolt that shakes the pole,
The firmer purpose of *his* soul
With all *its* power can shake.

Should Nature's frame in ruins fall,
And chaos o'er the ruin'd ball
Resume primeval sway;
His courage chance and Fate defies—
Nor can the wreck of earth and skies
Obstruct his destined way.

## ENIGMA.

Everybody has read Byron's famous enigma on "the letter H." The following we think is scarcely inferior to it. It is from the pen of a gifted lady, who has enriched the literature of Virginia with many graceful and spirited contributions in prose and verse, but whose pen, we think, has been too long idle. We deem it proper to say that the "Enigma" appeared in print many years since in another magazine, but the very limited circulation of that work, confined almost exclusively to a single neighborhood, induces us to think that it will be new, as we are sure it will be interesting, to a majority of our readers. We need scarcely say that the answer to the Enigma is the letter E.

[*Ed. Mess.*]

Tho' plac'd amid men, yet in heaven was my birth,
And always "I bear up the pillars of earth,"
"Without form and void" all creation would be,
And to chaos again would return without me.
In the midst of the ocean I always reside,
On the crest of the billow I fearlessly ride,
The coral wreath'd cave of the mermaid I see,
And each gem of her haunt borrows lustre from me.
I woo with each zephyr, the charms of the Spring,
And to every sweet flow'ret fresh beauty I bring,
With the sparkling dew on the rose-bud I lie,
And in the mild beam of the violet's blue eye.
My magical power will each maiden confess,
For I laugh in each dimple, and shine in each tress;
In the soft smile of beauty I always appear,
And still am I seen in her eloquent tear.
But while every sweet scene can my presence attest,
Tho' I share in each pleasure that gladdens each breast,
In the midst of all mischief I ever have been,
Nor e'er with the just or the good am I seen.
When war sounds the trump and her armies engage
In the shock of the charge—in the battle's wild rage,—
O'er the field (which without me were lost) do I fly,—
Amid fire, and carnage and slaughter am I.
On every victorious banner I wave,
And the dearly earn'd laurel divide with the brave.
With the soldier I rest on his purple stain'd heath,
And share in the meed of his glorious death.
As beginning and end of the earthquake I'm fear'd,
'Mid the hurricane's roar my small voice may be heard,
Nor in the wild tempest at sea do I sleep,
Tho' merg'd with the mariner's hope in the deep.
So vast is the power that to me has been given,
I preside over earth, with my dwelling in heaven,
The last end of time I am destined to be,
And eternity ne'er could begin without me.

## DISTRUST.

Why hauntest thou the soul! dark-browed distrust?
Shrouding in gloom the better part of life,
Casting dim shadows on affection's shrine,
Ere its first buds have blossom'd; teaching man
A hateful lesson in his guileless youth.
Away! shed not thy venom in the cup
Of human bliss; scant is the stream, at best,
That yields its healthful waters to the soul;
And many are the deleterious drops
Distilling from the world's envenom'd founts
Into its source. Thine is no overt ill,
From which the heart may prudently recoil.
Thou wearest Wisdom's guise. Thy Victims glide
By slow degrees into thy gloomy paths.
A whisper'd caution bids the soul beware
Of treachery when young affection pants
To yield its treasures in unmeasured store,
Check not the impulse of a guileless heart
To trust its fellow. Better far confide,
And be deceived, than learn to stint the soul
In its outpourings. Would you check the stream
Which yields abundantly its crystal wave,
Because it meets pollution in its path?
Such is not Nature's law. For man may cheer
His fellow man by shedding in life's source
The wholesome waters of affection—pure
From thy embitter'd mixture—dark distrust.

C.

## LIVING NOVELISTS.

### NO III.

The younger D'Israeli, whom we take up next in order, is one of the most gifted and accomplished minds in the world. Vivian Grey, which he is said to have written at eighteen, and with such rapidity as to have begun and ended the first volume in five days, is a book which no future age of English letters will let die. Amongst juvenile triumphs, from Gaston de Foix down, the writing of that book is the greatest. Whether he has since sustained himself at the high pitch, to which he ascended in this first work, or fallen beneath it, the fact is still a fixed one, that he has done what many a mind, great in its day and generation, and worshipped as a divinity by its cotemporaries, has failed to do—written an immortal work. Our readers may smile at us for this strong phrase. Novels are of those lighter forms of intellectual creation—roses of the mind—which please us in a slight way, and generally die very soon. The oak which Livy planted, and the shady beech of Virgil, are still sturdy and thrifty; whilst of the last year's novels we scarcely remember one which has not, like Bryant's gentle maiden, "perished with the flowers." But, against this fact of the general mortality of the novel-kind, have we not the Golden Ass of Apulieus, the Arabian nights, the Cento Novelle Antiche of the witty and inventive Italians, the Gesta Romanorum of the monks, Gil Blas, Don Quixote, and many others, ensured and registered for immortality? Besides, when will the Waverly novels die? These are for the most part indeed, speaking critically, rather romances, or tales of romantic adventure, than novels, which to be so called must be tales of society, painting manners, dealing in domestic incident, and altogether treading on humbler ground. But we do not see why romances should live, whilst novels die; and, moreover, romance and novel must in fact partake so much of the characteristics of each other, as to make it questionable whether the lines of the critical distinction are not after all merely nominal. As safely insured against the common mortality as any of the books which we have referred to, we hold Vivian Grey to be; and, full of admiration of that brilliant novel as we are, D'Israeli might write

leaden, stupid books without number for the rest of his life, without shaking our opinion, established on the fixed fact of his one great creation, that a mind more rarely gifted and accomplished is not to be found in the world.

The most prominent—not the greatest—of D'Israeli's characteristics, is his perfect mastery of the English language. He cannot be said to have a *style* at all. He is singularly free from mannerisms. You never recognize him as you do the style-mongers. You discover him, not from his peculiarities, but from his power. Cobbet, whose pages are chopped up into monosyllables, has no purer Saxon than makes the strong staple of his sentences. The poets of the Elizabethan age, who infused the melodious words of Tasso, Petrarch and Ariosto, into their plainer language, possessed no richer music than he ascends to, when his thought kindles and rises to the poetic pitch. He has the Spaniards' *boca dè oro*. Of kindred with the elevated music borrowed from the Italian poets, is that sonorous and massive latinity, which was once so much in vogue; no man knows better than D'Israeli how to dignify his thought with the discreet use of the grave and stately words of this old latinity. Finally, blending with all, correcting the excesses of all, and abounding more than any thing else, in his language, is that piquant grace which Pope and Bolingbroke introduced from France: a mode of writing which apes brilliant conversation, deals in short sentences, and affects epigram.* No living writer equals D'Israeli in the mastery of the strength, dignity, music, and grace, of our language. Macauley is a magnificent ship-of-the line, cruising in the seas of history and art, creeds and constitutions, and defending the truth everywhere with terrific force: but the metaphor holds good in this, also, that his style is as monotonous as the thunder of cannon. The style of Lord Brougham is angular, and as rough as a rasp. He writes prose as Coleridge's friend, the schoolmaster, who attempted an ode to Sleep, wrote poetry. The remarkable apostrophe with which that ode opened—

"O! thou that smoothed'st the thick-rugged couch of pain"—

is a verse hardly more scornful of music and grace, than a thousand sentences which dislocate our jaws, or set our teeth on edge, in Lord Brougham's best prose. He has strength—occasional dignity—and no music or grace whatever. Bulwer is full of music—sometimes graceful, but generally too high toned, and ambitious to be so—and is much too fine and mellifluous to be strong. In fact, amongst the thousand, or ten thousand, good living writers of our language, D'Israeli is the only one we can recall who seems to us to possess the perfect mastery of every department of its excellence.

But his greatest power is in his imagination. Style is a result of art—or chiefly so. The high conception springs from nature, and is beyond art. His imagination is rich enough to have made him a rare poet, and what is of most practical account in the field which he has preferred to that of verse, it is always ready at his call. Its gold is not in the ingot, but in current coin, and he plays the spendthrift as safely as Fortunatus, for his purse is self-replenishing. He never speaks of a thing lovely in nature or art—of a beautiful woman, a stately tree, a fair landscape, a painting of his favorite Murillo, a triumph in sculpture or architecture, a storied land, a sweet thought or vision of the better poets, that his own thought does not become flashing or tender. He never seems to weary, or be so damped that he cannot kindle. The critics of Vivian Grey used to characterise his imagination as wild and unbridled. If it was ever meant by this that his imagination would have been better for taming, we oppose ourselves to the opinion. An imagination like the German Werner's may be called wild in the derogatory sense of the term, for it conceives impossible monsters, and nothing clearly. D'Israeli imagines no monsters, and always imagines clearly. He runs riot—flashes—dazzles—seems to exercise no restraint upon himself—but a natural symmetry in his powers guards him at every point, and he can no more commit a homely excess, than a beautiful child can an awkwardness. The reader will recollect the beautiful rhapsodies which abound in his earlier novels: the apostrophes to the Rhine and its tributaries—to Experience—to the Moon—to Wine—to Youth, etc. But not to go back to these old and use-cheapened favorites, there are few things in the whole range of poetry to surpass the chapter, in Tancred, which introduces Astarte, queen of the Ansareys, and her maiden Cypros. The lovely confusion of the flying queen, and her prettily named attendant—(we are reminded by the euphony of "Cypros" of

* A striking change took place in the mode of writing our language by its best masters from James I. to George I; a change not merely that of expansion and growth, but from the sway of one set of foreign fashions to another and quite the opposite. Compare the swelling and grand periods of the dedicatory preface to the old English Bible, translated under the auspices of James, or even a sentence from Clarendon, some years later, (one is enough, for it is generally a page,) to the Boileau-like smartness and brief grace of Pope! Since Pope, Johnson has returned to the pomp of the old latinity, from choice, and his own taste, and not from the taste of his age, which was quite different and did not yield far, except in the case of a few imitative individuals, to even the force of his great example. We think the best writers of the language at the present day, write better than the best masters of either of the old schools—Latin or Gallic. If they have not the full dignity of the ancient latinity, they have retained as much of it as could be saved after a separation from its excessive magniloquence and *strut*. If they have not the artificial grace of Pope and Bolingbroke, as so distinct and seen a quality, they have the same grace combined with other merits of style which correct its artificiality.

the gently named Charmion and Iros of Cleopatra)—their blushes of modest shame—the music and mystery of their hurried and broken dialogue—all make this dainty chapter sound to us like a rare note from the golden lyre of the elder Tuscan poetry. D'Israeli is unquestionably the most noble and versatile of prose-poets.

Again, as an adjunct to his imagination, which it feeds and sustains, he seems to possess universal knowledge. Nothing in history, philosophy or poetry, common or recherchè, nothing in the fine arts, nothing in the gems of geology, or the flowers, fruits, and wines of soil and climate, nothing in vegetable and animal life, nothing in ancient myths or modern superstitions, nothing in the proverbial wisdom of past ages of all nations, nothing in dogmas, in creeds temporal and spiritual, in church schisms, in peculiarities of race, in wars and peace-makings, in custom and costume—in short, nothing that books teach, or a quick apprehension can win from their hints or chance suggestions, seems to have altogether escaped him. If he does not, because he cannot, know all profoundly, his knowledge still appears to be far more than merely superficial. How much of this knowledge is like Vivian Grey's improvised quotation from Spix, descriptive of the chowchowtow, we are unable to guess. Perhaps a great deal of it is not knowledge, but improvised in this way out of his own head. Many a fine quotation has been so improvised. The reader recollects the "old plays" from which Sir Walter professed to quote to the confounding of the Edinburg antiquaries. But his mind, radiating into thousands of allusions as a diamond throws out its sparkles, is always so apt and accurate where we know enough to judge him, that we confide in his honesty in all, and are sure that his knowledge is remarkable. We do not presume for a moment to place the sort of information which D'Israeli manifests every where, on all matters, in the same category with the magnificent erudition of the noble master-minds who have impressed their wisdom upon nations. It is rather the polite knowledge of a travelled, and well read, fine gentleman, who seeks to know something of everything, and ashamed of superficiality, is yet too universal to be profound, than the graver and more thoroughly mastered knowledge which enabled Bacon to teach his generation and many generations after him.

A great merit which D'Israeli possesses, and without which no novelist ever attained to more than a chance success, is in the truth and vigor of his dramatic power. His passion, wit, humor, pathos, and merriment, flow from the lips of his characters, and color their action, as if nature, not a feigning novelist, had made and placed them before us. His dramatic triumphs occur oftenest in his scenes of polished and gay life, but he succeeds every where. Nothing, for example, can be more finely dramatic than the following very readable passage from Tancred. Tancred, who has been committed by Sidonia, (the London Rothschild,) to the especial care and friendship of the Hebrew merchant Besso,* is captured, on a visit to Mount Sinai, by the Sheikh Amalek, Besso's father-in-law, and is held at a ransom of two millions of piastres. Eva—the Rose of Sharon—Besso's daughter, goes into the desert to persuade her grandfather to release his prisoner without ransom. The scene opens with the approach of dromedaries and veiled women, over the sands, to the Bedouin tents. Amalek fancies that Eva bears the ransom.

"The Great Sheikh came forth from his pavilion and sniffed the morning air: a dignified smile played over his benignant features, and once he smoothed his venerable beard.

"'My son-in-law is a true son of Israel,' he murmured complacently to himself. 'He will trust his gold only to his own blood.'

"The caravan wound about the plain, and then crossed the stream at the accustomed ford, and then approached the amphitheatre. The horsemen halted, some dismounted, the dromedaries knelt down, Baroni assisted one of the riders from her seat; the Great Sheikh advanced and said, 'Welcome in the name of God, welcome with a thousand blessings!'

"'I come in the name of God—I come with a thousand blessings,' replied the lady.

"'And with a thousand something else,' thought Amalek to himself; but the Arabs are so polished, that they never make unnecessary allusions to business.

"'Had I thought the queen of Sheba was going to pay me a visit,' said the Great Shiekh, 'I would have brought the pavilion of Miriam. How is the Rose of Sharon?' he continued, as he ushered Eva into his tent. 'How is the son of my heart—how is Besso, more generous than a thousand kings!'

"'Speak not of the son of thy heart,' said Eva, seating herself on the divan. 'Speak not of Besso, the generous, and the good, for his head is strewn with ashes, and his mouth is full of sand.'

"'What is this!' thought Amalek. 'Besso is not ill, or his daughter would not be here. This arrow flies not straight. Does he want to scrape my piastres? These sons of Israel that dwell in

* Was there ever so magnificent a letter of credit given by a banker, or imagined by a poet, as Sidonia gives to Tancred?

*A letter of credit.*

To Adam Besso, at Jerusalem.

London, May, 1845.

"*My Good Adam*,—If the youth who bears this require advances, let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon the king; and if he want more, let him have as much as would form the lion that is on the left; and so on, through every stair of the royal seat. For all which will be responsible to you the child of Israel, who among the Gentiles is called

SIDONIA."

cities will mix their pens with our spears. I will be obstinate as an Azafeer camel.'

"Slaves now entered, bringing coffee and bread, the Sheikh asking questions as they ate, as to the time Eva quitted Jerusalem, her halting places in the desert, whether she had met with any tribes; then he offered to his granddaughter his own chibouque, which she took with ceremony, and instantly returned, while they brought her own aromatic nargilly.

"Eva scanned the imperturbable countenance of her grandfather: calm, polite, benignant, she knew the Great Sheikh too well to suppose for a moment that its superficial expression was any indication of his innermost purpose. Suddenly she said in a somewhat careless tone, 'And why is the Lord of the Syrian pastures in this wilderness, that has been so long accursed?'

"The Great Sheikh took the pipe from his mouth, and then slowly sent forth its smoke through his nostrils, a feat of which he was proud. Then he placidly replied: 'For the same reason that the man named Baroni made a visit to El Khuds.'

"'The man named Baroni came to demand succor for his lord, who is your prisoner.'

"'And also to obtain two millions of piastres,' added Amalek.

"'Two millions of piastres? Why not at once ask for the throne of Solomon?'

"'Which would be given if required,' rejoined Amalek. 'Was it not said in the Divan of Besso, that if this Prince of Franguestan wished to rebuild the Temple, the treasure would not be wanting?'

"'Said by some city gossip,' said Eva, scornfully.

"'Said by your father, daughter of Besso, who, though he live in cities, is not a man who will say that almonds are pearls.'

"Eva controlled her countenance, though it was difficult to conceal her mortification, as she perceived how well informed her grandfather was of all that passed under their roof, and of the resources of his prisoner. It was necessary, after the last remark of the Great Sheikh, to take new ground, and instead of dwelling, as she was about to do, on the exaggeration of public report, and attempting to ridicule the vast expectations of her host, she said in a soft tone, 'You did not ask me why Besso was in such affliction, father of my mother!'

"'There are many sorrows: has he lost ships? If a man is in sound health, all the rest are dreams. And Besso needs no Hakeem, or you would not be here, my Rose of Sharon.'

"'The light may have become darkness in our eyes, though we may still eat and drink,' said Eva. "And that has happened to Besso which might have turned a child's hair gray in its cradle.'

"'Who has poisoned his well? Has he quarrelled with the Porte?' said the Sheikh, without looking at her.

"'It is not his enemies who have pierced him in the back.'

"'Humph,' said the Great Sheikh.

"'And that makes his heart more heavy,' said Eva.

"'He dwells too much in walls,' said the Great Sheikh. 'He should have come into the desert, instead of you, my child. He should have brought the ransom himself.' And the Shiekh sent two curling streams out of his nostrils.

"'Whoever be the bearer, he is the payer,' said Eva. 'It is he who is the prisoner, not this son of Franguestan, who, you think, is your captive.'

"'Your father wishes to scrape my piastres,' said the Great Sheikh, in a stern voice, and looking his grand-daughter full in the face.

"'If he wanted to scrape piastres from the desert," said Eva, in a sweet and mournful voice, "would Besso have given you the convoy of the Hadji without condition or abatement?'

"The Great Sheikh drew a long breath from his chibouque. After a momentary pause, he said, 'In a family there should ever be unity and concord; above all things, words should not be dark. How much will the Queen of the English give for her brother?'

"'He is not the brother of the Queen of the English,' said Eva.

"'Not when he is my spoil, in my tent,' said Amalek with a cunning smile; but put him on a round hat, in a walled city, and then he is the brother of the Queen of the English.'

"'Whatever his rank, he is the charge of Besso, my father and your son,' said Eva, 'and Besso has pledged his heart, his life, and his honor, that this young prince shall not be hurt. For him he feels, for him he speaks, for him he thinks. Is it to be told in the bazaars of Franguestan that his first office of devotion was to send this youth into the Desert, to be spoiled by the father of his wife!"

"'Why did my daughters marry men who live in cities?' exclaimed the old Sheikh.

"'Why did they marry men who made your peace with the Egyptian, when not even the desert could screen you? Why did they marry men who gained you the convoy of the Hadji, and gave you the milk of ten thousand camels?'

"'Truly there is but one God in the desert, and in the city,' said Amalek. 'Now tell me, Rose of Sharon, how many piastres have you brought me?'

"'If you be in trouble, Besso will aid you as he has done; if you wish to buy camels, Besso will assist you as before! but if you expect ransom for his charge, whom you ought to have placed on your best mare of Nedgid, then I have not brought a para.'

"'It is clearly the end of the world,' said Amalek with a savage sigh."

The scene in the same book, in which the young Emir, Fakredeen, who is over head and ears in debt to every money-lender in Syria, attempts to wheedle Besso out of "a loan," is as finely dramatic as the above.

"'Most noble Emir, as you say, I am no politician.'

"'Would that you were, my Besso,' said Fakredeen, 'it would be well for you, and for all of us. See now,' he added in a whisper, 'that apparently inanimate mass, Scheriff Effendi, that man has a political head, he understands a combination; he is going to smuggle me five thousand English muskets into the Desert, he will deliver them to a Bedoueen tribe, who have engaged to convey them safely to the mountain. There, what do you think of that, my Besso? Do you know what are politics? Tell the Rose of Sharon of it. She will say it is beau-

tiful. Ask the Rose what she thinks of it, my Besso.'

"'Well, I shall see her to-morrow.'

"'I have done well; have I not?'

"'You are satisfied; that is well.'

"'Not quite, my Besso; but I can be satisfied, if you please. You see that Scheriff Effendi there, sitting like an afrite—he will not give me the muskets unless I pray him for them—and the Bedouseen chief, he will not carry the arms unless I give him 10,000 piastres. Now, if you will pay these people for me, my Besso, and deduct the expenses from my Lebanon Loan when it is negotiated, that would be a great service. Now, now, my Besso, shall it be done?' he continued with the coaxing voice, and with the wheedling manner of a girl. 'You shall have any terms you like, and I will always love you so, my Besso. Let it be done, let it be done! I will go down on my knees and kiss your hand before the Frenchman, which will spread your fame throughout Europe, and make Louis Philippe take you for the first man in Syria, if you will do it for me. Dear, dear Besso, you will pay that old camel Scheriff Effendi for me—will you not?—and please the Rose of Sharon as much as me!'"

"My prince," said Besso, "have a fresh pipe; I never can transact business after sunset."

We think just now of the scene in the young Duke, in which Count Frill sings "charming Bignetta," and the Bird of Paradise has her beautiful caps brought to the table, where they are presently stuck upon the heads of the gentlemen, as finely dramatic in its management, but we cannot venture to give a scene from so old and well-known a book. We can positively see Count Frill preluding his song with "a beautiful simper," and are perfectly aware of the manner in which he says, after singing, "I wrote this slight thing for Madame Sapiepha, at the congress of Verona. It has been thought amusing."

Our recurrence to this giddy and gay scene in the young Duke, reminds us of one of D'Israeli's minor merits, which we must not omit in our list. No one ever gave so much scenic effect, so much bounding and gliding life to the mere written discription of a *dance*. The mixture of tableaux, poetry and dancing, in that scene of the young Duke in which "Childe Dacre" is enacted and sung: the Polonaise at the fancy ball in Vivian Grey, and, in the same book, the arrowy and rushing flight of Violet Fane, and desperate pirouettes of St. Anthony, in the quadrille on the green grass, by the forest brook, are inimitable. Nothing of the sort, in books, can be found to approach them in scenic vividness. Such things, if no more than pretty, trivial, successes, yet spring from a great and valuable power—that of imitating nature to the very flash of the eye, and throb of the pulse.

In offset to the lavish, and perhaps tedious, laudation which we have bestowed upon D'Israeli, we must say something of his faults. First, then, we think that he is too careless in his plots, and apt to be occasionally dull for want of incident. Vivian Grey, Contarini Fleming, The Young Duke, Wondrous Tale of Alroy, Henrietta Temple, Venetia, Coningsby, Sybil, and Tancred, are all deficient in plot, and most of them in incident.

Again he is a singularly bad *raconteur*, on the large scale which novel writing requires. In episodes of story, like that wild tale of Hans the Child-Hunter, which Esaper George tells to Vivian Grey, in their midnight ride through a German forest, he is successful enough. But his books themselves want that adroit linking and sequency which should be present everywhere to secure and conduct the attention, and by which tamer and far inferior authors often make us forgive a thousand faults. D'Israeli is not to be compared to James as a *raconteur*, and for this cause, Contarini Fleming or Tancred, either of which has more beautiful thought and exquisite writing on a single page than such a novel as the False Heir has in its three or four hundred, is not near so easily read to the end as that indifferent book.

Furthermore, we are inclined to be a little disgusted with D'Israeli's miraculous boys and high-flown stuff about youth. Vivian Grey, at Chateau Desir, playing the part of Bolingbroke; Contarini Fleming, an ardent lover at nine, and at twelve commanding a banditti of boys, who positively steal cattle, stop travellers on the highways, and indulge in hard drinking in an old tumble-down castle in a desolate neighborhood; Tancred, with his "Asian mystery," etc., etc., are rather too much of a singular fantastic thing. We get tired of it; a plain boy, with dirty hands, would be a relief to us. If "Young England" is the poetic, silken-haired, particularly-gloved young gentleman, inflated with premature wisdom, grand aspirations, and all manner of politic rascalities that D'Israeli so frequently and so fondly pourtrays to us, then we must say that the English senate, army, navy, church, and benches of civil honor and trust, which are to be filled by the rising generation, will sadly fall away. But novelists are not infallible—we scarcely believe that the boys of England are all moulded after the pattern of Alcibiades, or Philip Wharton. There can scarcely be, in fact, any very extensive falling off in her customary allowance of bold, rugged lads, who tear their pantaloons in robbing orchards, have a passion for riding the unbroken colt, dog-ear their school books, sow uneasiness in maternal hearts, and cow-nettle in the bed of the usher, but who one day, amongst their sowings, will sow their wild oats, become good, brave, and reputable men, and take wise and manly care of their allotted part of the future of their country. D'Israeli has, in one or two instances, carried his sentimental weakness for supernatural boys so far as to make a fool of himself. What are we to think of such stuff as this? "No man should read after nineteen. * * * From nineteen to twenty-

two, action, action, action. Do everything, dare everything, imagine everything. Fight, write, love, spout, travel, feast, dress, drink. * * * Then to your solitude, and *meditate on youth.* In these words is *the essence of all human wisdom.* By five-and-twenty you may know all that man can attain, both of yourself and of your fellow creatures."

Last in the list of our fault-finding, D'Israeli has an adroit knack of pilfering the stores of other writers. An extraordinary case of plagiarism in a portion of the reflective writing of Vivian Grey, was pointed out to our readers in an article headed "Old Books and New Authors," which appeared in the May number of the Messenger, 1846. The theft is from the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne. We refer to it without caring to muster further evidence, as sufficient proof of a dishonest habit in this respect.

We leave D'Israeli, whom we admire for so much, and censure for so little, and hurry on to another niche and its statue. We have been guided by nothing more reasonable than our own caprice in the selection and arrangement of the subjects of our criticism. We have passed from Bulwer to Dumas, from Dumas to James, from James to D'Israeli, without caring for schools or classifications. With the same caprice of transition, we now take up our own novelist, James Fennimore Cooper.

Cooper is, beyond question, the very head of our American novelists. We have a multitude of them of various merit and kind, but he is isolated far above them. He wears the imperial purple, whilst they crowd below, in all guises and degrees from Paladins to Jesters. We have "heroes who divide the provinces, and for the most part amuse themselves with slight deeds." Kennedy is one of these. We have old crippled field-marshals who are too restless to be quiet, and yet too much spoiled by long inaction for fresh campaigns. Such a worn out field-marshal is Paulding. We have captains of light-horse—active Free companions—who hire their services, like Sir Robert Knolles, or Amergot Marcell of the jewelled spurs, and perform some very dashing exploits. Willis is a plumed and burnished specimen of these condottieri. We have partisan leaders, who do fine things on a limited scale, and waste their prowess in a multiplicity of small adventures. We rank Simms at the head of these. We have silly drolls, who act Pulcinello, and amuse the mob with the humors of a Puffer Hopkins; Professor Ingrahams, who peddle their pinchbeck breastpins, and galvanized pencils amongst the villages, and carry off the savings of servant maids; and, lowest of all, we have pamphleteers, who do up the last murder or seduction, in high life, into dirty novelettes, and like the little animal that routs its enemies with its execrable odour, make decency and virtue stand aside and hold the nose. We have this extensive variety amongst the subordinates; but we have only one supreme head. Only Cooper occupies the sovereign post. He has won it for himself, and we think him entirely worthy of it.

We gave this highest rank of all to Cooper, because he is the most creative, and most dramatic of our novelists—and the only true *poet* amongst them. That his creative power is high and rare, no one who has read his books can for a moment doubt. He is, in fact, a great original genius. His conceptions of character are as vivid, as warm with the flush of life, as ever came from the creative mind of man. We can think of no novelist, save Scott, who has conceived so many characters so well. In this department—the conception and delineation of character—the term creative is critically applicable, and it is supposed to be strictly applicable in no other. In the making of events or incidents, the creative power is humbled in the critical vocabulary, and becomes simply *inventive.* In pictures of natural scenery, which are apt to be considered mere copies from reality, but which, nevertheless, oftener spring up purely as visions of the mind, and are no more copies than the human figures, we commonly call the producing talent *scenic.* But in both cases, we think, as in the conception and production of character, the prouder term *creative* may be rightly applicable. *It is often* only the same high faculty operating upon different subjects. In the Apollo Belvidere the perfection of creative genius is manifested in the superb life-like image of the God; but we think the sculptor has shown it, also, by telling us, through outward symbols—the indignant lip, the haughty brow, the far-reaching gaze, the poise of arm and body—that the God has just flown his arrow to the heart of an enemy; in other words, we have here an *incident,* in the active symbols of which is undoubtedly a great charm of this immortal work. Who can say where between the mere figure and the incident which gives posture to its limbs and meaning to its features, the creative stops and gives place to something inferior, the inventive? If, in addition, not coldly copying from nature, but taking a scene of Arcadian trees, and moss-grown rocks, from among the poetic visions of his own mind, the sculptor had found it possible, by the force of his art, so to represent it as to enrich the whole, without sacrificing the requisite prominence of the God, we hardly perceive how the power shown in this could have been called scenic, as something different from creative. Or to be a little more humble in illustration, let us take the scene in Cooper's own Deerslayer, in which the hero shoots his first Indian. The Deerslayer himself, Natty Bumpo, is a triumph of creative genius. No one will gainsay this. But what is he, in the scene, without the incident of the death of the chief? A great conception and most successful delineation of

character, he is more winning to us in this scene than in any other in the five novels of which he is the hero. Holding the head of his dying enemy upon his knee, bathing the swarthy brows with water from the lake at his feet, ministering to the spiritual man, meanwhile, the simple, quaint, and touching consolations of his forest religion, blended from the creed of christians, the superstitions of the tribes, and his own communion with nature, the young pale-face is no where a greater triumph of creative genius than here. He is developed by the incident. He lives and moves in the incident. Who shall separate the figure from its surroundings, strangle the breath in it, and then say, "here, with this stripped and breathless figure the high creative genius stays behind—with these cast off surroundings, and the stifled breath a meaner power had to do!" And to us also the natural accompaniments of the scene, the blue lake, the trees silent in a windless air, the far-spreading solitude of wild nature, the whole touched with a beauty which surpasses life, and proves it to have been "all made out of the artist's brain," like the angel in Christabel's chamber, seem quite as inseparable a portion of the creative triumph. The actor, the incident, the scenic surroundings seem to us to make an inseparable *one*, in which the creative power cannot be critically argued to stop anywhere but with the limits of the whole. If we are wrong and the creative power is *not* exercised in these things, we have only to say that no novelist was ever more inventive in incident than Cooper, or manifested a finer scenic ability. And after all, this is the gist of the matter; the rest is a mere question as to critical terms, which, we fear, a chance interest has beguiled us to be tedious upon.

Of Cooper's dramatic power there is no question, and need be no argument.

But what may not be so evident to cursory readers, the mind of this great prose author is a highly poetical one. The passage in the Pathfinder, in which Natty Bumpo modestly gives the catalogue of his nick-names, and descants upon the reasons which won them for him from the poetry of the frontier tribes, is like a page from a poem exquisite in its music, and fresh as the dewy forest itself. There is poetry in profusion in his tales of the wilderness and the ocean; not obtrusive and ambitious poetry like Bulwer's, or the rhapsodical poetry in the superb flashes of which D'Israeli appears so resplendent, but the poetry of a mind warm with gentle and heroic imaginations, which issue into utterance naturally, and belong as an element to that of which they make a part. To our mind the wild sad picture of Lara and Kaled does not surpass that final one of the Red Rover and his page.

Certain indiscretions, growing perhaps out of vanity, embroiled Cooper, many years ago, on his return from Europe, with the political press of the north. Since that unlucky beginning, he seems to have been wasting time and temper in rather ridiculous libel suits. One evil effect of this miserable warfare against a power too strong for the strongest, has been seen in the failing American reputation of the greatest American novelist. In France, Dumas, recognizing the "supreme merit of the great master of ocean romance," consents to write Captain Paul in elucidation of certain mysteries in the Pilot. Carlyle speaks of "American Cooper, that prose poet of the woods and seas;" and classes him with the very brightest of the minds that are "wasting their oil in lighting men to their amusements." In France, England, and Germany, he has reputation enough; here we have scarcely a decent author who is applauded so faintly or reluctantly. Whether this unjust state of things will endure for the life of Cooper, depends upon himself. Let him stop with his libel-suits, laugh at the squibs of his persecutors, and write good novels. If he does this, he will once more sleep without nettles on his pillow, and escape from the category of the Chinese Governor Ski-Hi, (we are afraid that we have missed the name,) whom the outer Barbarians deprived of "a relish for his morning meal," and grow complacent upon the renewed favor of his countrymen. Wounded vanity and a faulty temper may prevent this cheerful and reasonable course and obscure his fame amongst us, until the man, with his bickerings, is dead, and only his books, with their merits, live. That his works will live, is as sure as that the world will continue to have good minds that love good books, or readers too selfish to forego, and lose willingly such extensive contributions to their enjoyment. The five Leatherstocking novels—five acts of a noble drama—are not books to be forgotten. Nor are the Sea Tales of perishable stuff. Some heavy books there are—chiefly his European novels—which will doubtless sink like lead, if they have not already done so.

Cooper is known to prefer the Bravo to the rest of his novels. This is one of those freaks of parental love, common enough with authors and mothers. The Bravo is unquestionably a dull book. We think The Deerslayer the best of his novels. It is better in *style* than the others, especially than The Last of the Mohicans, which, great as it is in all substantial merit, and most absorbing in interest of all, is yet very meanly written; moreover, it developes more fully than any other of the Leatherstocking novels with which, as one of that series, we more immediately compare it, the author's best and most sustained character; finally, there is more of that sweet and gentle poetry, of which we have spoken as characteristic of Cooper, in this novel than in the others. It is seldom that a book, written after so many, is better than its predecessors, or that the winter of sixty radiates a warmer poetry of thought than the summer of thirty. The phenomenon, in the case of Cooper, leads us to

hope that he has many more delightful books in store for us. We bid him adieu with our best courtesies; and at the same time give our readers a respite—if not a perpetual release.

---

## THE WIDOW'S PRAYER.

God of the Widow! hear my cry!
It comes from a confiding heart.
Oh! raise my drooping hopes on high
And all Thy promised aid impart!

It is not for myself I plead,
It is for those I call mine own;
My heart is now content to bleed,
With griefs that fall on me alone.

Forlorn through this dark world I stray,
And helpless dear ones round me cling;
Oh! guide us through life's dreary way
And gives us rest beneath Thy wing.

No selfish fears assail me now,
Far other thoughts disturb my rest;
And deeper, purer feelings glow
Within the widow'd mother's breast.

From thee, Oh Lord, those feelings came,
Meet tokens of a Father's love.
They mingle with devotion's flame,
And raise my soul to Thee above!

There was a time, when Fortune smiled,
And summer friends their off'rings brought,
These, long my careless heart beguiled
From every upward soaring thought.

Then came the often dreaded hour
When grief oppress'd my feeble soul;
I felt its desolating pow'r,
And yielded to its dark control.

The voice of friendship soothed mine ear.
Ere sorrow's weight my heart had crush'd,
It promised aid in troubles near—
Those troubles came—and it was hush'd.

But let me not to Thee complain
That human love no solace gave;
'Tis Thine alone to soothe my pain,
For Thou alone dost come to save.

And Thou didst bid me lean on Thee
Nor vainly trust to earthly aid;
And still Thy strength sustaineth me
And still my hopes on Thee are stay'd.

God of the Widow! hear my prayer!
Oh, make me, more than ever, thine,
And those who are my earthly care,
I cheerfully to Thee resign.

## CAPTAIN SIBORNE AND ANGLO-AMERICANUS.*

We promised, in our last, to notice the questions propounded to us by our correspondent, "Anglo Americanus," and we proceed now, in some sort, to the fulfilment of our engagement.

And first of all with regard to the battle of Waterloo itself. Our correspondent will recollect, that we did not draw our conclusions either from our own fancy, or from the writings of any French historian. They were derived from a source which we hardly think any Englishman will feel obliged to him for calling in question. They came directly from the narrative of Capt. Siborne—an Englishman—an English officer—who, we believe, was present at this battle—who, at least, has taken great pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the material facts—and who, certainly, as far as we are able to see, knows more of the circumstances attending that tremendous conflict, than any other person now in existence, with the exception, no doubt, of the Duke of Wellington, whose evidence has not yet been furnished to the world, and of Marshal Soult, who likewise has thought proper, thus far, to pass the subject entirely *sub silentio*. They were fortified by the testimony of Bulow, himself a Prussian General—assisting in the overthrow of Napoleon upon that bloody field—who came up at a time when the deadly struggle was in its very crisis—who declared—under the sanctity of a despatch addressed to majesty itself—that but for his arrival, and the consequent withdrawal of at least 27,000 men, (more than a third of the French army,) from the attack upon the Anglo-Allied army, that army must have been inevitably routed in a very few minutes—and whose decisive part in the conflict was attested by the loss of one-fourth of his whole force, though he was engaged not half so long as were the Anglo-Allied forces, whose loss was, taking time and other things into consideration, not comparable to his.

* As the letter of "Anglo-Americanus," which elicits this response, has never appeared in the body of our work, but was printed among other articles on the Cover of the November number, we take occasion to insert it here.

[*Ed. Mess.*

OCTOBER 8TH, 1847.

SIR:—As you have been so very ingenious and clever in finding out reasons why the *French* DID NOT conquer at Waterloo, perhaps you will be so good as to tell us in your next number, why *the English* DID conquer at Crecy, Poictiers, Agincourt, Blenheim, &c.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

ANGLO-AMERICANUS.

*To the Editor of the Southern Literary Messenger.*

*Richmond, Virginia.*

P. S.—I forget whether you are an Alumnus of *Hampden Sidney* College, Virginia, or of *St. Omers*, in France!

If then we have been the cause of any injustice to England, her sons, or her admirers, the blame rests not with us. Let our correspondent call Bulow and Siborne into court, for they, in this instance at least, are the guilty party. Upon their statements, not contradicted as far as we have seen, did we rest throughout our whole analysis of this short, but most disastrous campaign. If they were wrong it was certainly no fault of ours. We challenge any man to a perusal of Capt. Siborne's book, in connection with Bulow's despatch—if he be a candid man, we defy him to arrive at any other conclusion than such as we came to.

What is the evidence afforded by the two? Captain Siborne, after a most diligent search into the records of all the countries concerned in the campaign of 1819—after having inspected the evidence afforded by the pay-rolls of London, of Paris, of Berlin, of Brussels and of all the German States whose troops were engaged in that service—tells us that on the 15th of June the Emperor Napoleon, with an army counting, all told, 122,401 men, crossed the Sambre for the purpose of attacking Marshal Blucher and the Duke of Wellington, who were at the head, the first of 118,000 and the other of 106,000 troops! The disparity between the whole force of the French Emperor, and either division of the allied forces was not so great as to have induced any man, calling himself a great Captain, to hesitate in meeting him singly. If Wellington with his 106,000 men had met the 122,000 of Napoleon and routed them, surely the achievement would not have been esteemed unparalleled. Julius Cæsar, with 23,000 men routed Pompey the Great with 52,000. If Marshal Blucher had met and vanquished Napoleon, having within 4000 of his number, it would under ordinary circumstances, not have been considered such a very extraordinary affair! The singular fact, then, is presented to the mind of two great Generals, each claiming for himself, and having admirers who claim for them, the merit of having defeated Napoleon, being unable with forces nearly two to one, to prevent his entry into Belgium, his attacking and beating one of them, and according to Bulow, beating to all intents and purposes, the other too, so badly that if he had not gotten up, he would have been swept from the field. Let Anglo-Americanus with all his prejudices look at this fact. But do not let him hold us responsible for it. Let him look to Bulow and Siborne. They are the men out of whose mouths Wellington and Blucher are condemned. It is and has been no part of our business to make reputations or to mar them. "*Ni pongo rey, ni quito rey.*" We only speak facts as they are handed to us by two authorities, both of them perfectly orthodox in the eyes of all Englishmen. Bulow, the Prussian General, and Siborne, the English Captain; the one writing from the field of battle, and the other glorifying the Duke of Wellington, thirty years after the battle was fought. What a compliment do not the English pay to Napoleon and the brave men with him, when they represent the conquest of 122,000 men by 294,000 as a most superhuman performance!

That Napoleon never would have undertaken this daring project, but for the opportunity presented by the disposition of the allied forces, we have no doubt; and here, too, we are borne out to the very echo, by Captain Siborne. We refer Anglo-Americanus to his book and to the map of Flanders for a confirmation of what we say. His force was disseminated over such an immense extent of country, that it is quite wonderful to us, who do not pretend to be military men, and to others who not only pretend to be, but who really are, how they ever got together. If Anglo-Americanus will read the book, with the map, and then say, that if Napoleon, and those around him, (we mean most especially Marshal Ney,) had acted with the vigor and promptitude by which their former campaigns had been distinguished, the allied army would not have been destroyed in its cantonments, then we concede to him all that he may desire.

We come now to the battle of Waterloo. This battle has always been pointed to in triumph by the English as a great trial of strength between the two races. They regard it as a sort of grand boxing match—a "stand up fight" in which all manœuvring being laid aside, the parties fought it out on the principle of fair play and no gammon, just as they do in the ring. To make out such a case as this, it would be necessary to prove in the outset that the parties were equal at least in number. Yet in despite of all the praises lavished upon British valor, the perusal of Captain Siborne's book, (which we desire to be kept always in connection with Bulow's despatch,) leads inevitably to the conclusion that 45,000 Frenchmen, for ten hours, not only kept the field against 28,000 "bold Britons," assisted by forty thousand troops, who, to judge from their loss on the field of battle, fought at least as hard as they did, but that except for his arrival, and the consequent employment of 25,000 Frenchmen against *him*, who were designed for the Anglo-Allied army, they must in a very few minutes have been routed beyond the hope of recovery. It was, after all, a contest between 45,000 Frenchmen, and 28,000 Englishmen assisted by 40,000 allies! Was that any mighty victory? Did that establish any inferiority of race on the part of the French? Does that give John Bull any right to claim supremacy over the other nations of the earth? Does it establish his claim to be equal to at least two Frenchmen every Englishman of them all? Certainly it does not. The conclusion is, that it was no fair trial of strength between the two—that if the Englishman is superior to the Frenchman in the points that most be-

come a man, the battle of Waterloo was, at any rate, no evidence of the fact.

So much for this part of the indictment. We must beg the favor of Anglo Americanus not to hold us responsible for any statement made in the article to which his card alludes. For any explanation which may be desirable we refer him to his own friends, to wit;—Captain Siborne of the English army, and the Baron Bulow Von Denerity, a field-marshal in the service of his Prussian Majesty, Frederick William, the fourth, (we believe,) of that illustrious name. If, from the accounts of these worthies, properly weighed and compared, he does not infer that his friends were most handsomely flogged

> "And that if Bulow, Blucher, Gneisenau,
> And God knows who besides in "au" and "ow,"
> Had not come up in time to cast an awe
> Into the hearts of those who fought till now
> As tigers combat with an empty craw,
> The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show
> His orders, also to receive his pensions,"

then we give him up as altogether incorrigible; reason and he have not their habitation together.

Before accounting for the victories of Crecy, Poictiers, Agincourt, Blenheim, &c., which we think we can do to the satisfaction even of Anglo Americanus, we think it right to answer the question propounded in the latter part of his card. To be brief then we were neither educated at St. Omers, nor at Hampden Sidney! In other words we are neither Jesuit nor Puritan. A Jesuit we could *not* be; a Puritan we *are* not; yet we may say from the bottom of our hearts, believing as every man does, his own way of thinking to be the best, that we had rather be a Puritan than any thing else except the very thing we are. Any protestant sect, we care not what it may be, will always do the Puritans the credit to place them second best, ranking themselves of course always first. For our own parts though we do not belong to them, but we hope, to a better set of men than even they, we are not disposed to blame the pride of those who "make broad their phylacteries" upon that score. One thing at least may be said for the Puritans; that, apart from religion, they have always been most intelligent friends, and warm assertors of liberty, not only here but in the old country also. If then the question "were you educated at St. Omers or at Hampden Sidney?" was designed to put the Jesuit and the Puritan in the same category, we blush for the man that penned it. Englishman though he be, does he mean to desecrate the remains of Oliver Cromwell, of John Hampden, of Algernon Sidney, of John Milton? Shame upon the English heart that could conceive such foul wrong! Palsy upon the English hand that could pen it!

But we are disposed to think that Anglo Americanus meant no such distinction as is here taken, and as is plainly deducible from his card. We believe him to be not only a good Englishman but a good Protestant likewise. St. Omers is in France, and we suspect that he means, absurd as it may appear, to connect the course of Napoleon, the child of a revolution which drove every Catholic priest out of France—a sworn enemy to monks, friars, and all the paraphernalia of superstition—whose most bitter personal foes were these very Jesuits—with the doctrines taught at that famous seminary.

The war, he would have us believe, was a religious war; Napoleon was the representative of the Pope, Wellington of protestantism; and by thus classifying the two, according to an arrangement of his own, he seeks to enlist sympathy in favor of the English party and against the French. It was fashionable with a certain party in this country about the year 1812, to call England the "Bulwark of the Protestant Religion." It is true that not more than five years before, upon a mere suspicion, she had seized the fleet, bombarded the capital, and murdered by thousands the subjects of her protestant sister Denmark; It is true likewise that she had for many years waged a war very much like piracy according to our idea of that crime, against protestant America; true that she had murdered and starved in India more men in one year than Bonaparte's wars cost all told; but what of that? John Bull did all this, and John, like his king, can do no wrong. Another might be thought to forfeit his claims to the championship of the protestant religion, by so many acts of piracy, murder, plunder, and wholesale barbarity of every description. But they only strengthen John's claims.

Now for Crecy, Poitiers, Agincourt, &c., We separate them entirely from Blenheim, because they were battles of altogether a different nature.

In the battle of Crecy, as well as we recollect, the French were to the English somewhat in the proportion of seven to one; (it is long since we read the reign of Edward III., and of course, writing without any book at hand to which we can refer, we can not be expected to display any very extraordinary degree of accuracy.) The loss of the English on that occasion, was very slight—it amounted, as well as we remember, to about one seventieth part of their whole army. Such a disparity of loss, when the forces were so unequal indicates not a battle, but a massacre. It proves that the parties were terribly mismatched in some particular—that the one was a party of soldiers, well drilled and well tried—the other an undisciplined rabble. The proportions in the battles of Poictiers and Agincourt, as well as we remember, were nearly the same, and the results very similar. Superiority of discipline, superiority of arms, superiority of *morale*, in all three cases, and no superiority of race, are evident from the very facts of the case. No Englishman, at least no English

soldier, will say, that one Englishman is able to beat seven or eight Frenchmen. Yet if a case is to be made out in favor of the superiority of the English race over the French, from these three battles, such ground must be assumed. It is very possible, that a fifth part of either of these armies, well disciplined, well officered, and well commanded, would have been able to effect much more, than all this crowd of *militia*, who with just the same amount of native valor, had yet neither the experience, nor the skill to make their superior numbers of any avail. The English army, in the last war, routed the Americans in the proportion of three or four to one at Bladensburg. The cause is apparent enough; it was a contest between veterans and militia. The countrymen of these very same Americans, thus routed, not more than three months previous, at Chippewa and at Lundy's Lane, drove the veterans of the Peninsula before them at the point of the bayonet; yet they were the same people! The only difference was in the drill. The runaways of Bladensburg, with the advantage of six month's training under Scott or Gaines, would have made just as hard a fight as their brethren on the Canada frontier. What then should we say to the complacency of that Englishman who should assert the superiority of his race over ours, and point to Bladensburg, as evidence of the fact! Hannibal, the Carthagenian, with an army of fifty thousand men, Gauls, Carthagenians, Numidians, Spaniards—in fine of almost every nation then known—(Livy calls his army "Colluvies omnium gentium," the common sewer of the human race)—utterly destroyed a *Roman army* of ninety thousand men at the battle of Cannæ. Does any man think that the Romans, as a race, were inferior to these refugees from all quarters of the earth! Robert Bruce beat the English at Bannockburn, where they were in the proportion of three or four to one. Is an Englishman willing to acknowledge that his Northern brethren form a race superior to theirs! But we are going a little too fast. It may be incumbent on us to show that the French troops at Crecy, Poictiers and Agincourt were little better than a rabble. We should proceed to do so at once, but our limits compel us to break off here somewhat abruptly, and to reserve our remarks on this branch of the subject until some future occasion.

---

## REMINISCENCES OF A TRAVELLER.

### A SOJOURN AT GHENT.

### No. VI.

* * * * No, my promise is *not* forgotton, and if you will rest with me under the shade of this wide-spreading tree, which brings to mind the famous elm at Worms, I will comply with your desire and continue my reminiscences, happy to know that they afford you amusement.

We were, last evening, admiring a fine engraving of Ghent, and now I will tell you about some remarkable things we saw there. We remained only a few days, but they were rendered very agreeable by the kindness and hospitality of the Duke and Dutchess of Saxeweimar, who reside in the city, he being commandant of it.

You may remember our becoming acquainted with him at Albany and Lebanon in the State of New York, where he joined our party in an excursion to the Shaker village—his afterwards visiting us here at home and being during the same summer one of our fellow-passengers in the voyage to Liverpool! Well, when he met us accidentally two years afterwards in a Church at Ghent, he greeted us most cordially, introdnced us to his family and entertained us most hospitably at his palace, where we dined in company with several intelligent and distinguished foreigners, like ourselves, invited guests.

The Duke, as you know him personally, it is needless to describe to you farther than that he was gay and agreeable at home as we found him abroad and quite as humorous and full of anecdote. The Duchess, who is sister to the present Queen Dowager of England, was a tall, dignified gentlemannered woman, as quiet as his Grace was lively. In the evening their three carriages were drawn up in front of the palace to convey those who choose to go, to the theatre, to hear Madame Mondonville sing. She was there considered a great vocalist, but *he* did not think her comparable to Mademoiselle Sontag, whom we had heard a few months previous, in Paris. Guillon and his pupil Dorus accompanied her on the flute. The theatre of Ghent is neither large nor handsome, but we were struck with the peculiar appropriateness of the decoration of the first and second tier of boxes.

On the pannels of the first, the best scenes from the chief works of various dramatists were painted, and above these, on the pannels of the second tier, busts *painted in relief*, represented the authors themselves.

Now all this is but a preamble—the things I am to describe to you as being remarkable, are as follows. . . . . And as chief I will begin with the Beguinage, an establishment of religious females, whose number at the period of our visit amounted to seven hundred. They resided in a collection of small houses built within the same inclosure and dedicated to different saints, the name of each saint being inscribed in large letters on each front door. In the midst of this little town, (so one may call it,) stands the church; this bears the name of Saint Elizabeth, who is considered the patroness of the *Beguines*, as the members of this extraordinary sisterhood are termed. *Nuns* they cannot be styled, for they take no vows and are at

liberty to return to the world and society whenever they choose, and even to marry!

Only single women are ever received as members and none need apply who cannot pay a stipulated sum and produce a certificate of her respectability and worthiness. Each lives upon her own resources and if unable to hire a servant, must cook and wash for herself. There were generally three or four residing in the same dwelling, some, however, who were more fortunate in possessing a larger portion of this world's goods, kept their own domicil. The sisterhood is divided into companies, and every company is under the charge of a directress, and a superior reigns over *all*. They had a flourishing school for poor children—taught them to read and make lace, and the work was sold for the benefit of the little pupils and their parents. Some of the children were not more than six years old and it was quite astonishing to witness their dexterity and rapidity in moving the pins and weaving the meshes of the lace.

At night we went to see the Beguines at Vespers and a solemn sight it was. They were clad in long white veils and in the dim light of their Cathedral, which was furnished with only a few scattered lamps, they resembled kneeling spectres. For a considerable time the effect was kept up, by their remaining perfectly motionless. They were a cheerful, lively set in the morning, while engaged at their various employments, but in the evening a more demure and sanctified collection of faces you never beheld!

This gave me a favorable opinion of them, for I like to see Christians gay and cheerful at all times unless they are under the rod of affliction, and while at their devotions in public, or private, when they cannot be too serious and contemplative. The next remarkable thing I remember seeing was the funeral of a youth of fifteen, who was a pupil in the Royal College of Ghent and was so much beloved by his companions that they would not suffer his corpse to be carried in a hearse, but bore it to the grave on their shoulders, while the hearse followed empty.

They wore black crape bands on their arms and were preceded by a boy decorated with a broad, orange-colored ribbon, from which were suspended several medals which the deceased had gained in contests for literary honors. The coffin was covered with a white silk pall richly embroidered and on the top of that stood a basket made of silver bullion and filled with artificial flowers.

We loitered on the pavement till the mournful procession had passed and was lost to our view in turning the corner of a street.

A previous engagement prevented our witnessing the ceremony of consigning the body to the tomb, which we regretted, as it would have been an interesting as well as solemn scene, and you know my predilection for whatever kindles deep and sacred feelings.

In the course of our rambles next morning, we entered the Town Hall, and there collected in a spacious room, we saw more than a dozen babies in the arms of as many nurses.

On asking the cause of this marvellous infantine assemblage, we were informed the children were brought there to be baptised. That the laws of the country enacted that as soon as a child was born, the father, accompanied by two witnesses, should go to the chief magistrate and give him notice of the birth and sex of the child, (which are immediately recorded,) and that afterwards when old enough it was usually taken to the same place to be christened.

Near this room was another called the "Hall of Marriage," in which the votaries of Hymen were united for better or worse, by the civil magistrate. I can't say any thing in favor of either of these customs. Baptism and marriage are rites too sacred and solemn to be performed by any other than a minister of religion.

By-the-by, talking of *children*, reminds me that we saw a tomb in the church of St. Nicholas at Ghent, which was erected over a man and his wife, who had *thirty-one!* and lost them *all in a month!!* so said the inscription upon the stone. I don't believe it!

In the cathedral we were astonished at the singularity of design and the beautiful carving of the pulpit. It was of wood richly sculptured, and ornamented with marble bas-reliefs. The top or ceiling was supported by the branches of two trees, filled with leaves and golden apples, one of which a serpent, (alias, his satanic majesty in that shape,) held in his mouth, while his scaly length entwined the trunk of the tree. At the foot of the steps leading up to the pulpit stood two angels, the size of life and made of white marble, pointing to the reptile. Under the pulpit, (which was of antique form and rested on a stand or stem,) were the figures of Time and Truth—the latter grasped an open book. A curtain admirably carved and of *wood*, enveloped the top of the pulpit and was raised in front by two little angels, (also of white marble,) bearing a golden cross.

The baptismal font was almost as singular as the pulpit, and consisted of an azure and star-spangled globe resting on angels amid clouds of white marble—the cover was decorated with a silver cloud, a golden cross and serpent. It was said to be the identical font that was used at the christening of the Emperor Charles V., who you know was born in the city.

We descended into the subterranean portion of the Cathedral to see the tomb of the last Bishop of Ghent. It was composed of a material called "pierre de touche," (touch-stone,) by which the purity of gold was tested—if *unadulterated*, it left

a mark. I entirely forget whether *we* experimented on the occasion. I rather think *we did*, although at this distant period of time, I cannot determine, but one thing is sure, the result has made no impression on our minds, if the gold did upon the stone.

The Cathedral is rich in marble columns, monuments, statues and paintings. Among the pictures is the "Paschal lamb" by Van Eyck, sometimes styled "John of Bruges," whence he came. He is reputed to be the inventor of the art of mixing colors with oil.

We visited a convent of the Order of "La Visitation," where bobinet was embroidered. It was done by poor orphans whom the nuns took under their protection until twenty-four years of age, when, having by that time learnt the trade, they were sent forth into the world to support themselves by their own skill and industry.

We saw them busily plying their needles, and observed with surprise, that the most intricate and difficult patterns were imitated without paper or marks to assist them—the meshes served as guides. We were desirous to have witnessed the manufacturing of lace, but had encountered such delay and trouble ere we obtained admission to the bobinet establishment, that we resolved not to attempt an inspection of a lace one. The Abbess was old, morose and so disobliging that she would not have let us in, had it not been for an order from the Vicar General, an aged and affable priest, who treated us with much suavity and kindness—we also found "sister Anne," (a young nun who went about with us as cicerone,) very amiable and communicative—she was very lively too and carried us into a parlor to show us some pictures and a piano—"here," she said, "we amuse ourselves with dancing quadrilles every evening, and the *novices* play the part of *gentlemen*." On expressing my amazement that *dancing*, generally was one of the *bug-bears* of religious communities, should be allowed in the convent, she replied that "they there considered it not only an innocent, but a rational amusement and a great contributor to health—if we were to mingle with the world and spend money and time in dressing up ourselves for the sake of dancing, we should view it very differently, but here there is no such desire or inducement, and we dance merely for the pleasure of the music and the benefit of the exercise." A sage process of reasoning, thought I, and we came away well pleased with "sister Anne" and her argument.

In the commencement of our conversation, beneath this "lord of the forest," I alluded to the great elm at Worms, which it somewhat resembles, and before leaving our umbrageous retreat, I will mention a tradition concerning it, that is firmly believed by the people of its neighborhood; in fact, by most of the Germans; it is *rather incredible* I confess, but you shall hear it nevertheless.

It is said to have been planted by the Reformer himself during the sitting of the Diet at Worms in 1521, when he appeared before Charles V., and so eloquently disputed with the Pope's Nuncio, on the subject of the new faith then just shedding a glimmering light over the christianized world.

Luther was warmly maintaining the truth of his doctrine, as he accompanied some members to the Diet one morning. As they walked along, he twirling round a small switch he had picked up, he suddenly stopped, and thrusting it into the ground, exclaimed with great fervor, "If this twig should live and grow, then is my doctrine sound and true; if it should perish, then am I deceived and in error, and I solemnly invoke the aid of Heaven thus to prove whether my faith be right or wrong."

The next day, on passing the same spot, lo! the little branch had taken root and budded!! Such a miracle you may suppose soon converted many persons to the Lutheran belief.

And now let us wend our way homewards, for a storm seems brooding in the sky and my reminiscences have come to a close for the present—at some future time, perhaps, I may resume them.

J. M. C.

---

## THE LITERARY MISER.

"Sponte tamen juvenes imitantur cætera; solam
Inviti quoque avaritiam exercere jubentur.
Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ,
Quum sit triste habitu vultuque et veste severum."

*Juvenal.*

Eighteen centuries have rolled away since these lines were composed by the Roman satirist. Mankind was at that time involved in moral darkness, misery and guilt so revolting, as to fill his noble spirit with despair, and his vigorous and eloquent pen with the bitterest gall. It is true that even in that darkest hour, the light of Christianity was just ready to dawn on the world, and had already substituted in the minds of a few humble and unnoticed individuals the pure illumination of heaven for the dim lamp of earthly wisdom. Yet the wisest of the heathen had their moral and intellectual vision too much obscured by the mists of hereditary superstition to discern these early beams of the Sun of Righteousness. Trajan, who is almost, nay, quite deified by Pliny and Tacitus among the best and ablest men of their day, required the former to persecute the Christians in his province of Bithynia. The result of the investigations connected with that persecution, as communicated in Pliny's own words, proves in the most striking manner his utter blindness to the principles of justice on the subject of religion. No rigor of investigation, nor even the torture of the accused

showed that they had ever plotted against the state, or done any thing save go through some harmless ceremonies, and bind themselves to abstinence from every immorality; yet the humane and enlightened Pliny thought theirs a "depraved superstition," "an inflexible obstinacy which ought to be punished." Tacitus too classed the Christians with the Jews, whom he describes as the most superstitious of mankind.

When we remember this state of facts, we may be inclined to suspect that Juvenal drew a picture of the human character, only as it was moulded and degraded by Paganism, and that had he lived until now, he would have given it a brighter and more favorable coloring. But when we look at the present condition of the world, we shall discover far less improvement, than might justly have been hoped from the mighty and blessed agencies which have ever since that period been warring against innate corruption.

In some particulars of great importance there has been a decided amelioration. No longer are thousands of human beings compelled to butcher each other, avowedly for the amusement of spectators consisting of not only rough men, but soft and beauteous women, who sing, and laugh, and shout around the bloody arena. Yet the same love of strife was in a milder form manifested in the tournaments of the middle ages, which, although they have long ceased, still in this nineteenth century, fill the pages of the novelist, and the imagination of many fair and brave readers. The victims of the tournament were indeed comparatively few, and always volunteers; but not so the conscripts of Bonaparte or the serfs of Alexander, whose bones have recently whitened so many plains in Europe, to gratify the unhallowed ambition of those monarchs.

Woman is no where in Christendom so bad, as when her vices provoked that satire of Juvenal, which is at once the most obscene of human composition, and the most terrible of human invectives. Thanks to Christianity, woman has in most civilized countries been elevated to an eminence far above that which the proudest and purest Roman matrons occupied in the palmiest days of the republic. Yet in Christian countries, men of the highest genius have been found ready to pour forth obscenities, intended to render licentiousness attractive instead of repulsive, as it appears in the pages of the indignant Juvenal, and to the shame of modern times be it said, many readers to whom their impurity is more alluring, than the genius by which it is gilded.

We can find no longer hosts of professional informers battening on the spoils of those whose private conversations they have betrayed and misrepresented. Their days and those of the Neros and Domitians who patronized them, have passed away we hope forever. Yet it is a lamentable fact that, in many regions of modern Europe, the place of ancient informers has been filled by regularly organized and paid police, those eyes and ears of the government, from which the thoughts themselves can scarcely be concealed. We republicans too must remember with shame and confusion of face the crisis in the history of a nation, now boasting itself the most enlightened in the world, when soi-disant friends of the people brought to the block and confiscated the property of all who were imagined guilty of the slightest offence against the "injured majesty" of the sovereign mob. It cannot be denied that the same insatiate thirst for money and for blood stimulated the Roman informers, and too many of the French Jacobins.

But let us see whether the sentiment of the passage quoted is applicable to the present day, as well as to the time of the poet. Has that religion which teaches that none but heavenly treasures ought to be coveted, and that all earthly riches are mere trusts in the hands of their possessor, with which he is bound to accomplish the greatest possible amount of good, has that religion eradicated avarice from the human heart, or has the corruption which it preaches remained triumphant in this as well as the other provinces of its dominion? We much fear the latter.

Many indeed are the men in this generation who are spending their substance, some exposing their lives to relieve the wants, enlighten the understandings, and save the souls of their fellow-men. But infinitely greater is the multitude who worship Plutus as devoutly as the veriest legacy-hunter that ever provoked the satiric scourge.

Many who preach the vanity of earthly objects like Seneca, and on far better authority, resemble him also in his grossly inconsistent rapacity. Now, as then, avarice is a vice of "sober mien" which escapes attention under the name and semblance of virtue. "While youths spontaneously imitate the other vices of their parents, they are compelled even against their inclination to practise this." Licentiousness, intemperance and other vices by their loose robes and careless air attract and excite clamorous censure. But let a man have a serious face and steady habits and he may practise the most narrow-hearted avarice, with little reproach from even a religious community. Such a man enjoins on his son not self-denial, that he may have a greater surplus for benevolence, but the practice of getting as much as possible from his fellow-men for as little compensation. The young man disregards his father's injunctions, not because he is less selfish, but because his own selfishness is more annoyed by the trouble of driving bargains and practising economy, than by the fears of future want.

But if the rapacity for money and parsimony in hoarding it, have, despite the theories of moralists, been practically enjoined as virtues, instead of be-

ing censured as vices, from Juvenal's day to the present, far more has the avarice of knowledge been guarded from the very suspicion of possible blame. It has become a sort of axiom with many, that none can be too fond of learning. Let us examine this fallacy, time-honored as it is, which has led astray and continues to lead astray so many of great genius and acquirements.

Money and knowledge are both means entrusted for valuable ends, and deserve respect only so far as they are devoted to their legitimate purposes. Knowledge is certainly the far nobler instrument, not only operating on others within its influence, but powerfully tending to ennoble its possessor, in every instance where its native tendency is unchecked by degrading influences.

But selfishness, that universal bane, fails not, in many ways, to corrupt this pure fountain, which is designed by a wise Deity to send forth so copious a stream of human enjoyment and happiness. At one time it throws in the poison of vanity, which puffs up the learned man, shakes his religious faith and moral principle, and makes him a Voltaire or a Byron, the scourge, instead of the benefactor of his race. Loud has been the outcry against the Cæsars, the Tamerlanes and the Bonapartes; but louder still ought it to be against those who wield the sceptre of intellectual dominion for the destruction, not the welfare of their subjects.

Vanity may indeed assume the milder form of ostentation; the intellectual monarch may waste his treasures in display, instead of expending them in conquest and devastation: but still he cannot escape the just charge of misemployed talents any more than the rich man who builds his palace, and beautifies his park, and revels in his Burgundy, without sparing a mite for the relief and enlightenment of his race.

There is another error less frequent, and when occurring, far less censured, because it is often connected with genuine modesty, and is usually the result of that intense application and those retired habits which are indispensable for the acquisition of great knowledge. In these days, when the press is constantly teeming, and the cacoethes scribendi is a disease so wide-spread, as to call loudly for some Jenner who may suggest a preventive like vaccination, a literary miser is a character far more rare than a spendthrift. In this country especially, where activity is the national characteristic, we can scarcely discover a specimen of those bookworms, who, in Europe, are sometimes well nigh as useless as the literal worms that consume the same volumes. This is by no means an insinuation that *all* who bury themselves in libraries are guilty or useless members of society. Many, very many of them have been justly esteemed the benefactors and ornaments of mankind. Neither is it meant that the excessive reserve, especially in intercourse with ordinary men, which often distinguishes great students, is proof positive of selfishness, or is inconsistent with the possession of many high qualities. Yet it is an undeniable evil often coupled with studious habits, to be deprecated and lessened, not to be indulged. The acquisition of learning is a pleasure more durable if not more intense than the gratification of any other appetite or passion, while it stops not in enjoyment, but at the same time purifies and elevates. But when a man contents himself with that pleasure, and forgets entirely the claims of others on his talents and acquirements, he may be a safer member of society than the licentious or ambitious, but can by no means claim the credit of active virtue. Sylla loved power, sensual pleasure, and intellectual enjoyment almost equally, because each afforded him a gratifying excitement.

When he resigned one of these pleasures that he might more uninterruptedly enjoy the other two, he was so far less dangerous than when he coolly made proscription an occupation; but his conduct was governed by a selfishness equally intense, unless we admit the highly improbable supposition, that he designed to make his memoirs, which have perished, a beacon to coming generations.

Nothing is more pernicious than the idea so often met with in the biographies of literary men that those endowed with great genius and learning, are therefore to be pardoned *any* eccentricities or selfishness. Each occupation and temperament indeed has its peculiar perils. It would be unjust in the extreme if we should make no allowances for the peculiar temptations of a Byron or a Bonaparte, and judge them in the same way, as we would those who never had one spark of genius, or atom of power. But it is one thing to extenuate faults and another to exalt them into virtues, or represent them as inseparably connected with certain virtues.

Let then the parent beware of teaching his child that he may properly devote himself to learning, to the exclusion of every thing else, and that its acquisition is in itself a virtue. Let the man of learning remember that, irrespective of his own health and comfort, he has no right to shut himself up in his own shell, to put his light under a bushel, to avoid communion with his fellow-men, and to consult his own gratification entirely. Much retirement is for him unavoidable; but let him regard it as a necessary evil to be avoided as much as possible, and not magnified into habitual and cynical seclusion.

He who long trims the midnight lamp, and prolongs intellectual effort in spite of physical suffering and mental weariness, at last converts labor, at first endured only for the sake of fame or usefulness, into positive luxury. As one who begins with accumulating money merely to supply the wants of himself and family, commonly ends with doing it for the pleasure which it brings, so the man who withdraws from society, that he may en-

lighten it or amuse it by the productions of his genius, sometimes forgets the end in the means, and enjoys unceasingly and selfishly the more pleasure of accumulating knowledge in a moderate degree so natural and innocent.

Mental activity combined with constant retirement, not only induces shyness and awkwardness, but too often irritability and enervation of character. Yet the man who desires great learning for great objects cannot entirely avoid the risk of these things, and of the ridicule and unpopularity which are their consequences. But let him beware of going too far; let him beware of destroying his popularity, and with it his usefulness. Mental luxury, as well as sensual, will provoke envy and dislike, and, when carried to excess, is as clearly criminal.

We have the greater reason to be earnest on the subject, because the victims of this habit are apt to be among the most valuable cultivators of literature, those who pursue it, not from vanity or ostentation, but from pure love. Modest and unpretending, they find themselves pushed aside in the walks of active life by shallow pretenders, and shrink back into their loved retirement. Each new attempt increases their morbid dislike for the outer atmosphere of the world, and at last they actually bury themselves among their books. They are worthy of being disinterred, and roused from this lethargy, this inertness of their active powers, and brought out into the society which they are designed to bless and to adorn.

Comparatively few instances of this sort are to be found in this country, yet there are some; and as the purely literary class increases with the age and wealth of the nation, they will be more numerous. Let this practical country enter its protest, not against all seclusion, but against that excess which leads to inactivity, peevishness, and misanthropy. Let us bear with those infirmities which are almost inseparable from studious life; but let them be registered as faults deserving indulgence, not as the privileged whims of a class self-exalted above the ordinary observances and duties of civilized society.

---

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

## L'ENVOI.

We are but fairly seated in the Editorial Chair, when the approach of Christmas admonishes us, that a volume of the Messenger is about to be finished, and that to those patrons, whose connection with the work ceases with the closing year, we should say something in a valedictory strain. We confess however that the word *farewell*, at all times a sad one in our vocabulary, is peculiarly unpleasing when it follows closely upon the first bow of acquaintance. In our last number we came into the presence of our readers, cap in hand, and made our salutations, perhaps after a very awkward fashion, but when that office had been performed, when the embarrassing *premier pas* had been taken, we felt already upon terms of friendship with all of them. Since that time, many have withdrawn their names from our roll, either from a distrust in the new Editor or a feeling of indifference towards the cause of Southern literature. We shall regret to lose them as patrons of the Messenger, but more as coadjutors in the noble work of elevating the standard of letters among us. Still we make no complaints. Far be it from us, at this season of kindly courtesies, of joyous and innocent hilarity, to indulge in ill-natured repinings and though we cannot say good-bye, altogether without reluctance, we shall do so in good humor, adhering to the old rule, which bids us

"Welcome the coming, *speed the parting guest.*"

We had looked to the withdrawal of subscribers as one of the drawbacks of our editorial charge. Still may we not with confidence hope for new friends to our enterprise, in the place of those who part with us? May we not say that the Messenger is fixed upon a permanent basis and will continue to extend its usefulness and influence, with the increasing taste for literature among the people?

But we do not wish to talk of ourselves at this time. The sands of 1847 are running swiftly out, and the holidays are at hand. The present number of the Messenger will probably find many of our subscribers around the Christmas hearth, in the full enjoyment of the genial festivities of the season. We, (the Editor,) wish we could join them individually, by some ubiquitous power, to revive beneath every roof the echoes of the old song, and to recall the bright visions and mirthful fancies that lie hid among the leaves of the misletoe. As we must abide in one place, however, we are content to wish one and all a merry Christmas and many happy recurrences of its innocent delights.

---

## MEUM AND TUUM.

The English Magazines have long been exceedingly sensitive on the subject of literary pilferings and are given, on all occasions, to accuse us of piracy and plagiarism. In the matter of republication, we have always been disposed to protect the English author and publisher by an International copy-right and we shall not interfere in the squabbles of Maga and his cotemporaries with "Reprint & Co." This is all fair enough. But while they accuse us of roguery in this wise, they are very much addicted to stealing without having the grace to acknowledge it. Now, people who live in glass-houses, says a good old Saxon proverb, should not throw stones, and we submit that they should say little about larcenous propensities, who themselves adopt so loose a construction of the eighth commandment.

Decidedly the most inexcusable violation of the rights of property, that has come under our observation, for some time at least, was committed in the October number of Bentley's Miscellany. Our readers will recollect that we had occasion, two months since, to commend to their reading a little volume with a queer vignette and a Greek motto, entitled "Fresh Gleanings," by Ik Marvel. And a right pleasant fellow was this same Ik Marvel, with a loving eye for nature in her continental moods, a happy descriptive faculty in taking us with him into the Cafés and Maisons Garnies of Paris,—going over "old fields" and yet gleaning something new,—very like Sterne and yet not a copyist. Well, in the October number of Bentley, (we say it in sorrow,) we find nearly the whole of his Ramble in Austria published as *original*, and as the work and labor of one Mr. J. Marvel, who, we are led to suppose, is one of Bentley's correspondents. We say this is not pretty in one of

the leading literary magazines of London. The Editor thought that little would ever be known in England of an obscure book printed by an obscure publisher in the obscure town of New York, and believing it better than anything original he had on hand, (and here perhaps he was right,) he boldly pilfered it. For the ends of justice, we hope the book may appear in the best garb of an Albemarle street publisher and may be circulated in every corner of Great Britain that Bentley ever visits, from the old belles-lettres city of Edinburgh to "the summer county of Devonshire"

## Notices of New Works.

*Artist-Life: or Sketches of American Painters. By Henry T. Tuckerman. Author of "Thoughts on the Poets," etc. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 200 Broadway.* 1847.

The Southern friends of Mr. Tuckerman, (and we are disposed to think he has many,) will be pleased to renew their acquaintance with him, through the pages of this attractive little volume. The design of the writer seems to have been to show the influence of art, pursued as an engrossing study, on men of imaginative cast of mind and acute sensibilities; a design that has been carried out in a work, which deserves a high rank in the class of dilletanti productions. Of the twenty-three names embodied in the work, all are professional artists, except perhaps Edmonds, who sits at the tables of the money-changers in Wall Street and is better known as a financier, but even of him it may be said, that while engaged in the every-day operations of the Mechanics Bank, his heart is in his studio, among the beautiful creations of his pencil. To decide upon the relative merits of so many artists is indeed a delicate office, but it is one for which Mr. Tuckerman has been fitted by long residence in Italy, where he has refined his taste in the atmosphere of Florence and lingered with delight among the glories of the Vatican.

In the early life of painters, it is curious to observe how unerringly the divining-rod of inclination indicates the presence of genius, under circumstances the most diverse and unfavorable,—to note in one case how the little apprentice commenced his mission with a few rude drawings in charcoal, and in another, how the school-boy scrawled on his slate the too faithful caricature of the master—and how in each the faculty was gradually developed, until he was called to transfer to the canvass the lineaments of some distinguished statesman and became the companion of Senators and earls. In many instances, Mr. Tuckerman has narrated with graphic power the boyish experience of his subjects, their trials, their patient endurance and their final success. Many anecdotes are introduced which are spirited and many incidents are related for whose accuracy we will vouch. A friend at our elbow, to whom we have read the Sketch of Leutze, tells us that he has, hanging up at home, the very picture of Hagar and Ishmael, to which Mr. Tuckerman alludes as one of the painter's first essays in oils.

We believe the publication of books, like the one before us, will be useful in leading our artists to a higher range of excellence and a more proper appreciation of the beautiful. In this country, we have not yet accomplished any thing immortal in painting, and De Tocqueville finds a reason for it, in the fact, that in science Americans seek the *immediate*. To obtain a reward for his labors, the American painter must seek to be popular, and popularity is soonest obtained by *ad captandums* among a people who cannot find time to be connoisseurs. Accordingly we see, that the artists who are most praised, seize the *most taking* subjects for their efforts and throw over the whole a glare of coloring, like Hood's tyro, whose

—"skies were very, very blue
His fields extremely green,"

while he, whose soul is kindled with the divine flame and who worships the true in nature with the ardor of a votary, is compelled to seek in other climes the encouragement he cannot obtain at home. With increasing wealth and leisure, we think this state of things will no longer exist, and whoever has strolled through the handsome rooms of the Art-Union will agree with us in the opinion that we are already in the "transition state." In this place, we cannot resist quoting the noble passage with which Mr. Tuckerman concludes his Sketch of the lamented Inman. Having adverted with reproach to our slow appreciation of native merit, he forcibly says:

"Let us not wait for death to canonize our men of genius, ere we appreciate and encourage them. Let us hail their advent as the greatest blessing to the republic, and suffer not indifference or avarice to blind us to the claims of rare endowments, to the humanizing and sacred mission of the poet, the artist, the gifted of whatever sphere. Ere it be too late, let the fostering hand be stretched out, the cordial recognition vouchsafed, the warm sympathy bestowed. Thus shall the great problem of life find beautiful and enduring illustrations here; and the sensitive mind of genius be quickened and strengthened into more complete and lofty development."

Here is an interesting anecdote in the life of Morse, who

"Adds the lyre of Heaven another string"

in his Magnetic Telegraph.

"A striking evidence of the waywardness of destiny is afforded by the experience of this artist, if we pass at once from this early and hopeful moment to a very recent incident. He then aimed at renown through devotion to the beautiful, but it would seem as if the genius of his country, in spite of himself, led him to this object, by the less flowery path of utility. He desired to identify his name with art, but it has become far more widely associated with science. A series of bitter disappointments obliged him to 'coin his mind for bread'—for a long period, by exclusive attention to portrait painting—although, at rare intervals, he accomplished something more satisfactory. More than twelve years since, on a voyage from Europe, in a conversation with his fellow passengers, the theme of discourse happened to be the electro-magnet; and one gentleman present related some experiments he had lately witnessed at Paris, which proved the almost incalculable rapidity of movement with which electricity was disseminated. The idea suggested itself to the active mind of the artist that this wonderful and but partially explored agent, might be rendered subservient to that system of intercommunication which had become so important a principle of modern civilization. He brooded over the subject as he walked the deck or lay wakeful in his berth, and by the time he arrived at New York, had so far matured his invention as to have decided upon a telegraph of signs which is essentially that now in use. After having sufficiently demonstrated his discovery to the scientific, a long period of toil, anxiety and suspense intervened before he obtained the requisite facilities for the establishment of the Magnetic Telegraph. It is now in daily operation in the United States, and its superiority over all similar inventions abroad, had just been confirmed by the testimony of Arago and the appropriation made for its erection by the French government. By one of those coincidences, which would be thought appropriate for romance, but which are more common, in fact, than the unobservant are disposed to confess, the two most brilli-

ant events in the painter's life—his first successful work of art and the triumph of his scientific discovery—were brought together, as it were, in a manner singularly fitted to impress the imagination. Six copies of his dying Hercules had been made in London, and the mould was then destroyed. Four of these were distributed by the artist to academies, one he retained, and the last was given to Mr. Bulfinch, the architect of the Capitol—who was engaged at the time upon that building. After the lapse of many years, an accident ruined Morse's own copy, and a similar fate had overtaken the others, at least in America. After vain endeavors to regain one of these trophies of his youthful career, he at length despaired of seeing again what could not fail to be endeared to his memory by the most interesting associations. One day, not many months since, he was superintending the preparations for the first establishment of his telegraph, in the room assigned at the Capitol. His perseverance and self-denying labor had at length met its just reward, and he was taking the first active step to obtain a substantial benefit from his invention. It became necessary in locating the wires, to descend into a vault beneath the apartment, which had not been opened for a long period. A man preceded the artist with a lamp. As they passed along the subterranean chamber, the latter's attention was excited by something white glimmering through the darkness. In approaching the object, what was his surprise to find himself gazing upon his long-lost Hercules, which he had not seen for twenty years. A little reflection explained the apparent miracle. This was undoubtedly the copy given to his deceased friend, the architect, and deposited in the vault for safety."

We wish we had room to quote the new and striking anecdote of Byron, which is told in the Sketch of W. E. West. The grouping of the great bard, the Count Gamba the fair Guiccioli, Shelley and Leigh Hunt is highly artistic and reminds us of a scene on the stage. But our readers must get the volume, which may be found at the store of Nash & Woodhouse.

---

*The Poetical Works of Fitzgreene Halleck. Illustrated. New York. D Appleton & Co.* 1847.

Since Halleck achieved his renown, a change has occurred in public taste. There is now a manifest love of the dreamy and fanciful school of poetry to which German literature has given birth. We recognise the merits and acknowledge the claims of this order of verse. It has its place and its mission. At the same time its most delectable specimens have never won us from an early attachment to the direct appeal, the clear expression and the rhetorical fire which distinguishes the genuine Anglo-Saxon poet—which gives fervor to the noblest of Byron's heroics and has enshrined the lyrics of Campbell in the hearts of two nations. In our country, Halleck and Whittier have best illustrated this school. It is refreshing to turn over the beautiful pages of this exquisite volume and con the familiar and eloquent verses. Marco Bozzaris rings as nobly as ever. Red Jacket is as forcible a portrait of an aboriginal hero as when it was first suggested by Weir's picture. "Alnwick Castle" alternates as richly between grave chivalry and graceful humor and the scintillations of wit that gleam from Fanny are as bright as ever. In fact much of Halleck's verse has become standard; and it is surprising it has never before been worthily collected. The first engraving from Leutze is exceedingly spirited. Durand's landscape is thoroughly American and Huntington's "Mother and Child" has the rounded grace and native richness of the old masters. As to the portrait of Halleck annexed to the book, it seems to us inimitable. It is perfect as a likeness and the engraving has admirably copied the very detail of expression from Elliot's pencil. It is the most satisfactorily engraved head of an American we have ever seen. We cordially commend this superb edition of one of our true poets as a tasteful gift-book, adapted to gratify pride of country not less than the love of the muses.

For sale by Drinker & Morris.

---

*The Seasons. By James Thomson. With engraved illustrations. By. E. Bookhout, from Designs on wood, &c., &c., Edited by Bolton Corney Esq. New-York; Harper and Brothers Publishers, 82 Cliff Street.*

We hail the appearance of this really superb volume as indicative of a new era in the bibliographic art in our country, for surely we have as yet had nothing to vie with it in exquisite illustration and elegance of design. Such books as this and Halleck's Poems will achieve more for the education and refinement of popular taste among us than is generally believed. The beautiful designs of the Seasons, seventy-seven in number, are from the far-famed Etching Club of London, re-engraved in the spirited style of E. Bookhout, who has felicitously caught the very detail of the originals. Indeed it would be difficult for the most practised eye to distinguish between the American and the English copy.

"The Seasons" has long since been assigned its proper rank in English Literature and for fidelity of discription is perhaps unrivalled. It is a bright and polished mirror, in which all the phenomena of nature are accurately reflected.

We wish that James Thomson, who indulged a quiet epicurism in letters and had a luxurious taste, could, by some metempsychosis, walk into a modern book-store and turn over the leaves of this splendid edition of his best poem. The book may be obtained of Messrs. Drinker & Morris.

---

*The Substance of an Argument against the Indiscriminate Incorporation of Churches, and Religious Societies. Delivered before the Committee of Courts of Justice of the House of Delegates of Virginia, on the Evening of the 8th of January, and on subsequent Evenings, in A. D.* 1846, *in reply to* JAMES LYONS *and* WM. H. MCFARLAND, ESQRS. *By* WM. S. PLUMER.

It is the maxim of a French writer, "Dans l'art d' intéresser, consiste l'art d' écrire." But the *interest*, which the author of the Argument on Corporations, has succeeded in exciting in the minds of his readers, by every page of his treatise, does not constitute its whole merit, as a literary composition. He makes no attempt to please by the mere graces of style, or the embellishment of a rhetorical ornament—but his whole treatment of the important subject discussed, is characterized by a simplicity and energy of manner, a vigorous and manly diction, united with such evident sincerity of purpose, and fixed devotedness to the cause he has espoused, as to command the attention and respect of every reader.

Few of our modern writers and speakers manifest such a decided preference for the hardy, but significant old Saxon, as Dr. Plumer always exhibits, both in his printed and oral discourses.

It would be impracticable to undertake to give even an analysis of the masterly argument now before us, in the brief limits assigned to a notice like this. Indeed it would be a work of supererogation, to present the bare skeleton of an argument, with which so many are already made familiar by their own perusal of it, and which is sought after with such avidity by many more, who are curious to learn the author's method of discussion.

We may state, however, in a word, that the main position upon which Dr. Plumer relies, and which he has illustrated so powerfully, is derived from the sturdy and unanswerable *teaching of experience*, demonstrating as it has done,

from age to age, the blighting influence of Religious Corporations upon civil and religious freedom.

This after all, is the only safe and philosophical mode of deciding a question in which such momentous interests are involved. Even could it be proved, that we may in particular instances, suffer some inconveniences from the want of corporate protection, it were better to submit to these, than endure the intolerable evils which have afflicted others in consequence of their Ecclesiastical corporations, for "*melius est cavere semper, quam patiri semel.*"

The voice of the past is a better guide than any imaginary augury of the future; and so thought the illustrious men who moulded our institutions. The lessons of antiquity teach practical wisdom, and the world has learned to its cost how much easier it is to set a train of disastrous influences in motion than to arrest their progress when once commenced.

In political and social, even more than in animal disorders, will the prudent maxim of Ovid hold true.

> "Principiis obsta; sero medicina paratur,
> Cum mala per longas convaluere moras."

To all who desire a great amount of concisely presented information on the tendencies of Religious Incorporations, we recommend a candid perusal of Dr. Plumer's argument. For sale at the bookstores of Drinker & Morris and Nash & Woodhouse.

---

*Campaign Sketches of the War with Mexico. By Capt. W. S. Henry, U. S. Army. With engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 82 Cliff street.* 1847.

*Calavar: or, The Knight of Conquest. A Romance of Mexico. By R. M. Bird, Esq. Author of "The Infidel," "The Gladiator," etc. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* 1847.

If we are asked why we have classed these two publications together and what congruity exists between Dr. Bird's famous novel and Captain Henry's Sketches, we answer that the narrative of each relates to a country to which recent events have lent an absorbing interest. The "Knight of Conquest" refers back to the day when Cortes with his petty force accomplished that successful invasion, around which the most graphic of historians has thrown the light of romance, while Capt. Henry gives us a simple and entertaining account of the operations of our army on the same fields and under circumstances very similar to those which attended the march of the Spaniard. The war will not only produce a variety of books descriptive of military life, but will open a rich mine of incident to the dramatist and writer of fiction. Captain Henry's book is doubtless the first of a series of works, in every department of literature, which will result from the Mexican campaign.

---

*Catawba River, and other Poems, by John Steinfort Kidney. New York: Baker & Scribner.* 1847.

Lord Byron in the preface to his first modest volume of poems, styled himself a "mere straggler into Parnassus." In one respect it was a most unfortunate declaration. It was true as to him, in the sense in which he intended; for it is much to be doubted, if the Scotch Reviewer, (now known to be Brougham,) had not lampooned so mercilessly and unjustly his first essay, and particularly this expression, whether he would have become any thing more than his declaration indicated. But most unluckily he is taken literally by unnumbered fervent youths, who witnessing his sublime works in after life, feel themselves encouraged to straggle into Parnassus not only, but to struggle most ludicrously and abortively to maintain a foothold there.

We are thus periodically made the witnesses of the efforts of this callow brood to scale the Aonian mount. Unable to soar away with a free and tireless pinion, they twitter from bough to bough and make up the deficiency of speed and elevation by an inordinate chirruping and fluttering; while undismayed by the failure of those who have preceded them, new candidates for the bays constantly present themselves, and are as constantly pronounced by the critical world flat, stale and unprofitable.

Neither dignity of subject, elegance of diction, brilliant imagery nor pathos is deemed of the least consequence by these youthful aspirants after Poetic fame. Unrelieved by the faintest shadow of a new thought, ungraced by any melody, their effusions tumble forth *rudis indigestaque moles*, or pour out a muddled stream of platitude and bathos.

Poeta Nascitur, under the new economy of (social and why not) poetic progress, is understood to mean, every man is born a poet. Ab ratione annorum viginti, is modestly interpreted any body at twenty may write poetry: The divine afflatus of which the Ancients talked, is reckoned one of the mysteries of Abracadabra; and rhythm an unmannerly obstruction of the area of Freedom.

Upon seeing the title of Mr. Kidney's Book, we confess that we had expected better things of him. If we are not mistaken he was our classmate in college and our early presentiments were of a high and noble course for him. To a gentlemanly and amiable spirit he added the endowment of ripe and early culture. It is with pain therefore that we are constrained to put the impress of our unqualified reprobation upon his book. Had it been otherwise his notes would have been to us like some old familiar chime.

How *could* Mr. Kidney expect to make a poem on Catawba river? The Poetry of Rivers is all written, exhausted—and Catawba, (we had nearly written grapes,) Catawba river has nothing special that we learn from Morse or Olney.

But this aside. Let us look at the first stanza.

> "With oaken pillars yonder height is strong
> To which the bristling pines are clambering,
> Beneath Catawba frets and speeds along,—
> The softened roar is asking me to sing:
> And River! thou shall move this day
> Through this, I think, thy virgin lay."

Now without being rigid about trifles, let us subject all this to the test of that very nature Mr. K. is endeavoring to pourtray.

Pillars convey the idea of support of something superincumbent, pray what *did* the oaken pillars support—the blue ether, or a passing cloud? What idea of strength did the height convey? As these are warlike times perhaps Mr. K. had in contemplation a fortification or a battery.

> "Pines are clambering."

Nothing more false in all nature, Pines never clamber, they most unequivocally grow straight.

> "The softened roar is asking me to sing."

One might without violence presume that a roar could not be very much softened, but if it could it would not descend quite to the conversational point and ask—it would at least have energy enough left to beg or entreat.

> "And river! thou shall move this day
> Through this I think thy virgin lay:"

Here we are quite in doubt whether Mr. K. purposes that the river shall move in song or he. At any rate we think it very rash of him to move a whole river, and that river the "speeding," "roaring," Catawba through his lay.

But enough. We have only to say that the conceit is wretched, unnatural and false to nature.

Mr. Kidney begins a sort of dialogue in verse entitled Love and Astronomy, thus:

"Come tell the story—let your fullness ooze."

Was anything ever so common-place and tame? In the name of Allah and the Prophet—figs. We can assure Mr. Kidney that at the bare glance at the line a hearty laugh oozed from us.

Upon reading it through, we find nothing in the book to reclaim it from oblivion.

C.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

At this time there seems to be an unwonted activity in the book trade. To keep our readers informed of what is transpiring with the publishers and to advise them of what they may expect in the line of new books, we are induced to give a list of expected publications. The enterprising firm of D. Appleton & Co. have in press and will shortly publish the following works:

*A History of Georgia*, by Dr. Stevens.

*The Revolutionary Services and Civil Life of General William Hull* from 1775 to 1809. Prepared from his MS. by his daughter, Mrs. Maria Campbell; together with a History of the Campaign of 1812 and surrender of the port of Detroit, by James Truman Clarke, 1 v. 8vo.

*History of the Florida War.* The origin, progress and conclusion, by John T. Sprague, Brevet Captain 8th Reg. U. S Infantry.

*German English and English German Dictionary.* Compiled from Hilport, Flugel, Gnil, &c., by J. G. Adler, one large 8vo. vol.

*Arnold's Series of Educational Works.* The continuation of this series will comprise *Cicero De Senectute et De Amicitia*, with critical notes by E. A. Johnson, Professor of Latin in the University of the City of New York.

*Cicero de Oratore*, with critical notes by Prof. Thatcher of Yale College.

*Select Orations of Cicero*, with critical notes by E. A. Johnson.

*Sallust's Cataline and Jugurtha*, with Critical notes by Noble Butler, A. M.

*Arnold's Greek Reader.* Edited by Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M.

*History of the Northmen.* By Hon. Henry Wheaton, LL. D. A new and enlarged edition entirely re-written. 2 vols. 8vo. Uniform with Prescott's Peru.

*The History of England.* Embracing the period from the Peace of Utrecht, to the Peace of Paris, 1763. By Lord Mahon. Edited with the consent of the Author, by Henry Reed, LL. D., of the University of Pennsylvania.

Carey & Hart we learn intend publishing an exquisite edition of Willis' Poems.

Wiley & Putnam among other novelties have in preparation a superb work, in the illuminated style of the old missals, to be called Pearls of American Poetry.

The Messrs. Harper of New York are devoting the power of their prodigious establishment to the production of some important and imposing literary enterprises. Amongst others we would refer to the following valuable publications—about which, however, we can scarcely venture to offer any description of their respective characters or claims from the necessary limits of our space.

A series of volumes of the English Classic Poets: Goldsmith, Milton and Cowper being now nearly completed; in uniform style with the splendid edition of Thomson's Seasons, to which we have adverted under our notice of new works.

These elegant volumes cannot fail of a very general preference over Annuals and usual Gift-books of the season, from their intrinsic as well as decorative merit. A very profusely illustrated edition of the *Arabian Night's Entertainments*, is also on the eve of appearing from the same establishment, to form two imposing volumes in octavo, embellished by over seven hundred delicious engravings, highly effective, oriental and ideal, and singularly imbued with the genius of the matchless original.

This classic edition of the Arabian fictions is to be issued in the serial form at short intervals; as also is the great *Biographical Encyclopedia*, edited by Rev. *R. W. Griswold*, which is to be comprised in three volumes large octavo: and which in addition to embodying the spirit of the new work by Rose, the Biographie Universelle and other authorities, will comprehend about 2000 original American biographies, including many living distinguished men.

The Englishman's Greek Concordance—Hebrew Concordance Riddle and Arnold's Latin-English Lexicon—Prof. Andrews' English-Latin Lexicon, and other works, besides several educational books in the classic tongues, as well as the Spanish, French, &c. There is one other item of moment and peculiar interest to the literary and religious public which is to be issued by the Harpers, simultaneously with the original edition; we refer to the posthumous works of Dr. Chalmers. It is pretty generally known that Dr. Chalmers has left a large quantity of unpublished manuscripts. Among these is a commentary on the Bible, as far as Jeremiah; lectures which he delivered as Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, and also a valuable correspondence with distinguished men. His MSS. have been bought by Mr. Thos. Constable, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, for £10,000. This is believed to be the largest sum ever given under similar circumstances for the posthumous works of any author. The largest sum ever given before was £4500, by Mr. Murray, for the "Life and Correspondence" of Mr. Wilberforce.

The Edinburgh Witness in alluding to the value of Dr. Chalmers' posthumous works as an addition to the religious literature of Christendom, says: "The Scriptural Commentary consists of two series. The Daily Scripture Readings, being Dr. C.'s first and readiest thoughts upon the passage coming under daily review, extend from Genesis to the end of Jeremiah. The second series, or Sabbath Meditations, are of a more devotional character. They extend in the Old Testament from Genesis to the second book of Kings, and embrace the whole of the New Testament. Dr. Chalmers has also left a number of valuable lectures on "Butler's Analogy," which cannot fail to be a highly popular work, especially in our universities. We have reason to know that the pecuniary advantage to accrue to the family of Dr. Chalmers will, to a great extent, be dependent on the amount of the sales."

We forgot to mention that a new Pictorial and Descriptive Catalogue consisting of one hundred and sixty pages octavo, embellished by 30 or 40 specimen pages of the various Illustrated works described therein, is just published by this firm. This is not only a perfect novelty in the way of Catalogues, but it forms quite a beautiful specimen of art.